

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 1.

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No. 2.

Original Poetry.

THE DEAD YEAR.

Sink quiet sunsets of the autumn time;
Fall, golden leaflets to your leafy bed;
Lament the glory of the summer prime,
Ye mournful breezes, for the year is dead.

The poplars, sisters sown, by the brook
Cast leaner shadows in the westering gleam,
And stoop with saddened murmur as they look
Upon their faded beauty in the stream.

The thrush, lost within the silent deep
Of thick brown woods, hath hid himself away,
The lark lulls himself into a sleep,
A dreaming of his blue skies in the May.

The quiet silence of the voiceless lanes,
The scurr dropping to its early bed,
The redder sunset on the cottage pane,
All sadly tell us that the year is dead.

The fields are tenantless—I hear no more
The gay green cricket chirping in the grass,
But just the wet winds sighing overmore
A requiem to the dead year as they pass.

Yet there is something beautiful withal,
When wearied Nature yields her last soft
breath,
And in the rich decay of autumn fall
Breathes fragrance, even in the dew of death.

RHETORICAL EXHIBITION.

On Thursday evening, the 17th inst., the Sophomore Class favored the public with their annual Rhetorical Exhibition. We are happy to report that it was in every respect a decided success, and reflected honor upon the speakers.

The students assembled, as is their custom, in the vestry of the church wearing their College costume, thence they marched in regular order to the body of the house which was well filled with an attentive audience. The evening was very favorable indeed, and the people tired of political excitement and party clamor, flocked in to enjoy the literary treat usual at this season of the year. We think we can safely say, that no person possessed of any intellectual capabilities could possibly be disappointed. The exercises of the evening were ably conducted and their order well arranged.

The music interspersed between the Essays was highly creditable. As it would be impossible to add any force to the several Essays by any remarks that might be made upon them we will say no more; but insert a copy of the Programme and also one of the Essays, as a sample which we think will speak for itself. At the close of the exercises the venerable Dr. Crawley addressed the audience by a thoroughly instructive but humorous speech, directing his remarks more particularly to the Sophomore Class, giving encouragement to, as well as praising those who were striving for excellence in the literary world.

PROGRAMME.

Voluntary; Prayer; Music.

Essays by Sophomore Class.—A Rift in the Cloud, G. A. Smith, Brookfield; Music, G. S. Freeman, Milton.

Music.

Laws and Caprices of Literature, C. A. Cook, Milton; The Equipose of Nature, S. A. Burnaby, Brookfield.

Music.

A Common Inheritance, B. P. Shafner, Williamston; Scylla and Charybdis, P. W. Campbell, St. George, N. B.; Thought Germs, J. Goodwin, St. John, N. B.

Music; Addresses; National Anthem.

ESSAY.—SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

In the poems of Homer, especially the Odyssey, frequent mention is made of two natural objects situated in the Straits, between Italy and the Island of Sicily;—the one a boiling, foaming whirlpool, the other a reef of rocks directly opposite. The whirlpool was called Charybdis, the rock Scylla. In those early times when the idea of the Mariner's Compass yet lay enveloped in the folds of futurity; when the timid sailor hugged close to the shore, while the vast ocean stretched out beyond, unexplored and unknown, it would happen as a natural consequence that objects of danger would be greatly exaggerated. Hence it is that the poets of early times have related marvellous stories concerning them, so that it passed into a saying, "He that would avoid Charybdis is dashed upon

Scylla." With the lapse of nearly thirty centuries have passed away the ignorance and superstition of Homeric times, and that which possessed such terrors for the timid mariner of three thousand years ago, is passed by the sailor of the 19th century after Christ without a fear.

But the whirlpool, the rocky ledge, and the narrow strait between, like every striking object of nature, seem eminently suggestive. We speak of the tossing and rolling of the ocean as symbolising the revolutions and commotions among men. As the one by its continual heaving keeps its waters pure, so great movements among man-purify society.

We speak of life as the grass that withereth. The church is represented as going forth, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." It is thus a natural tendency of the human mind to compare the moral and intellectual operations of men to the workings and processes of nature. We can only have a well defined idea of the immaterial by similitudes derived from the material. We find the cause where we only know the effect, by comparing that effect with some analogous result of which we know the cause. In other words, having three terms given of the intellectual proportion we may find the fourth.

The avoiding of Charybdis and the consequent destruction upon Scylla suggest the idea of extremes, which individuals and nations shunning on the one hand, are ever prone to run into on the other. There is a line, a course direct, dangers are on the right hand and on the left, but those who have the compass of undeviating truth, follow it safely and surely. Few possess it, however, or possessing know how to guide their way by it. Men rush from one extreme to the other, and why? They are in search of truth, but they are often allured by the shadow, and lose the substance. The tinsel often glitters more than the fine gold. From error in defect the transition is easy to error in excess. It is a matter bordering on the impossible to keep the golden mean. It is true that truth lies to some extent in the extremes, but like the sun's rays at the Poles, it is scarcely perceptible, and as the sun shines in his full

strength and grandeur only at the Equator, so in the mean of human beliefs and actions are we to find truth in all its purity and right unmixed with wrong.

Our subject suggests extremes in destiny. There are two great classes in the world, the Rich and the Poor; the one enjoying the benefits and privileges which wealth bestows, the other struggling in the Charybdis of want. An uncontrollable destiny marks out the pathway of some, they would escape from the toils, but they cannot. While some tread the flowery paths of ease, surrounded by sunshine and song, attended by love and joy and prosperity, and fanned by every favoring breeze, the ways of others are hedged about with unnumbered and insurmountable difficulties, and bleeding, barefooted, and cheerless they wander over the shards and thorns of existence. There are those who are wafted over life's sea, without a storm, while others are dashed about by overwhelming tempests.

But these extremes in individual destiny seem to beget a corresponding proneness to extremes in individual action. Men are too lax, or too severe; too proud, or too forgetful of their personal dignity. They seek to avoid the wrong, and in their zeal prevent the right. The miser loves his golden hoards, and clings to them with a devotion equal only to love of life; the spendthrift wastes with lavish indulgence, nor even pauses to think that soon he must be dashed upon the Scylla of moral ruin. Lucan worshipped the powerful and great with all the fervor of poetic imagination; Diogenes lived in his tub, and despised men and the manners of men. One party invents something new in the way of practical jokes, which may possibly possess considerable wit, another party strives to imitate, and the result is about as successful, as the attempted music of an animal whose chief characteristics are simplicity and long ears! Here nature shows her widest extremes in the successful and talented originator and the wretched imitator. There is a class that would keep woman in a state of serfdom and ignorance, a party of widely different principles would advance her to a station which neither nature nor her Creator designed her to fill. The Tory would walk in the paths of his ancestors, think as they thought, follow the same policy which they adopted, and look with suspicious eye on the march of advancement; the Whig would press forward far beyond old landmarks, abandon with disdain old principles of policy, and mark out for himself and for the nation a new course. Happily the evils of extreme Conservatism have been counteracted by the excesses of extravagant Radicalism, and a mean of safe and true progression has advanced England to the first rank among the nations, in war, in peace, in Christianity.

The Puritan with his nasal twang, his groans, convulsions and tears, his long scriptural surnames, e.g., Capt. how-Agax-in-pieces, and cant expressions, found his exact counterpart in the merry and licentious Cavalier. But Milton, whose wonderful imagination soared into the highest heaven and descended into the deepest hell, was both a Puritan and a Cavalier in so far as he possessed the noblest and best traits of both, neither Puritan nor Cavalier if possessing the faults of each would rank him among either. Thus examples might be multiplied *ad libitum*, *ad infinitum*, but as Horace says, the rest of this class, so many are they, would be sufficient to weary even the loquacious Fabius.

If extremes in action are true of men individually, the same holds for combined communities of such, for nations. It may appear paradoxical to say that the rise of nations to a lofty standard of civilization, is due to a tendency which if not controlled and directed according as higher circumstances demand, will ultimately be the cause of their utter destruction, and obliterate their name from the list of the nations that be. Yet it is as true of this same tendency as of the winds that waft the noble ship into the desired haven if she be properly steered, but dash her to pieces upon the breakers if not controlled. Rome became great and mighty, her merchants princes, her traffickers the honorable of the earth, and her sway almost universal! But where is she now? Her fate is sealed, her history written, and the pages of that wonderful narration show her course to be rise, power, refinement, luxury, licentiousness, weakness, ruin!

The policy of some of the nations is to let the inherent and inborn power of men develop itself; to take no preliminary steps to encompass that end, adopt no anticipatory measures; but to legislate according as the advancement, and self-evolved intelligence of the people forced them. Their great principle of action is this: That nation which has germinated, then grown into greatness, because of the unimpelled working of that intellectual life principle, will be nobler, more self-reliant, more liberal, and more highly intellectual than that people whose government has adopted provisional measures; where man is looked upon as an intellectual machine, where everything is reduced to a rigid system; where in fine the government drives the people instead of the people compelling the government. But here is error in defect and excess. That nation only is truly and happily advancing in which the people urge the government, the government stimulate the people, and where the tendency of the one to excess is held in check by the moderation of the other. The intellectual

plant must not be entirely neglected by the government, nor yet too tenderly cared for, as in the one case it will become stunted, so in the other a forced luxuriance will be blasted by the first frosts of disaster. Hence, whatever way we look at men, whether as the objects of a destiny beyond their control, or as the architects of their own fate and fortune, we see extremes. In the tide of human life, there is the ebb and the flow. The pleasant breeze of prosperity becomes a gale of adversity, and the quiet of peace may settle into the torpor and enervation of inactivity. Finally, whatever be our station, or course of action in life, let it be consistent. If we be rich, let us use our riches in promoting the happiness of mankind; if poor, let us bear our poverty with equanimity. Where our actions may be uncontrolled, let us keep them within the bounds of moderation. Let us not be too latitudinarian, neither let us be too bigoted. Out of every evil may we still find some good, nor think that in earthly good there is no wrong; and we shall sail over life's sea to the safe harbor, neither be engulfed in the destruction of a Charybdis, nor dashed in despair upon a Scylla of ruin!

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE beneficent Creator has placed man in a world of wonderful beauty, and surrounded him with objects, varied and striking, calculated both to gratify and instruct.

It matters not in what clime, or under what sky, you find him, there are things to move his fancy and please his eye.

In the cold regions of the north, where he is obliged to labor incessantly for his daily sustenance; and where King Frost, seated on his icy throne, rules with an iron sway; even there pleasing objects divert man, and call his attention away from the dreary prospects of toil and privation.

The Aurora lights up the northern sky, and spreading over all the heavens, till meeting in the center, it forms a magnificent dome of living fire, whose brilliant coruscations make a picture that strikes with awe the beholder. Now like marshalled squadrons they appear in dread array, rushing to battle, then like the ever changeful kaleidoscope they flash back their splendor.

There the earth covered with the pure snow presents a spectacle of rare beauty.

The dweller in the more temperate climes, watches with interest the various transformations wrought in the face of Nature by each successive season.

Stern Winter arrays all things in a garment of dazzling white, hiding all their deformities.

Blithe Spring follows, lavishing on every hand her floral beauties, and with her voice of resurrection, calls back verdure and life from the trance into which it was cast by the paralyzing hand of winter.

Summer spreads gay profusion with a bountiful hand, and decks even the barren wastes with a beauty that surpasses the glory of Solomon.

Then Autumn approaches with her rich fruition of waving harvests, painting the forests in colors so glowing and varied, that they baffle the utmost skill of the artist; and over this is cast a mantle of hazy mist, that lends a happy enchantment to the whole.

Arising in the morning, man sees the King of Day coming forth from the chambers of the East, and as he appears the first streaks of light shooting up in the eastern sky, tinges the clouds with a crimson glory. Retiring he sees him sinking in the western sky in all his dying splendor, and capping with his farewell glance, the distant mountain tops with a crown of light.

Thus man at all times, and in all places, is surrounded by this beautiful imagery.

Why did the all-wise One thus surround him? Why was he gifted with this love for the beautiful? The reason is evident. Like all the works of God, it is for the benefit of man, to ennoble him, and direct his aspirations upward, to mould his character for great and glorious actions, to fill his mind with sentiments of love and beneficence. Taking this view of it, how necessary it is for us to cultivate this great gift.

Children should be surrounded with beautiful objects. Our schools and institutions of learning should be located with this object in view, their interiors should be tastefully fitted up. We should seek to render our homes attractive, in external surroundings and within.

The more then, that man is enabled to gratify this love for the beautiful, which has been so deeply implanted within him, in such proportion will his love for nature increase, and the true and the noble in his nature be strengthened. Many may think this a small matter, but it wields a mighty influence in the world, in the formation of both the mental and moral character of men around us.

EXAMINATIONS AT HORTON ACADEMY.

The Terminal Examinations of this Institution took place on Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 17th Dec. The increasing interest in the exercises was manifest from the large number of visitors present. Parents of pupils, and friends from far and near flocked together,

and at both sessions the Hall was crowded. The Principal kindly sent an invitation during the previous week to the College students, and many of them showed their appreciation of his thoughtfulness by their presence and attention.

We have attended many Academical examinations, but that we never attended a better one, we do not hesitate to say. In all the subjects excellence was visible.

The first thing on the Programme was an examination of the classes in Mathematics under Mr. Coldwell. The Geometry, Algebra, and Arithmetic, were so well done that we dare not discriminate between the relative merits of the execution of any one of them. The demonstrations by some of the young ladies were superior, and equalled only by those of the young men who expect to enter College in June. The teachers evidently understand their business; for true education, a drawing out, a development, was observable in the scholars.

Of the Ethics and Logic taught by Mr. Tufts, we cannot speak in too laudatory terms. The young men who study these branches will have laid a good foundation for the prosecution of those studies in the more recondite parts of the mental sciences, which are included in the College Curriculum. We know our failings, and are not ignorant of our tendency to over-estimate the performances of young ladies, but we dispassionately and impartially aver that, in our opinion, their answers to the questions in these branches betokened a depth of thought and habit of observation far beyond their years.

The readings and declamations were well executed, and if any one could possibly feel a weariness in the routine of examinations, these were well calculated to overcome it. Miss Woodworth, we believe, has charge of this department, and we heartily congratulate her on the efficiency of her pupils.

The thorough philosophical view which the class has obtained of Grecian History evinces the ability of Prof. Tufts in that province which he has made a specialty.

The examinations in Classics tell their own story, and if all our readers had been present, we should say no more of them. The Xenophon class, under Mr. Coldwell, showed a mastery of the subject. As regards the class in Virgil, which numbers thirty-five, taught by the Principal, we know not how to express ourselves. They were examined in all parts of the book, and there was not a single failure. They have studied Latin thoroughly—grammatically, philologically, geographically, and historically.

The essays by Misses Gilmory and Fitch were well written and delivered, and that the audience highly appreciated

them, was manifest from the frequent applause.

At the close of the exercises, speeches were delivered by Revs. D. Freeman, S. B. Kempton, Prof. D. M. Welton, and J. Neiley; and the universal sentiment seemed to be that they had left the Academy twenty or thirty years too soon. The Principal, Mr. Tufts, then addressed his students in a few well-timed, touching, words, thanking them for their sympathy, co-operation and support, and asking them to leave by their mighty influence the thirty or forty, who would join them after Christmas. He then dismissed the school, and more than a hundred Academicians, freed from study, at once prepared for their departure. We wish them all, teachers and pupils, a happy Christmas!

MAN.

MAN is the only being capable of advancing toward perfection. The human mind more nearly approaches the infinite mind, than any other part of creation. Formed with social principles, "no man liveth to himself"; none so elevated, none so obscure, as to be entirely secluded from society. Every being has an important mission in this world, and such is the arrangement of the human family, that the department of one has an influence over the conduct of others; therefore not only *our own* happiness but the happiness of *many* may be secured by right precepts and good examples. To be qualified for the duties of life we must be educated: no flagging energy must prevail if we would surmount the hill of difficulty and write our names legibly at the top of the highest pinnacle of fame. Glance over the pages of history for examples of perseverance in the search of knowledge; to encourage the faithful and cheer the desponding, many bright names will appear. Let "Excelsior" be the countersign of every emergency.

Why should the rich watered diamond be hidden in the earth? Bring it out intrust it to the care of the lapidary, and when polished place it in some conspicuous portion of the imperial Crown to vie with kindred beauties in eliciting admiration from the enraptured multitude.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We wish to thank those of our subscribers, who, to encourage us in our undertaking, have remitted us more than the price of their subscription. We assure them and all who feel similarly disposed that their \$1 or \$2 cheer us, as oases the weary traveller, and incite us to still greater earnestness in making our paper worthy of their generous support.

Acadia Athenæum.

EDITORS.

W. G. PARSONS, H. FOSHAY,
J. O. REDDEN, W. J. STEWART.

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

J. G. SCHURMAN, J. O. REDDEN,
H. FOSHAY, SIDNEY WELTON,
G. E. GOOD, Secty.

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ONCE FOR ALL.

WE tried to be explicit in our last issue about money matters, and yet we fear all have not understood us. Some of those to whom we sent papers, imagining they came *free* from their friends at College, have neither returned the papers nor remitted us the *fifty cents*. They have doubtless thought and reasoned this way: Our friend Mr. So-and-so, at College, has taken a lot of these papers and is sending them to us, his friends, *gratis*. Now this is altogether a mistaken notion.

Our plan was this. We got from each student a list of names of his acquaintances who were likely to become subscribers. To these our Managing Committee, and not the individual students, addressed papers. Hence *no* papers were sent *gratis*. Now, reader, mark that, and if you have hitherto been under a false impression, be undeceived now, and remit at once your fifty cents. Remember our terms, fifty cents per year, *in advance*. See our advertisement on last page.

If we have sent papers to those, who do not wish to become subscribers, they should return them immediately; otherwise they are liable for the subscription.

All business communications must be addressed to G. E. Good, Corresponding Secretary, Wolfville, N. S.

(Concluded.) R. V.?

LET the student turn to the review of previous acquisitions and there will flash upon the mass of facts a new and stronger light. Now what seemed to be mere intellectual conceptions, stir into life and become all aglow with thought. The great deeps of the inner life are broken up, and a strong sympathy takes possession of the mental world. Many things which were obscure before, become plain now. The productions of mind, if they are pure evolutions, having emanated from pure sources, must always find a response in mind: there is a recognition of kindred formation. That the creations of spirit can be appreciated by spirit only, that the mental food which nourished Tasso, Newton, and Milton, is that which is best adapted to develop us, that the joy, the enthusiasm, the exultation which swept the heart-strings of bygone generations are the same which sweep ours, that the burdened volumes of hoary centuries can be made available for us, becomes as plain as the light of Heaven. Just as the flower, when refreshed by the showers of the sky, blooms with fresh and vernal beauty, as the thirsty traveller, after quaffing the pure cold water, feels refreshed and quickened, so he who has humbly and eagerly received the lessons of Science, and striven long and continuously to receive the benefits she is adapted to confer will ultimately find the sanctuaries of the inner world enriched, and have a vivid consciousness of the wondrous adaptation of Truth to the wants of the understanding. The years now disclose their abiding treasures, and the past merges into the present. Many things which were abstract now become the concrete in most beautiful forms. There are abundant indications of a good harvest, and the soul having received a strong impetus from the past is girded and mighty for the work which lies before it.

But as surely as the copious shower succeeds the bursting of the thunder-cloud, so surely does the knowledge taken in, work out its legitimate results in a suggestive point of view. Truth, standing out in naked and comely proportions, is the Talisman that reveals to us eternal corollaries which flash upon us with such beauty and power that they

light up the grand propositions, and serve as strong bulwarks around their bases. Just as the word Home suggests a thousand tender associations, and each association has a value and a power, because of its bearing upon those places and scenes of earlier years, so does the proper comprehension and contemplation of truth suggest connections with other truths which are admirably adapted to add new light to the already vivid conception. We now begin to see how this is the offshoot of that—how, this which is now disclosing itself existed from Eternity, and how entirely independent of our will its existence is—how these conclusions have been drawn from the never-varying laws of nature—how interesting the transition from the comparative to the absolute—how we can pass from strong probability to all-absorbing belief,—and we are almost lost in the train of our thick-coming thoughts. One principle gives rise to another, and the latter places us upon the broad platform of some general law which governs matter and chains worlds. Sometimes knowledge which seems to be detached and isolated suddenly becomes luminous, as when the sun flashes with light the cloud-covered sky, revealing unthought of connections. Item after item falls into the general arrangement, and thus we find eternal truths linked together, stretching on to the Infinite.

We arrive at a certain stage in the prosecution of our studies. The ground of years has been travelled over, and we ask ourselves the very natural question, "what is the amount of capital I have in present possession?" Have I sounded the great sea and gazed far into its treasure-strewn depths, or merely been skimming over the surface? Justice to ourselves demands a careful and candid answer. If uncertainty and a feeling almost lost between half-developed consciousness and a dark unknown void, on faithful questioning, assert themselves, if the voice is lost amid the din and reverberations of empty halls, and no spirits muster at the cry, if mental life covers and seems unable to assert itself,—then it is absolutely necessary that a thorough review be speedily undertaken. If knowledge is exterior to the understanding, the mind is divorced from all healthy

nutrition. If we lack the power which wisdom tells us we should possess, and have a hungering and thirsting which savor of half-performed work—if partially developed ideas, it is either because want of time, or carelessness, has robbed us of our rightful due. If, after having arrived at a certain stage of our journey, we are unable to tell whether we walked or rode, and have not the assurance that we measured every inch of ground with our shoes, and can bring our past experience to bear directly upon the present, and thus make it available for future use, we may rest assured all is not right with us.

There must be a thorough perception and vivid appreciation of the whole course of study, if we would take one satisfactory step in advance, and be possessed of a healthy stimulus. If adverse circumstances prevent the mastery of a course of study when first passed over, no small considerations should deter us from a thorough re-examination of it. We may have handled the form and admired its beautiful and symmetrical proportions, and yet have entirely forgotten the fact that in that form there was the breath of life—that it had revelations to make. The sentence may have been admiring for its sounding cadence, and yet the fact that a great thought slept within its embrace been entirely lost sight of. The proportion is demonstrated, but the permanent lodgment of its immutable truth has not been secured. We are too prone to let the dear bought experience of the past slip by as exotic and valueless. We feed on the husks and starve our souls. We must come up to every fact, every experience, every truth, in the capacity of earnest seekers, standing face to face with them. It is only when we persistently knock that the door is thrown wide open for our reception, and we enter into the inner sanctuary. It is ours to know the whence and thence of all possible knowledge. We can only surmise the identity, the starting-place, and destination of a sail, indistinct on the horizon; we must have the feeling of him who welcomes into port his bark laden with the treasures of the Indies. He who is desirous of coming into the presence of Truth, eager to drink in the spirit of her revelations, anxious to strike

into a glow the sordid elements of his nature and vitalize those conceptions which too often lie as dead matter, will ceaselessly labor to embody in living form the essence of that knowledge to which his attention has been directed.

The life within goes out in eagerness and intensity to grasp Truth with her broad and deep foundations, and even individuality may lose itself for a moment, but the tidal pulse, in the return, strong and heaving like the sea, beats upon the soul with stronger throb. A nearness becomes manifest; and a long and close communion, silencing those demons which are ever uttering stranger tones, gives volume to the voice of that friendship which rings through all the regions of thought, telling of unity—of affinity—of individual appropriation. This is another step in true culture. To ignore it would be death; or, at all events, paralysis to the great work of education. To walk forth untrammelled by impossibilities into the regions of the all-possible, and behold the sun and the blue sky of an unlimited intellectual world all his own, is what is to be attained by him who seeks pure and large mental growth. It is his to hold converse with those deathless spirits which speak from every page, inviting the student to appropriate from their utterances a depth and magnitude of meaning. There must be such a conception and appropriation of every thought and idea that there will result an unwillingness to believe that they rose not up from the depths of one's own soul. From simply outward form to inner absorption must be the tendency of all high and true culture.

The maximum of study is when knowledge ceases to be *objective* and becomes *subjective*; when the intuitions, entirely abstracted from an outward and local relation, are placed in closer and closer proximity until they are absorbed and swallowed up in individual being;—when the consciousness warmed up and buoyant with continuous invigoration, leave no doubt as to the perfect assimilation of nutritious food in the mental system; when all the tributaries converging to one grand centre, lose themselves in the river which rolls on in conscious majesty. And all the thoughts, ideas, and reason-

ings must so become part and parcel of our very being that we express all as akin to the mind's own creations, coming forth fragrant with the perfume of the soul—living and breathing in and through the individual-welling up from the unfathomable deeps. This is the prime result, variety in unity, the epitomizing of the wealth of centuries in one human soul, the forming of that golden chain which binds the many generations of men in one common brotherhood of mental union and sympathy, and introduces all to one common inheritance of thought and feeling. The soul, like a great central sun, shines in a Heaven of genial and fostering influences.

But this is not all. We must use this vantage-ground for the finding of new truth, of higher truth. Let us go to Nature and learn a lesson. As winter melts in the lap of spring, the tree is naked and apparently barren. Soon under fostering influences, the sap quickens, life-growth is evinced by the unfolding leaf. But does it stop here? Is the leaf the climax of its growth? See the economy of Nature! as soon as the leaf is developed, it is made the basis of a higher development than of fruitage. The man now bears a new relation to the world, to things, and ideas. Standing upon solid table-land, and strong in the strength of inherent energy, his heart beats rapturously at the prospect of advance of higher life. He has now in permanent and inalienable possession, the touchstone which tests the nature or quality of every metal. He knows the genuine coin by its clear ringing sound, nice shades and differences become perceptible, and nuggets of thought are abstracted from the rude mass. None can convince him that there is not a generic difference between diamond and trap. So gradually, but surely, the student is admitted into clearer and clearer light, until the day greets his eyes. He sees the connection which exists between the Past and the Present, the relation of each to himself. He can feel the pulse which beats with the life of all the ages, and so is brought into intimate fellowship with what has been achieved and wrought. Herein do the permanency and true value of knowledge consist. We are in possession of the key to all knowledge of all human action, of

all human experience. We can enter into the very life of the race, and become the interpreters of the history of mankind.

Here work and duty are very naturally suggested, and seem to grow out of what has been said. In fact means presuppose and must of necessity comprehend an end. Sound, wholesome, action is the end, the grand result of careful telling preparation. The girding on of the armor unmistakably tells of the stern conflict, the fierce struggle. The student now stands in an atmosphere which smells of battle. And all the toil, and struggle, and preparation of the past are of value only as they serve to find the quickest passage to the heart. The now reveals the secret of the by-gone and the future. There is abundance of work for the student. There is the giving body and roundness to already-existing truths, and the bringing of new ones to light, the purging away of the dross until there is a perfect reflection of the image, the getting of such a conception of what has been done and thought that the individual is seen amid universal life, nobly aiming to elevate the human race, taking hold of the chains which connect things, telling whence they come and whither they go, testing old and new theories in the crucible of thorough investigation and inflexible logic; in a word following hard on the ebbing tide that he too may gather his pebble and thus add to the wealth of the race. This he may humbly hope to accomplish, if he be faithful to his Nature, to his blessings, and to his God.

THE CHRISTMAS VACATION.

THERE is no one sublunary institution that gives such universal satisfaction as the Christmas vacation. Like charity, "it blesses him that gives, and him that takes," diffusing, in all directions, the aroma of unalloyed enjoyment. It is the one thing upon which instructors and students are in perfect accord, having by some mysterious process of intellection reached the common conviction so well expressed by Horace:—

Dulce est desipere in loco—anglice. A little fun about Christmas-time wont hurt anyone.

Solicitous parents, too, are eager to gaze again upon their hopeful descendants; while others, whose relationship has in it both the elements of contingency and futurity, await the event with emotions,

which we may be pardoned for not describing.

To the student the prospect of this vacation gives unmeasured bliss. During its continuance his matutinal slumbers may not be invaded by the inexorable bell: mathematical formulas and Greek roots need not exhaust his youthful vigor; he shall not tremble under the frowns of incensed Professors nor shrink away abashed from the presidential ire. Instead of these come floating dreamily across his fancy visions of parental indulgences, under the symbols of mince-pies, roast-turkeys and late breakfasts, accompanied by the comfortable satisfactions that he may enjoy to the full, the *dolce far niente* for which he so often sighs.

Other elements enter into the teacher's anticipations. Mingled with an undefined sensation of grateful forecasting, is a feeling of regret that vacation means a suspension of hostilities—a calling off the forces which have been winning *spolia opima* from the domain of the knowable. Mournfully the Mathematical division is ordered to cease its "advance" upon a symptotes and cycloidal curves; the classical Professor sorrowfully reflects upon unmastered genitives and unexplained subjunctives and science comes to a stand-still before chemistry still unsubdued. This reluctant abandonment of work is, we suppose, shared by all the instructors; though it never so far gets possession of them as to induce a desire for shortening the holidays. This would be gratifying their aggressive inclinations at the student's expense, a deed which every right-thinking teacher must condemn.

Gratefully then, we welcome the holidays and wish our fellow-students and all interested in them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SEASONAL.

CHRISTMAS holidays have come, so eagerly anticipated by the weary student, and with them a release from the solemn round of toil. Most of our students at once started for home, where no doubt they intend to surprise the natives by a display of their acquirements in the realm of knowledge. A small number "owing to circumstances beyond their control," have been obliged to remain in the solitudes of a deserted College, "monarchs of all they survey." They determined, however, to make the most of their situation. The village was soon canvassed for its most charming ladies, the livery stables soon emptied of their most stylish teams, and about three P.M., the merry party left for Canning. If good roads, spirited horses, with beauty and a pleasant day can make a sleighing

party a success, then no fault can possibly be found with the result.

After a bountiful repast had been amply discussed a very pleasant evening was passed. The drive home was if possible attended with greater pleasures, at least so it seemed, as far as could be judged from appearances. All arrived safe and in high spirits, with the exception of one gentleman whose arm was slightly injured, from what cause doth not appear. A kind friend sent him a bottle of liniment next day, and we are happy to say that his arm is now convalescent!

LATIN GRAMMAR OR DITCHING.

"WHEN I was a boy" said the elder Adams, I had to study the Latin Grammar, but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to College; and therefore, I studied Grammar until I could bear it no longer and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer: Well John if Latin Grammar does not suit, you may try ditching perhaps that will. My meadow needs a ditch and you may put by Latin and try that. This seemed a delightful change, but I soon found ditching harder than Latin. That night I made some comparison between Latin and ditching but said nothing. Next night I told father if he was willing I would return to Latin. He was pleased and if I have since gained any distinction it has been owing to two days labour in the abominable ditch.

ERRATA IN LAST ISSUE.

P. 4,	column 2,	line 23,	place a period after "perfect idea."
" 4	" 3,	" 11,	place a period after "and vitalizes the other."
" 4	" 3,	" 14,	read for "so the love," "so the soul."
" 4	" 3,	" 18,	for "comprehend," read "comprehends."
" 4	" 3,	" 30,	for "mutual" read "mental."
" 4	" 3,	" 33,	for "form" read "germ."
" 5	" 1,	" 20,	for "imitableness" read "imitableness."
" 5	" 1,	" 47,	for "tropical" read "torpid."
" 5	" 1,	" 53,	place a period after "antiated being."
" 5	" 1,	" 57,	for "intimation" read "intuitions."
" 5	" 2,	" 19,	for "encouraged," read "illustrated," ("conveyed.")
" 5	" 2,	" 31,	for "personal," read "perennial."

The table in the Mathematical room has been dusted.

The *Provincial Wesleyan* in recognizing our paper, spoke of it as "issued from Wolfville Academy and College." We wish to correct the mistake. The *Acadia Athenæum* belongs exclusively to the College.

Notices.

Get pictures for your intended and rings for your engaged, at J. P. Davison's.

J. S. McDonald has been tested for 12 years, and his establishment is increasing in popularity.

T. H. B. Witter has just opened a new store. All his goods are fresh, and he sells them low for cash.

You must eat in order that you may live. Your grinders will be kept in good order by Dr. Payzant, Dentist.

Give H. B. Whitter & Co., a call. Their stock is large, and their motto is "small profits and ready payment."

All kinds of College and Academy Books can be got at J. A. Payzant's. Stationery, Music Books, &c., always on hand.

We sincerely hope none of our students will be sick; yet, if there should be any cases of illness, our friend, Dr. Bowles, will prove himself a worthy disciple of Æsculapius.

For Christmas you want spices, and G. V. Rand keeps them. He has also a watchmaker at his store, who will repair your watches and fit them for keeping good time during the holidays.

D. A. Munro has lately built a large shop and increased his stock of machinery. He kindly showed us through his establishment, and we were surprised at his facilities for manufacturing, and not less, at the beautiful and artistically finished waggons, sleighs, &c., which he keeps always on hand at very low rates.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

GENTLEMEN.—The first number of the "Acadia Athenæum" has been laid on my table. Allow me to congratulate you on the success which has thus far attended your laudable enterprise. The little sheet—modest, but not the less attractive on that account—is entirely meritorious, from whatever point of view it is regarded. What could be more appropriate than the name which you have selected from the thousands at your command? How many pleasing reminiscences will it evoke throughout the Province and beyond its borders! And the motto—where could a more felicitous one be found? It is indicative, as I interpret it, of the spirit of fair play, and enlightened regard for the opinions of others, which you engage shall characterize the discussion of all questions that may, in agreement with the objects contemplated in your publication, come under your

purview. And then the *printing* and *mechanical execution* of the work are simply unexceptionable. The wisdom displayed in your prompt and peremptory rejection of a less satisfactory impression is a pledge that, in every department you intend the "Athenæum" to be worthy of general confidence and support. As regards the *literary merits* of the paper, so far as it may be determined by the specimen number, I feel more delicacy in expressing my sentiments; for the very act of passing a judgment of the kind implies that he, who essays to do so, considers himself in some wise qualified for the task. But without making any such pretensions, permit me to say that I have been much gratified at the character of your work in this particular, and that I regard it as reflecting no discredit on the Literary Society under whose auspices the paper is issued, or the Institution to which it sustains so intimate a relation. And these remarks are designed to apply as well to the matter, whether original or selected, which crowds its columns, as to the style and composition of the respective articles themselves. With these sentiments expressed very briefly on account of the limited space at your disposal—so briefly that I have failed to do full justice to any one of even the few points touched upon—I would wish you every success in the further prosecution of your important and responsible undertaking thus so happily inaugurated.

SUNPATHES.

Wolfville, Dec. 12th, 1874.

Personals.

NEIL McLEOD, A.M. '69, has just been made an Attorney-at-Law. Mr. McLeod is a partner in one of the wealthiest firms in Charlottetown.

S. McC. BLACK, A.B. '74, is at Harvard. He entered the Junior Year, and the last tidings we had of him, was that he made ninety-five per cent. in his examinations at the close of the first term.

FRANK EATON, A.B. '72, is also at Harvard. He has distinguished himself in the Science department.

AARON ROSS, of Margaree, C. B., a student in the Freshman Class A. C., has been compelled to abandon his studies on account of illness. He complained sometime before he gave up his work: feeling anxious, however, to prepare himself to go at his Master's bidding, and "preach His Word," he persevered hoping that his health would soon improve; but being obliged to consult a doctor in reference to his health, he was informed by him that his disease was dropsy, and that he must go home at

once. A letter from him dated Dec. 10th, says, "I am much worse than when I parted with you." May the Lord strengthen him in the inner man as the outer fails, and give him grace to say, "Thy will be done."

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