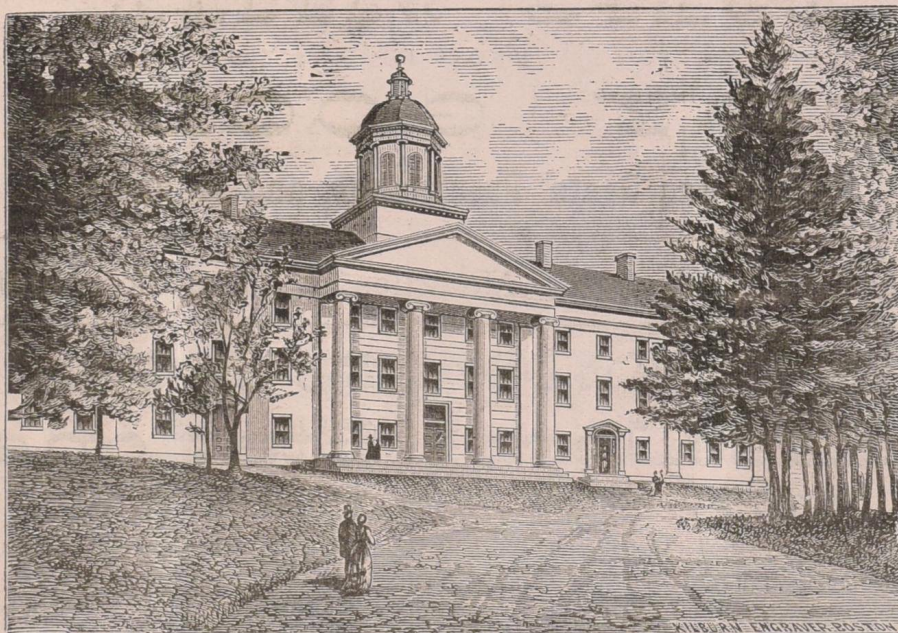


March, 1879.

Vol. V., No. 6

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 5.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1879.

No. 6.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Weak is the will of man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and hope betrays;
Heavy is woe; and joy, for human kind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more than reasoning mind,
And color life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined:
'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
Wreathes that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—NO. 6.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

A large part of the stream of travel from America to continental Europe flows through London. In the travelling season especially, hundreds, or even thousands, of persons from this side of the Atlantic may be found temporarily stopping in the great metropolis on their way to Paris, or Berlin, or Dresden, or Heidelberg, or Geneva, or Nice, or Rome, or other European centres. If one has travelled alone as far as London, he need not do so from that point onward. In the same car or steamer in which he has taken passage he will probably find persons of his own tongue or nationality, and probably having in view the same destination. Such, at least, was almost invariably my own experience.

At the hotel at which I stopped in London, I made the acquaintance of a Prof. Wright, just arrived from the United States, and intending to proceed to Leipzig, to prosecute

his Greek and Sanscrit studies under the great Curtius.

As he purposed going hither by the same route which I had chosen for myself, we agreed to go in company, and a most agreeable and profitable travelling companion did I find him. My recollections of the journey, which his genial presence did so much to enliven, are of the pleasantest kind. I may remark in passing, that after spending two years in Leipzig, Prof. Wright received an appointment to the chair of classics in Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, and recently entered upon his duties. Should these lines fall under his eye, he may know as he reads, that their author still remembers him, and ardently wishes for him the highest prosperity and happiness.

The first of our journey brought us to Antwerp, which lies nearly east of London, on the opposite side of the channel. We crossed over by steamer direct from London Bridge. Getting on board at 6 o'clock in the evening, we had over two hours' daylight for seeing the many objects of interest along the banks of the Thames, as well as the highly cultivated and beautiful country stretching far away on both sides.

A steam down the river gives an excellent opportunity for inspecting the great

DOCKS,

which convey an astonishing idea of the extent of London's commerce. They are seven in number, and occupy between 700 and 800 acres. In the West India Docks alone colonial produce to the value of twenty millions sterling has been stored at one time.

Six miles below London Bridge, on the site of an ancient royal palace, in which

Henry VIII. was born, and where he married Anne Boleyn and two others of his unfortunate wives, stands

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

The buildings, consisting of four piles, constitute one of the finest architectural groups in England. In the neighborhood of the hospital is the

ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL,

where 800 boys and 200 girls, the sons and daughters of petty officers and seamen, are clothed, fed, and educated.

Here also is the Greenwich Park, a picturesque piece of ground of 174 acres, containing some magnificent old elms, planted in Charles II.'s time, and on one of the beautiful elevations of which stands the

ROYAL OBSERVATORY

of world-wide celebrity.

Meteorological observations are made at this observatory as well as astronomical, and the collection of instruments for both sciences is very complete. Here also longitude is calculated for all maps of English construction. At one o'clock every day the exact time is notified by the descent of a large ball on the spire of the eastern turret. By electric agency this is conveyed to London, and to all the chief towns of the kingdom where it is desirable to know Greenwich time.

Five miles below Greenwich, and on the same side of the river, is

WOOLWICH,

one of the great naval establishments of England. The objects most deserving of a visit here are the Dockyard, the Arsenal, and the Royal Military Repository, the various contents and operations of which cannot fail to remind the beholder of the tremendous power the nation is capable of putting forth. Permission to go through these establishments is granted to strangers only through their respective ambassadors. In about ten hours after leaving London Bridge, we found ourselves in the Schelde, on which river, 60 miles from its mouth, Antwerp is situated. The Schelde is about

6 or 8 miles wide at its mouth, and gradually contracts, till at Antwerp it is about one-third of a mile. The country through which it winds its way is low and level, having been largely reclaimed from the sea. Along each bank of the river runs a well formed dyke, planted with trees standing a short distance apart, and giving a beautiful relief to the otherwise monotonous landscape.

Antwerp, the capital of Belgium, has a population of nearly 200,000. It was a very important and wealthy place in the middle ages. The height of its prosperity was reached about 300 years ago, when it rivalled even London. Twenty-five hundred vessels often lay in the Schelde at the same time, while a hundred or more arrived and departed daily. The great fairs held here at this time attracted merchants from all parts of the civilized world, and upwards of a thousand foreign commercial firms had established themselves here. Under the Spanish regime the City began to decline till in 1790—about 100 years ago—its population had dwindled down to 40,000.

Of the various objects of attraction possessed by Antwerp, its

CATHEDRAL

deserves the first mention. It is the largest and most beautiful Gothic Church in the Netherlands; is of cruciform shape, with triple aisles 384 feet long; the width of the nave being 171 feet, the width of the transept 213 feet, the height of the ceiling from the floor 130 feet, and the height of the tower 402 feet. Charles V. used to say this tower—this elegant specimen of Gothic architecture—ought to be preserved in a case, and Napoleon is said to have compared it to a piece of Mechlin lace. The chimes are among the most complete in Belgium, consisting of 99 bells, the smallest of which is only 15 inches in circumference, the largest weighing 8 tons.

The view from this tower is very extensive and charming. With the aid of a good glass the spectator can follow the course of the Schelde as far as Flushing, and can distinguish the towers of Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda,

Brussels, the Field of Waterloo, and Ghent.

To obtain this view my friend and I resolved to make the ascent. This was by a spiral stairs of 622 steps, in ascending which one goes round and round, and up and up, scarcely knowing sometimes in the darkness and dizziness of the flight whether it is himself or the Cathedral that is in motion, till the top is gained.

Among the party that made the ascent were a London barrister and his lady, who had just crossed the channel with a view to making the tour of Europe. I allude to them more particularly on account of the astonishing physical feat performed by this lady of mounting these stairs from bottom to top without resting. I have no disposition to underrate the physical ability of our Dominion young ladies, but it is doubtful if one in a thousand of them could have done this. Not that they are not naturally as strong and enduring as their English cousins; but on account of their too habitual staying in the house, their too little attention to physical training, they seem less capable of performing such feats as the one I have named.

It is no uncommon thing for English ladies travelling in Switzerland and other parts of Europe, to walk their fifteen or twenty miles a day, and to climb mountains, steep and difficult of ascent, as easily as their friends of the sterner sex accompanying them. English ladies are proverbially good walkers, and they have earned this reputation, not by walking occasionally, or by fits and starts, but by habitually accustoming themselves to the exercise. I have often been tempted to pause and admire the grace of their motion as they have swept by me in the great parks of Liverpool and London, at the rate of three and a half or four miles an hour. There was an ease, a regularity and firmness in their step which showed that they had thoroughly mastered the pedestrian art. Some of our Canadian young ladies are so unused to this healthful exercise that their step is of quite the opposite character; they walk with the hesitancy of children who seem afraid of

falling, and the distance of a mile quite overcomes them.

It is worthy of remark, too, that the walking boot of the English lady has not a thin paste-board sole, but one rather of solid leather, nearly half an inch thick, through which it is impossible for dampness to come; and that it is sufficiently large and roomy to permit the freest circulation of blood in the foot. May not the bloom in the English woman's cheek, making her seem young and beautiful at forty, be largely traced to her abundant recreation in the open air? Certain it is that our young ladies are too disinclined to this recreation, and the result often is that strength and beauty prematurely fade together.

In European countries many families live, as it were, out of doors, especially in the summer months. The young ladies sew and study in the garden, and there also the family takes many of its meals.

The last glimpse I got of our London barrister and wife was as they turned the corner of a street to some other point of interest, he leading off, and she following at something less than gallop speed. With this rate of travel kept up they could not have been long in doing Europe.

A WALK.

Four columns to fill; and a walk of last June is suggested as a subject. Very well, let that be taken.

Five days after the Anniversary of the College we started eastward. A fellow-student, knowing of the intended excursion, kindly appeared with horse and carriage and conveyed us a few miles. Without two coats, with staff in hand, and a little coin in pocket, the journey was entered upon, and soon the scene of the year's labor was no longer visible. After an hour or so our friend said "adieu," and took the opposite direction, laden with our benedictions. The sky was overcast by portentous clouds and soon rain began to fall, but a voice whispered "nil desperandum," and courage gained the day.

Moving steadily forward through rain and shine, a town eighteen miles distant was reached at noon. Here, at the home of one of our solid Seniors, a resting-place was found; and after a brief, pleasant conversation, a hasty glance at the library, the perusal of an essay by Emerson, a good dinner, another chat upon educational and other topics; it becoming evident to our host and hostess that "onward" was our watchword, to our surprise, a covered carriage drove to the door for our transportation to an adjoining village. Unmerited kindness, we thought, but nevertheless entered the vehicle, and there, sheltered from the drizzling rain, a distance equal to that from Jerusalem to Emmaus, was soon passed over, and with a "Heaven smile propitious on the course" from Fred, our mode of locomotion changed.

A half mile forward disclosed the fact that the wrong road had been taken; but, with a firm conviction that to retrace steps is the only way to do when there has been deviation, our feet soon pressed the right way. Fortunately little water was descending from the clouds, but whether it be rainy or otherwise, a plan of no sudden development is not to be easily frustrated. What a grand thing it would be to have the same determination in ascending the hill of knowledge through the mists and darkness; but physical and intellectual pertinacity are not always found together.

Well, the remaining part of the day was almost uneventful. Frequently eyes gazed at us from windows and from fields, while an occasional individual, upon being interrogated as to distances, ventured to affirm that he thought we would get there that night. We were of the same opinion, so that there was no ground for controversy, and even if there were, such was not the business of that time. A well defined aim followed by constant effort to its accomplishment, secures success—but this is a digression.

When the shades of night began to fall, the bottles of Heaven were opened, and the pitiless rain descended regardless of travelers' want of preparation for it. Only one

name in that region of country had we ever heard (for let it be remembered the region was never before blest with our presence,) only one house had been heard of by us, and that lay some miles further on. Step followed step in quick succession till we stood at the portal of that house which had existed in our imagination for a seemingly long time, and sued for admittance. The good old patriarch plegmatically remarked that he supposed he would have to keep us, and the coolness of the reception was only equalled by the readiness with which his charges were made known previous to our departure. And here permit the observation that that man's domicile would never have sheltered those pedestrians, had not a drenching rain, a strange country, and a dark night, combined to render it unwise and almost impossible to go further. There is nothing more in accordance with the spirit of Christianity than hospitality: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," etc.

Having partaken of the bounties of Providence and spent an hour over the stove while the steam from our drying clothes ascended to the ceiling "like grateful incense," we sought our couch, and after hours past totally oblivious of an external or an internal world, consciousness returned, and with hopeful expectancy, the window curtain (paper blind) was turned aside, when down went our thermometer to zero, for the day was "dark and dreary." "Nil desperandum," said the voice again, and inclined to make the best of circumstances, knowing that the most trying situation may be made easier by submission, attention was given to the demands of the passing hour, and up went the mercury.

A short time (?) at breakfast, a half hour over a chapter of "Ivanhoe," a few moments in preliminary preparations, and we entered upon the out-door pleasures of another day. Soon Sol moved out from behind his curtain, and, as if previously having hid himself to try our steel, smiled sweetly upon us during the rest of the day. It is little use to repine when it's dark and cloudy. Just

wait! "The darkest day, live till to-morrow, will have past away."

Over high hills and through valleys, on and on, till four o'clock found us sixty miles from old *Acadia*. Perhaps the reader now looks for some expression of fatigue, but if such were given, violence would be done to truth. Perhaps he expects some description of the country travelled, and this we might give, for in addition to having an eye for the beautiful in nature, we have studied rhetoric, and though not so large a one as Everett, yet we have gathered from the gardens of ancient and modern literature a *little* bouquet of amaranthine flowers which we could use to give fragrance to our sentences, but there is no time for this at present. It is five o'clock p. m., and we must have dinner! An aristocracy hour for it, and if the essence of aristocracy consists in having late meals, every one can call himself "upper crust" at some time in his life.

But the day's work is not yet completed. In vain did a kind lady remonstrate and say,

"Oh stay and rest
Thy weary head," etc.

A house lay some miles off, which months before had been decided upon as a place of repose for that night. Five miles were passed over on the railroad, and for the benefit of those who otherwise might be laboring under a delusion as to our rate of speed, it may be necessary to remark in passing that although we left one station some time before the train, it (the train, not the station) passed us before we got to the next station. It must not be forgotten, however, that the train gives itself up exclusively to that sort of business. To be a proficient in any department demands a monopoly of the powers.

Soon the little cottage by the river was reached, and a hearty welcome was given us. Eight hours in the embrace of Morpheus restored the waste of the previous day, and fitted us for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, the beautiful stream below invited so strongly to try its waters for the speckled trout, that to do other than accept was impossible. In younger days "Complete

Angler" was applicable to us, but this time was a failure. Our *pater* once told us we were no good for anything but trouting, and the ill success of this occasion suggested the possibility of our skill having turned into another channel, for we can now tell the old gentleman things about old Socrates and his philosophy and concerning the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, which, if he once knew, have faded from his memory. It is not always possible to tell by the boy what the man will be—this is not self-praise, but a general observation.

At one p. m. the "gudeman" put us across the river in a boat, thus shortening the distance nearly two miles. Now we ask attention to only one point more before arriving at our destination, and that is, that two men, each alone in a wagon, passed us (by the way, up to this time, all the vehicles except the train, were going in the opposite direction), and neither one offered us a ride. Not that we were tired and longed for it, but the mean and inhumane spirit it showed, aroused contempt for their shrivelled souls. We could excuse the conductor for not stopping the train, seeing he had a heavy load and was in a great hurry; but ———! ———

At six p. m. the terminus of the ninety miles was reached, and to inquiries *now* concerning our bones and *then* concerning our pedal extremities, the challenge was given to turn out immediately their best pedestrian for a twenty mile walk, which not being accepted, our journey was over. These ambulations are preparatory to "doing" Europe.

Mosaics.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—POPE.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—JOHNSON.

Inquisitive people are the funnel of conversation, they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.—STEELE.

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CONTENTS.—MARCH, 1879.

Sonnet.....	65
Reminiscences of European Study and Travel—No. 6.	65
A Walk.....	67
MOSAICS.....	69
EDITORIALS.....	70
CORRESPONDENCE:	
Theological Department.....	71
Past and Present.....	72
THINGS AROUND HOME.....	74
EXCHANGES.....	75
PERSONALS.....	76

In our present issue is a communication from an old student. We are very glad to receive such, and wish others may receive such an impulse to send us communications that they shall be unable to resist. THE ATHENÆUM could by this means be made much more interesting.

In the place of Mrs. Fawcett's Political Economy, which is used by the Sophomores at Harvard, Mill's Political Economy has been introduced by Prof. Tufts. This book will evidently give the class plenty of work; in fact, we think they will scarcely be able to accomplish the whole book—a thing which ought to be aimed at in every branch of study. While we heartily approve of the endeavour to improve the curriculum, both in quality and in quantity, yet in our modest opinion we think that a text-book of such a character should be used as will give the

student time to read up works in which different views of Political Economy are promulgated. For of necessity a text-book must present one side of this science, and the student ought to form his opinions after having carefully weighed the arguments on each side.

THIS year the usual Anniversary Exercises will be supplemented by the formal opening of the New College—a New Acadia, arisen, not out of the ashes of the Old, nor on the old site, but erected by the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces for the promotion of liberal education and the imparting of sound knowledge. The College will be formally opened, and a highly interesting occasion may be expected. Some of the venerable men who saw the inception of these institutions, and labored—how zealously cannot be told—will be present, and no doubt many of our graduates will come to see, to enjoy, and to share in the doings. The closing exercises of the Academy will take place, so we understand, on Wednesday, June 4th, and the exercises of Commencement Day will take place on the Hill in the New College. More information may be expected in our next.

WE notice, in one of our exchanges, that several students of Ithaca have been suspended for cheating at examinations; and we think this none too severe treatment. Students who use improper means at examinations, besides lowering their own moral status, are over-reaching their fellow students and doing an injustice to them. If class standing is worth *anything*, then the honest, hard-working student should receive his reward. Every precaution ought to be taken to secure fair and impartial examinations. This is a duty which the college authorities owe both to the character and reputation of the college and to the student. No advance in the standard of education, but rather retrogression, is the result of laxity in this direction. Where opportunities of gaining an advantage present themselves so temptingly, it would be strange, and not

very much in accordance with human nature, if the opportunities were not improved.

Nor is cheating at examinations the only place and time. There is always a strong inclination to take a sly look at the book while the recitation is going on. This action cannot be defended with any more plausibility than the foregoing. All such actions should be discouraged both by instructor and student as being thoroughly pernicious and destructive of high moral character.

Since writing the above, we have seen the editorial in the *Dalhousie Gazette* condemning cribbing in far stronger terms than we have used; and the *Gazette* is in the right. Honor and fair play should be the student's watchword.

SURELY the water supply should engage the attention of the Governors. Only one well is situated near the Boarding House, and that is dry about one-third of the time; and another third of the time no water can be obtained from it unless the student pours as much water down the miserable old pump as he gets out. The pump is out of order the most of the time, and no efforts seem to be made to remedy the evil. That pump-handle flies up and down without having any perceptible weight—if it were not fastened at one end, we think it would go up. The water in the tanks is exhausted, and the students are compelled to perambulate over to the old Seminary well, the water in which is as hard as that of the Dead Sea. Then in the Spring and Fall, water must be trucked from the Village, which costs no little sum. For three weeks last Autumn, not a drink of good water could be obtained on the Hill. In case of a fire what could be done, seeing that there are also no fire escapes? We have sometimes looked down the stairways, four stories high, and contemplated the result of a conflagration. At the cost which would pay for the water trucked, a large well could be dug near Chipman Hall, which would hold a good supply of water. The present well is small. We do not dwell at present on the advisability of the plan of conveying

water from the hill back of the College, knowing that the Governors have much work now on their hands, but we ask what is attainable, advisable, and *cheap*. We, however, think that the plan above mentioned should be carried out as soon as possible.

Correspondence.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

As the subject of Theological Education, in connection with our Denominational University, is engaging the attention of all interested parties at the present time, it may not be out of place to discuss it briefly in the columns of your paper. I am aware that the ATHENÆUM represents only the arts department; but although you are not *Theologues*, you are concerned about the welfare of the whole institution, and the Province or Provinces which support it. The late establishment, or rather reconstruction, of a faculty in Theology has, like every other new departure, been variously criticised. Foremost men in the denomination have differed with regard to the expediency of the project, whilst students generally have looked upon it with disfavor. Believing that in the minds of the latter class a wide-spread misapprehension exists as to this matter, I would like to call attention to a few points in connection with it.

It has been urged that the organizing of such a faculty, though perhaps needed, is inadvisable at present, since means are not forthcoming to place it on a footing of equality with older institutions of a like nature. But manifestly this objection could have been, and doubtless was, urged against the inception of the College itself. It may be brought forward, too, with some show of reason, since such an institution has to enter the field in its infancy, to compete for students against older and better equipped Seminaries. But where is the institution that has not known its day of small things?

All have attained to their present eminence after passing through long periods of development. If then a faculty in Theology in Acadia is a desideratum, which is granted on all sides, it is obvious that its present establishment is a move in the right direction. But waiving any further discussion of the propriety of this movement, which is now an actual fact, let us seek if possible to find out the duty of students with respect to it.

It is clear that despite any efforts the Governors may make on its behalf, the project must fail, unless students are willing to attend its classes. The present emigration to American Seminaries must cease, and our young men must be content to study at home. The success of the new beginning, therefore, depends largely upon our young men who are now ready to begin Theological studies. If they fall in heartily with the undertaking, and enroll themselves as students in the new faculty, perhaps at some slight self-sacrifice, its success will be certain; if not, it cannot succeed. It seems to me that there can be no question about the propriety of such a course. An important step in the right direction has been taken. The best that under existing circumstances could be done, has been done; and now if students will only second the effort put forth for providing them with Theological training, by attending the classes, the teaching staff will soon be enlarged, and the efficiency of the institution increased.

It is, of course, admitted that the older Seminaries in the United States, which are comparatively easy of access, afford a much better training, and present greater inducements to students. But even these superior advantages may be over-estimated. In a Theological Seminary, more than in any other, a student is what he makes himself, not what the institution makes him. The work is practical more than theoretical. It is not designed, as the College curriculum is, to effect mental culture, for that is supposed to have been acquired already, but merely to equip for the work of life. It is manifest, then, that since the same course of study can be fol-

lowed in the smaller as in the larger Seminaries, the result cannot be so different as at first might be supposed. It has often been proved, too, that small institutions of learning have their advantages as well as their disadvantages. The education imparted, though not so varied, and not covering so many subjects, is generally more thorough.

But not to trespass further on your valuable space at present, I shall bring this letter to a close, hoping that at least enough has been said to awaken inquiry in the minds of intending Theologues, as to whether it is not their duty to help to build up home institutions, rather than to consult self-interest in going abroad.

Very truly yours,

PETER.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

"Sweet and mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past." Who has not started at the impressive truthfulness of these words of the pathetic poet?

These are days of joy when the soul, athirst, panting after the water-brooks of knowledge, is enabled to drink large draughts therefrom. High, halcyon days, when the dew of youth is on the brow!

"There hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands."

Changes, great changes, have marked the three decades of years since such was our experience. We who then were ascending the Alpine heights, where "hills peep o'er hills," have since breasted many a billow, fought many a fight, and some are now beyond the conflict and the flood.

During the half century of Acadia's history, *Excelsior* has been her constant motto. All changes are not progress; but in the present case this remark has no application. Yet there are a few changes, which, were it possible, we could almost wish had not been. The evening hour of visitation is a pleasing recollection. About nine o'clock every room was favored by the presence of one of the Professors, to see that all was right, and to

give a word of cheer. The monotony of sober study was in this way often relieved by brief social converse. I think that more than one can say we anticipated the return of this evening hour with real satisfaction; and especially so, when it was the part of the venerable Professor who is still with you to perform this office. The useful and the pleasurable in life depends largely on the cultivation of the social principles. Students isolated from home, parents, and friends need the sympathies and kindly condescensions which those who are over them as instructors are so well adapted to give. The refrigerating influence of protracted mental toil, may in a measure, be counteracted by those fitly spoken words, which are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." And few can more happily do this than those whose office it is to educate the heart as well as the head. I like the utterance of a great man which had in it both naturalness and nobleness, when he said,—“Every time I meet my students, I feel like taking off my hat and reverently bowing to them.” When asked why he spake thus, he replied that he saw in them their future Preachers and Physicians, their Judges, Lawyers, and Legislators.

Happy also the community that makes some near approach to a sense of this high duty and holy privilege. Thrice joyous the day when the change so much needed shall come, when the relations between the students and the residents so long existing in the vicinity of our College shall be no more known. When in place of coldness there shall be cordiality, when in place of repulsion there shall be strong sympathy.

In the olden times of the College, we enjoyed few or none of the sacred services which have since become a source of rich and abundant blessing. For two important reasons students came to feel the need of religious meetings of their own. The result of necessity has proved a great blessing both to the Institutions and to the community in which they are located. The interplay of action and reaction has been constant and

happy. What cause for excellent praise and thanksgiving, in the rich and frequent showers of grace which have fallen upon Acadia. At the Centennial Review of last Autumn, the pastor of the Wolfville Church gave a full, clear, and connected view of the oft-repeated visitations of Heavenly Mercy. May the time never come when these showers of grace shall be less frequent and abundant.

The Students' Monthly Missionary Meeting, as now carried on, deserves special notice. Those who are to take part, whether by short essays, synopses, or extempore addresses, are appointed at each meeting for the next service. Some subject of moment on mission work and information from the mission fields is introduced, which gives pleasing variety and moving interest to the whole meeting. This way of conducting these religious gatherings is infinitely in advance of the usual and almost universal, monotonous mode in our churches.

We may again observe that, in the years long since gone, we had not the advantages of these literary societies which have since sprung up. There was then no *Lyceum* for the Academy, nor *Athenæum* for the College. The reading room is another advantage of the present over the past. An hour or two spent here in the week gives the student a glimpse of all the momentous movements of our moving world. The library, then so small, has also kept pace with the general progress.

In the review we may well exclaim, “what hath God wrought!” The changes are generally such as to awaken pleasing contrasts. The losses from the fire of Dec. 2nd, 1878, are such as can never be replaced. Never, I say, to those who took a part in rearing the “College built without money.” Never, to those who took so active a part in furnishing specimens for the Museum. Here are awakened sad remembrances, for everything in these departments is intimately associated with the memory of our lamented Mathematical Professor of those days. The enthusiasm of Prof. Chapman to advance the interests of the “Child of Providence”

knew no bounds. His devotion to this object cost him his life. But whilst we cherish regrets, and are made sad by these and other like remembrances of the noble fallen, yet we thank God that the work goes on. Our losses, such as are in the sphere of reparation, will be, *are* being repaired, and soon we shall find ourselves standing on high vantage ground, moving forward with an unanticipated momentum. The gloom of Winter passes, cheering Spring and glorious Summer comes. Has not some one said, and said with touching truth :

"Upon the footsteps of decay
The greenest mosses spring"?

May we not here appropriately close with the words of the bard who has so lately passed away :

"My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me,—the perpetual work
Of thy creation *finished, yet renewed*
For ever."

So in all human work or creations, there is perpetual change, progression, and approach to perfection.

Yours,

X.

Our Exchanges.

Among our new exchanges we have the pleasure of placing the *Niagara Index*, published semi-monthly by the students of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angles. Educational matters engross its attention. We cannot subscribe to everything in "The Church—A Civilizer," or "Classical Studies." In the article on "Convention of College Presidents," are some remarks on the practice in which many Roman Catholic students engage. "It is a noticeable fact that many Catholic students are what may be termed educational tramps. For a year they remain in one College, then the spirit of peregrination overshadows them, and they must seek asylum in another institution," and so on to the end of the course. The writer of "How to Educate," makes some very sensible and some very silly remarks. He says that "the radical defect of the education of to-day" is a lack of "all religious influence." Now this statement is as far from the truth as the East is from the West. Both moral and religious influence obtains far and wide. But after indulging in a sneer at a brave

Baptist and a self-complacent Universalist, he closes without touching the question, or indicating what religious influences he would bring to bear on education.

We notice the "In Memoriam" on Dr. McCawley in the last number of the *King's College Record*, as well worthy of a noble life, and a thorough scholar. We supposed a copy of the *ATHENÆUM* was sent as an exchange.

The *High School Journal*, from Omaha, contains some very good ideas. We welcome it to our exchange list.

The *Archangel* finds our table for the first time, a representative of St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon. We like the tone very well. Its articles are short and interesting as a general thing. "How Eating Oysters was Invented" is somewhat tame and puerile.

We conjecture that the writer of "Consistency" in the last number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* must be the Ex. Ed., for surely the same recklessness of statement is conspicuous in both. We wonder if the Ex. Ed. has ever discovered his mistake in regard to "subjective walls," and what must be thought of such assertions as the following : "Now the truth is that stupidity is its [consistency] rightful mantle, pig-headism its lawful crown, and besotted ignorance its strongest shield. One of the most unsatisfactory beings in creation is a consistent man." But we forbear. "Writing" has some very pertinent ideas, well worthy of consideration. The *Inner Dalhousie* is an enigma.

We had supposed *The Colby Echo* dead and buried, but it again presents its genial countenance. The *Echo* seems to be given to story telling and visions—amusing but not, to our taste, fitting for a college paper. The locals are good, but the editorials lack interest.

The *College Journal*, Wis., is a readable paper. An article, "The Church, and the Claims of Modern Science," will repay careful perusal. It reports the attempt of the Spelling Reform Ass. to devise or accept some method of reforming or rather of inventing a new method of English Orthography. We may expect to see presently a new or modified orthography.

A sense of parting, as if from a pleasant friend, characterised us as we finished *The Vassar Miscellany*, so graceful in style and so neatly edited. We think the contributors to papers edited by female students pay more attention to the polish of their compositions. The editorials struck us as very appropriate and furnishing food for thought. In *De Temporibus et Moribus*, we notice some remarks against extravagance, in which are some severe hits on young men, but the fairer sex are

(we presume from the fact that no mention is made of them) free from all extravagance. However, we rest content, when we consider that Vassar must admit that man embraces woman.

The Simpsonian, Iowa, the last to be noticed in our exchange column this issue, is not the least among our exchanges. Its articles are fresh and good. We expect something sharp from the "Law Department." Simp. has war on the brain.

Things Around Home.

Spring is here and all's well.

Cricket and foot-ball clubs are becoming restless.

Calisthenium is the correct term for the proposed exercise hall for the young ladies.

There can be no mistake as to the way in which that Junior's mind is running who, speaking of the Winter being almost gone, said that there remained of it little more than the parting kiss.

A Sophomore, evidently of the opinion that the moon is inhabited, upon hearing the Professor remark that that orb is believed to contain no water in any form, ventured to affirm the likelihood that ale is used in enormous quantities.

"The man who has no music in his soul" is not the average new Boarding House man. Sunday evening sings are sustained with unabated fervor. Instrumental music prospers. Violin, melodeon, and flute combine to make twilight harmonious.

A word concerning the last missionary meeting may not be amiss, tho' coming a little late. The central figures of the evening were A. W. Armstrong and Rev. Mr. Coffin. Mr. Armstrong read a highly interesting essay on "Temple Building," looking at the broad and symbolic significations of the phrase. Rev. Mr. Coffin delivered an elaborate and carefully studied address, in his usual happy style, upon the progress of modern missionary labor. The officers elected for the remainder of '78-'79 are: President, H. A. Spencer; Vice-President, M. P. King; Treasurer, Cleveland.

Two new clubs have been introduced. They are Indian clubs and will sit up for callers at all seasonable hours of the day. Call at No. 21. While the ace of clubs was in operation a few days ago, it came unpleasantly near the left optic of the owner, who has since been as black as the ace of spades as to said optic.

Senior, upholding the use of cider, by the inductible method, appeals to Mr. ———: "Mr. ———, you are an average cider-drinker; have you in your experience found that you gained more pleasure from drinking cider than from the evil effects that followed?" Average cider-drinker, *loquitur*: "Well, if you put the question in that form, I think I may say I have."

Three of our students saw a robin on Thursday afternoon, the 13th of February. One of the number thinking it a good subject upon which to try his poetical ability, attempted flight, but met with no better success than the mechanical artist in the "happy valley" of Abyssinnia. He now asserts his belief that *poeta nascitur, non fit*.

An Academician, getting up his assignment of Latin in Virgils' *Ænid*, came to, "saturniaque arva," line 569, Bk. I., and observing in the notes a reference to Ecl. iv. 6, he got the Bible, turned to Ecclesiastes iv. 6., and after re-reading the passage, resumed the work of translation, as he remarked, "I fail to see the pertinency of that reference."

Some time ago the idea was started among the students that it would be the correct thing to raise a few hundred dollars and present the new College with a bell. After some agitation, and correspondence with a number of bell foundries, the idea was taken into general favor, the money subscribed, and the bell ordered. It is daily expected. If it arrives in due course of events, an examination may provide a local for April.

When the gentle reader who condescends to look over the local columns, reads the account of the septette sleigh drive, and laid

his eye on the statement that in due time "they returned the pole," he doubtless formed an idea of College morals altogether too flattering. That a party of students should be so morbidly conscientious as to return a fence pole which they had quietly lifted for the purpose of bracing up a wrecked sleigh, would be looked upon as a reign of incipient insanity. The statement should have been that "they returned in due time *plus* the pole," but the plus sign slipped out when the compositor had his eye off.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was duly observed. Class work was suspended. The New Academy Hall, just opened, was chosen as a suitable place for the morning meeting for prayer. Dr. Sawyer presided, and found reason for encouragement and thankfulness in the history and present condition of Acadia. Dr. Crawley was happily present, and by his words, ever earnest, vigorous, and hopeful, added much to the interest of the occasion.

After a year of shanty life, carrying the thoughts back to the country school-house, where many of us wrestled with the multiplication table and the Spelling-book Superseded, the Academy classes have caught up to the times again, as regards accommodation. On Monday, 24th ult., they took informal possession of their rooms in the new College. These are four in number, and are grouped in the east end. The Academy Hall, flanked by two class rooms on the first floor, and a third class room, above, on the second flat. Airy, light, comfortable, capacious, they are a striking contrast to the shanty compartments, and a marked advance on the rooms occupied by the Academy in the Acadia of the past.

An interesting programme was executed at the Acadia Temperance Meeting for March. The choir left no flaw in the musical department. In the literary department, Miss Olding led off with an essay on the "Slavery of Custom," which was listened to with marked attention. Mr. Cleveland followed with a poetical recitation, setting forth the

evils of drinking. An essay by Mr. Sibley taking up various phases of "Intemperance" was inserted at this point. Miss Seely's reading, entitled "The Little Hero," an old story put in a new and attractive dress, closed the first part of the programme. Mr. J. E. Armstrong was now called upon for a speech, and made quite an extended review of the effects of intemperance upon the world in its different ages. Mr. Fullerton made a short address. It is pleasant to note that our temperance meetings are not losing interest.

Personals.

[We desire to make the PERSONAL column a success. Will friends please send us as many items as they can?]

'44.—Rev. George Armstrong has resigned his connection with the *Christian Visitor*.

'57.—Rev. R. D. Porter spent a few days in Wolfville a short time ago. We had the pleasure of listening to his voice from the pulpit.

'65.—Rev. E. N. Archibald has removed from Osborne, N. S., to Bedeque, P. E. I.

'70.—Rev. H. A. Newcombe now has charge of the Baptist Church at South Berwick, Maine, after a three years' pastorate at Hallowell, in the same State.

'77.—Joshua Goodwin is at present supplying the Church at Portland, N. B. We are glad to know that his throat-weakness has so far been restored as to allow of his preaching.

'78.—Trueman Bishop has accepted a call to assume the pastorate of the church at Tryon, P. E. I. We wish him every success.

Edgar E. Eaton, a student of last year, has been on a trip across the Atlantic, and after an absence of four months is now homeward bound.

Fred C. Rand, of the Sophomore class of '77, made us a visit in February. He is engaged in the study of Law with Silas Alward, Esq. ('60), St. John, N. B.

ERRATUM.—In the 16th line of the poetry of our last issue, for "cover" read "discover."

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