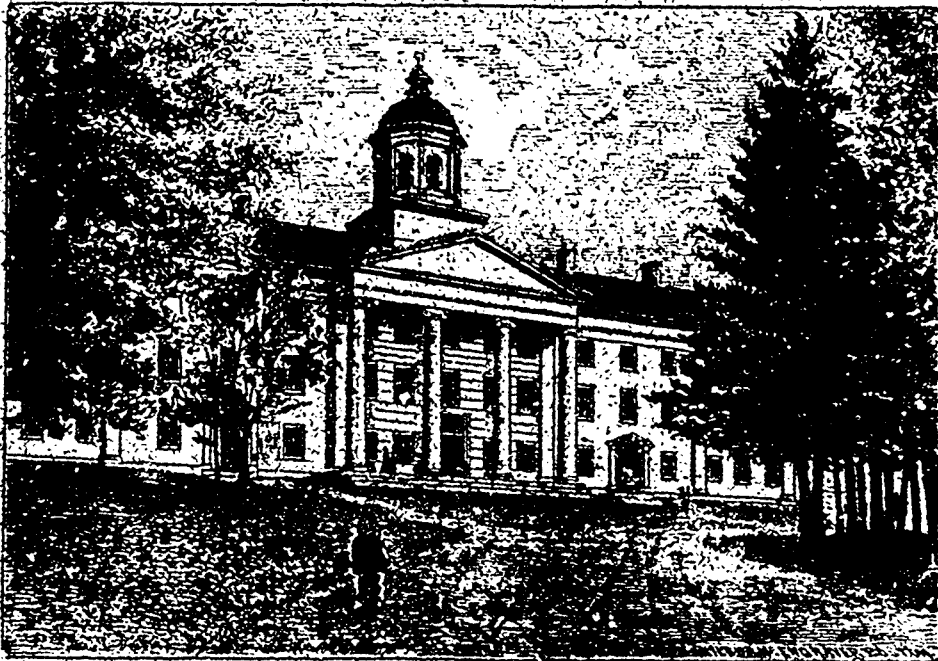


October, 1878.

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The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 5.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., OCTOBER, 1878.

No. 1.

To Dante.

How shall we speak of him? for our blind eyes
Are all unequal to his dazzling rays!
Easier it is to blame his enemies,
Than for the tongue to tell his highest praise.
For us did he explore the realms of woe;
And at his coming did high heaven expand
Her lofty gate, to whom his native land
Refused to open hers. Yet shalt thou know,
Ungrateful city, in thine own despite,
That thou hast foster'd best thy Dante's fame;
For virtue when oppressed appears more bright.
And brighter therefore shall his glory be,
Suffering of all mankind most wrongfully.
Since in the world there lives no greater name.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The Philosophy of the Stoics and Epicureans Contrasted.

Athens, the city of Solon and Pericles, of Plato and Aristotle, the eye of Greece, the cradle of taste and thought, early became to the whole civilized world the centre of intellect and genius. Hither tended the poets, the artists, the philosophers, of all regions. Here, amid the enchanting Parks, the Lyceum, the Academy, the Stoa of Zeno, and the Garden of Epicurus, and in view of the Parthenon, the Pnyx, the Propylæa of the Acropolis, and the marble temples of Nike Apteros and Theseus, they caught the flame of knowledge from Athenian sage, or lent to Attic schools the lore of distant states and cities. The glory of Athens culminated in her schools of Philosophy, where men sought truth with incomparable zeal, holding it more dear than the transitory pleasures of the world, more valuable than its sordid dust.

About 300 B.C., four schools of Philosophy existed in this remarkable city; and, de-

spite the Pagan darkness by which they were surrounded, the many errors incident to the infancy of research, and the pressure of popular delusion, they evolved some grand moral truths, which have passed through the crucible of ages comparatively unalloyed, and whose power continues in no small degree to mould and invigorate modern thought. Two of the most prominent, in which much truth was embodied, were those of the Stoics and Epicureans.

Zeno, the founder of Stoicism, was born in Cyprus, of poor parents. Early in life he evinced a fervid desire for the study of Philosophy; visiting Athens, he there attended the various schools, ingeniously culling from each those principles which he thought best adapted to a system of his own. "I know your Phœnician arts," said one philosopher, as Zeno entered his school; "I perceive that your design is to creep slyly into my garden and steal away my fruit." Thus the doctrines of the Stoa were a skillful blending of the doctrines of other schools. Their morals were assimilated to the system of the Cynics, and in Physics they imitated the views expounded by Pythagoras and Heraclitus.

Their doctrines in regard to nature were, that all things existed from eternity in darkness and chaos, and will never cease to exist. We have here two principles, the one active, the reason or God; the other passive, that is to say, pure matter possessing no qualities. From this chaotic mass the world eventually emerged; hence, as the present condition of things had a beginning, so will it have an end, its existence balancing between moisture and dryness,—too much of either being followed by dissolution and destruction, the one terminating in universal inundation, the other

in universal conflagration. At this juncture, the passive material returns to its original chaotic state; the active, being fragments of Deity, are absorbed; and again the process repeats itself, thus alternating through countless cycles.

Stoicism speaks of design most beautiful and perfect, of harmony grand and complete; not one atom useless, not one misplaced, the whole telling of profound skill and economy. It tells, too, of a God, intelligent, good, wise, incorruptible, and supreme; but it stripped him of personality and conscience, thus sinking the Deity into the working of a blind force, into fatalism and inevitable necessity, to which immutable law it regards Gods and men alike subjected.

In Ethics, the Stoics seem to approach nearer the truth. In this, the most celebrated part of the system, *virtue*, was clothed with transcendent glory. It was the acme of life, and requires that every power of the mind, every aspiration of the soul, shall be bent to its consummation, till all the affections of the heart become subservient to the *reason*. Thus the system aimed not to curb merely, but actually to extinguish the passions. Accordingly, he was the sage, the Godlike Philosopher, who made virtue the guiding star of life, and who kept his unmoved gaze fixed upon this summit, till, like the tyrant who crushes beneath his iron heel the freedom he cannot govern, every emotion of the soul is utterly quenched, and reason alone reigns in undisputed ascendancy.

In the ideal wise man of the system centered all that was noble, pure, and elevating. Inflexible to hate or pity, he always did right; he stands out in solitary grandeur, the only perfect exemplar. This chimerical child of fancy the Stoic Philosopher sought to imitate with indefatigable zeal and unfaltering step. To possess such virtues no pain was deemed too severe, no hardship too great, no pathway too thorny, and every pleasure was strenuously avoided which should in any degree impede a race so ennobling. This feature in the Stoic Philosophy, seeming to overlook man's unavoidable infirmity, tended

nevertheless to quicken one of his most sublime powers—that of self-denial. At one time it revealed itself in a patriotism unsurpassed in lofty moral grandeur; at another, in an exalted self-sacrifice, prompted by no other motive than that of duty. The Stoic swerved not from life's sterner pathways, however fraught with suffering, peril, and toil. He encountered danger with fortitude, and coveted death rather than enjoy ignoble life; and this, be it remembered, without any other hope of an eternal happy future, than the cold uncertainty of philosophical deductions, or the shadowy pictures of poetic fiction. This self-denying adherence to duty is unparalleled, unexampled in any later schools, and challenges the admiration, if not the imitation, of the disciples of the only true philosophy, that of the cross of Christ. Stoicism taught also that all vice should be avoided, though hid from the eyes of Gods and men. "Never forget," said one of its followers, "that it is possible to be a Divine man, yet a man unknown to the world." "That which is beautiful, is beautiful in itself; the praise of men adds nothing to its quality." "We do not love virtue because it gives pleasure; but it gives us pleasure because we love it." Astounding utterances sounding out from the depths of Pagan night.

The boundary line between pity and clemency was defined with remarkable clearness by the Stoics. They would administer to the wants of the needy, give aid to the shipwrecked, console the weeping, yet shed no tear. They would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, help the feeble; but do all with a calm countenance that betrayed no emotion. They looked undisturbed upon the cold marble face of death. Thus, in cultivating exclusively what its followers deemed the highest part of nature to the utter neglect of every other, the system was grossly defective; for human nature is not simple, but composite, consisting not of one, but of many parts, differing in kind and degree; and he who exalts the one into absolute predominance, at the cost of the entire subordina-

tion of all others, must thus far retard the complete development of the man.

Between the Stoic, with his lofty idea of virtue, and the great Common Herd, there intervened an almost insuperable chasm. Few indeed ever reached the proud standard of Stoic morality in its rigid discipline of life, and hence it was not destined to popular diffusion. "Life is history and not poetry; it consists mainly of little things, rarely illuminated by flashes of great heroism, rarely broken by great dangers, or demanding great exertions." A system of moral philosophy, to permeate the human race, must be lofty, but also far-reaching; it must be equally capable of entering the laboratory of the philosopher and the dens of vice; it must aim to raise men of every class to nobler views and grander possibilities.

We now notice a few of the salient points in the doctrines of Epicureanism, and would without further remark call attention to the manifest struggles, in each of the two systems, against the obvious errors of the other, as if it were a natural effort of the human intellect to achieve perfection, in which we need hardly say both signally failed. Epicurus, the founder of the system, was of Athenian descent, being born in the Grecian Isle of Samos, about 300 B.C., in the 109th Olympiad, seven years after the death of Plato. He began the study of philosophy at the early age of twelve, and zealously pursued the subject throughout his life. His first school was established at Mytilene, but was eventually removed to Athens, where he rendered the Garden famous. The vilest insinuations, invective, and contumely have been heaped upon the memory and doctrines of Epicurus; which, however true of the lives and doctrines of some, perhaps many, of his later followers, seem to be altogether groundless as regards the true aim of the system itself, and equally so as impugning the character of its founder, or that of his earlier disciples. Epicurus himself appears to have been a man of simple, abstemious habits, unaffected in manner, and possessing a most genial and

happy disposition. He and his associates pursued zealously their studies in the Garden, unmindful of their enemies, living in genuine fidelity and friendship. Never did the adherents of any of the ancient schools cling more tenaciously to the tenets of their system than did those of Epicurus. They held the memory of their master with a sacredness almost divine, while their friendly attachment is without a parallel in history. The question naturally arises here, How have they been so belied and calumniated? The answer may be largely found in the circumstances of the times. Epicureanism was antagonistic to the existing schools, particularly to Stoicism; they despised the half-concealed affectation, the artificial reserve, the unnatural mode of living, the Puritan of the Stoa. Hence enemies at once came up to oppose the school of the Garden, many of whose attacks were the basest forgeries. He who visited the Garden of Epicurus was greeted with this inscription at the very entrance: "The hospitable keeper of this mansion, where you will find pleasure the highest good, will present you liberally with barley cake and water from the spring. These Gardens will not provoke your appetites by artificial dainties, but satisfy them with natural food; will you not then be well supplied?" Their chief doctrines divided into the Canonical, the Physical, and the Ethical. They carefully avoided the subtle disputations and stern severity of the Stoics, and, teaching a philosophy more in accordance with nature, they labored to smooth the ruggedness of those paths of life, which led to the *summum bonum* of Stoic virtue, by making happiness their ideal, and by treating the practice of virtue as necessary to its attainment. Thus Stoicism and Epicureanism appear not to have differed greatly on material grounds. The warfare between the contending schools arose chiefly from an inaccurate apprehension of the true definition of pleasure in the system of Epicurus. It was not the pleasure, falsely so called, of passion, excessive appetite, earthly or sensual enjoyment; but that pleasure which flows

from the pure fountain of virtue, from prudence, fortitude, justice, and a spirit of forbearance towards our enemies. The happy life imaged by Epicurus resembled neither the rushing of the swollen mountain current, nor the vapidness of the standing pool; it was the smooth gliding river that flows gently onward to the sea. This state could *only* be attained by a wise management of the body and steady government of the mind. Pain is to be shunned unless it led to a greater pleasure, if so, it must be endured; while no pleasure was to be sought that would result in pain. Pleasure in the view of Epicurus was not transitory, but lasting and imperishable. He renounced those pleasures which could not last, while Zeno repudiated all pleasure as an evil. In Stoicism we see the ascendancy of a stern will; in Epicureanism, the duly moderated desires.

The inflexible rigidity of the Stoic philosophy was adapted to disturbed, revolutionary conditions of society, for the clash of arms and din of war, and under such conditions its doctrines would be most effectually exemplified and perpetuated; but as society attained a milder attitude, and a material refinement became more largely disseminated, the gentler system of Epicurus would predominate. Thus we find Stoicism to be the great controlling and regulating power of moral enthusiasm in the Roman Empire, even when the mainsprings of the national life had become poisoned and corrupt, when licentiousness had contaminated all classes, and most men rapidly grasped material gain. Epicureanism, in the meanwhile, was not without some followers of superior excellence; but the system was too tranquil, too utilitarian, for the sturdy, unyielding Roman. The influence of both these systems on Greece as well as Rome, in awakening enquiry, in rousing the moral instincts, and exposing the grossness of popular vices, entitles them to be regarded as a providential preparation and fitting prelude to the introduction and final establishment of the divine system of Christian Ethics. Several causes existed in Rome, especially, that give emphasis to this remark.

The cosmopolitanism of the city had other sources than the influx of Grecian Philosophy. It was a great central focus, which gathered men of all nations, classes, sects, and religions. Here was found the height of refinement and nobility of mind, and the lowest depths of ignorance and vice. Stoicism happily blended with these manifold forces. This system first propagated, though it could not enforce, the great principles of a common fraternity; while, in the mind of many a Greek and Roman philosopher, politician, statesman, and emperor, it gave a loftiness of thought and a longing after some greater good that seemed almost prophetic of the approach of a new and divine revelation.

As a result of this, the life of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, one of Rome's greatest emperors, and himself the most perfect exponent of the Stoic philosophy, is a remarkable illustration. Ruling over a dissolute people, many of whom were abandoned to luxury, licentiousness, and crime, his own life flowed on to its close in a smooth, clear, uninterrupted channel of virtue. In him we seem to find a conscientious seeker after God, a soul continually reaching forth toward the only helper for prostrate humanity, yet baffled and prostrated by a sense of his own helplessness. The *Meditations* of the Emperor, composed sometimes in solitude, sometimes amid the carnage of the battle-field, appear to be the breathings of a devout and earnest heart, which, to use one of his own figures, like "the purity of a star, needs no veil to hide its nakedness." It is indeed the picture of sadness; not that sadness which comes from minor heart-aches and imaginary sorrows, but that of a truly magnanimous and sensitive soul, struggling, though powerlessly, to raise the weak, the down-trodden, and the oppressed; to maintain, through all the vicissitudes of life, the most austere morality; and to combine the moral beauty of unspotted virtue with the material loveliness of the natural world. "Pass," said this moral hero, "through thy little space of time conformably to nature, and end thy journeying in content, just as the olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing

nature which produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew."

Both Greek and Roman Stoicism taught that death was not to be feared, as it was either a transformation into a state of happiness, or it was *nothing*; but their arguments wanted conclusiveness and power, and were incapable of satisfying the popular mind. The great mass stood aghast at the thoughts of death and "the shades of Pluto's gloomy halls." Hence Epicureanism was eagerly received, as freeing the mind from the thralldom of this fear; for death, to the Epicurean, was the mere extinction of all consciousness.

A striking antithesis exists here between both these systems of Philosophy and the truth as revealed in Christianity. The former held that death was a natural law; the latter a punishment for sin. The unbending Stoic viewed death as a liberator, a remedy for the diseases and ills of life, a refuge from its storms. Accordingly, he shrank not, in extreme cases, from the grave of the suicide; it was a power granted him to control life, a natural escape from pain and suffering and ignominy,—however vague, indefinite, and undetermined were the final issues.

Epicureanism calmed men's passions, allayed their sorrows, and drew them by a gentle suasion into the paths of virtue; Stoicism was the roar of cannon and clang of bayonets, which kindled in the heart unbending patriotism and heroic bravery. The latter fortified the timid soul against the relentless cannonading of adversity, by the majesty of virtue and some hope of its reward; the former may have soothed a weeping mother, whose first blossom death had blighted, by the calm enumeration of other joys.

Stoicism always tended toward nobility of character; while the natural tendency of Epicureanism, verging in the direction of indulgence and earthly pleasure, sank finally into corruption and vice.

But there were causes of the depression of morals in the Roman Empire, against which principles of Philosophy could not struggle. Among others were the Imperial absolutism,

often the worst form of tyranny; the detestable system of slavery; the annual distribution of corn, which gave idleness a premium and made labor disgraceful; and especially the gladiatorial games, where 50,000 men and women looked on complacently while human blood flowed like water through the gateways of the Coliseum. The morals of the nation rapidly became diseased, and rotten to the core. Ancient Philosophy, cold, selfish, proud or indulgent, left even the noblest minds sensible of some great, mysterious want. Christianity alone could meet and satisfy that want. It came down upon the world like a flash from Heaven, placing all men on one common platform, rescuing the world from Polytheism, establishing the monotheistic faith, declaring one Father for the human family, and clearly revealing the all-powerful doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

The Stoic or the Epicurean cared little for the outcast, the degraded of humanity; while Christianity teaches that the vilest savage has an immortal soul. Those philosophers would behold unmoved the most infamous spectacles of human depravity. Thus did one philosophically muse over the fate of some wretched being: "Poor idiot, poor sot, poor devil; with his little feeble flame of smoky light which he calls life, let him flicker on another moment, or let him be snuffed out, the surface of the waters and the mighty ocean of cosmic vitality flows on as full, and as free, and as fathomless as before."

Under the sunny skies of Greece the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies were born. Four centuries swept by, and fully revealed their incompleteness; but the close of this period heralded the auspicious inception of Christian ethics, a system lofty, far-reaching, cosmopolitan, complete.

We have added some new names to our list of subscribers. All who do not wish to take the paper will please return it immediately. We shall be very happy to obtain new subscribers.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

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ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

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B. F. SIMPSON, '80. A. C. CHUTE, '81.

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We are in the Editor's sanctum. But we are in a strange atmosphere. The mantles of the ex-editors have fallen upon our shoulders, but they hang in wrinkles and ungraceful folds about us. We feel uneasy in them; they do not suit. Perhaps, yet 'tis the faintest glimmer of a hope, we shall grow and fill them before we lay aside the editorial pen and leave the sanctum to others. Omitting to say that we shall put forth *our* best efforts to make this paper a success, and the other usual phrases of the tyro journalist, we earnestly request the graduates of Acadia and all who have frequented her halls to send us communications. It is the aim of our paper to make it the exponent of the thoughts of Acadia—of the best thoughts of her Professors, graduates and undergraduates. How can four poor editors, in addition to their college work, furnish sufficient matter to publish eight issues? Send us in your contributions, so that we may have something from which to select. A few of our Profess-

ors and graduates have aided the former editors efficiently; the many, in this respect, have not.

In order to make our paper interesting, we require the rich juicy mental food furnished by the educated and experienced, as well as the verdant effusion which the undergraduate sends forth.

Quite a change has taken place in our staff of Professors and Teachers. Dr. Crawley has wholly turned his attention to the Theological course. The absence of our eloquent Professor and venerable Instructor is often referred to. Professor Tufts takes the Dr.'s place in the College, while he retains the Principalship of the Academy. M. C. Robinson, A. B., '76 takes the place of Mr. Shafner. Miss Woodworth has resigned and Mlle. Huguenin has charge of the Female Seminary. Miss Whidden is enrolled on the staff.

The air of the editor's room is redolent of the memories of the bye-gone and with the hopes and anticipations of the yet-to-be. So we thought as we received a letter from one of last year's graduates. "I am quite lost; lonesome to get back to old Acadia and renew the days that are gone. But I will live them over in imagination. That will have to suffice."

We publish in our first pages the graduating oration of B. P. Shafner. Without doubt it will be read with interest by all. We have published the whole oration, although it is somewhat lengthy, considering it best to give it entire in one issue.

Resolution of Sympathy.

The following Resolution was passed at the first regular meeting of the Athenæum:

In view of the removal, by the hand of death, of one of our members, our highly valued and greatly beloved friend and co-worker, BERNARD SHAFNER, the grasp of whose hand was the grasp of a brother's, whose truly noble life was an emanation of

the Divine Spirit dwelling within, and whose absence we so sorely feel,

Resolved, That we desire to convey to the parents and friends of the deceased an expression of our deepest sympathy in their sad affliction trusting that He who was the support of our brother in the hour of death, will be the comfort of his bereaved friends.

Resolved, That a copy of this Resolution be sent to the family of our brother, and also that the Resolution be published in THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

A. J. DENTON,)
B. F. SIMPSON,) *Committee.*
A. N. ROSCOE,)

When the Resolution was read, a hush came over the meeting, a feeling of deepest sympathy and of sadness fell upon each member. No doubt each one recalled the memories of the past when Mr. Shafner spoke in thoughtful and interesting accents, as he ever did, or when he presided over the Society with firmness yet with deference to all. During the last year of his life, while he was a teacher of the Academy, he thoughtfully identified himself in the mental and moral advancement of all the students.

We miss his kind and hearty greeting, his sympathetic counsel, his noble advocacy of Christian living, both in deed and word. It is unnecessary to give a summary of his life; that has already appeared. We are but expressing the true feeling of his fellow students. His gift of life was not large, but well and earnestly used for his Master's glory. This is his praise.

Another of Acadia's bright and promising sons has been called away from earth. Rev. Johnson Neily, M.A., of '71. Lovely in his life, peaceful in his death. He is still remembered at Acadia with fond regret. We tender to his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy.

Whispering.

Whispering is both a vice and a virtue. There is scarcely anything more annoying, not to say ungentlemanly, than for persons in any kind of gatherings, or in any company where more than two are present, to engage

in whispering. In a public meeting it both disconcerts the speaker, irritates the listeners, and creates a general confusion all round.

Sometimes it becomes even more contemptible by assuming the form of a sneer, or slur, half whispered and half spoken; as when some amiable young gentlemen undertake to compliment another by whispering some remark about him to some one else standing by, taking good care that he whispers just loud enough for the subject of his pretty sarcasm to hear it. We have not yet English enough at hand to express our contempt for under-handed work such as this.

But there is a more noble use of the low-toned voice, in which it is employed to convey the most tender emotions of the human soul. Two friends who have spent their childhood—it may be their college days—together, meet after having been a long time parted; and as they recount the memories of past transactions, of old friends, and other objects hallowed by many associations of the past, in imagination they seem surrounded by the friends of past life, and feeling that even then they were not alone, they almost involuntarily lower the tone of speech to that of the silent whisper. Thus the greater the feelings expressed, the lower the tones used to express them. So, while the unfeeling Pharisee may address his Maker in loud declamations of self-praise, the man of deep feeling and true piety prefers retiring beyond the noise and bustle of active life, and in some quiet retreat, as his thoughts reach out on all sides, into the great infinity which surrounds him, and to Him who fills it, his emotions crystallize into those silent, suitable expressions in which the Divinity within him holds converse with the Divinity that is all around him.

The opening of College saw the Freshmen assemble. How picturesque they looked in cap and gown. L. H. Chute received 1st Prize; Geo. Andrews, 2d Prize.

We expect great things from the Academy this year. It boasts of a Spurgeon and a Beecher.

Reminiscences of European Study and Travel.

No. 1.

BY DR. WELFON.

To the Editors of The Acadia Athenæum.

DEAR SIRS,—In complying with your request to furnish something for the columns of the ATHENÆUM, I do not know that I could do better than place before your readers some of my experiences in Europe during the two years now recently ended.

This, with your permission, I will do in a series of articles, to which the present will be merely introductory, dealing only with the incidents of my

VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Not, indeed, that I propose to write anything new about the sea or life upon the sea. Who could expect to do this, after so many have made the attempt and failed? Still, I can readily understand how not a few who have crossed the "great pond" should come to believe that their experiences thereon might have some interest for others, they have been so deeply interesting to themselves. Indeed, in many instances, the interest has been of an extraordinarily *exciting* kind. Looking downward into the mighty waters, they have been *affected* almost beyond the power of utterance. Into these peculiarly *stirring* contemplations of the sea, however, I did not enter, and will therefore leave their description to those who have.

The voyage was made in the barque "Belvidere," which had just been launched from the ship-yard of Shubael Dimock, Esq., of Windsor, one of those enterprising men of whom Nova Scotia has reason to be proud; for they have made her, in proportion to her population, the first ship-owning country in the world. She was commanded by Capt. Dexter, a man of kindly and urbane manner, and of superior skill and judgment in his profession. The cargo was deals; and as these were piled high upon the deck, the centre of gravity was elevated to a higher point above the keel than consisted at least with the comfort of those on board. With

the deck thrown into an angle varying from fifteen to forty-five degrees, according as the wind pressed less or more upon the sails, it was often impossible to move about upon it except on all-fours. This effort, repeated from day to day, was quite enough to develop certain Darwinian tendencies in the hands and feet. Still, this was the kind of "going to sea" I had deliberately chosen, and I resolved therefore to enjoy it.

Under the circumstances, I could not help feeling a kind of sympathy for the "Belvidere," for it was evident that she sailed under great disadvantages, and that under fair treatment she would behave most handsomely. As it was, her prompt answering to the helm, and her clean and unlabored method of going through the water, did her much credit.

On the 17th of August, 1876, the voyage was begun; the dome of the dear old Acadia that was, was soon lost to view as we sailed round Blomidon and steered down the bay. But here our progress was very slow, on account of calms, head-winds, and fog. And such fog! It was none of the light, fantastic stuff which may be seen floating up the sides of the North Mountain, or lying like a silver scarf upon the breast of Blomidon on a June morning, but the genuine article, such as can be found only between Briar Island and Grand Manan; the kind, that is, that drizzles, and drips, and drenches, not only wetting through one's garments but creeping into his very bones.

I very much regret that I did not preserve a bottle or slice of it, for the Museum. But after two or three days it lifted, the wind came round to the north, and we were soon rounding Cape Sable. It was not far from this that we were entertained with the magnificent sporting of a shoal of whales. Judging from the number which were showing their huge backs, and spouting at the same time, I should think there were scores and hundreds of them. They "made the deep to boil like a pot." The explanation of their gigantic rollicking given me by one of the sailors was that they were "courtin' and

choosin' their mates." And he was possibly correct. Why should not these creatures of God feel the motions of a soft affection, and be allowed to express it in their own way? It is not impossible that a glance at each other across the wave, as they came to the surface, stirred the very fountains of their blubber. Of other fishes, as the shark, with his close companion the sword-fish; the flying fish, making a desperate effort to fly a little further, but suddenly giving out and going down again with comical perpendicularity into the sea; and the porpoises, playing about the bow of the ship, and chasing each other around, in and out of the water, with an ease which showed that their peaked noses were made on purpose for this kind of sport,—we saw more or less all the way over.

On the 22d of August, fifteen days after our departure, we were in the Gulf Stream, nearly south of Newfoundland. Here, for nearly a week, light winds alternated with calms, and the progress of the vessel was consequently slow. But there was nevertheless much to please the eye and engage the mind. To climb to the cross-trees and watch the course of distant sail gradually appearing above, or disappearing beneath the horizon, proving thus the truth of the early lesson that the earth is round, was itself a pleasant exercise. Nor hardly less so was it to look upon the tufts of beautiful moss from the coast of Florida, which thickly dotted the surface of the Stream for hundreds of miles, and which one could gather from the sides of the ship. On one of these an old turtle had deposited her eggs and was lying by to guard them.

In this region, too, the sunsets were the most charming I ever beheld. The king of day decked not only his couch, but the entire heavens with vermillion. And then the sea itself, who could ever tire of studying it? What an idea of its vastness does one get by sailing on and on, week after week, without sight of land, and remembering that perhaps miles' depth of water separates between the ship and the ocean's bottom! And how fit-

tingly has it been called the restless sea! For who ever saw it entirely still? How aptly all the terms of heaving, swelling, raging, foaming, throbbing, sobbing, subsiding, describe its manifold moods and phases!

It is sublime even in calm, but especially so in storm. Of the latter we had abundant proof in a gale which struck us on the 29th in the longitude of the "roaring forties." The "Belvidere" was thrown upon her side, in which state she lay six or eight hours, or until we could relieve her by throwing her deck-load into the sea. It seems as if the waves were armed with vengeance and determined to wreak it upon her. The howling and screaming of the wind through the rigging was simply dreadful. But from the threatening danger we were mercifully delivered; and the deliverance seemed especially signal when we afterwards learned that not far from us in the same storm, another ship had gone down and fourteen persons out of seventeen perished.

From this time onward the "Belvidere," relieved of her deck-load, sat more erect in the water, and began to show what kind of sailing she was capable of performing. Now, instead of lagging behind, she left other vessels in the rear. Now she seemed endowed with life indeed, and, as she almost leaped from wave to wave, to feel the thrill of triumph all along her keel.

One of the sweetest experiences of the whole voyage, was the religious service on Sunday evenings. At this time, shortly before the going down of the sun, the ship's officers and crew, or as many of them as could be spared from duty, gathered on the after deck, and after the singing of one of Moody and Sankey's Hymns, and the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, I told them "the old, old story," and never had I more solemn and attentive listeners.

On Thursday the 6th of September, we made the Fastnet Lighthouse on the coast of Ireland, and two days after dropped anchor in the Mersey, having weighed it thirty one days before in the Avon.

Home Life.

Among the various social institutions which civilization and Christianity have conferred upon man, that of the family or home life stands pre-eminent.

As a supporter in the various sorrows incident to human life, it has a peculiar adaptation. It binds together those whose material interests are already at one, by the stronger and more endearing ties of a common sympathy. It is a citadel of defence and protection to the young and unwary, in which the tenderest emotions of the human soul are cherished and fostered, and around which they cluster with unyielding embrace; the vantage ground whose immovable barriers ward off the tide of adverse influences, or so impede their force as to prevent them from overwhelming the frail moral powers which are being developed in the rising man. Man, in the later walks of life, surrounded by continually varying circumstances, and struggling in the great conflict against poverty, is wont ever to reflect on the great beacon light in the past, which casts an illumining ray all down the line of active life and is reflected into the great beyond. The lowly cottage, the cheerful fireside, the happy family, remain imperishable in the retrospect; though over the vision may be drawn an occasional veil of gloom, as the ruthless hand of change spreads a blight over the face of the past, and leaves to the view but the splendid ruins of what had before stood out in complete symmetry and in beauty unsurpassed. A supreme love of, and attachment to, home is characteristic of the inhabitants of the old world, while a desire to emigrate seems to inhere in those of the new. Both of these desires, when kept within their just limits, are proper and commendable, but either may be carried to dangerous extremes; the former tending in course of time to material disadvantages, while the latter is too apt to culminate in both material and moral ruin.

The family is a God-ordained institution, and is useful, not only as a source of protection and restraint, but also as a source

of practical education, both social and moral.

As a school for moral training the benefit of the home compact is beyond computation. There is a principle in the constitution of man which, though founded on only the semblance of reason, has a strong influence over his actions. This is the principle which leads him to look upon all restraint as an evil, and to consider subjection to any number of laws as absolute slavery. On the contrary, the experience of the race goes to prove that there are certain fixed, unalterable laws which must be observed by those who would attain to the greatest possible extent of social or religious happiness, and the neglect of which always entails self-inflicted punishment. Thus it would appear, contrary to the general supposition, that the more of those just and necessary laws a man obeys, the freer and happier man he is, as any digression from them always brings with it its consequent injuries. In the home circle these strict and apparently harsh rules are modified and made pleasant and attractive by the circumstances of the position. Each member of the family learns to feel that the sacred honor of every other individual member depends directly on his or her conduct in society, and thus we have the strongest incentive of a common interest operating in favor of the best interests of the whole compact, and of society in general.

That this is a very important object to be gained by the family compact, will, we think, be acknowledged by every one who has any knowledge of the human constitution, and of the various degrading influences which act upon it. The underflow of man is all animal, and contains tendencies that are a continual drawback on the higher aspirations of the mind; but there is an upper current which flows through the realm of the emotions, and which, if led on through proper channels, contributes by far the most lasting benefit to the man as a whole; hence the necessity that this moral current be supplied from an efficient source, which source the

family is peculiarly adapted to supply. For as, if the supply be received from a proper source, the influences borne on by this current will tend to feed and perpetuate sound moral growth, so, if you vitiate the fountain, there will be borne down through the whole human fabric the elements both of material and moral ruin. Impressions made on the human intellect, and especially in its primary stages, are as lasting as the mind itself; hence the importance of inculcating into it truths which in their potency and breadth of meaning shall be somewhat commensurable with the length of time they are to exist. There is spread out before the mind of every man, on his entering the world, a broad realm of truth, to the mere margin of which human investigation has as yet only attained. Yet, as soon as he begins to think, he may glean on the margin many of those so-called minor truths, which, nevertheless, are important integral parts of the great unbroken mass of truth, which is as broad and deep as the universe and absolute as the mind of Deity. With such a field of pure soul-elevating thought stretching out on every hand, *why*, we are led to ask, should the mind, which is the image of Divinity in man, be content to feed upon the husks of a misguided appetite, or the fabrications of a distorted imagination? Here the benefit of the home institution is evident, not indeed that it must necessarily be qualified to give instruction to the mind in all the highest truth, but as it is the main object of the marksman to give direction to the arrow, so the most important object in the development of the youthful intellect is to give it the right inclination at a time when it is most susceptible of impressions.

The human intellect in its natural and unprejudiced state tends to what is true rather than what is fictitious. As a general thing a man will tell what is true rather than what is false, and accept what he hears as true rather than otherwise. So we believe that, by giving the proper bent to the mind in the early stages of its investigation, it will from an innate affinity become as constant

in its search after truth as the needle to the pole.

At the present time although great and thorough investigations are being carried on, in many departments of knowledge, yet error and sophism still abound and are dressed up in the most attractive colors; what then is more important than to cultivate a love for truth for its own sake and in its unadorned beauty?

Another and scarcely less important feature in this connection is that the home is a school for genteel training. To a great many it may seem unimportant, as there is associated with the name of etiquette a sort of contempt, which we will confess is not wholly unprovoked.

It seems to be the custom that, as, when the moral training of an individual has been neglected at home, it becomes necessary to send him to a reform school, so when the genteel training of a youth has been neglected in the proper place and time, the resort is to send him or her to some of those modern institutions, wrongly named educational, where they shall occupy their time in the unworthy employment of acting out manners learned by rule.

But when we consider that the groundwork of true etiquette is nothing more nor less than a proper understanding of, and respect for, the rights of our fellow men in every department of life, it is truly a noble acquisition.

We always respect the man who is gentlemanly in his dealings with others, who is unwilling to infringe on their rights or wound their feelings; while the man who will wilfully trample on the sacred rights of his fellow, whether in the social or business relations of life, is held to be even more contemptible than the fawning devotee of fashion.

Let a man once become a gentleman from principle, and his outward demeanor, being a counterpart of that principle, will correspond to it; at least it will have the one essential quality, viz., that of being natural. In the family this can be learned better than

anywhere else, as there, under the most suitable circumstances, in the most suitable time of life, there may be implanted in the man the elements of all good breeding. It is like the "social mill," of which the poet speaks, in which, being ground together, we "rub each other's angles down." Here the rough edges are worn off, and there is given to the man a true polish which no mere affectation can ever successfully imitate. Let the home, then, become a society in itself; let it be made attractive to the members of the family, and thus it will become just such a source of moral and intellectual power as the times need.

Things Around Home.

Base-ball seems to be attracting the students, to the detriment of cricket. Don't let Acadia C. C. Club go down.

Wanted—One copy each, of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, for the following dates: Nov. and Dec., 1874, and March, 1875. Who can supply them? Send to the Editors.

The Dutcher Reform Club in the village has died and been buried during our vacation, and now King Alcohol is gaining back the lost ground *fast*. We believe the Club failed through want of united action. Let it be revived. Is there no danger, good people of Wolfville, to yourselves, your sons, and your daughters, that you can thus serenely and quietly allow this monstrous vice to bask in the sunshine of prosperity in your very midst?

The Acadia Temperance Society is yet alive and flourishing. The graduates of '78 will no doubt be pleased to know it. The members met in the Academy Hall, and reorganized, on Saturday evening, Sept. 14th. Great enthusiasm prevailed in signing the pledge. The old members heartily welcome the recruits. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the various offices:

B. F. Simpson, President.
— Cleveland, Vice President.
W. F. Parker, Secretary.
E. J. Morse, Treasurer.

W. H. Robinson addressed the meeting encouragingly. He congratulated the Students on having such a Society, and expressed himself as being much pleased that the Temperance wave, which had rolled along through our delightful valley, had flowed up over the Hill. Other extempore speeches interspersed with music, filled up the remainder of the evening.

D. Banks McKenzie gave a friendly call and a lecture in Borden's Hall, the 11th. He did not make much of an impression, but spoke chiefly of himself. He informed the audience that, in order for the people to know him, it would be necessary for him to remain a week. We thought, at the time, that we knew as much as he could tell us of D. Banks McKenzie. The Reformer promised to return, if possible, and renovate and establish the temperance cause on an immovable basis.

One of those rare treats occurred Saturday evening, 21st September; rare and delicious because of its rarity and —. We mean a reception. The Seniors and Juniors were the beloved of the gods this time, and they say the gods were indeed propitious. Their faces were radiant with smiles, and it is said that the wrinkles did not leave the faces of some for a whole day. Mlle. Huguenin knows how to entertain company. The regime of fairness has been inaugurated. All the Seniors and Juniors were invited.

The members of the Athenæum, who had returned to College, assembled in the President's Hall on the 6th Sept., and proceeded to elect the following gentlemen to the offices for the ensuing term:

A. W. Armstrong, President.
W. G. Cox, Vice President.
Walter Barss, Corresponding Secretary.
Fred Shafner, Recording Secretary.
C. R. B. Dodge, Treasurer.
C. E. Griffin, Chairman Ex. Committee.

Almost all the Freshmen have joined the renowned ranks of illustrious orators and erudite undergraduates. There seems to be great life in the old and venerable Society. She has started with a flourish of trumpets. Keep it up, boys.

Personals.

'78.—W. O. Wright still wreathes his genial smiles around the family board, at Hopewell, Albert Co., N. B.

A. Faulkner has gone to Drew Theological Institution, New Jersey.

Raleigh Bishop preaches in Up. Stewiacke. Truceman Bishop is engaged in like work. His present place of labor is Point de Bute.

M. R. Tuttle is having a jolly time at River Philip, Cumberland County, with the "Old Folks at Home."

E. P. Coldwell preaches the gospel at Argyle, Yarmouth.

B. W. Lockhart is at present laboring with the Baptist church at Lockeport.

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