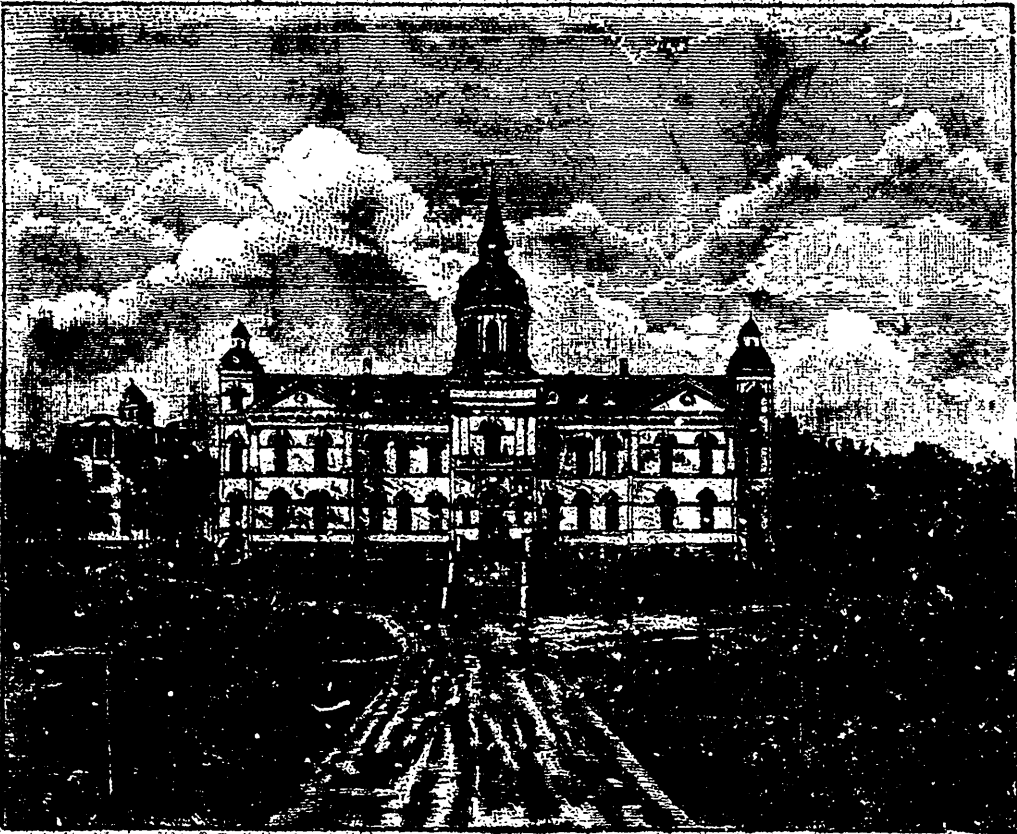


April, 1880.

Vol. VI., No. 7.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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VOL. 6.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1880.

No. 7.

AD SENIORES.

[Addressed to the Graduating Class of 1880, by a former Classmate.]

All things advance; slowly the glad earth rears
Her shining goal adown the ages set;
The fair result of all God's ripened years
Forbids the heart to cherish long regret.
We may not pause while broad creation hears
The dirge of wrong, the triumphs of the Cross.
To mogn a useless song of change and loss.

But as ye go, the cycle of whose days,
Drawn through the darkness by a hidden hand,
Bears you to seek life's gifts in other ways,—
We give the thoughts that parting hours demand;
And, more,—mid present cares the mind delays
To muse on past conditions pleasing well.
And span the future with a friendly spell.

We breathe no idle prayer, that stainless bliss
May bless you with an ever varying joy,
Nor that in life's rough battle ye may miss
The myriad foes that mortal hopes destroy.
But may indulgent heaven grant you this—
That in the years before you ye may gain
A heritage of danger, toil, and pain.

Danger that waits on life to cause it worth
All this vain-seeming effort but to live;
Labor that makes a harvest field of earth:
And those still lonely hours of pain, that give
To the strong soul a new celestial birth,
Making it mighty in its power to bear,
And God-like in its will to do and dare.

Scorn not the gift of life; a purpose grand
Beneath all seeming evil shall ye find;
The present moment treasures in its hand
The gathered wealth of all the years behind.
And in the eye of hoary time ye stand
The hours of manhood—nature's nobles' fee—
Ringed with the glories of the life to be.

But live; let strong desire ambitious rise
To shun the fate from which your minds recoil;
Stoop not to be the thing your hearts despise
Though craven shrinkings from a noble toil:

But grandly labor for the good ye prize,
Till that shall close the danger and the strife
Which is not death, but life, eternal life.

Acadia College, June 1886.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 15.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

Leipzig ranks among the most interesting and attractive cities of Germany. In its commercial relations it leads even Berlin which has a population four times as great. I have never been in a city of no greater size which seemed so perfectly filled and choked with goods of every conceivable description. This is particularly the case at the time of the spring and fall

MESSE OR FAIR.

At this time from thirty to forty thousand traders are present from all parts of Europe, but especially from the east, including Jews, Greeks, Bulgarians, Armenians and Turks. Whole streets of booths or temporary shops are built on the public squares to receive the numerous train-loads of merchandize that is brought into the place. It is estimated that the total value of the sales effected at the fairs average fifty million dollars annually.

Considerable business is transacted on the Lord's day in all the German cities, but during the time of the *Messe* more buying and selling is probably done in Leipzig on this day than on any other day of the week. To one accustomed to the holy and beautiful quiet of our English or American Sunday, the chaffering noise and tumult of a *Messe*-Sunday in Leipzig seem not unlike bedlam itself. On threading my way to the University church

on the second Lord's day after my arrival in Leipzig—the *Messe* had just opened—I found that the very arch-way leading to the Church had been converted into a shop, and the court into a depot for leather, which was piled to the very church door. The sound of the organ heard within was almost drowned by the babble of the multitude and the crack of the teamster's whip without. May it be a long day before the Sunday of continental Europe is imported into America!

A very noticeable feature of Leipzig, and one well befitting it as a University city, is the great prominence given by it to the

BOOK TRADE.

For nearly a hundred years Leipzig has been the centre of this trade in Germany. There are over three hundred booksellers' shops, and about one hundred printing offices, with over a hundred book-binding establishments in the city, and publishers in other parts of Germany almost invariably have depots of their books in Leipzig, whence they are forwarded to all parts of Europe and more distant countries. Many hundred booksellers congregate here at the time of the spring Fair and transact business at their own exchange.

The printing establishment of the Brockhause Brothers is one of the sights of Leipzig. It covers several acres of ground. Here every process pertaining to printing can be seen, including the manufacture of the types and the preparation of the engravings on wood and stone for use in illustrated works.

Any person wishing to obtain rare and valuable, and at the same time cheap books, could not do better than go to Leipzig. It was constantly my regret that I had not a few thousand dollars to expend in the purchase of works for our own college library.

It may be further observed of Leipzig that it is one of the great

MUSICAL CENTRES

of Germany. The Gewand-Haus concerts are among the finest in the world. The Leipzigers think them absolutely the best; but probably the citizens of Berlin, Vienna and Munich

would hardly be willing to admit this. The devotion of some of these musical savans with whom I have conversed, to their favorite study has quite astonished me; yet to this devotion must be traced the rare proficiency by which they have distinguished themselves therein. Other things being equal, it is the enthusiastic student, whatever his line of study, who will achieve the highest success.

The choirs in the different churches in Germany are composed of boys from ten to fifteen years of age. These assisted by the organ, lead the congregation in song which every person present helps to swell. The rehearsals of the choir of the St. Thomas church, Leipzig, which last about half an hour on Saturday afternoons, are attended by some two-thousand persons.

Perhaps, however, Leipzig is best known abroad from its

UNIVERSITY,

which ranks among the most celebrated in Europe. This I will endeavor to show in my next paper.

AN HOUR WITH THE DICTIONARY.

An erudite patrician of New Orleans took a leisurely perambulation, at the enervating crepuscle, with a plethoric Epicurean of Asia Minor, and they confabulated respecting learned vagaries and revolting discrepancies—giving precedence to the former. They coted two nephews of Galileo, egotistic and bumptious youths of suggestive costume, who had jump now made their exit from the Lyceum, where they had listened to an exhaustive parlance on acoustics, and during recess they were in detail alternately panegyricizing it with vehemence, much to the aggrandizement of the prolix and exemplary prolocutor. It being apparent to the connoisseurs that these peremptory allies and coadjutors were amateurs not conversant with the nomenclature of the bombastic vagabond and sonorous cosmopolite, contumely and raillery ensued and the clangorous ululations of the obstreperous combatants

suscitated a resonance through the empyrean, to the consummate discomfiture of the stolid pebeicians. A Caucasian of mediocre finesse, making his debut with great eclat and prematurely construing this exoteric logomachy, jaculated the contents of his splenetic mind at the contestants and caused a rise of corporeal gyrations by giving an ill-starred wiseacre a dolorous poniard wound in the abdomen. Ovate apricots, coral eggs, was-sail-cups, greasy water, and guttapercha vases were clandestinely extruded from the hearths and alcoves of isolated artificers and pygmean mechanists; but these extraordinary efforts simultaneously begrimed the spectators and advertised the lamentable drama and the sacrilegious dramatis-personæ. It was bootless often to quote the tripartite law to which they were amenable and add exhortations with the design to exorcise or extirpate, by its harassing truths, these thaumaturgical orthoepists and implacable logomachists. At length the truculent actors became exhausted, and when languor inhibited a promvigation of fisticuffs, an objurgatory financier supported the irrevocable and irreparable exactions accessory to a romance indicative of indecorous intrigue and termagant tergiversation. This obligatory quittance of deficits caused objective grimaces to demonstrate their pique towards these supererogatory patrons. Contrary to their predilections some with complaisant deportment sought an incognito pharmacoplist and homoeopathist in quest of quinine and the best cataplasms and catholicons extant for cicatrizing grievous ankylosis and jugular bronchitis, while others were tremendously covetous for morphine and unctuous soporifics that they might be immobile recluses until the integral subsidence of the legend-like tumultuation; but in vain did they augur that eremitage would produce a lethean influence, for both telegraphy and photography had been unintormitting in their sedulity, and during the same interstitial molecules of time the laws of phonics had published the rencounter in Uranus as the most behemoth-like malfesance of the decade.

Those aspirants who are solicitous to elude compagination with that coterie which is obnoxious to the anatomizing introspection of Argus-eyed denizens, should eschew the insidious glamour and delusory charlatany of supervacaneous and nugatory contestation.

A WORD TO BOOK-LOVERS.

Ours is an age when the press is actively engaged in the spread of wholesome literature. We can scarcely take up a paper of any note without having our attention directed to several works of recent publication. By the "American Book Exchange" and the publications of the *Standard Series*, the choicest literature is placed within easy reach of all. This literary revolution which has put *treasure* on an equal footing with *trash* in point of cost, should affect a revolution in the thought, the intelligence, and the virtue of the people.

Out of this multiplicity and cheapness of books grows the necessity of applying the eclectic principle. It is impossible for any one at this period to read and digest a tithe even of what are considered standard works. There is much in our literature of what may be called good, inasmuch as it is adapted to please and to benefit, which nevertheless ought not to be read. We cannot afford to spend time in reading a book which will be in a measure beneficial to us, when there is at our disposal another book upon the same subject which may be perused with much greater advantage. The sooner one arrives at the conclusion that he can read but a small portion of what has been written in his own tongue, and but a small portion of what he would like to read, the better it will be for him. The benefits accruing to the reader are not commensurate with the amount read, but with the careful perusal of judicious selections.

As long as two hundred and fifty years ago, Sir Thomas Browne expressed the wish that there might be a general council held for the purpose of collecting all books in one heap, and consigning it to the flames after taking

therefrom a few select volumes. If this was the *utinan* of a wise head at that time, it would be hard to find words to express the desirability of such a conflagration at this, the close of the nineteenth century, when we sometimes feel ourselves lost in the world of books. But since this wholesale burning of "chaff" is not likely to be witnessed, the next best thing is for readers to choose the most excellent "wheat" of the "wheat," and treat all else as though absolutely destroyed.

BUILD ON ALL SIDES.

A young man at college, greatly pressed with lessons and class ambitions, writes for advice. He has fallen out from many of the religious habits which once held him. He does not attend the Bible class nor the prayer-meeting. He has excused himself hitherto on the ground of mental culture. But the question begins to disturb him, whether he will be able to take up his higher religious life when that far-off day of leisure comes. The honest reply to this young man would be a warning note to hundreds who are in the same temptation. Nothing is surer than that such a remission of religious duty must bring enormous danger. It will not do to build up three sides of a tower and leave the fourth unbuilt. The walls of character and culture must go up evenly. The spirit-level must be often laid upon the work. And this is only stating it feebly. The truth is that the department of conscience and of spiritual living is fundamental. It lies below the rest. If life is to have a symmetry or a safety to satisfy any Christian's ambition, the entire mason-work must go up together. It is most deplorable to see what fatal blunders are being made in our colleges and schools. Young men are going aside from the warm room of religious culture into the chilled out-door atmosphere of intellectualism. They do not see the peril they are in. It is vastly plausible to accept for a time the omission of religious duty for the sake of more study, more experiments, more scientific excursions. But society is

full of young men who have tried this experiment, and who now stand as warning examples of frozen spiritual life. Little by little they have let the chill creep over them until they were past consciousness of their peril. Parents do not see this mischief until it is too late to remedy it. Professors and teachers often think their line of duty is aside from matters of this sort. And yet how few words and how little thinking would be needed to prove that we are doing a poor business in education to bring out active and cultured minds coupled with dead or half-dead religious convictions. It is appalling to run over the catalogues and see the names of youth who came from homes of ancestral faith, but have gone out into the world saturated with the world's spirit and dead to the highest aims of godly living. This kind of life-building is going on all the time. It is accepted under the pressure of lessons and scholarly ambitions. But many, many a parent has welcomed a son home from college and has soon discovered at what a fearful cost education has been won. That parent has seen that the structure of life has been built only on one side, and that the very foundations of spiritual culture were wanting. And their bitter tears have been shed, when it was all too late, at the sight of moral and religious character tumbling in ruins because it was not built on all sides.—
Presbyterian.

Literary Notes.

Carlyle expects to complete his autobiography during the coming summer.

Oxford is to have a professorship of Archæology.

Joseph Cook has ceased the delivery of his Monday lectures, and intends going to Europe.

J. R. Green purposes writing a history that shall connect Freeman's Norman Conquest with Froude's history of the Tudors.

The California Legislature has made vocal music a compulsory branch in all the schools of the State.

Russia has now eight universities, that of St.

Fetersburg having 1,000 students. It is proposed to establish a ninth at Veronez.

"An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," by Principal Caird, is soon to be given to the public.

Edison has received the degree of Ph. D. from Rutgers University. Dr. Edison is a native of Nova Scotia, hailing from Digby County.

The salaries of the Harvard professors are to be advanced from \$4,000 to \$4,5000 per year, and those of the assistant professors from \$2,000 to \$3,000.

Victor Hugo has, locked up in his safe, eleven finished and unpublished works, some of which are shortly to be put into the printer's hands.

The Religious Tract Society, London, has in the course of preparation for publication a work by Dr. Dawson, entitled "Geology and Life."

Twenty-nine young ladies passed the matriculation examination at the London University. Seventeen of these passed in the first division and five in the second.

3,531 students are in attendance upon the colleges of Michigan. Of this number Michigan University claims 1,376, and the remaining 2,155 are divided among nine other colleges.

The various libraries of Harvard contain 247,420 bound volumes, in addition to 186,800 unbound volumes of pamphlets. Of this number 50,000 were in actual use during last year.

A New Yorker lately wrote to Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, asking how his lordship's name should be pronounced and received a reply to the effect that it should be pronounced as if spelled Beconsfield.

Dr. Rand, of the class of '60, has presented the Library with *fac similes* of the Magna Charta, the Warrant for the execution of Charles I, the Declaration of Independence, and several of the earliest published English newspapers.

Professor Pierce of Harvard says of one mathematical work he has written, that there is only one other man besides himself who could read it understandingly. This prodigy is not *Olney*, but Professor Sylvester of John Hopkins.

The *Nineteenth Century* by Robert McKenzie, is highly recommended as giving a clear and accurate account of the political, social and moral progress of the century. Several of our students have already obtained it, and it would be a profitable investment for all to purchase this volume, which may be had at the village book store.

The American Book Exchange and L. K. Funk are doing a good work in placing within easy reach of all standard works, at exceedingly low prices. Though the binding of the latter's books is such as to render them undesirable for library purposes, still they are well worth their price and considerable wear may be got out of them.

The memorial volume, it is expected, will be out early in June. It is to contain the papers presented at the semi-Centennial exercises, in the June of 1878, by Rev. Drs. Cramp and Crawley, and Rev. S. W. DeB'nis; the Vaughn Prize Essay by Albert Colwell, M. A.; and several other interesting papers. It will also contain portraits of the two first Presidents of the College, and pictures of the old and new College buildings.

Geoffrey Chaucer, by Adolphus W. Ward, and John Bunyan by J. A. Froude are the latest additions Harper Brothers have made to Morley's Men of Letters. Both volumes are spoken of as charming and of a high degree of literary excellence. Bunyan's life is as finely written as Froude's sketch of Cæsar, which commendation of itself should bespeak the work a wide circulation. Mr. Ward has evidently thoroughly acquainted himself with the leading authorities on his subject, and gives to the public the results of his patient and painstaking research.

From the reports of M. Jules Ferry, we find that in France the number of schools of all kinds has increased in the proportion of 30 per cent. whilst in the public schools the increase has been about 75 per cent. The number of girls' schools has more than quadrupled, and in the staff of teachers there has been an increase of nearly 100 percent. In 1837 there were only 752 pupils at primary schools to every 10,000 inhabitants, now there are 1,281. Between the years 1871 and 1878 the state grant has been raised from \$1,600,000 to \$4,000,000.

Acknowledgments.

John Ferris, \$1.00; Lockland Ferris; W. O. Wright, A. B.; Prof. Higgins, A. M., \$1.00; Bernard Harvey, 1.00; Miss Amy Cann, \$1.00; John Huges \$1.00; Rev. E. M. Kierstead, A. B.; John B. Mills, M. A., \$1.00; Rev. G. E. Good, M. A.; F. E. Good; C. F. Eaton, A. C. Robbins, 1.00; A. W. Armstrong, A. B.; Shubul Dimock; Rev. D. A. Steele, A. M., \$1.00; Christopher Jost; W. A. Robinson, B. A.; Benj. Rand, A. B.; Rev. F. Beattie, \$1.00; Mrs. G. L. Johnson; Fred Johnson; A. W. Rand, M. D., \$1.00; M. G. McLeod, \$1.00; Nathaniel Peck, \$1.00; Sidney Locke; Rev. E. M. Saunders, A. M.; Miss Annie Delap, \$1.00; Rev. W. J. Stewart, \$1.00; Mrs. Mark Curry, \$1.00; Rev. C. H. Corey, \$1.00; Miss Jennie Lovitt.

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ANY of our subscribers who can supply us with copies of the second issue of vol. 1 and the second issue of vol. 2 of the ATHENÆUM, will much oblige by forwarding them to the editor.

SPRING, beautiful spring, is again upon us. To the student long shut up in dusty classrooms or among dog-eared text-books in the study, the coming of spring is especially joyous. Already the old bell makes a more musical sound on the soft air of spring. We begin to hear the sweet note of the thrush, the twitter of the swallow, and the shrill piping of the jay-bird. Again the campus becomes vocal with the merry shouts of jubilant youths just escaped from a long confinement. Others betake themselves to the hills and woodlands to gather the modest May-blossoms, sweet mementoes of the happy days when they gathered them by the roadside as they wended their way to the rural school house. The study room becomes less attractive. We like to stray out to inhale the perfumed air

of spring, 'where Zephyrus breathes on Flora,' and listen to the orchestra of the woods. Sometimes we take our text books out to the fields in our pockets, and *sometimes* we take it out of our pocket when we get there. It may be said that we should have our minds so disciplined that these external circumstances would not affect our power to concentrate our minds on study. So we should have our physical organisms so disciplined that we would not be affected by heat or cold, and could fast as long as Elijah did without experiencing any inconvenience. All we have to say, in reply, is that we have not yet become so disciplined, and we hope we shall not become so for a while yet. The Juniors begin to look forward with bright anticipations to the coming Geological expedition. This expedition, besides being of great value to the student of mineralogy and geology, is much valued as a distinct landmark in the college course. The Seniors begin to look gloomy, or it may be we misinterpret their countenances and they only look more profound. As, however, they are so soon to be thrust out from the protection of their Alma Mater, the former supposition may not be unreasonable. Yet though commencement day is always a season of many sad partings we welcome it with light hearts, as it sets us free from the bondage of tasks, which, of necessity, at times become irksome.

WE have been much interested of late in the movements of the Baptists of the Upper Provinces, in the matter of education. Especially have we been interested in the proposed establishment of a college in the Prairie Province. There is perhaps no country at the present time that is so much in need of, or that offers greater inducements to such an enterprise, as our rapidly growing Dominion. Is it not time that the denomination throughout the whole Dominion was more united both in educational and other enterprises?

WE are aware that mostly all of our readers have already seen the fitting tributes of respect paid to the memory of the late Rev. A. J. Stevens, as well as the honorable comments upon his life which recently appeared in the

willing that some worthy mention of one whom we all loved so well, should not be made in our college journal.

Mr. Stevens entered the preparatory Department, Horton Academy, in 1870, from which he successfully passed into the college in the Spring of 1871. He pursued and received the full course of study in Arts and was graduated in 1875. During his college days he preached quite frequently in Halifax, Windsor, Billtown, Falmouth and many other places, and won for himself very many valuable friends who will gladly honor his name, both for what he was and what he did. His first pastorate was at Kentville, N. S., where he was ordained in the summer of 1875. It was our pleasure to be present and to witness his aged father, the Rev. James Stevens, extend to his son, Adoniram Judson, the "Right Hand of Fellowship," and with words most appropriate, welcome him to the ministerial brotherhood. His pastorate at Kentville was short. He felt it to be his duty to continue his studies at Newton Theological Seminary, and went there for that purpose in 1876. He remained sufficiently long, however, in Kentville to endear himself to the church, the congregation and the entire community. Some adequate conception of the high esteem in which he was held by the church at Kentville may be inferred from the following incident: The sad news of his death came while the church were assembled for prayer. The Rev. I Wallace was conducting the service, and when he read the telegram, we are informed that each mourned as though he had lost a brother. Mr. Stevens had the privilege of baptizing quite a number, and receiving them into the church while there.

After spending some time at Newton Theological Institution, he accepted a call to become pastor of the Baptist church at Fredericton, where, after a painful illness of eighteen days, on Monday evening just as the sun was setting, he breathed his last. The Fredericton Baptist Church has recorded a tribute of respect to his name, which is quite in harmony with the opinions

held, as to his real worth, by his numerous friends and acquaintances elsewhere. We will quote a few sentences from that record: "He gained the respect and esteem, not only of his church and congregation, but of the whole community in which he lived. A diligent student, an attractive speaker, a faithful minister of the gospel, a devoted pastor an earnest Christian, an affectionate husband and father," etc. "As a preacher he spoke what he believed to be God's truth. His sermons gave evidence of careful preparation, and were always delivered in a spirit of earnestness and Christian charity." That he should be called away from a church that seemingly needed him so much, and appreciated his services so highly, and that too while a revival was in progress and names were being added, is a somewhat singular providence. His last sermon was founded upon the words "To die is gain," and was preached on the 22nd of February, in his church at Fredericton.

During his student life at Acadia, he was successful in showing himself a man in the fullest acceptation of the term. He won by his honesty and gentlemanly deportment the respect and esteem of the Professors before whom he went in and out for four years. He was also a favorite among his fellow-students, and by his unusually cheerful and happy disposition, and readiness to promote the pleasure and highest interests of all, he not only attracted to him many friends but retained them to the end. To know him and to enjoy his companionship was a privilege and a blessing, for his was a noble nature.

The funeral of Mr. Stevens took place at Wolfville on Saturday, 20th of March. A large company of relatives, friends and acquaintances gathered at the station and on the arrival of the train from Halifax proceeded to the cemetery in the following order:

Students of Acadia College.
 Officiating Clergymen.
 Six Theological Students, acting as pall-bearers.
 Hearse.
 Mourners.
 Faculty of Acadia College.
 Friends.

We condole with Rev. James Stevens and his companion, parents of the deceased, and also with Mrs. Stevens, widow of our departed friend and brother, in the great and sad bereavement which has come upon them. In common with them his memory shall be precious to us.

"SMALL TALK."

Many affect to despise "small talk." They laugh at those who can spend half an hour in conversation concerning the weather, the health of their relatives and other subjects of like interest. Severe things are often said by these wise and critical persons; but perhaps, notwithstanding that they consider themselves far-lifted above every such simpleness, their self-gratulation is the outgrowth of shortsightedness. To every one who mingles with all sorts of men, "small talk" is a necessity. Multitudes have not the ability, if they had the inclination, to converse learnedly about philosophy, or gracefully concerning books, or wisely in respect to the probabilities of a general war in Europe. Therefore if a man is able, or willing, to talk only of subjects which are in themselves important, he must, in many instances, do all the talking; for his listeners will be unable to sustain their part. If any man is a Coleridge, and has the gift of *conversational oratory*, he may be allowed to pour forth his immaculate wisdom for the benefit of others, but, as a matter of fact, few men can interest others for a long time. The listener wants a chance to speak that he may air his own opinions or impart some new thing; and if the subject under discussion, or the manner of discussing, allows no such opportunity, *his* interest dies.

Even those who can talk well of great matters, have not, as a rule, a disposition to do so at all times. Occasionally the mind wishes to throw off everything weighty or burdensome. It needs rest. At such times "small talk" is a relief and recreation. It is unreasonable to demand, because any mind is strong, that it shall display its

strength every moment. We like to think of Samson bearing upon his shoulders the gates of Gaza, "bar and all." It was an excellent display of strength. But Samson would have made a ridiculous figure if he had carried those gates about every hour of every day, even though thereby a few little boys had been stimulated to cultivate their muscular powers more perfectly. At times conversation should deal with great things; then vigorous thoughts are appropriate and necessary. But he is to be pitied, who, after placing the gates of Gaza upon his shoulders is unable to lay them down.

As human society is, "small talk" is almost as essential to success as common sense. He whose work is with people in general, needs the ability to talk well about little matters, that he may interest those who can talk of such things only. If he has not this ability he will often be placed in an unfavorable light, and will be thought dull and stupid by those who are intellectually his inferiors. Dr. Johnson has said that the person who has no "small talk" is like a wealthy man who has no small change, and is embarrassed by being unable to pay small debts with hundred pound notes. This figure portrays the necessity clearly, and shows that even those who are intellectually rich should always keep small coins on hand. Therefore all who are busily accumulating treasures of knowledge in order that they may obtain high success in life should by no means fail to supply themselves with small change. They will find it more than convenient.

Gleanings from Acadia
Seminary.

(Under direction of the Pierian Society.)

The fourth regular meeting of the Pierian Society was very enthusiastic and enjoyable although many members were absent on account of the furious snow storm.

The chorus "He Leadeth Me," was followed by the Critic's report by Miss Graves, an able, interesting and instructive criticism,

after which the programme was varied by compositions from Misses Bishop and Fitch, together with readings from "St. Nicholas" and Adelaide Proctor, by Misses Thomas and Hubley. Excellent instrumental music consisting of selections from Beethoven and Schubert was provided by Misses Welton and Murphy, while Mlle. Huguenin delighted the society with some charming French and German songs.

For the first time since the Pierian was organized we were treated with a little Icenio entertainment in way of a dialogue, "The Hoyden," whose parts were excellently taken by Misses Sawyer, Brown, Fitch and Starrat. Perhaps the most novel and enjoyable feature of the evening was the first issue of "The Thistle," read by Miss Starratt, Editress. Its columns furnished a happy mingling of wit and wisdom, and it is hoped that the members of the Society will take an interest and pride in supplying its future editors with fresh, spicy and entertaining contributions. After brief remarks by Miss Whidden, whose absence her pupils and associate teachers so sincerely regret, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung and the meeting adjourned.

"Star Gazing," has been quite in vogue, of late, among the ladies of the Seminary, and the waning energies of the Astronomy class have been much revived. Through the kindness of Professor Higgins the telescope was made to reveal some of the wonders in the stellar depths.

Excellent views were obtained of the Nebula of the Orion, of "Persepe" in Cancer, while Mars and the slender crescent of the New Moon, elicited many expressions of delight from the beholders. A few evenings later the occultation of Mars was eagerly watched by many inmates of the Sem. while more were intent on viewing from the cupola, fireworks in the village, of a more terrestrial nature.

At the third regular meeting of the Pierian Society, March 6, the following officers were elected.

Miss F. Thomas,	<i>President.</i>
" F. Peck,	1st V. "
" L. Benjiman,	2nd " "
" A. Fitch,	3rd " "
" W. Crosby	<i>Secretary.</i>
" L. Higgins,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Literary Committee.—Misses E. T. Harding, B. B. Thomas, J. G. King.

Committee of Music.—Misses A. J. Dodge, K. B. Welton, C. Kinney.

Things Around Home.

The hard students begin to grow pale.

Truly these spring days are invigorating.

The cry of the cricketer is heard upon the campus.

C. M. Pyke, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. T. Wilmot Eckhert and others, gave an admirable concert in Assembly Hall, March 12th.

A geological junior is anxious to know why Sir Charles Lyell is called *Penestella Lyelli* in Nova Scotia.

Some of our number will teach during the summer. We wish them success in their arduous and perplexing toils.

The matriculating class in the Academy contains a fine looking lot of fellows, and we understand that their attainments are in keeping with their appearance. We also hear good reports from their literary society, and hope that the ATHENÆUM may receive a new impetus from their presence next year.

Can any one inform us whence came those two strange ladies (?), who recently appeared among us, and whither they have gone?

The text-book on Political Economy now being used in the college, and we believe likely to be used for some time, is the work of Prof. Fawcett.

Lovers of the dictionary will find it a good exercise in orthoepy to make themselves capable of reading "An hour with the Dic-

tionary," to be found in another column, without making a mistake in pronunciation.

We would remind those who scribble on the papers in the reading room, that the papers do not belong to them, and hence they have no right to do any such thing.

Miss Whidden, teacher of the English department in the Female Seminary, has resigned her position and left the institution, on account of ill-health. We understand that Miss Whidden was very popular among her pupils, and her absence is much regretted. Her place is temporarily supplied.

One of our exchanges complains that some students do not behave well at morning prayers. With the exception of one irreverent individual who takes notes of these exercises, our students demean themselves with becoming propriety on such occasions.

Prof. Oram of King's College, delivered a lecture on "Visible sound" before the Athenæum on the evening of April 2nd. Interesting facts were illustrated by a series of striking experiments. No more profitable lecture has been given in this year's course.

Between thirty and forty young men from the College and Academy went to Halifax, Saturday, March 20th, to hear and to see Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Having some unoccupied hours in the city, a part of the company improved the opportunity of visiting the citadel and other points of interest. But the famous reader was the great attraction, and all returned home more than satisfied, and enthusiastic in their praise of the reading and beauty of the distinguished lady.

The *Pierian Society* of the Seminary gave a musical and literary entertainment in Academy Hall, Saturday evening, April 3rd. There were good essays, beautiful songs, and lively dialogues. The young ladies did themselves much credit, and won frequent applause from the audience. We understand that the proceeds of the entertainment will

be devoted to the purchase of books for the use of the Society.

The season of Sewing-Society meetings is over. Gentle spring is near. Now the little birds choose their mates, and building their nests, coo lovingly. And now the mind' of the Se——, Ju——, So——, Fr——, (we dare not be more explicit,) "lightly turns to thoughts of love;" and he is seen nightly approaching with joyous steps, the house where dwells the queen of his affections. The bell is rung, a step is heard, the door opens,——!

Rev. Wm. George, formerly a student of Acadia, delivered a lecture in the Baptist church on Thursday evening, March 18th, upon "Burmah and the Burmese." The lecturer having spent a number of years in that Eastern country, as Missionary, was not in want of matters of interest to bring before his hearers. The lecture was full of instruction respecting the characteristics, employments, amusements, customs, habits, and religion of the people. The description of their funerals and weddings was really amusing and laughable. A clearer view of Buddhism was given than we are wont to obtain in reading books. It is to be regretted that there were so few present on this occasion, owing to the short notice which was given.

On the Saturday evening following, Mr. George addressed the students of the different institutions in Academy Hall. He then dwelt more particularly upon the methods whereby missionaries carry on the work of spreading the gospel; and gave some wonderful instances of unmistakable conversions, both among the young and those just tottering upon the brink of the grave. Such examples of the gospel's triumph are mighty in overthrowing doubt as to the divine origin and power of the religion of the Cross. An earnest appeal was made to the young men to make the subject of devotion to foreign missionary work one of earnest prayer. In comparing his labor in churches in this country with his labor among the heathen, Mr. George said he could not tell which was the easier. He said that the discouragements

and privations in that dark land, were, of course, many, but that it is not easy to imagine the joy one feels in knowing that through his instrumentality benighted minds are being led surely though slowly into glorious truth. No doubt it is often a source of regret that missionaries are obliged, on account of ill-health to quit their field of labor for a season to visit their native land, but herein there is a display of divine wisdom, inasmuch as by their words the home churches are incited to greater zeal in the cause, and thus the main-spring of Christian missions has its power and effectiveness largely increased. We shall ever retain pleasing recollections of Mr. George and his visit among us.

It was a bright spring-like day, the 23rd of March, when five students with light hearts and joy depicted on their countenances, started out on the first fishing excursion of '80. With the Bay View team harnessed tandem and an energetic driver, to whom we gave the appropriate name of Jehu, *pro tempore*, we started on the venturesome trip. And now let philosophy and mathematics be forgotten, for the excursion is to be a vacation in miniature. So Jehu guided the steeds, Pines administered the rod, and Jimmie made the air vocal with his musical voice; while Gulliver and Frank, by their sober and uniform demeanor lent all necessary dignity to the occasion. The beautiful valley of the Gasperaux was soon left in the background. From the top of the hill we watched old Sol "close the eye of day" beyond the placid basin of Minas; and the shades of night were beginning to stalk out from the chambers of gloom, as we rounded the top of the Southern Ridge, and began a rapid descent into the region of saw mills, lumbermen's camps and trout. A company of lumbermen entertained us very hospitably at their ranche. Our horses were stabled and our appetites assuaged, our hosts, in the meantime supplying us with music appropriate(?) to the occasion.

We proceeded. Soon we were under the broad branching trees of the forest primeval.

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks" that have long escaped the woodman's axe stand like grim sentinels around us.

At length we reach our destination. It is a place called Davison's Lake, on the top of the South Mountain and in the township of Falmouth. A temporary camp is soon constructed and a huge fire built in front of it. Some slept *some*. Pines roasted smoked herrings and spent the night in carousal. Jehu developed a wonderful tact as fireman and made sad havoc of the woods. Gulliver falling asleep was waked by the fire which caught on his exterior habiliments, and made the night hideous with his shouts of alarm. And so we whiled away the night. Morning arrived and most of the company went a-fishing, that is to say, they went through their part of the performance, and if the fish neglected to attend to their part we couldn't help that. It was evidently not their day for sport, so we had all the fun to ourselves. Jim succeeded in capturing three and Gulliver got two, and then after taking one more look at the scenery we departed. We arrived home safely, and have spent our spare moments since in making up sleep.

Our Exchanges.

Our reading of exchanges for the present month has, of necessity, been desultory and not critical; hence our notes will be more a recognition of our contemporaries in the field of college journalism than anything of the nature of criticism.

The first paper on our table to which our attention is called, perhaps on account of its neat attractive appearance, is the *Vassar Miscellany*. Opening it we find the usual amount of very readable matter. The editorials of the *Miscellany* are of particular interest.

The *Colby Echo* is a much more substantial production than its name would indicate. Its issue for April is interesting throughout.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* is untiring in its defence of dancing, just as we should have expected. Novalis, in his more mature years remarked, "once I was fond of dancing but now I had rather think to the music." We suspect there is ample time for such a transformation in the case of the ardent youths who edit the *Gazette*.

After long waiting we have received another copy of the *Simpsonian*. Its explanation of the delay is quite satisfactory, however, and as this issue is an excellent one, we feel quite repaid for our patient waiting.

The redoubtable exchange editor of the *Niagara Index* mourns over the degeneracy of college journalism. What crocodile tears he must shed over this imagined grievance. We are told that to a person afflicted with jaundice all objects appear yellow. First cast out the beam from your own eye, good friend, then see if your neighbors will not appear to you in a different light. Should you continue to judge others by yourself we fear you will soon become a hopeless pessimist. These remarks apply only to the exchange department. On the whole the *Index* is a good paper.

Personals.

71. W. A. Spinney was ordained over the church at North Scituate, the 25th of March.

74. J. C. Spur was ordained a short time ago at Cow Bay, C. B.

78. J. A. Faulkner is pursuing a course of study at the Drew Theological Seminary. Thanks for the Catalogue.

79. We are sorry to learn that our editors in chief of last year have both been suffering from physical indisposition. We sincerely hope that an improvement may soon be manifested, and they may be restored to their accustomed vigor.

A. N. Roscoe has been ordained at Port Medway, Queens Co., N. S.

We are sorry to learn that F. W. Morse, of the Junior class, who left College shortly after the opening of this session owing to the failure of his health, is not growing any stronger.

C. L. Eaton of the Junior class, who has for several weeks been with his friends in Annapolis Co., with a view to the restoration of his wonted vigor, is expected to return to the "Hill" shortly.

L. H. Chute, of the Sophomore class, has not been able, on account of ill-health, to keep up his studies during the past two months or more; and has now abandoned the idea of completing his College course.

Mosaics.

There is no real freedom except in obedience to the laws of the Maker of all things.—*Froude*.

Prejudice deals all in extremes; it never touches on the middle path of judgment, the path reserved for the gentle steps of candor.—*Macgowan*.

What many need, to make the world brighter, and better, is to swallow a sunbeam now and then, that there may be more sunshine in the soul.—*J. B. Smith*.

Aversion from reproof is not wise. It is a mark of a little mind. A great man can afford to lose; a little insignificant fellow is afraid of being snuffed out.—*Richard Cecil*.

Such men as have attained eminent repute through the goodness of their natural powers, and have uttered many things even worthy of remembrance, have had many imitators that resemble them in negligence, but very few that approach them in ability.—*Quintilian*.

The world is the great tempter, but at the same time it is the great monitor. It stimulates our pride by its pomp and show, its fleeting honors and prizes; it goads men to the race, and inspires them with covetousness and rapacity; but on the other hand it is the great memento and evidence of its own vanity and of the emptiness of everything it offers to us. It is the great saddner, the great warner, the great prophet.—*Canon Mozley*.

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