

Charles Fitch

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR

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Original Poetry.

"ONLY."

- Only a memory of the dead,
Dearer than all that is left beside;
Only the fast low words we said
Standing alone by the evening tide.
- Only the grasp of an honest hand,
Only the tear in an honest eye,
Only a lingering on the strand,
Only the half-choked word "Good-bye."
- Only the fading gleam of day
Kissing the pebbles along the beach;
Only the waters growing grey
Under the fir-grove's silent reach.
- Only a touch of the sea-ward breeze
Waking the waters to smile once more;
Only a pointing to untried seas
Of a prow that is turned to a distant shore.
- Only a sudden stroke of death
Washing a brave young form away;
Only a soul at the parting breath,
Winging aloft to the hills of day.
- Only a thrill on the trembling wires
Telling the tale to my home apart;
Only a quenching of the fires
In the wave-washed ceasar of my heart.
- Only another daisied mound,
Quiet and lone, on the church yard hill,
Only a presence that breathes around
When I visit the spot in the twilight still.
- Only a tombstone, chaste and white,
Only a name on a marble scroll,
Only a loneliness at night
Stealing o'er my saddened soul.
- Only a voice that haunts me still,
In memory's hour, the dusk of day,
Only a whisper o'er the hill,
That reaches into the western grey.

NOVEL READING.

(Concluded.)

ALTHOUGH a refined Society now enforces public decency, although vice does not now revel in the public gaze, although the lowest and most disgusting passions of depraved nature must crouch and teed behind the scenes, or feel legal vengeance; the blackest and foulest features of the days of a sottish Charles still exist.

Tear off the gaudy covering behind which they lurk and you will see sensuality as coarse, as unbridled and unblushing; political and social putrefaction, as horrible; excess, as frightful and ruinous, as blasted the time of Juvenal. Never has there been a lack of base spirits who gain a rich but damning harvest, by pandering to the lowest instincts of fallen nature. From such come in terrible and startling abundance, the polluted and polluting stories that disgrace the columns of numberless papers and magazines. This froth of filthy imaginations contains the spawn of every species of crime. Like serpents hidden among flowers, poisonous thoughts lurk between gilt edge and morocco binding. They charm only to sting. Their smile is more dangerous than the fan of a Vampire's wing. To every intelligent mind comes the pertinent question: what shall I read? Within reach are a thousand volumes. We would say: grasp real knowledge. Shun the worthless fictions that are floated up from the dark hazy regions of corrupt souls. "Make your selection with a view to invigorating reading, and reflection. Grapple with the products of the best thinkers and standard authors, instead of idly feeding upon the flimsy utterances, and dallying with the empty dreams of diseased imaginations." Intellectual strength cannot be grafted from sickly sentimentalities or high-seasoned mental garbage. Dime Novels are the jagged rock on which many a promising life has been irretrievably shattered. The fictitious tale of blood has often aroused youthful passion, and pushed adventurous feet down the awful steeps of crime. In this paper we deal not with fiction whose moral tone is questionable, or whose literary merit is of a low order, but with writings that injure mainly by their unreality as respects men and things.

A distorted vision is a curse. It wrenches things out of their true place, and heaps them up in bewildering confusion. It often disjoins and unhinges the delicate framework of a noble character, robs it of beauty and reduces it to a shapeless, hopeless mass. On the contrary it often creates a false loveliness that reminds one of flowers strowed on the bosom of corruption. It drives all sym-

metry out of life and turns it into a huge disproportioned picture, making objects increase in size directly as the distance, bringing foreground and background into monstrous proximity, and violating every law of perspective.

Early associations and training in numberless instances injure the mental and moral vision, and waywardness and degeneracy are commonly the frightful results. The circumstances surrounding a youthful life have much to do with giving shape to the eye through which the soul shall afterward look out on men and things. Short and crooked sight has ruined many a man. Under its dangerous witchery thousands have stumbled over imaginary difficulties, and have crawled with dubious steps over a path smooth as a floor. Others, to whose diseased gaze swamp, thornbrake, and open woods looked about the same, have gone crashing on till a stout barrier hurled them to the ground, or the foul sluggish waters of some unseen pool closed over their mouth.

We unhesitatingly affirm that the unreality stamped upon the characters and general features of the vast majority of Novels tends to distort views of life, and of its grand, vital, significant relations, and tremendous responsibilities, and so inflicts a positive and irreparable injury upon the mind. No intelligent being is free from the potent far reaching sway of thought. The books we read modify our decisions and mould our opinions. Unconsciously, it may be, but none the less certainly, we are sucked into the whirling vortex of their domineering influence. A hand, without arm or body, writing upon the wall, startled by its strangeness the debauched Belshazzar; but here is a more profound mystery, a book without aid of hand written upon the indestructible walls of memory; and every thought that traverses that chamber traces out the curious writing and in the act receives an indelible impress. We live the books we read, especially those we like. In our boyish days, Dick Turpin, Sixteen-string Jack, and Claude Duval, made us long for a black charger, and a keen blade, that we might rival their daring exploits, and with a wooden sword as substitute, and without any

O. W. F. M. T. 2.

horse, have we not stood by the road at dusk and ordered a passing chum to deliver or die! The principle here in its geriz developes with our life. The sublime ideal of human character is to live perfectly a book—the Book of God, and the God of Books. Hence the close relation, sympathy and similarity, between the books habitually read, and the line and level of action daily pursued. A volume of sound vigorous thought tends to inspire a life embodying the loftiest elements; whilst a vicious book can point only to a debasing, body-killing, soul-damning course. Not to mention the worthless disgusting trash, ground out by detestable know-nothings, even Sterne, Fielding, and Dickens are chargeable with gross exaggeration. Nicholas Nicholby, is a fine conception; but is it true to nature? Does not the haze of improbability darken around more than one scene? True Nicholas, Ralph, Nobbs and Squeers, wear a human garb, but do not always act and speak like men. In our opinion Mr. and Mrs. Mantinalli, form a mixture of the absurd and ridiculous rarely met with outside of Lunatic Asylums. We contend that a course of such reading unhinges and distorts our views of actual life. Fancy is a subtle and powerful faculty. It paints in delicate hues the cloudland, the mountain, and moor of our life. It invests the sensible with a purple light. It drapes every day occurrences with the charm of a sweet smile. It awakens songs of sentiment and affection, sweet as the rippling laughter of a mountain stream born on the high hills as it rushes away to gladden the plains of mental being. Like an aurora it brightens up the dark cold sky of sense and fact. On the other hand it is equally true that fancy like the sullen wings of night darkens the window of our prospects. It peoples thought with grim forebodings and paralyzing horrors. It whispers even in the ear of a beauteous morn, the sad dirge of coming disaster. Does the gorgeous light sweep from horizon to zenith, it reminds that “the golden beams of glory the summer sky that fleck, shine where dead stars are sleeping in their azure mantled grave.” Do we think of the softly rolling steamlet, it points to the shadows resting upon its ripply tide. Does the balmy breath of joy fan our spirit, it points to the passing cloud, and whispers the warning—“hopes bright robes are broidered with the sable fringe of fear.” Beautiful is the smile of fancy, terrible its frown. This wonderful mental power so delicate so mighty in its strange working, so sensitive to every impression from the brain, receives an unnatural and unhealthy stimulus, from the unreal in action and in word. Hence Novels of the type under consideration injure this faculty

on the right exercise of which depends to no small extent, our happiness and usefulness.

HONORÉ BALZAC.

In this brief sketch we propose to give a few facts with respect to the life of an eminent French writer of the present century, which may be new to some of our readers, and prove not altogether uninteresting.

Honoré Balzac formed one of that brilliant group of French writers comprising Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Dumas, Lamertine, Béranger and others. His early life seemed singularly wanting in any bright omen of future eminence. While a lad of ten at school he passed for a dullard, took no share in the sports of his companions, and spent the greater part of the time in gorging himself upon the literature at his command. He seems to have early cherished desires for a literary life, but met with not the slightest encouragement from any quarter. The other members of the family with that overwisdom, which so frequently proves a sorry blunderer, assured him that he need never hope for success in that line; and on reading his first literary venture, a five-act tragedy entitled “Cromwell,” he was greeted with the sweeping criticism from one of those eminent individuals who are supposed to know, that the production displayed not the slightest germ of talent. But the youthful Balzac had more faith in himself, than others had in him, and resolutely cutting away the bridges in his rear, became devoted to a literary life. And now behold him, ye aspirants for the laurels of literary fame, the poor Balzac, and take courage as you see him struggling on through eight poverty-stricken years, sending out twelve successive volumes which fall from the press, like autumn leaves, to be trodden beneath the feet of an indifferent public. But these dark days, he has told us, were the times in which he learned to write French. They are brought to a close by the appearance of a novel, which advanced him somewhat beyond the position of mediocrity to which he had been assigned, and then the dawn breaks more clear and several works follow at once placing him in the front ranks of the most brilliant writers of the time.

Balzac deserves the title of a literary adventurer, as he pushed his way into fields hitherto unexplored. He forms a massive plot, and lo! two or three scores of volumes are required to fulfil it—each forming an essential link in the chain of development. In place of the conventional heroine, the charming mademoiselle, he substitutes the mature madame of thirty, and his genius makes her popular.

Naturally he did not possess fluency or ease of expression. His style was the result of intensest labour. He would in the first instance write off a hasty sketch and dispatch it to the printer. The proof would be returned with very wide margins for the author's corrections. But this was by no means the end of the matter. On one occasion the proof was returned fourteen times before the reluctant Balzac would present it to the impatient public.

Balzac was very conscientious in his method of treating a subject. We do not see the writer in his work. He stood without the scene as an attentive observer. The story does not invariably terminate amid that happy collocation of favoring circumstances which is to be looked for, almost inevitably, in the conventional novel, but presents with unerring faithfulness the ways of real life—lead they to issues fair or ill.

A ruling passion is most frequently his theme, and its influence upon the life and character of the individual are presented with the strong lights and shadows of a master's art. His method of labor was somewhat unique. The plan of a story seizes upon him. “To work!” he cries, and buries himself from the world in the recesses of his study. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four are spent in intensest labour. He gets sleepy; strong coffee is at hand to brace him to his work. By and by the finishing stroke is given; he disappeared, fat as a monk, he re-appears lean and lank, with leaden eyes, yet cheerful withal, and presents to the world the offspring of this desperate travail.

Balzac was a jovial soul. At the literary gatherings where he figured, his hoarse laugh completely drowned the feebler cachinnations of his companions. He was possessed of a most sanguine temperament, which led him to dream of the good time coming, when his talents should yield him boundless riches. Six ciphers were invariably added to the initial figure in all these calculations of future wealth. Each work as it went to the press he fondly hoped would prove the *open sesame*. He possessed such unbounded faith in his plans, united with such remarkable persuasive powers, that cooler heads than his own by far, would be turned by his absurd schemes for suddenly acquiring wealth. One of these of a literary character may be mentioned here. A secret society is formed, composed of thirteen men of talent. They are not to recognize one another when they meet in public; each one will write something in his particular vein, be it a novel, a newspaper article, a poem, or what not. As soon as a piece appears from the pen of the thirteen, the remaining twelve, by voice and pen, are to unite loudly in its praise. This would be sure,

Balzac thought, to secure fame and fortune for each of the happy thirteen. The scheme failed.

At the age of fifty, Balzac marries a Russian lady of wealth. Shortly after he dies, from the effects of strong coffee, and overwork at night.

Correspondence.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Messrs Editors—Some excellent remarks in your last number on the subject of an Acadia Gymnasium have suggested some additional thoughts on the above subject which I will briefly present in this paper. Modern science and indeed all experience has shown that mind and body are not separate and independent entities, while they exist together here. They are closely inter-related. That which affects the one, affects the other. That which gives vigor and freshness to thought is good health. Physical soundness appears to be an important condition to mental strength. In connection with physical weakness, may, it is true, sometimes be found, brilliancy of mind; but it is not apt to be strong and enduring. The sound mind will be found normally to co-exist with the sound body. This appears to be a general rule.

The brain is the organ of the mind. By a want of physical vigor, the brain-functions are weakened and the mind proportionally suffers. Let the nervous or digestive systems be much diseased and the mind may live in an atmosphere of constant gloom. Its energies may be lost in spite of itself. But remove the physical oppression, let the life currents flow briskly, let health come back and mark the change! Beauty and poetry are in the world then. There is ambition then, to do and dare. Hope, the fair one, replaces gloom and nerves us to think and labor.

It has been said that a man thinks through his whole body, from head to foot. A homely statement, but perhaps it has some truth in it. The character of one's thoughts may partake quite largely of the nature of all bodily conditions. Even moral courage may not as well exist in a frail body, other things being equal. If these views are not fanciful, the appeals to us for athletic culture are strong. Nature cannot easily be cheated out of her just rewards and penalties. It appears to have been ordered in the constitution of things that physical exercise should be one of the conditions of that inestimable blessing, health. Properly to recognize and comply with the physical

laws, is to put ourselves in the way of securing some of the highest good from life.

All physiological information should be warmly welcomed. All that Science which has reference to man is not to be set aside thanklessly. It proffers to us its services for reception or rejection.

Has it not occurred to our readers that the fascinating power, Beauty, is very largely an effect of health. It is this last which produces buoyancy of spirit. It causes sprightliness of mind. It sparkles from the countenance with magnetic warmth and fervor. With this, combine the mental and moral, and have you not the truly graceful and the lovely?

Some one has said that health is physical religion. This is an odd saying but may it not be worthy of being said? Does it not appear that a complete philosophy of man's nature should include physical culture? Cultivate the body exclusively and you have a savage. Cultivate the mental faculties exclusively and you have an unfitnes for the world. Cultivate both and you secure the best results. You have symmetry.

Perhaps our various Institutions of learning have not sufficiently recognized this department of education. Should it not be included in a liberal culture? When health is lost, very much else is lost with it. Education ceases to be of the same value then. The student will pore over the pages of the ancient classics, study philosophy and even mathematics with very commendable zeal. Yet how often does he neglect physical exercise, physical knowledge. Would not Athletics as an Election in a College Course be one of the very best for a student? If he looks to the future, if he would preserve his health, if he would enlarge the sphere of his labors, would not his choice be a wise one? The mere inhaling of copious breaths of fresh air is greatly ignorating to the wearied student. Of course a good system of Athletics would imply that all exercises should be regular and sustained, not spasmodic and hence useless.

But may here be objected that a student has many other things to engage his attention. He has many studies to master. He perhaps must concern himself with the means of living. The objection is a very good one. It holds with other departments of effort. When we attempt to do all we should do, we find there are some rugged ways in life. We find that it is much easier to theorize than to act and fulfil. Our ideals are not easily realized. A man lives a short time in this world and discovers that there are a thousand opposing forces to be overcome, various faculties to be subordinated, dangers to be shunned although unseen, stern trials and discouragements

to be grappled with. Grand problems once viewed by him as absolute, become relative. Nevertheless, those obligations which belong to us are not less binding. Nevertheless, it is true that he who best obeys most laws is wisest, best rewarded and most truly lives. Is it not also true that in our hands are the sublimest possibilities?

But to return, however fine a mind a man may have and however strong an ambition, vigorous muscular exercise will be found to be of the greatest advantage. It will form a basis of real greatness. Many instances might be referred to in proof of this principle. A want of athletic training is one good reason why many men, having all the phrenological indications of greatness, do not really become distinguished. Other things being equal, the strongest minds, the most successful business men, the best orators are men of robust physical powers. A well balanced organism furnishes the truest type of manhood.

When the old Roman Empire was a world-ruler, the athletic power and culture of her sons were at their maximum. After, when luxury and physical degeneracy crept in, the ruder athletic prowess of the northern hordes became her conqueror. So everywhere, and in all times, do the hardier forces of bodily soundness and strength follow on the footsteps of luxurious physical declension. Thus are shown the evils of a very precocious civilization.

Respectfully,

E. M. CHESLET.

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We are grateful to some of our friends for the words of appreciation and encouragement expressed in their communications. Along with some of these letters, we have received a dollar subscription, as an evidence of the sincerity of their expressions.

We hope to receive such communications from many more of our friends, accompanied by like tangible marks of their good-will, in the shape of a double or single subscription.

Acadia Athenæum.

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CONTENTS:

"Only" (Poetry).....	49
Novel Reading.....	49
Honors Balzac.....	50
Correspondence—Physical Culture.....	51
Acknowledgements.....	51
Editorial.....	52
The Prospects of Colleges, &c.....	53
Horton Collegiate Academy.....	54
Locals.....	55

The "Acadia Athenæum" is sent to subscribers at the exceedingly low price of Fifty Cents per year IN ADVANCE, postage pre-paid.

THE result of the late agitation on the "Collego Question" has been a paper university, and also increased grants to the Denominational Colleges. In regard to the increased grants; it is, at all events, a satisfaction to feel that quite a step has been taken in the way of dealing fairly with the different colleges. The idea of a Paper University is one that requires to be well thought upon and weighed, before giving an opinion either for or against it. Since, however, we are undergraduates in one of the arts colleges in the province, and hence interested parties, we suppose that our readers expect us to give our views on this question. We believe that each student in the college has been intensely interested in this educational campaign, and has read the different articles which have been written on it; thus informing himself on the subject. When it was seen that the bill was likely to become law, a meeting of the students was held, in which the Paper University was discussed, and when the vote was taken, it was found, that with the exception of one voice, the meeting voted against the project of establishing such University. We have not space to enumerate all the reasons which were then urged in support of the position taken, but mention a few of what seems to us as the most important.

First. We believe that outside our college faculties, we have few men who are competent to fill the places of examiners. Men who may have been thoroughly educated ten or twenty years ago are, owing to the many changes in text-books and methods of teaching, unfit to act as examiners of students to-day. The impropriety of choosing such examiners from the professors of the different colleges will be recognized by all, when we consider the advantage it would give to the students who attended the lectures of such professors.

Second. We look upon diplomas given at colleges in which students have mastered the entire course, and signed by the President and Professors of such colleges, as of more value than those conferred by a Paper University, which has neither "a local habitation nor a name."

Third. We look upon the measure as degrading and lowering the existing colleges, without advancing in any way what we can see, the educational interests. If our college Faculties are not competent to examine their classes and grant degrees, they must, certainly be, incompetent to teach.

We hope that those who have ever stood so nobly by the Denominational colleges will "look before they leap," in this matter. We cannot but think that if they fall in with the measure, they will lose ground that it will be difficult to regain. Personally we have no fears of the new University. With our high curriculum, and energetic staff of professors, we feel quite able to cope with the students of any other college in the Province. But we do fear for our Alma Mater if she once gives up the power of examining her students and granting degrees.

A DANIEL come to judgement yea a Daniel,
Oh wise young judge how I do honour thee!

One would almost think that the founder of Dalhousie sucked the teats of a she-wolf, and that the young men studying in that Institution at present had imbibed the savage spirit of the aforesaid founder—judging from the uncompromising hostility with which they take the war-path. We offer the following remarks upon the satirical effusion called forth by our article on Prof. Jones'

lecture. There is a much-lauded passage from Milton commencing

"Hail Holy Light, offspring of heaven first born."

The address completed, he proceeds thus:—

There I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn.

When reading this "how could we help trembling for the" poet's "safety while 'hovering over the Stygian pool' lest by some mischance he should lose his balance and tumble in. No doubt his wings were carefully waxed. He deserves all praises for the adventurous spirit which he has manifested, but we are not sure that his example is to be recommended." By gracious! what a figure the old fellow must have cut when he was straddling over Styx. Ah! if he had attended to his own business on earth, and let the devils alone instead of running about the burning lake, he would'nt have got his eyes knocked out. However we have to congratulate the learned poet "on his safe return from such a perilous voyage." Milton—you are radically squelched!

But such a ridiculous figurative style as this is not confined to poetry. That "son of Anak" Jean Paul Richter, in the Siebenkäs sends some one on a similar voyage. "I mounted into the Suns, and flew with the galaxies through the wastes of heaven etc." It is quoted in that much-worried article in the former issue. But "how could we help trembling for him?" What a miracle that he did not fall off! He must have been perfect master of the laws of gravitation. Wonderful that he did not smash his head against some of the other Suns in the galaxy! This is no burlesque; but the fac-simile of what purports to be a common sense criticism. As we look over it now, it seems to be a curious critical monstrosity. Ostensively, a censor of the public taste, the guardian angel of the Queen's English. This critic shows himself in reality to be a trivial, bitter, unreasoning fault-finder. But take courage Cousin D—, you are not the first copyist of the Fiend you quote.

Who practised falsehood under saintly show
Deep malice to conceal.

Like him too you are not enough
"practised to decide." Your inexperience,
youth and conceit must partially excuse

you. But we really have some concern for your morals. You might learn a lesson as to strict adherence to truth. You evidently and without a blush prevaricate and misrepresent. You take three sentences—dismember and ridicule them, and say that they are exponents of the rest. O tempora, O Mores! There is a pretty little scene in Henry IV, by Shakespore.

Glond.—Why I can teach you cousin to command the devil.

Hot.—And I can teach thee coz to shame the devil. By telling truth; tell truth and shame the devil.

But then you are to be pitied as well as blamed. Alas, you have no religious influences there at your Provincial University! Not even a Lear to say.

"An you lie Sirrah, we'll have you whipped."

But the sentence that excited the most wonderful acuteness and unparalleled display of critical acumen and irony was that figure which attributed to language the power of throwing over the mind a fragrance. Now Nuncle you do steer clear of all figurative language and your style is barren and bald. Stick to it. Ape Swift. You know how unwise it would be for a snail to attempt to fly. No doubt metaphor is distasteful to you. But do you think it is any more ridiculous to call a beautiful description of perennial-blooming isles and scented groves etc. odoriferous-fragrant than to call another style glowing-burning? They are terms used on the same principle founded on resemblance of relations. If a word wafts perfume to my mental sense have I not a right to say that it flings odour over me. And if I use "Sabean," etc. in an accommodated sense where pray is the impropriety? Nay but such contemptible sophistry can only have one intent that of distortion.

Thus much in conclusion. Novalis says—"The significance of this world is Reason; for her sake the world is here." If this be true the writer of that critique may safely set himself down for a cypher, an infinitesimal increment of the aggregate which derives its only significance from Reason. Let him become a child if not one already—and humbly cultivate common understanding—he may become an appreciable quantity.

WHAT has an eye in the middle of it and yet is always blind?

THE PROSPERITY OF COLLEGES CONTINGENT UPON DENOMINATIONAL EFFORT.

A WRITER in a late number of "Scribner's Monthly," in narrating the history of a prominent college, very truthfully remarks that nearly all such institutions owe their origin to denominational enterprise. It may with equal truth be affirmed that the perpetuity of collegiate institutions is dependent upon continued denominational support.

In maintenance of this statement the *a priori* considerations are numerous and striking. The mere existence of the several large denominations is convincing evidence that men are not all cast in the same mould. They naturally hold various opinions on questions of Church Organizations and Doctrine, and as naturally fraternize with those whose opinions coincide with their own. The religious bodies thus formed will desire for their young men an education that recognizes their moral and spiritual natures and provides for the harmonious development of mind and soul, and this result they can obtain only by having such control over the colleges they patronize as will secure the appointment of Professors in whom they have confidence. Institutions of learning owing their origin to this laudable motive have been termed "Denominational," though some prefer the term "Independent," to denote their freedom from State control. They are usually owned and controlled by Denominations, but that they are therefore necessarily Sectarian has been disproved repeatedly during the present University discussion. They are devoted to the work of higher education, and in proportion to their income usually do more and better work than State colleges. What they propose to do that State Colleges do not, is to shield the Student during his formative years from the scepticism so unhappily prevalent in the scientific world.

It is childish to affirm that the arguments that are used in favor of free, unsectarian common schools apply with equal force to higher education. Children attending common schools are under parental control, with all that that implies—wise counsel and religious instruction at home and at church. Young men at college leave all these influences behind them and, as a rule, accommodate themselves to the moral atmosphere they breathe. That the danger is not imaginary is only too well proved. The great German Universities are nurseries of Atheism, and that of London is following in their wake. Two-thirds of its students hold materialistic views, and with scarcely an exception, as stated in a recent letter from London, they study on the Sabbath as on other days. Two of

the holders of the Gilchrist Scholarships from Canada at this Institution are avowed Materialists. The wide-spread moral evil that will result from this general adoption of Materialism by those who are to be the leaders of thought is simply incalculable. The seed is now being sown which will in a few years produce a fearful harvest of unbelief.

The question then that faces those of us who accept Christianity is this: Shall we abandon our colleges and thereby subject our young men to influences adverse to it, to which two-thirds of them will yield, or shall we continue those safeguards which have been found so efficacious in the past. In a word is Christianity worth preserving and perpetuating, or shall we exchange it for the comfortless doubtings of Materialism? To this question there can be but one answer.

That Denominational Colleges possess more *inherent vitality* than those supported by the State can be demonstrated by an overwhelming array of facts. Denominations always live; in their principles and practices they change but little and what they have done well in the past they will, with increasing means, do better in the future. Governments are liable to sudden overthrow, and a Legislative Assembly favorable to State Colleges may at any time be succeeded by one opposed to them. When an Institution supported by the State exists, a yearly appropriation must be made for its support and the occasion is usually an annual wrangle between conflicting policies. The President or Chancellor of such Institution is compelled to enter the field every year in defence of the appropriation without which he and his colleagues would be suddenly and summarily compelled to resign their situations. It was this abnormal condition of belligerency that induced the late Chancellor of Michigan University to retire from his responsible post.

In this connection a brief survey of the leading colleges of the continent will be found instructive. Harvard began as a State Institution, but it has always been denominational, there being at that time practically but one denomination in Mass. The Rev. Henry Dunster one of its ablest Presidents was compelled to resign for avowing Baptist Principles. The College was afterwards severed from state control and became in succession the property of the Congregational and Unitarian bodies. The other colleges in the State are also denominational. In Rhode Island there is an excellent University, Brown—which though receiving State aid is the property of the Baptists. Yale, like Harvard, began as a state college when congregationalism was nearly universal in Conn. and the Government was much more paternal than would be tolerated in these

times. It was always under Congregational control and is now the property of that body. In this state are two other very prosperous colleges, Trinity at Hartford belonging to the Episcopalians and the Wesleyan University at Middletown. Vermont has a state college and a denominational one both controlled by the Congregationalists. Dartmouth, in N. H. began as a state college and its history is similar to that of Yale. Maine never had a State University but it has two very flourishing colleges, Bowdoin (Congregationalist,) and Colby, (Baptist.) Thus in the whole of New England, the most intelligent portion of the U. States, we cannot find at present one instance of a successful *State University*.

New York has no College supported by the State though it has several prosperous institutions supported either by denominational effort or by private benefactions.

In the western States persistent efforts have been made to establish Central Universities free from denominational bias but the results have been as a rule most conspicuous failures. Perpetuity without prosperity has been conferred upon some of these by granting them when the States were constituted large tracts of land which having risen in value now yield a permanent income. By far the most successful of these State Creations is Michigan University but its period of prosperity has been short compared with its long history of inaction and obscurity.

In the South the University of Virginia is the only example of a lengthened prosperity and it will in the future have much difficulty in maintaining its present status. A recent application to the Legislature for an increased grant was rejected.

From this brief survey two facts are plain. *First*, as a rule State Colleges either become Denominational or draw out a sickly existence. *Secondly*, Denominational Colleges growing up and strengthening with the body that supports them are uniformly prosperous.

We may, we think, without fear of contradiction affirm that no State College has ever given satisfaction to the people in such a way as to prevent the establishment of Denominational Colleges, which coming into successful competition with the State Institution have done the work which it, by virtue of its name, ought to perform. A State College thus becomes a grievous infliction, differing in degree rather than in kind from that of a State Religion, since both impose upon the people the double burden of supporting what they want and what they do not want.

The application of this to Nova Scotia is obvious. The interests of advanced education in this Province will not be subserved by an abortive attempt to create

a State University that shall swallow up the existing Colleges; but rather by a judicious fostering of the latter, and a recognition of the fact that they are the only satisfactory solution of the problem of a higher education.

HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY.

EXAMINATIONS.

It is an unquestionable fact that the institutions of a country shape themselves in accordance with the condition of its inhabitants. To this rule Colleges and Academies are no exception. They must grow up with the growth, and be developed with the development of the people among whom they exist, and for whose welfare they have been founded. It would be as absurd to suppose that such educational institutions as Oxford or Cambridge could flourish in a comparatively new country like this, as to imagine that our own could be successfully worked in the Province of Manitoba, or the Saskatchewan Territory. Not that the literary condition of the masses of our people is by any means below that of England; but because we have neither wealth to endow, nor to avail ourselves of the advantages of such Universities. When it can be shown that our young men have the means at their command to enable them to spend ten or twelve years at schools similar to the English Eaton or Rugby, or the German Gymnasia, it will then be time to establish a corresponding high university; but in the meantime let us hold by what we have.

On Monday the twentieth inst. we had the opportunity of attending the examination of a number of classes in an Academy which, we think, is quite abreast of the times. The occasion was the last day of the quarter, and the public were invited in to see, and judge for themselves concerning the work performed during the past term. Classes were examined in Virgil, Geometry, Algebra, English Grammar, and Bryce's first Latin book. The examination, as will be seen, was but partial. Time was not taken from the regular work of the school to go over all the classes, it being a custom in this Academy to hold general examinations of all classes at the close of the second and fourth quarters, at Christmas and at June, and only partial ones at the end of the first and third, in October and in March. It would be difficult to speak in terms too laudatory of the classes examined. Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the manner in which the questions were answered, passages translated or the theorems and problems demonstrated.

We have not space to mention each class that was called up for examination,

but feel that we shall be pardoned by the other instructors and their pupils if we refer more particularly to a class of young ladies, examined by Miss Woodworth in Euclid. After some general questions had been put and accurately answered, the numbers of various propositions were called out, and ere long the black-board itself gave evidence to the education of the fair pupils, by its fantastically mingled triangles, polygenous circles &c. Owing to our extreme bashfulness amongst those with whom we are unacquainted, and fearing that the presence of the *editor*, with his note-book and pencil, might somewhat discommode the parties examined, we took a seat by the door, and thus were unable to hear all the demonstrations. So far as we heard, however, the propositions were clearly and logically proven, and we have since been informed that no failures were made. We could not but admire the manner in which this, and indeed all other examinations were conducted, clearly evincing that the method of instruction in this Academy is of the most approved and thorough kind. Those of our readers who have read Dickens' accounts of certain high schools in England, where they made it a business to cram all they can into the minds of their pupils and thus cramp and dwarf their intellects, and can picture to their minds the reverse of such institutions will have some idea of Horton Academy.

LITERARY.

The above mentioned examinations occupied the forenoon; the afternoon was given up to exercises of a more popular character.

Quite a large audience composed of members of the different institutions and residents of the neighbourhood, assembled at two o'clock in the Academy Hall, and were entertained according to the following programme:—

Music, by Miss Bill.

Essay, "Novel reading the bane of the age," Mr. Belyea.

Reading, by Miss Eaton.

Essay, "Fred. Douglas," by Mr. Doane.

Reading, by Miss McLeod.

Essay, "Men that the times demand," by Mr. R. F. Simpson.

Music, by Miss Minnie Robbins.

Essay, "Maritime Union," by Mr. White.

Reading, by Miss Cann.

Music, by Miss Payzant.

Essay, "The influence of circumstances on the formation of character," by Mr. W. Bars.

Essay, "The Unseen," Miss Magee.

Music, Duet, by Misses Ida Locke and Minnie Robbins.

The entertainment was in many respects a success. The music for the most part was excellent. The essays, considering

the inexperience of the speakers and their want of leisure, were very creditable. Especial mention must be made of the paper entitled "The Unseen," which was very fine, embodying a fair share of rich thought and some good attempts at word-painting. The essays of Messrs Simpson and Belyea are also deserving of honorable mention. The readings were well rendered, with this exception, that in some cases there was an unnatural straining after effect which defeated its own object.

At the close of the exercises the Principal called upon Rev. Mr. DeBlois and Prof. Welton, and Rupert Eaton Esq. to address the school; which they did briefly and humourously, calling forth frequent outburst of laughter from the audience. The "National Anthem" with variations, by Miss Dodge, music-teacher in the Seminary, formed a fitting and highly agreeable close, to this very pleasant afternoon. We always enjoy those entertainments given by our neighbours in the Academy and Seminary. It breaks the dreary monotony of College life, and the sound of the piano which we seldom hear except on these occasions makes us think of the "old times" at home. We look forward with no small degree of interest to the closing exercises in June.

Locals.

THE *Dalhousie Gazette* objects to revivals in colleges, and mentions an affair that took place at one of them during a season of refreshing. We are not told where the disreputable deed was done, but know of only one college where the perpetrators could have been caught by the "Principal." At all others the chief dignitary goes by the name of *President*. Dalhousie, however, was never blamed for having revivals.

A certain Local Paper, more famous for its columns of abuse than for literary merit informs its readers in a late number of having heard about three remarkable tailors. The anecdote suggested to our minds a picture which we once saw representing the portraits of two individuals, below which was this somewhat mysterious motto, "When shall we three meet again." Since the picture of the third party has not yet been procured, we would suggest that the erudite (?) editor of the above paper call on Notman at his earliest convenience.

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