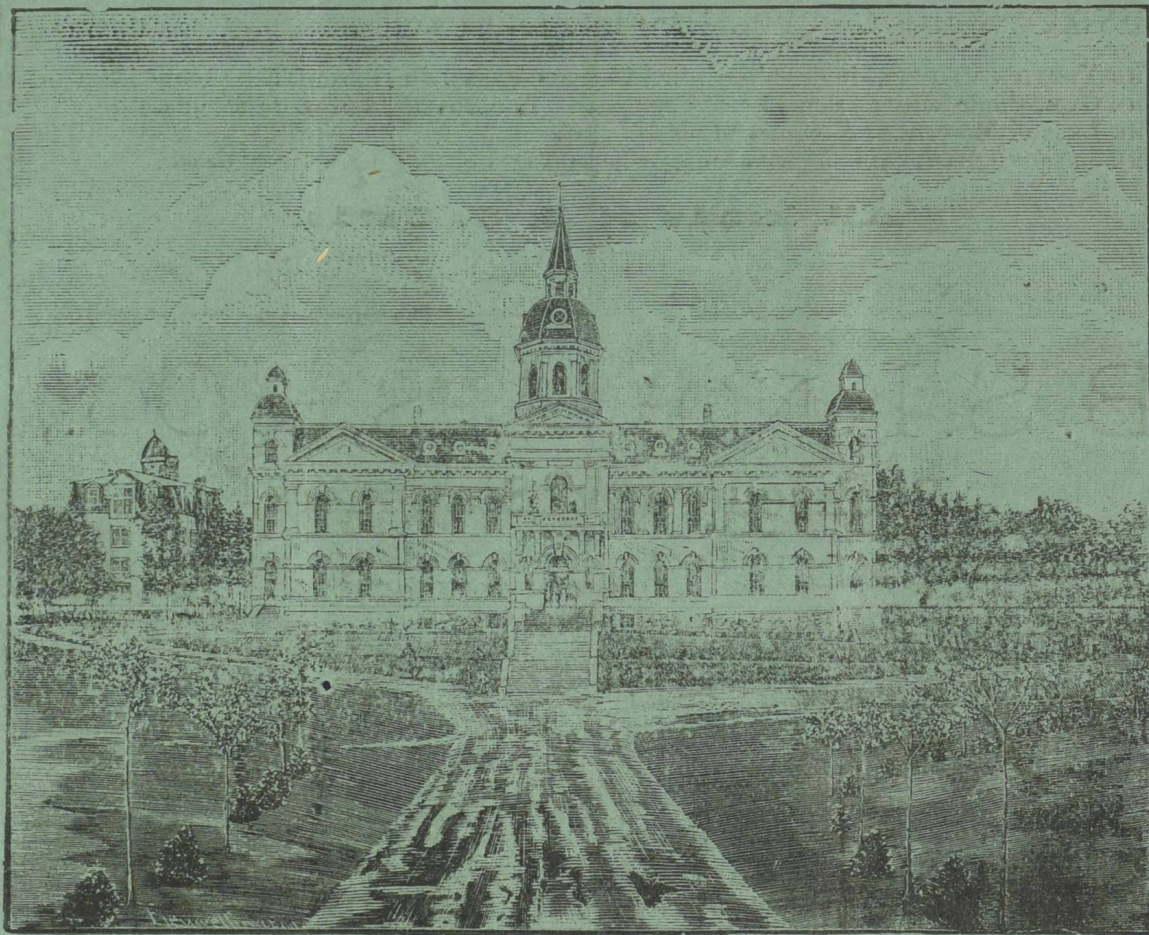


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VOL. 7

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1881.

NO 7.

TO THE MAYFLOWER.

BY JOSEPH HOWE.

Lovely flowret sweetly blooming
Neath our drear ungentle sky—
Shrinking, coy, and unassuming
From the gaze of mortal eye.

On thy bed of moss reposing,
Fearless of the drifting snow,
Modestly thy charms disclosing,
Storms but make them brighter glow.

Spring's mild, fragrant, fair attendant,
Blooming near the greenwood tree,
While the dew-drop, sparkling, pendant
Make thee smile bewitchingly.

Oh! I love to look upon thee,
Peeping from thy close retreat.
While the sun is shining on thee,
And thy balmy fragrance greet.

Vlew exotics, proudly growing
On the shelter'd, mild parterre,
But, if placed where thou art blowing,
Would they bloom and blossom there?

April's breeze would quickly banish
All the sweets by them displayed,
Soon each boasted charm would vanish,
Every cherished beauty fade.

Scotia's offspring—first and fairest,
Nurs'd in snows, by storms caressed,
Oh! how lovely thou appearest
When in all thy beauty dress'd.

Red and white so sweetly blending,
O'er thy fragrance throw a flush,
While beneath the dew-drop bending
Rivall'd but by beauty's blush.

Welcome, little crimson favor.
To our glades and valleys wild!
Scotia ask'd, and Flora gave her,
Precious boon, her fairest child.

AN INDEX OF PURITANISM.

The English Puritans of the seventeenth century have often been misjudged, because many writers charge the whole sect with the fanaticism and extraordinary freaks of one of its parties. This extreme party, made up of men whose enthusiasm seemed to have upset their judgment, and who denied to others the toleration they claimed for themselves, may be represented by the Independents of the Long Parliament. But there was another party, comprising the more thoughtful and less impetuous members of the sect; and though he was doubtless above and beyond the majority of his party, Milton may be taken as one of its best representatives. Though his Puritanism was less noisy than theirs, it was broader and certainly just as deep. He possessed an intellect of too high an order to permit him to subscribe to opinions which some of his sect would have forced upon all indiscriminately. The demand for liberty—liberty of conscience, liberty of thought, liberty of speech—runs through most of Milton's works; but he demanded it, not for any particular party or sect, but for the whole race. He thus represents the more *liberal* spirit of Puritanism.

In the year 1637, Milton produced "Comus." Apart from its literary excellence, this masque is valuable as an index of that phase of Puritanism which its author represents. Puritanism was essentially a reaction against the formality of the Church and the immorality of society. In the poem before us, Milton denounces the vices of the time, both directly and in-

directly by the praise of morality; for "Comus" is in reality a summing up of the argument *pro* and *con* the life of sensual gratification and the life of virtue. The verdict is given in favor of the latter, and should claim the attention of all who are

"Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives."

At that time *Comus* was a dread and vigorous monster. Too many in England had been lured into his "snares," and had tasted his "orient liquor." With the example of a licentious Court, society was sinking in corruption and sensuality. Milton does not spare the vices of those who were ever ready to

"welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry."

To him they seem to be a crowd of brutes which,

"so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before."

He protests, in all the austerity of Puritanism, against the extravagance, the "gluttony" and "gorgeous feasts" of some that caused others to "pine in want." Especially does he insist upon the exercise of chastity, that "hidden strength," whose possessors are "clad in complete steel." To the souls of such the angels whisper,

"And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell them of things that no gross ear can hear."

The poet believes that morality is conducive, not only to the highest earthly happiness, but also to the most complete intellectual development. Such are the utterances of a Puritan: the words of a man who fearlessly defended whatever he believed to be right; the conclusions of a cultured, thoughtful, earnest mind.

By the conclusions which find expression in "*Comus*," Milton regulated his whole life. His motto seems to have always been,

"Love Virtue; she alone is free."

The minds of too many of our great writers have been degraded by vice; but against the moral character of our second

great English poet, the deepest thinker and one of the most learned men of his time, even his enemies could bring no accusation. To his latest day, he maintained that

"Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
and in his old age, when persecuted by his enemies, forsaken by his friends, poor and blind, he proved by his grand epic, what he had asserted years before, that

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' centre, and enjoy bright day"

F.

ON TEDIOUS SPEAKERS.

It is related of an ancient writer that he severely criticised another for speaking in three words what might have been said in two. If this principle were more faithfully adhered to at the present time, we would not so often be compelled to listen to long verbose discourses which, if they contain anything attractive, it is almost smothered by its clothing.

It was said of two writers "That if you took a word from one of them you spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other you spoiled his sense." We frequently have opportunities to apply the first part of this criticism, but especially we are reminded of it in debating societies, when we often listen to ten minute speeches which might have been delivered in two. Some persons seem to be of the opinion that others are as fond of hearing them talk as they are of hearing themselves, and thus succeed in wearying their hearers; no point of wit nor humor will, in conclusion, compensate for the encroachment, and thus the effect of their remarks are weakened.

A tedious speaker fares even worse than the writer of a prolix book. An author may be tossed aside when he becomes tiresome—not so with the speaker who bores his hearers by long and scrupulously nice details, until a feeling of aversion similar to that produced by a distaste-

ful book takes possession of his audience.

"Art is long and time is fleeting," and men have not time to listen to prattle which can just as well be omitted. Our speeches as well as our actions should be regulated by this one fact—"Time is short."

One general rule has been laid down to be observed by all, which is this, "That men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear." This would create a desire to present one's hearers all the knowledge available, which would necessitate the most careful preparation, and also to suit his remarks to circumstances.

A.

DIGNITY.

Dignity is a growth. It is not named by Milton in the list of sudden creations. Although:

"From his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness,"

and beasts and birds, fishes, grubs and insects *sprang* into being; dignity, vaster than the vastest, grander than the grandest, was produced not so. As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be subsequently, dignity increases by successive differentiations from the infinitely little to the infinitely much. This growth is the result of internal agitations and external aggregations, the elemental variables being interdependent.

Dignity is not always a growth. The rule has exceptions—like rules of Greek accident. The dignity of an owl is not a growth. It is a birth, instantaneous, magical. The owl has more dignity than a hotel clerk—and less impudence. [N. B.—Dignity and impudence are not twin brothers.]

The dignity which grows—and we have explained that that includes all dignity except what is had by owls and owlsh men,—requires food, though not always of the material sort. This food varies infinitely. The man who becomes suddenly rich, or

who by plodding becomes rich, or has always been rich, or expects when his venerable grandmother dies to become rich, commonly has dignity of the haughty, overbearing kind. Such persons may lack good looks, and amiability, and education, and common sense; but they have *dignity*. Education produces dignity. Freshmen have it measurably. Sophomores and Juniors have more; while the meekest Senior is *immeasurably* dignified. By this quality you can easily recognize a Senior or a young man recently graduated. There is an air of conscious superiority and dignity which is very touching. As the school lore is gradually forgotten the dignity subsides, and a man ten years out of college is almost as human as other folks, *ceteris paribus*. Office, whether petty or princely, nourishes dignity. It makes no difference whether a man is premier or postmaster, councillor or constable, dignity is worn as a badge of office.

In its youth dignity is tender. Its sensitiveness causes the owner thereof pain. A young man or woman rarely wears large dignity without getting it hurt. Slight breaths of imagined contempt or insult seem hurricanes in their effect upon it. But as time passes the tender dignity grows tough and hardy. This is why a man of mature years, if he is as respectable as he is dignified, rarely suffers pain *as to his dignity*.

Dignity on a young man often fits like Saul's armor on David; the wearer rattles about in his shell of dignity like a small dry pea in a large dry pod.

We often hear the expression, "He got on his dignity." There is a popular misconception of the meaning of these words. A man who is "on his dignity," is not wearing his dignity conspicuously. He has flung it off, dashed it to the earth (or floor), and is standing *upon* it. He is therefore *on* his dignity. This explanation will commend itself to the good sense of all who have seen a man *on his dignity*; for a more undignified sight is rarely seen.

In the young and fair, dignity is seen to best advantage. Maidens must have it or be *tabooed*. It is at once their defence, their ornament, their recommendation, and their charm. Those who have it not sigh for it; damsels of sixteen cry for it; many there are who would do anything but die for it. This is because they feel the truth so aptly expressed in the following lines by a recent writer :

" 'Tis loveliest in the loveliest; it becomes
A redhaired beauty better than her bangs;
These but reveal her shy coquettish art,
Concomitant of coy virginity,
Wherein resides a love and fear of men;
But dignity's above these frizzled charms;
It wraps her person like a lover's arm,
It is at once her fortress and her shield;
The arts of wicked men by dignity are foiled—
The foud, true heart is won.

SOITA.

THE TENDENCY TO DISCOLOR.

Far be it from us to depreciate the present age or to institute unfair comparisons between it and the Past. Prince of despicable beings is that man who, in "1881," is unable, or unwilling to see anything to praise and be proud of, but who, in his moroseness, ill-temper and crabbedness, takes a sort of unaccountable pleasure in giving vent to numberless growlings, grumblings, and fault-findings.

There is, however, one respect in which we fear that we of to-day render ourselves liable to severe and merited censure; and that is the readiness with which men permit themselves to take one-sided views, and slightly to misrepresent. Surely we need not fear that we shall approach too nearly to correctness in our opinions and decisions even when we take the most comprehensive and unbiassed view of matters that it is possible for us to obtain. Nor need we fear that truth will suffer anything by being told simply and plainly without any additions or embellishments. But how frequently are men seen acting as though indeed influenced by this fear? Men, who, if you should tell them that they

were dishonest or untruthful, would be highly incensed. And yet, notwithstanding their horror of being classed among the disregards of truth, the probability is that nine out of ten of these persons would, in repeating some item of gossip or news heard from a friend, by words, gesture or tone, color it a little more highly in order to increase its attractiveness. Who cannot call to mind instances in which great mischief has been wrought by this habit of indefinite addition! A sentence concerning some neighbor or acquaintance is dropped, carelessly perhaps, but without a shadow of malice or evil intent, and by the time it reaches the person in regard to whom it was spoken it has suffered ten or twelve transfers, has received so many additions that it takes half an hour to tell it, and is so changed in meaning that it transforms friendship into enmity.

Some dispute or disagreement arises between A and B, each is convinced that the other is wrong. C, being on friendly terms with both, is made their confidant. To-day A meets him and gives him an account of the entire matter. As A proceeds with his narration C begins to wonder how in the world he could have been so misguided and unwary as to entertain such a high opinion of B as he has up to the present time held concerning him. Why, he had no idea that he was such a mean, disagreeable fellow, and he resolves to have very little to do with him in future.

But to-morrow B calls on C, and he will not be with him an hour before he will show himself to be one of the most persecuted, ill-used, and down-trodden mortals that this cruel world has ever buffeted, while A will be a monster in human form.

Nor is this tendency to discolor found only in the affairs of every day life, and in cases where men may be fairly supposed to be under the influence of some sudden and temporary tide of feeling; but we find instances of it where there has been ample time for careful thought, and a cool

and impartial consideration of the subject in hand. In James Anthony Froude's "Caesar" we have a notable example. Caesar's abilities, excellencies and good qualities are so adroitly brought to our notice that we are ready to exclaim, "Who has ever equalled Caesar?" Cicero, on the other hand, is so represented that were we wholly dependent upon Mr. Froude for information, we would at once pronounce him to be a talented, weak, worthless, vacillating sycophant. Many instances equally applicable might be cited.

Men permit some pet theory to possess them, and then let truth suffer what distortions and twistings it may, that theory *must* be established. Instead of the clear white light of truth, they prefer that light, however discolored it may be, that will most nearly harmonize with their theories.

D.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes when heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like song of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burden of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of helpfulness,—
Whose hidden fountain few may guess.

—*Littel's Living Age.*

"To command your own esteem is more essential than to command the esteem of the world."

An ounce of heart is worth a ton of culture; the mightiest force in the world is heart force.—*Dr. Vincent.*

Now where is the callow youth that talks of his father as "the old man?" Let us bring him to the altar; let there not be a sheep within forty miles to save him, and let us slay him for the benefit of his perverse generation. He is the forty-first of the two-score children that referred to the prophets capillary destitution and were breakfasted upon by bears.—*Benj. F. Taylor.*

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No doubt the poor printers are too often subjected to undeserved persecution. They tug and tear and toil over slovenly manuscript, and then suffer at the hands of the writers. Miss Martineau tells of a Scotch compositor who fled from Edinburgh to get clear of a great author's manuscript, and shortly after had a piece of "copy" placed in his hands from the same pen, when he broke out with the cry, "Lord, have mercy! Have you got that man to print for?" But notwithstanding all this we have ground upon which to charge our printers with mutilating portions of manuscript *carefully* prepared for our last issue. We feel pretty good natured now after considerable windy weather; but before our anger was blown away we would have taken satisfaction in pouring it forth upon the "devil's" head, if we had met this

printer's scapegoat about that time. However, it will be all the same a hundred years after this, and in the meantime we will rest content with giving *errata* of the principal errors. Getting our printing done so far away we labor under a great disadvantage.

Page 63, column 2, line 13, for "reveal" read *revel*; p. 64, c. 1, l. 15, *corporeal*, not "corporal"; c. 2, l. 4, read *palls* for "falls"; ls, 23 and 26, read *plashing*; p. 65, c. 2, l. 9 *letters*, not "lessons"; 3rd l. from bottom *Shields*; p. 66, c. 2, l. 19, read *inspiring*; p. 67, c. 2, l. 27, read, *make sure of familiarity with*, &c.; p. 68, c. 1, l. 28, omit "that"; c. 2, l. 23, *unbend*, not "intend" p. 69, c. 1, l. 9 from bot., for "important" read *unfortunate*; c. 2, l. 27, *Plato's*, not "Plato"; p. 70, c. 1, l. 4 from bot., read *sane* for "some"; p. 71, c. 1, l. 23, *Preventives*, and not "Preventitives" (there is no such word as the latter that we can find); c. 2, l. 10, *petrified*, not "putrified"; p. 72, c. 2, l. 15, read *brain* for "train." Other minor blunders may be passed over. We hope that we will not have occasion again to present so long a list of corrections.

A SNOWLESS March has given place to our usually laughing, tearful April. "The roads are excellent," every one is saying. Long pedestrian excursions are now in order. Many wend their way over the hill to the Gaspereaux. The afternoon seems to be the most favorable time; but some of our fair student friends prefer to go when they can see the sun rising. That garden valley, nestling between the mountains, has always been a favorite resort of students. It is verdant and smiling in the springtime, and gorgeous and affluent in autumn. The *affluence* makes it especially attractive during the latter season. In winter, also, when the place is bleak and gloomy there is another attraction for some, but we will not be more specific with respect to this. Maying parties are beginning to be formed. From east and west

and south they come with fragrant spoils. It requires a strong exercise of will to disregard the calls which Nature gives to go abroad. When the beauty of her face grows more familiar, we'll be less fascinated by her charms, perhaps. At present there is an opportunity for discipline in keeping in the line of duty.

WE learned from a late issue of the *Star* that the discontinuance of the *ATHENÆUM* is talked of. Although this is news to us, it is nevertheless true that our financial position is not a favorable one, and if our subscribers do not heed the call we are now about to make, we will be considerably behind at the end of the year. In the event of a deficit, a tax will have to be levied upon the body of students, and the result of this may possibly be what is now reported to be talked of. There is reason to believe from the commendation and eulogy which come to us from former students and from friends of the Institution, that the *ATHENÆUM* is prized by many who receive it, because, among other reasons it gives such a view of life on the Hill as could be obtained from no other source. If we rightly judge of the feeling of our patrons, it is desirable that our paper should continue to exist.

The price of subscription is very low, and the propriety of making it one dollar, instead of fifty cents has sometimes been considered. Supposing that half of our friends should desert us upon making this advance, which is not likely to be the case, the income would be the same while the outlay would be diminished. In fact the income would more than likely be greater than at present, inasmuch as it would be our most reliable patrons who would remain by us. However we do not intend to discuss this point here. If only those who are now in arrears will remember us in our present need, it will not be necessary to make any change, either by way of suspension or increased subscription. Once more we would urgently request those yet indebted

us to make remittances at as early a date as possible.

It will be observed that this number of our paper contains more articles than usual; and probably it will be better liked on this account. Most readers have an aversion to anything that is spun out to a great length. When an article is long it must be upon an interesting subject and treated in an interesting manner or else it will not be generally read. The age says to the speaker and writer—"Be brief." Railcars and steam-boats, the telegraph and the telephone have had the effect to spur people up and make them prize time more highly. Perhaps the tendency is to a greater rush than is pleasant and profitable.

It is interesting to note the differences of opinion among College journals as to what a students' paper should be. Some would have their columns filled with news items upon affairs connected with their institution,—with sporting notes, College jokes and witticisms, to the exclusion of literary articles or brief essays. Others would have their paper of a wholly literary character. The criticisms which are made are accordingly determined by the standard set up in each particular case. The middle ground between these two extremes seems to be the proper ground to take. Those who have attended a College at any previous time must read with interest the College news, such as that referring to the work which is being performed by the different societies, and the information given with regard to the location and employment of old graduates. Then the students in attendance can and should make their paper a stimulant to the careful investigation of subjects and a means of improvement in writing; and conduct it so that it shall act as a corrective and elevating force among them.

In this connection there is suggested a recent criticism made upon us by one of our exchanges in which the writer spoke of an article which appeared in our col-

umns upon "Orthæpy," and remarked to this effect that while the article was good in itself it should not have a place in a stirring College paper. Now here is a point upon which we must differ decidedly from our contemporary. A College paper, according to our view, should encourage scholarship, and accuracy in every department; and who that can lay claim to a tolerable familiarity with correct pronunciation but what has felt that this subject is too much neglected! Indeed, we want no better illustration of this very fact than this very criticism to which we have alluded. The March number of the *Canada School Journal* in its review notes upon *The Orthapist* a small and valuable work recently published by the Appletons, thus fittingly remarks upon this general neglect: "It has been a matter of surprise to us that, when so much attention is properly given to speaking grammatically, so little is given to speaking with correct pronunciation. Good English may be violated as much in the one way as in the other."

WOLFVILLE at this season of the year is almost too Arcadian to be conducive to hard study. Nature with myriad tongues calls us loudly and often to cast aside mind-wearying books and go forth amid sunshine and song, and there read "sermons in stones, books in the murmuring brooks." Winter's white mantle now hangs in the pillared clouds that in fleecy masses float in the "breezy blue," and soon another robe, emerald tinted and golden starred, shall enwrap our hills and valleys brown. Even now, as the warm April sun floods our peerless valley, and glances gladsofely upon the rippling waters of our beautiful "Basin of Minas;" as the gay carolling of birds sounds through open windows, and the mild air fans softly our cheek, we feel tempted. But, as Ulysses of old, let us stop our ears to the voice of the Syren, centre our thoughts determinedly on our several tasks, and then, when the old bell in its most mellifluous tones, tells us to

fling away the concentrated learning of the ages, and go where we will, how joyously we will rush forth into the glad sunshine, either on the level campus to wield the willow, or to enjoy long walks searching for delicate and fragrant May flowers or scarlet berries, enjoying Nature as only a student can enjoy it. A few more swiftly gliding weeks and the mental strain will be over, and the long Winter Term will be a thing of the past. Therefore let us make our mental powers rulers of our physical nature. Let us not yield to the enervating influences of Spring, but strive to make ourselves worthy sons of Acadia, by persistent and ceaseless study. The students of many other colleges have already ceased from their six months labor, a few more weeks and we of Acadia will have devoted nine months to hard and continuous mental training. Gaining thus each year three months, we, at the end of our four years course, have had the advantage of twelve months class training over and above the time occupied in the whole course in some other colleges. We thus receive an equivalent for at least six years in Dalhousie and other colleges with a six months Term. As, moreover, the standard of admission to Acadia is much higher than in any of the other colleges in the Province, so the work of the following years must be proportionally further advanced. Let us then make the most of our opportunities, and thus attain the highest educational advancement possible in our Province, and prove no disgrace to honored Acadia.

CONSCIENCE.

I have been reading, lately, a series of lectures by Joseph Cook, on Conscience. The point-blank logic of these wonderful productions is of the most convincing nature. But under the majestic roll of his periods, under the palatable conserve of truth, lurked the impression that somewhere I had heard, read, or experienced all that Joseph says of man's inward monitor.

There lingered in my mind a half-developed consciousness of having held such feelings long before, in some remote time. We all know how, after having for hours racked our brains in vain effort to recall the object of a fancied resemblance or a forgotten name, in some moment of unconscious forgetfulness, the face or name will confront us like a flash. Just in this way I had puzzled my brain to fasten this dim impression of all that conscience means upon some bygone and forgotten experience. One night when in that drowsy state, between sleeping and waking, when you think more in five minutes with your eyes half open and yourself half conscious, than you would in five nights with your eyes shut and yourself unconscious; then, as I felt the half-disembodied spirit's power in spurning time and space and revisiting old scenes, there appeared written across the dim sky of uncertainty in crisp letters the word *pie*. Thereupon the whole scene—my first but lasting lecture on Conscience—rushed upon me. Here it is *verbatim et nauseatim*.

Scene—my grandmother's pantry—little boy alone with huge mince pie. This was a particularly inviting mince pie. In its middle was a curious hole which seemed to me like a friendly eye whose juices were tears of sympathy for my hunger. That eye winked at me—actually winked—with a knowing leer, as much as to say, "I like you, little boy, and I think you like me; let's make acquaintance." I gladly accepted such a hearty and disinterested invitation and being a healthy boy, the pie and I soon became intimately mixed up. I caressed its fat cheeks, and poked my greasy fingers into its eye. At first it yielded with good grace and joined in the fun with zest; but at last, thinking, perhaps, that I was mincing matters too much, it grew crusty. At this stage of our acquaintance I became alarmed. I became conscious that a hitherto dormant power was being aroused within me. I am persuaded now that psychologists are mistaken as to the location

of conscience. Mine was low down. It lay just where it could gripe me by the small of the back. To ease it is a long and painful process. I eased mine then by leaning for an hour across the window sill, and——!

Joseph puts it all in a nutshell. "Men (I was a boy then) have found in the depths of their endowment (it may have been in my 'endowments,' but I thought, and I still think it was in something else) this deepest instinct—a sense of obligation and a feeling of dependence."

Yes, yes, I had it all; the sense of obligation (to eat the pie); the feeling of dependence (*i. e.* in hanging down and over the window sill.) And oh, how deeply did I feel the force of these beautiful lines:

"Below the surface stream, shallow and light,
Of what we say we feel; below the stream,
As light, of what we think we feel, there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure and deep
The central stream of what we feel indeed."

H.

THE SOPHOMORE'S FATE.

The Seniors and Juniors were dreaming
Of Halcyon lands far away;
But a light from a window came streaming
With a faint and unearthly ray:
For a Sophomore sat in that murky cell,
Bending over a book that he knew too well.

He was thinking of Olney with curses deep,
As he tore at his matted hair,
And thought of the whole world fast asleep,
While he was still toiling there
At xs and ys, and secants and sines,
Equations of curves and equations of lines,

A *Parabola* he took by the square of y,
And brandished it over his head,
And swore that Old Olney should surely die,
If he were not already dead:
And $y^2=2px$ swung round
With a wierd and melancholy sound.

The *Hyperbola* then with a ghostly smile
Gasped faintly " $A^2 y^2$,"
It's voice sounded harsh like a rasping file
As it said, " $-B^2 x^2$
= $-A^2 B^2$ now:"
And the mournful Sophomore said, "I swaw!"

The *Ellipse* with full and rounded tone
 Sang also " $A^2 y^2$ "
 And the half crazed Sophomore with a moan
 Sobbed out "plus $B^2 x^2$
 $= A^2 B^2$;" and then with a shout
 He struck the *Ellipse* and straightened it out.

Then the graceful *Cissoïd* came tripping along
 With Diocles following after,
 And Sir Isaac Newton singing a song
 As he hung his rule up on a rafter;
 " $Y^2 = x^3$ divided by—what!
 $2a - x$; you're an ignorant lot."

Next Nicoundes came gracefully gliding
 Along two bars at right angles,
 Up and down in the grooves so deftly sliding,
 His dress ornamented with spangles:
 Singing " $x^2 y^2$ " and then he fell dead,
 For the axis of x took him over the head.

When the *Concaïd* was conquered, the *Witch* of
Agnesi
 On a broomstick came gliding by,
 And the Sophomore saw that her tune was so
 easy
 That he shouted aloud " $x^2 y$
 $= 4a^2$ " and the *Witch* added sly
 "Multiplied though by $2a - y$."

Then Bernoulli came on with an urbane smile,
 Holding aloft his *Lemniscate*,
 But the Sophomore told him to take his old tile
 And leave at a lively rate:
 " $(y^2 \text{ plus } x^2)^2$," he cried,
 " $= 2c^2$ " then Bernoulli died.

Then a troop of Gay *Spirals* came dancing along,
 All talking and laughing so merrily,
 With old Archimedes leading the throng,
 And the *Lituns* singing and laughing right
 cheerily;
 The old *Hyperbolis* dancing a jig,
 And young *Logarithmic* taking a swig.

And the Sophomore then did fiercely swear
 That he'd slay the whole ghostly crew,
 But he heard a loud whiz and a screech in the
 rear
 Where the rolling *Cycloid* flew;
 And the Sophomore fled, but he fled too slow,
 For the *Cycloid* caught him and laid him low.

Thus perished this gallant Sophomore
 While Seniors and Juniors lay sleeping,
 And heard not the whirling *Cycloid's* roar,
 Or the sound of unmeasured weeping,
 As the Sophomores sadly their comrade bore
 From his well fought field on a stolen door.

KAYOSHK.

Literary Notes.

There are forty colleges in Canada.

\$21,000 have been subscribed towards the
 retiring fund for Harvard Professors.

At Brown the class expenses for graduation
 are \$18.

Dryden, by Geo. Saintsbury, will be the next
 volume of "English Men of Letters."

Prof. Coke, of Harvard College, has prepared
 a new edition of his "Religion and Chemistry"
 which was so well received sixteen years ago.
 Scribners are the publishers.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton in-
 tend building a college at Garden City, Long
 Island. It is to be unsectarian and co-educational,
 and will have an endowment of \$400,000.

The minister of public instruction in France,
 has ordered Mr. Herbert Spencer's work on
 "Education," to be printed and distributed
 gratuitously throughout the Republic.

"Who should read novels?" asks Dr. Swing,
 of Chicago; and he answers his own conundrum
 thus: No one much, every one somewhat;
 those most who most dislike them.

Prof. Blackie, head of the Greek department
 at Edinburgh University, advocates the study of
 at least two modern languages and one ancient
 language as indispensable to culture.

Miss Gladstone has decided to accept a pro-
 fessorship in Newham College, near Cambridge,
 the new forming institution for women.

The third volume of Mr. Taine's work on the
French Revolution is now in press. It is entitled
 "La Conquete Jacobinisme."

A Texas paper remarks that George Eliot was
 a very talented, but immoral man; and a Western
 paper began an article thus: "George Eliot,
 well-known as the author of *Daniel Deunio* and
Helen's Babies."

The Harper's American edition of Mr. Trol-
 lope's *Life of Cicero* is in two 12 mo volumes.
 Mr. Trollope's object in writing it was to present
 Cicero in a more favorable light than was
 thrown upon him in Mr. Froude's *Caesar*.

Warren F. Draper, of Andover, publishes *A*
Guide to the Study of the Authenticity, Canon
and Text of the New Testament, by Dr. E. C.
 Mitchell. Its special value is that it gives in a
 compact and convenient form much information
 which the student can only get by dint of much
 delving in libraries.

Professor Max Muller quotes the statement of a clergyman that some of the laborers in his parish had not 300 words in their vocabulary. A well-educated person, seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation; accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who select with great nicety the words that exactly fit their meaning, employ a much larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any other writer in any language, produced all his plays, with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000, and the Old Testament says all it has to say, with 5,642 different words.

Dr. William Smith's series of dictionaries, the name of which is so familiar wherever the English language is read and written, have grown into quite a library by themselves. There are five dictionaries of the Bible and of Christianity, aggregating ten or more volumes. Six classical dictionaries, in some nine volumes, and four Latin dictionaries in as many more.

The Revised New Testament and its Companion Volume. The official printers of the Revised New Testament have consented to issue on the 17th of May, for the American market, very low priced editions. The cheapest 15 cents paper bound, 20 cents cloth bound. The *Companion* volume will be an explanation of all the changes thought advisable by either the American or English Committee. This book will be indispensable to a right understanding of the revision, price 25 cents. These cheap editions will be sold by I. K. Funk, & Co., N. Y.

Exchange Notes.

In looking over the Exchange Notes of the *Clonian Monthly* we felt that, perhaps, discretion might be the better part of valor, and that it might be advisable to omit noticing this excellent Exchange. If we chance to praise any of the articles therein, we may be honored by a flattering notice similar to that bestowed on the luckless exchange editor of the *K. M. I. News*. If on the other hand we are fool-hardy enough to criticise any article we may think open to criticism, then, perchance, we may incur a like fate to that of the editor of the *Clarian*, if, indeed, we are not so peculiarly unfortunate as to receive such a notice as that condescendingly granted to the *Fairfax Review*. But the *Clarian* is too interesting and ably-conducted to be passed by unnoticed. The first article "All That's Bright must Fade" is most excellently written,

as is also the following piece by "Lenore." Then the true end and aim of "Ambition" such as that of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, four mightiest amongst the world's mighty, or of Cardinal Wolsey is strikingly portrayed by "Minnie." There are also other articles worthy of note. "Collegiana" are eminently suggestive of their fair composers. "Local Notices" savour especially of Dry Goods and Fancy Articles, notable mention being also made of a confectioner's establishment, rather a superfluous line of goods, we should imagine, in the vicinity of Valley College.

The varied colors that at present beautify the exterior of the *Athenæum* have proved of vast benefit to some of our contemporaries. The *Dalhousie Gazette*, for example, has been almost led into the border land of poetry thereby, and the sight of a few more gaily tinted covers would waken the Editors of that illustrious sheet into ecstatic eloquence. We are truly sorry the inside pages are not of a correspondingly gay and festive character, and would be most grateful if our gifted brethren in the Editorial chair of *Dalhousie* would condescend in the plenitude of their wisdom, and by reason of their vast experience, to give us a few hints as to what will be most pleasing and profitable. If it had been possible for the admiring reverence with which we regarded *Dalhousie* to have been increased, such would have been the case when we read slowly and reverently, that remarkable sentence concerning our Presbyterian proclivities. We were awe-struck. How could mortal man find in each and every issue of the *Athenæum* such a reference to *Dalhousie* as that mentioned. We were nonplussed, and after a few minutes thought over this knotty problem, our "weak minds" turned with a sigh of relief to our s place in times of perplexity, Differential Calculus. There was another expression that showed great genius and profound imagination. We "chuckled meaninglessly": We were truly glad to hear it. We had thought our heavy mathematical work had taken all the "chuckling" out of us. And then we were so pleased to hear that the *Gazette* had favored the idea of giving the University of Halifax a *trial*. It was so thoughtful and kind for it to try and impress upon the Government the need of such an institution, and then turn coldly around and leave it to die of neglect instead of sending up for examination a score of candidates every term. Such assistance might have materially aided the University and would have been a mere titlle of what a *Provincial University* like *Dalhousie* ought to have rendered. And then it was so consistent to wheel around and accuse the Government of

wasting a few thousand dollars a year. We trust that the *Gazette* will kindly reveal to us a few more of those pleasing traits of character of which we are unconsciously the fortunate possessor.

We have received the March No. of the *Scientific News* published in New York. Its most prominent article is entitled "Capt. Eads' Great Ship Railway," advocating the construction of a marine railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The article is fully illustrated by diagrams, and the conveyance of the largest ships safely and speedily from the Atlantic to the Pacific seems fully provided for. If such a road could be built and equipped so strongly and massively as to sustain such enormous weight we see not why it could not be preferable to a more costly canal. The proposed railway would be composed of 12 rails, spaced four or five feet apart. Two locomotives five times as powerful as ordinary freight engines would be used. Cradles would be employed suitable for all classes of vessels, and having wheels about 3 ft. apart on each rail, making a total for large steamers of from ten to twelve hundred wheels. The maximum cost of such a road at Panama is estimated by Capt. Eads at \$50,000,000. Among other interesting and noteworthy articles are "The proposed New Bridge over the Douro," "Navel Hydraulic Locomotive," and "Throwing a Ball on a horizontal curve," which last should be especially interesting to college students.

We were somewhat amused at the criticisms on Canadian Exchanges in the *College Rambler*. They were original at least, and that is something in these artificial days. The *Acadia Athenæum* received honorable mention, being described as "decidedly sentimental." What a relief it was to find that we were not so austere as we are commonly reputed by our acquaintances! And judging by the contents of the present *Rambler*, its editors have had sufficient experiences in the very softest sentiment to constitute them competent judges. Take a few examples culled at random:—"He is telling her that 'Joe is very glad to see his old friend,' and she is loth to have him leave her, for she says, 'Sam shun sunshine. Do you shun sunshine?' He does not, and answers tenderly, O sweet and strange it seems to me to be with you once more. I can scarcely believe it, but it must be so.' Hark! they whisper, and the words are so low that we cannot distinguish them. 'Forever and forever, followed by 'Yes, dear, I'll love thee and bless thee.'"—Has the *Athenæum* ever produced any sentimentalism to compare with the above? We fear not, and

are too discouraged to ever again try to even think anything sentimental.

We are sorry to learn that the last of our exchanges, the *Harvard Register*, is about to suspend publication owing to want of funds. It is a paper, or rather a magazine, of which Harvard might well be proud, and we were much surprised to hear of its contemplated suspension. We hope, however, the necessary aid will be forthcoming, so that the *Register* may continue to adorn the ranks of College Journals.

Our Wolfville "Star," judging from a true and infallible sign, has lately become a planet, its centre of attraction being the "Sun," its orbit very eccentric, and its course not yet very clearly defined. We incline to the belief, however, that the moon in some mysterious way acted upon it indirectly. We would suggest to some of our amateur astronomers a careful investigation of the celestial phenomenon, as curious facts might be then elucidated which at present are unknown to the astronomical world. It might also afford a pleasing and useful exercise for some of our disciples of Olney, to accurately compute the character of the curve described, locate its foci, calculate the relations between its contemporaneous infinitesimal increments and decrements, and determine the velocity and period of revolution of this Satellite of the "Star."

Personals.

'80. Geo. H. Croscup has gone to teach in the High School, Fredericton, N. B.

'81. A. C. Chute has been excused to go home for a few days on account of ill health.

'83. —J. R. Hutchinson has been appointed missionary to the Telugus, by the Baptist Foreign Mission Board of the Maritime Provinces, and with his wife will sail about the end of August.

Whosoever during his earthly life has flung sensual pleasures behind him, and been studious to adorn his soul, not with conventional and adventitious trappings, but its own proper decoration, temperance and justice, and courage and freedom and truth, the person so prepared waits cheerfully to perform the journey to the unseen world at whatever period Fate may choose to call him.—*Socrates*.

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