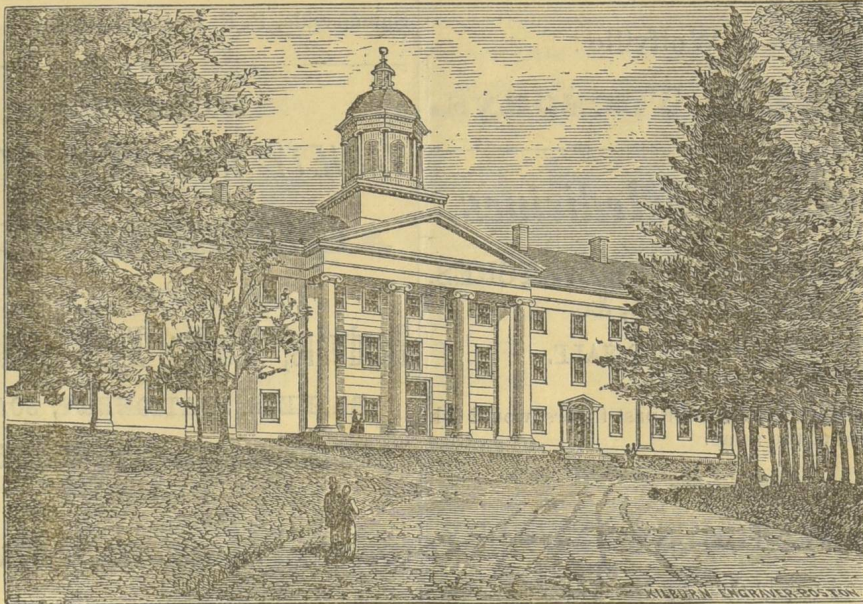


November.

1876.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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Sept., 1876.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1876.

After.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"—Ps. xxx. 5.

After the shower, the tranquil sun ;
Silver stars when the day is done.

After the snow, the emerald leaves ;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky ;
Quiet woods when the wind goes by.

After the tempest, the lull of waves ;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells ;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells.

After the bud, the radiant rose ;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed ;
After the furrow the waking seed.

After the flight, the downy nest ;
Beyond the shadowy river—rest.

The Eternal Freshness of Great Truths.

BY F. D. CRAWLEY, '76.

THE problem, that great truths are ever new, can receive no solution without inquiry into that marvellous constitution with which man has been endowed. He comes from the hand of the Creator, a living, thinking, immortal essence, dwelling on the outskirts of a vast realm of absolute truth—and environed on every hand by the great facts of his own existence, and that of countless other beings, all likewise covered by the brooding shadows of eternal verities. Nor can he be an indifferent spectator of the scene around him. Obeying the voice of an imperious instinct, he seeks to know all things. Unnumbered harmonies thrill through the universe God's vast organ—and awaken notes strange and strong and sweet. But there is also an inner scene. The soul of man

turns wonderingly its restless gaze in upon itself, and straightway discovers there too a new world, exhaustless in resource, and disclosing greater marvels than those of the material universe. How wondrous this awakening of mind. Thought turns in upon itself, and at once, the previously blank, unwritten page, glows with characters of living light. A harp once tuneless has been touched by the finger of Deity, and pours forth immortal melodies. A new orb of life and power has flashed into the firmament of being, radiant with ever growing splendor—a mental spiritual universe, no less conscious of the ten thousand marvels of its own being, than of the duller though still wondrous material world, has become responsive to the voices that clamor at the portals of sense. In the laws that govern the hidden workings of this complex sentient organism, must we look for the solution of our problem: *The eternal freshness of great truths.*

Sense, we discover, is soon sated by its appropriate objects. Thought is omnivorous, and owns exhaustless craving. Thus the mind soon becomes conscious of an undying element in thought. This mental power is like a divine presence ever nigh, and the grander the subject of thought the more surely is this august presence distinguished by a crown of perpetual newness, and thus the eternal freshness of great truths, becomes to the thoughtful mind a necessity, a certainty of which a man may be as inwardly conscious as he is of the very fact that he thinks. Minor truths indeed may fade or weary, but he feels assured of great truths, that they never die. Thus it is with a thoughtful mind, and such an one in some sense, understands thus his inward convictions. But even minds of a feebler power have a like consciousness, though unable to explain it.

It is this element of eternal freshness in the great truth of man's brotherhood with man, that has linked the ages together in one great chain.

By reason of this union, we who bear the burden of life to-day, feel a living interest in him who tasted its joys and sorrows when this old world was young, and who, three thousand years ago, left his embalmed clay on the Nile's sombre banks, at Saccara or Luxor. As we sweep the far horizon of past and future from this pivotal point the present, we feel that the broad inheritance is all our own. Are not these our fellows, earth nourished mortals such as we, whose shadowy forms we dimly discern limned in "Time's remotest blue." When on the other hand, we throw our thoughts forward towards the hoped for progress of a terrestrial future, or even the vague glories of the hereafter, are we not conscious that the elements of a selfsame nature present in those future actors, are essential to our awakened interest. Our individual consciousness reaches out with a broad appropriative grasp over the entire universe of man, and will be satisfied with nothing less.

The accidents of civilization and power, of retrogression and barbarism, belong to time and change. They do not enter as permanent elements into the history of man, but are to be considered merely as the unessential developments induced by the conjunction of circumstances favorable or adverse. The tide of man's inner, higher life, rolls on within its ancient channels still. The older landmarks are unchanged. All that belongs distinctively to man, as man, remains the same throughout, broadened, intensified and refined in golden eras, or distorted and stunted, perhaps abnormally developed in times of misrule and gloom, but never obliterated. In the most degraded specimens of the race, despite the vague hints concerning animalized Hottentots and Onidya, we firmly believe may be traced the germ and potency of that better development which man has proved himself capable of attaining, because it belongs to his essential being. The defective theologies and philosophies of the past often raised impassible barriers between race and race, yet the grand utterances that have come to us from Pagan times, show that the great truths still dimly burned, and in some hearts brightly, beneath the wide and despotic claims of culture and nationality. Christianity swept away these

restrictive influences, and by giving due prominence to this noble principle, has made men confess its eternal freshness. We are learning to feel more and more clearly,

"That mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears
along
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right
or wrong,
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast
frame,
Through its ocean-sounded fibres feels the gust of joy
or shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal
claim."

The rightful apprehension of this great truth leading to noble effort and heroic self-sacrifice, is a crowning glory of the age.

Another source of fruitful and familiar illustration of our theme, is found in those great truths which appeal to the æsthetic and imaginative in our natures. Far in the distant youth of the race, when refined training was as yet unknown, the manifold wonders and beauties of the outer world already flooded the soul, even then evoking those simple yet sublime strains, that shall go on sounding their artless yet sweetest melodies in men's hearts to the end of time. To-day they are as fresh and new, as when first they waked the harp of gifted Jew or Greek. They are but the incarnation in human speech of those great principles of beauty and harmony that God has written on all his works, and which can never appeal in vain to the keen and lively sensibilities of our nature. The productions of the great masters in imitative art, whose pencil or chisel has reached through the eye, the mind and heart of man, owe their immortality to this same eternal susceptibility of human taste.

Not less firmly implanted in our nature, despite all moral corruption, is the great truth of man's dignity and worth. From this source have been developed the lofty ideas of individual independence, national freedom, and intellectual and religious liberty. Eliminate from the past all the glory that it has gathered from this source, and how sorry and insipid a record should we have. On the one hand, naught but the spectacle of unmitigated tyranny; on the other, that alone of abject serfdom. But despite the mass of wrong, we still find man possessed of a keen sense of his inherent elevation. Aim at his

individual rights, and you arouse a sleeping lion. Touch him on the point of those traditional and hallowed ties that bind him to kindred and race, and you awaken some of the noblest instincts of his nature. Let religious tyranny prevail, the foulest and blackest of all; let the great truths which should be the light and joy of the soul, become transformed by the mists born of ignorance and superstition into portents glowering balefully in the moral firmament, and man in obedience to the higher law of liberty, will writhe and struggle beneath the debasing yoke. On the other hand, when a faith is assailed, whose tenets have become riveted in his nature, we find him clinging to it with so firm a grasp that the powerful arm of ecclesiastical or civil power, the tremendous force of popular opinion, the scorching simoon of persecution, fails utterly to wrench it from him. Martyrdom is by no means an abnormal development of humanity. It is natural to men, when they have been transfigured by the indwelling presence of a great truth, to live or die in its defence; and this same martyr spirit, in unobtrusive forms, we doubt not is being daily illustrated in the lives of multitudes. The return of old time tyranny would kindle as pure a flame, as ever irradiated its gloom in the past.

This truth of man's dignity and worth assumes its due prominence alone when taken in connection with the facts of his religious constitution. The strongest convictions of the mind, the deepest yearnings of the soul, of necessity are associated with the objects of his religious belief. The barriers that bind him to the interests of a fleeting clay, now disappear, and there dawn upon his consciousness the great truths of God and Eternity, accompanied by the searching convictions of their infinite value, as being indissolubly united with the facts of his moral accountability, his highest welfare, and immortal destiny. These truths shone with dubious ray through ancient faith and philosophy, and assume their true splendor alone in the Christian's belief, yet we have learned enough of the consciousness of the past to know that the strong natures of all times believed them, and especially yearned for an assurance of eternal life. When the immortality of individual being has been

renounced, an equivalent has been sought in the immortality of thought.

Such truths as these, appertaining as they do to the wants and needs of man's higher nature, are pre-eminently and eternally new. The race in its progress can never outstrip them. Every age which has been in any wise distinguished for its advancement, seems to have indulged to some extent in the fallacy that within its limits was to be found the flower and fruitage of all time. But these swelling truths belong to the race, and to its limitless future. Man's gaze is blinded yet to the fullness of their splendor; his consciousness has not yet enlarged to the vastness that dwells in them. The plummet has been thrown in one or two deep sea soundings, but unknown depths remain. This age of ours is a crucible in which the thought and opinion of the past are being subjected to a searching test—an era of upheaval in the realm of thought, and to men whose ideas have been steeped in the strong solutions of reasonless conservatism, it seems that the eternal foundations are being moved, and they are filled with horror, lest the heavens of truth *may* fall. But the mission of the age will be well and successfully fulfilled, in so far as this restless spirit shall end in the abandonment of somewhat at least of those *conceptions* of truth which have arisen from narrowness of view, and the lack of a true culture. Every line of research faithfully carried out must result without fail, in valuable acquisition. What though some of the searchers become crazed in the quest. The undying truths which have become our inheritance, keep pace with the growing intelligence, and the ever enlarging consciousness of the race; and thus the Revelation which the Infinite has made in his word and works, is perpetually revealing more and more of the depth and richness of its contents.

PERSONALS, interesting locals, and correspondence have been unavoidably crowded out through misunderstanding of the editorial directions forwarded to the printer.

☞ We regret to say that owing to unavoidable delay in procuring the *Cut of the College* for October issue of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, we are obliged to begin with November, consequently there will be a June number instead. The paper will appear at the first of each month.

The Joys of Bachelorhood.

So the end has come. The great goal of the Student's ambition has been realized. The long four years of looking forward to the much desired end of undergraduateship have passed; and some of us will no longer, with you, climb the hill of science, or drink at Acadia's rill of knowledge, or join the sports of the cricket field or other innocent amusements peculiar to the life of a student. This being the case with me, perhaps some jottings under the above caption may prove readable to at least some of your readers.

Mr. Longfellow says "Things are not what they seem," and I begin to believe him. Now I would not on any account be considered an ascetic, but I must express it as my firm conviction, that getting through college, and even rising to the high eminence of A. B., is not such a blissful thing as students are apt to think. When one finds himself launched out from the genial society of tried college friends upon this cold selfish world, the transition is so great that his first experience is generally an almost fatal attack of the "blues," from which he recovers only in time to fall into a worse relapse, as the time for College to open comes round again. To say, fellow students, that it would be pleasant to be with you again in your laborious though inviting pursuits would be but to speak moderately. To enjoy the hearty shake of the hand—to listen to the tale of amusements and labours that each has to tell of his experience during the vacation, to drink from the limpid streams of pure classic lore, and last, but by no means least, to assemble around the well spread board at the call of the dinner-bell, having on our way the pleasure of passing in front of the Seminary; these and many other considerations make us turn longing eyes to Horton at this time.

But we cannot always be school-boys. The battle of life has to be fought. With those swords we have brightened, those spears we have pointed, those shields we have widened at College, we must "plunge into the thickest carnage of the fight," and boldly make a way for ourselves to positions of eminence and influence.

The old gloss which the distant future used to throw around the happy state of Bachelorhood

vanishes as we reach that longed for period: but happy is he, who, in the light of the blaze which consumes this gloss, discerns the true road to distinction and usefulness. After all, it is when one gets really at the work of life, in that profession for which his talents render him suitable, that life in earnest begins; and whilst the world around him may be cold and selfish, and difficulties may meet him on every hand, yet if he has improved by his College course, as he has had opportunities to do, it will be only child's play for him to slay all the *Goliaths* that stand in the way of his success.

In concluding this article, fellow students, (for I am yet a student myself) let me say to you, prepare for Bachelorhood. You will soon want all the mental power and acuteness, that it is possible for you to acquire, even in four years.

You take in, of course, my meaning when I use the term *Bachelorhood*. It is used entirely in the literary sense. Had I meant that you should prepare for the position of a Bachelor in any other sense, I should doubtless need to use some more powerful logic than is necessary to support my present position. You are conversant with the views held on that point, by

SOLITARIUS.

The Argosy and Dr. Cramp.

DEAR SIR.—The *Argosy* for September, has been placed in my hands. It contains an attempt of criticism on Dr. Cramp's "Notes on the University Act." The purpose of the writer or writers is to show that the "Notes" are valueless, unfounded in reason or truth, and therefore easy of demolition. Why then did not these learned men demolish them?

Great astonishment is expressed at the comparison of Pope Pius IX with Hildebrand. In some respects, it must be confessed, the comparison will not hold. Pius began public life as a Liberal, and his subjects rejoiced that they were about to receive the blessings of an enlightened and generous government. But that state of things did not last long. His Holiness (save the mark!) turned about, and the popular Liberal became a shriveled Ultramontane. Therein he was no fol-

lower of Hildebrand, who was a bigot and a tyrant all his days. The case of Pius proves that even infallibles may change; but unfortunately the change is commonly for the worse.

Pius professes now the same principles as Hildebrand did. The difference is, that Hildebrand carried his principles into practice, which Pius cannot do. The lion's teeth are drawn.

Pius holds that the church is superior to the state. Hildebrand converted the theory into fact by deposing the Emperor Henry IV. Pius would willingly do the same for the present Emperor of Germany, but society in the nineteenth century is not to be compared with society in the eleventh. Nevertheless, Pius goes as far as he can to show his sympathy with Hildebrand. Witness the harmless thunderings of his decrees. There will be another illustration of it next year. It is announced that the eighth centenary of the submission of Henry to Hildebrand at Canossa will be celebrated with Romish pomp at the Vatican and elsewhere, on the 25th of next January. Hildebrand tramples royalty under his feet, in the person of Henry IV. in 1077. Pius will declare himself to be of the same mind in 1877. The *Dictata* of Gregory VII and the *Syllabus* of Pius IX are parallels.

But that Proviso! The *Argosy* attempts to prove that the prohibition contained in the proviso is perfectly harmless, and may indeed be an effectual safeguard against numerous errors and evils. We shall see.

1. The insertion of such a clause, is a libel on the Senate of the University. They are told that they are not to be trusted—that they are either not able to distinguish dangerous books from others, or are themselves infected with principles perilous to faith or morals. There must be a legal check on them. Is not this a most creditable position?

2. The source of the check is to be considered. It is the Papal decree.

At the time of the revival of learning in Europe men began to think for themselves, and to pursue their inquiries into all subjects: in doing this, frequently arrived at conclusions differing from those which the men of the Church had admitted, and spoke slightly of the old creeds. But the theory which had been long predominant, was

that all men must think alike, and must express themselves on the subjects of thought in the same manner, not substantially, but literally; any, the least deviation, though only in words, implied heresy, and exposed to condemnation, that is, to excommunication from the church; possibly to fine, imprisonment, torture, or even death. The will of the Church, or, in other words, of the Pope for the time being, was expressed in the *Index Expurgatorius*, which is a list of books not to be read by Roman Catholics, without special permission—a privilege not to be obtained without difficulty. Additions to the *Index* are made every year, and it now includes the most valuable books in our language. No Catholic, for instance, may possess or read the works of John Locke, or John Milton, or Lord Bacon. The best books on Science usually find their way into the *Index*. Draper's "Lectures on Science and Religion"—a volume published within the last year or two, was reported the other day in the *London Times* as being already in the prohibited list. What, then, will be the practical working of the "Proviso?" Just this—that if, when a volume is proposed as a text-book, it should be discovered that the book, or any other by the same author, is in the *Index*, the Roman Catholic professors would refuse to receive it, and that would involve its rejection by the Senate.

It is evident, therefore, that those who accept the University Act, place their necks under the Papal yoke. They agree to receive or reject books, according to the ruling of Pontifical decrees. They endorse the *Syllabus*.

I have written at greater length, perhaps, than your limits allow. My excuse must be that I am desirous of warning Protestant young men against the dangers to which they are exposed. Romish influence is strong in the Government—both the Dominion and the Provincial. It is strong in Halifax.

The author of the article in the *Argosy*, speaking of Dr. Cramp, says: "Does he cherish a secret hankering after 'materialistic or sceptical philosophy?'" The boy who wrote that deserves a whipping. Dr. Cramp may forgive him, pitying his ignorance or smiling at his impudence; but certainly some chastisement would be justly inflicted.

Yours,

CECIL.

Oct., 18th, 1876.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOV. 1876.

EDITORS.

J. GOODWIN, '77 } *Chief Editors.*
 B. P. SHAFFNER, '77 }
 W. O. WRIGHT, '78 } *Asst. Editors.*
 C. K. HARRINGTON, '79 }

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

WE have been turning our mind inside out and upside down to find something new to say in this, the introduction of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM for the current College year; but we conclude with Solomon that "there is nothing new under the sun." At least we believe his words will be found true by any one who will assume the position of editor of a College Journal.

However, we have to hold the reins this year as best we can, and it shall be our duty to drive as creditably and satisfactorily as our abilities will permit. We expect to make the paper a success this third year of its existence. If there should be those not fully satisfied, they must remember that we are only in infancy and expect to improve as we grow older. We gladly welcome this new year with its responsibilities and feel assured that our old subscribers and friends will do all they can to aid us in making it the most successful. We design that every subscriber shall have a full equivalent for his money.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM appears in a new form and dress, enlarged and improved. We give to our subscribers nearly double the amount of reading matter, while the amount of subscription remains the same.

Many of our old graduates could do much to assist us in filling up our new pages with valuable and interesting matter. We need their assistance, and ever will we try to make our paper worthy of OLD ACADIA.

Some of those upon whose shoulders rested the laborious responsibilities of editors in the past, we are glad to say, have not forgotten us this

year. GOOD BOYS—may you live long to write for the ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

We could not tell why you should grow fretful at times, but we begin to understand it fully now; still it must be borne in mind that patience is a virtue and the only sure means of success.

We shall be glad to receive items of interest from any of our friends, and trust that no one of our old subscribers will refuse the paper this year.

The managing Committee have a list of probable subscribers to whom we shall forward the ACADIA ATHENÆUM. Should any not wish to subscribe, we only ask as a favor that they return the paper to us.

The position taken by our institution with reference to the Provincial University has made us the objects of much attention, and it behooves both the students and friends of Acadia, not only to maintain, but also to raise, her standard. We do not fear, if our kind patrons will only continue to extend to us their sympathy and aid.

We shall endeavour to avoid all discussions with other College Journals, knowing that but few of our readers have an opportunity to see the opposite side of the question and consequently the arguments would be dull and uninteresting. Hence by devoting our columns to matters of public interest more immediately connected with our institutions, we hope to bring their claims more prominently before our friends.

Thanking all who have taken an interest in our welfare in the past, we hope by devoting proper time and attention to our paper to make it ever worthy of their support.

THE Senate of the University of Halifax met to commence their work on the 13th of last month. Though the body was in session two full days, nothing of importance was finished. The qualifications for matriculation and for graduation are not yet determined. Committees were appointed to report on these and other subjects, at a meeting to be held in the Christmas holidays, and the prospect is that by that time discussion on these topics will be fairly begun. To settle the questions that will then be presented, will be no easy problem. The public are beginning to see how difficult is the task assigned to the learned

gentlemen in that Senate. Each of the various affiliated Colleges has its own requirements for matriculation and graduation; each has its own course of study and methods of instruction peculiar to itself; its own term of study, in one case of three years, in another of five; in one of four years, of nine months each; and in another of four years, of six months each. Some of the Colleges claim to be nearly equal to an English or Scotch University, and some are pronounced to be no better than High Schools. To bring them all to accept the same curriculum, and be satisfied with it, and to make the terms of study in all synchronize, will require no small amount of ingenuity and patience. Possibly the task can be accomplished, but we shall believe it possible, when the work is done. If some of these Colleges are as low in rank as they have been publicly represented to be, it will be a great gain to the intellectual life of the country, if they can be raised; but there is certainly as much probability that the institutions holding the highest rank, will have to descend to some lower level to cooperate with other affiliated Colleges, as that the lowest will be raised to the grade of the highest. Legislators can borrow the terms of an act, and pass a law, without much trouble, but to introduce a new University, which shall be so fitted to the wants and demands of the country, as to make it effective and useful, will require a higher order of talents than is expected in the copyist. The University of London may be a grand thing in England, but one on that model may be quite out of place in Nova Scotia. We are strongly inclined to think that the copy of the English model, which has been introduced here, will have to be considerably modified, before it can serve any good end in this Province.

The surprising difference of opinion in regard to the purpose for which the new University exists, strengthens the probability that it will be of small practical benefit. Some of its friends declare that it was intended to prepare the way for a teaching University; and some of its enemies understand that this is the real purpose of its existence, and for that very reason will have nothing to do with it. On the other hand, some of its friends declare that the existence of a University for conducting examinations and con-

ferring degrees, makes the creation of a teaching University impossible; and a portion of the opponents of the University of Halifax are determined to destroy it for the reason that it stands in the way of the creation of a teaching University.

It must be a mysterious institution, the friends of which thus differ among themselves in their reasons for perpetuating it, and the enemies of which are equally at variance in their reasons for wishing its destruction. This ambiguity in regard to its purpose and object must be removed, before it can command the confidence of an intelligent constituency.

Who shall Decide when Doctors Disagree?

SUCH, methinks, is the least that youthful modesty could have admitted after an unprejudiced investigation of the University question; a question which has been advocated by some of our scholars in this land, and repudiated by others; men who have met in the conflict with their mental weapons newly furbished, all the powers of matured and cultivated thought. They differed—sincerely doubtless. We had hoped, since this subject had been so thoroughly debated in the political and religious periodicals, that we would not be forced into any controversy, nor would we have inaugurated any such unwise discussion. But the Mount Allison Oracle has twice spoken in unambiguous terms, as if determined to provoke a response, or vex our ears with a solitary and monotonous gabble like that of “poor poll.” Not to force the analogy too far, we would say that it is not always the part of a wise man to lie passive beneath the strokes of a fool, though he wield but a sword of lath. Lo! what have we here? An exemplification of the proverb: “Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.” Fledglings assaying a condor flight; undergraduates of a three year College sitting self-appointed censors over men, old enough, wise enough, popularly respected enough, to have commanded some little respect for their opinions, and veneration for themselves, from gentlemen, however high-soaring their aspiration in controversy, dogmatical their opinions, or obstinate their conclusions.

We offer a word in reply to the October article. First, the *Argosy* greatly deprecates the decision of the Convention. Why should she not? A affiliation on the part of Mt. Allison, is a proof of her approval of the new Act of the Government as a wise piece of Statesmanship. By Acadia's position, that act is shown to be unwise; to have been devised in weakness and blindness, devoid in its conception of foresight and comprehensiveness of vision, and a right calculation of adverse, discordant elements; to be in fact a great big baby that sucks the milk of the Province, and lies a good-for-nothing burden on her breast. What folly to enact what the executive cannot enforce. What folly to attempt in a little country to legislate denominations into central boards! which, wherever they have been instituted, even in countries where such a scheme is most practicable, have failed to accomplish their projected ends. Mount Allison no doubt begins to fear that she has identified herself with an impolitic administration—that in fact she has been playing at pitch-penny; heads I win, tails you lose! and she has lost. Entranced by the external glare of a novelty; “dazzled by the gold of the candlestick, rather than the lustre of the light,” it is only in accord with human nature for her to wish Acadia had fallen into the same blunder. Secondly: “Since the students of Acadia are not to have their acquirements tested in fair competition with students of other Colleges, the worth of the degrees must suffer in public estimation. It is only in the Baptist denomination that they will have any weight.”

Wonderful Sapience! irrefragible logic! At what altars were such fires kindled! Not at Whately's surely, for he would call it a clear case of *non sequitur*. The truth of the deduction depends not on their premises, but on other things. Allowing a degree to bear a prestige, to possess inherent or exchangeable value; if competitive examinations were the only standard of their relative value, the above conclusion might have weight. Doubtless it never occurred to the *Argosy* that the merit of a degree depends on the acknowledged worth of the degree conferring Institution. Do the degrees of Harvard, Oxford and McGill, have no value because they examine their own students? No. They have

reputation and character. Shall the degrees of Acadia be depreciated in value because, forsooth, her students do not go up to a little examining board established in doubt and trembling as an experiment, against the multiplied experience of the world? We rather think not. Acadia College has a reputation. Harvard acknowledges her degrees to be worth fifty per cent. of her own—a procedure fully warranted by results. Let Acadia be measured by her Orators, Scientists, and Divines, scattered abroad in three Grand Divisions of the Globe—yes four.

“Only have weight in the Baptist denomination!” Would you, Methodist friend, repudiate Acadia's degree as valueless? When the country sinks to such supreme silliness, well may all who have common sense cry: O tempora! O mores! To sum up it is said, “This may be hard, but it is *undeniably* and inevitably true.” Really now, you dont say so. And alas! poor Alma Mater, how wilt thou bear thy sentence? “Hard but true;” what transcendental nonsense! Tie up that logic with Chinese pigtails, and preserve the specimen in alcohol for your museum.

Grant that the Provincial diploma will be more showy to the unthinking *canaille*; let the men who would be drawn away by such clap-trap, go. We want to catch no such tom-cods in our net. They think more of a diploma than they do of an education, and sport it round as a fop does his gloves and cane. Let them go. They prove that a mere degree has no value of its own; that no worth inheres in the parchment. To such men, who have not the gold to redeem their paper, who are destitute of stock and capital to support and justify their advertisement, a degree is but the credentials of their impotence, the beacon of their insignificance and shame. Men are not judged by a name painted on a conspicuous place, but by their mental avoirdupois in the balance of the world.

Thirdly: It is said that “the Speakers, as if by preconcerted evasion, blinked this part of the scheme altogether, and exhausted themselves in windy declamations,” etc., meaning that they did not touch the vital point, viz, the substitution of a Central Examining Board apart from the College Instructors. Passing by with contempt the slur of demagogism and turgid declamation charged

upon one of the most finished speakers of the Province, we notice this great charge. Be it remembered that they did *touch* upon the point in question. According to our critic's taste, the speeches of all should have borne one burden. What a monotonous howling there would have been! What a rehash of what the newspapers had served up, in for the most part unsavoury dishes, during three months previous. Let us thank our stars the gentlemen had too much judgment. They had pretty unanimously concluded that an examining board apart from the immediate instructors was an unqualified injury. Other men think so too. We copy from the *Reporter* the following:

"Of the seventy-five men of distinguished ability consulted by Owen's College, one alone affirmed it to be desirable that the examining body should be distinct from and independent of, that which prepare the pupil."

Professor Andrew of Belfast writes, that "any attempt to follow the example of the University of London, can only lead to the degradation of all high mental culture, whether scientific or literary." Principal Dawson, of McGill, in a conversation with Professor Kennedy, affirmed the London University to be a failure.

Such seems to be the general experience. The history of Colleges corroborates the above testimony. This feature then being an unmixed evil; and since, according to the *Argosy*, "without it the scheme becomes a nullity," what in the name of Immortal Sovereign Reason, is the good of this "great ghost" as Professor Pollok, a Presbyterian divine aptly terms it, which the *Argosy* so confidently and dogmatically defends. We would if possible, in charity think that this production was intended as a mere farcical rhodomontade, an experiment in inflation of gas. But it is hardly possible. Pope is right in this case, when he says:

"Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

From the actions of the Synod, we think that the Presbyterian part of Dalhousie will not be very enthusiastic in their applause and defence of this pitiful apology of Government to the people, which is as the *Reporter* tells us, "merely a buffer to prevent present collision." And one with their eyes open can see from what Mr.

Hill said at the Anniversary at Wolfville, if nothing more, that the great design was a Provincial Teaching University, which failing, this thing was slung out to serve as a cork fender to the Government. We fear no success of the original scheme while the Denominations of Nova Scotia stand in the lobby to veto such a measure. In this case, *vox populi, vox dei*. It is the people who rule in Nova Scotia. No faction nor coalition can ever pull down or erect despotically. The idea of Acadia dwindling into a Theological School makes us laugh. She is as yet small, but, "there be those who love her."

The *Argosy* will perhaps regret the high handed manner in which she has dashed into this question, as well as her insolent tone.

From all such rush-light reason and closet logic "Good Lord deliver us!" we devoutly cry. Firm in our convictions, we wish to speak, though sure, with diffidence. There are arguments on both sides. We only claim a preponderance. Wisdom is seldom entrenched in a citadel so inexpugnable as Folly. The fool who imagines that he includes the universe within the range of his vision, and the young man who deems that he is sounding in deep seas when his ten foot pole is splashing around in shallows, or that his mental seeing includes all objects of sight in a limited horizon, are not far apart.

It is lamentable to see that petty spirit of Creed, that narrow intolerance which has been the bane of the Church, introduced into Educational matters. But, then, boys will pattern after the old man.

Fourthly, we are taunted as being an object of little solicitude to the Baptists. We have no space nor inclination to say much here. The people will compare with any other favourably. Meanwhile, we are willing to trust in God. We have proved for half a century that the Lord of Hosts is with us. The arms running this machine intend to see it through embarrassments. Not yet have Baptists become imbecile.

The last item of cuteness which we shall notice is the extremely ingenious comparison of some of our prominent men to the Atheist who declaims against the bible "giving evidence at the same time of never having read it," because one of them in the heat of discussion used the terms

“University College” for London University. An insinuation of disingenuousness on the part of christian men, founded on the flimsiest of all reasons, viz: *lapsus lingue*—a verbal mistake, which doubtless misled none. “Pretending to know what one does not know.” Here is a charge of hypocrisy and dissembling, which, if it were true, would be serious, but which in the light of the facts bears a ridiculousness on its face, almost sublime. Were it not for its fantastic impudence, its plain buffoonery we would hurl back the imputation with scorn and contempt; a pleasant presentation speech! Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. People who live in glass houses should’nt throw stones.

We leave this article here. There are other things we might notice, but too much space has already been occupied.

Three Weeks in Scotland.

WE are pleased to insert the following letter received by one of our Professors, from an old fellow student, Mr. J. G. Schurman, winner of Gilchrist Scholarship in 1875:—

Steamship “Penguin,”
19th Sept. 1876.

I am now just off the coast of Ayr, having sailed down the Clyde on my way to Liverpool; after spending three weeks amid the best of Scottish scenery; and previously, some days over the exquisite beauties of the English Lake district. Never had I spent a month in travel, never before have I known such enjoyment. From Scott’s Abbotsford to Loch Tyne, and from Ayr, the land of Burns to the Pass of Killiecrankie, famous alike for its beauty and its historic interest. Over this country I have passed chiefly on foot, walking about twenty miles a day; for in this unrestrained way visiting nooks of beauty which often escape the traveller by coach or train. Beginning with Melrose Abbey—St. David’s pile, I passed on to Edinburgh, the prettiest city in the world, in which I spent several days. Thence to Stirling, from whose venerable castle is seen right below the graceful windings of the Forth, as it meanders amid the rich velvet plains which extend away to the east. Thence to Dunkeld, fairest of Scottish villages, and to Blair Athole where I attended the Highland gathering of the numerous tenants of the Duke of Athole, puzzled whether to admire most the manly bearing of the

Duke, or the children in their Highland costume, or the games of the simple rustics, or the charming beauty of the lovely Duchess. After visiting the Falls Tummul and Busar and walking through the Pass of Killiecrankie I turned west to Aberfeldy, whose fairy-like scenery is celebrated in Burns’ song. Through the Breadalbane estate (lately claimed by the New Brunswick Campbells) along the banks of Loch Lay, down Glen Ogle, wild and dreary as Glencoe itself, right onward to Culloden, beneath the shadows of Ben A’an till the scenery of the “Lady of the Lake” is reached, and then through the Trossacles over Loch Katrine, with Ellen’s lovely isle, down Loch Lomond, up Ben Lomond, over Loches Long Soil and Tyne, through the Kyles of Bute, up the Clyde to Glasgow, thence to Paisley and Ayr.—All this it has been my good fortune to see with rapture, and I trust with lasting profit. Nor was I less delighted with the sweet, quiet, modest beauty about the English Lakes. Derwentwater, especially more romantic than the others, is a narrow sheet of water, encompassed with a ring of mountains broken, twisted, and tossed into the most fantastic array. Near it there stands intact an ancient Druidical temple, which I visited in the solemnity of eventide; while Skiddan on the left towered high toward heaven tearing as if in dire menace, the clouds that wrapped his head. The Temple is simply a circle of fifty feet radius, made of huge stones, from three to seven feet in height, set on end about a yard apart, and internally tangent to it, an ellipse of ten stones placed in like manner; the whole suggesting the area and the high altar of some ritualistic chapel. Probably human victims were burned in this ellipsoidal portion, if such coarse cruelty could be conceived of in that spot of Paradise:

“Strange, that where all is fair beside,
There passion riots in his pride.”

England every where venerable, a well cultivated garden, while in Scotland you pass thousands of acres of wild and lonely mountain district, frequented only by the shepherd and his dog, save when a curious tourist breaks the horrid monotony. Yet these Scotch think their country the best in the world; they are overflowing with patriotic conceit. A tenant of Athole told me with as much gravity as credulity, that the English word Athletics was derived from Athole because there first were games celebrated and transported with the charming simplicity of the blockhead, I was ready to forget that Homer three thousand years ago sang of the grand games which called forth the pomp and pride of Ancient Greece.

Of places of historic interest you always get full particulars. That I should have seen Wordsworth’s houses at Rydal and Grasmere, or Scott’s at Abbotsford is not enough; the exact

spot where Burns met his "Lass of Ballochmyle" is shown, and in his old home the present occupant shows me the very spot he was born in; Yea verily, the blood of Rizzio is clearly visible behind the door of Hollyrood Palace, and Jenny Geddes stool; doubt it if you choose, I have actually seen in the Edinburgh Museum, right opposite Knox's pulpit. * * * * *

On we steam over the waters, while midnight draws on, warning me to close.

THE *Argosy* has a complacent little bit of a moral essay, uniting the abstract and concrete in its nature in a delightfully subtle manner. The object intended to be benefitted by it, has, no doubt, ere this cried "peccavi, peccavi," and reformed, unless mayhap he be too old—grown gray in wickedness. Considered as a short treatise on conceit the writer manages to perpetrate every error he so censoriously notices, but with such a bland and childlike simplicity that one can easily forgive him. Considered as to its mechanical execution it is in one part quite an abnormal curiosity in rhetoric and grammar. This for instance:

"Some folks appear not merely to be thinskin, but to have been (morally) deprived of any skin at all; and such folks punish themselves severely enough for their folly."

Before undertaking to lecture old men, you had better stick to your private essay writing and give some careful attention to Bain, Blair, or Whately. We would not advise Lennie, but you will find a very good primary work in McCabe, and when you get on a little, in Swinton.

How can any one be morally deprived of his skin? It has puzzled us. Perhaps the "I" of this article has a moral knife for experimental flaying. Does he mean that the poor fellow is skinned in a moral, *i. e.* half religious way? We think the subject of the operation is entitled to a voice in such nomenclature. But some one is represented as doing the skinning at first; and next we infer that the man did it himself—a contradiction somewhere. Next we find the gentleman minus his skin, inflicting punishment on himself for his folly. Would it not be wiser for him to punish the butcher who so cunningly stole his epidermis? Let the curtain fall over the mutilated corpse.

But mark the ending of this curiosity! Fancy a youth, presumably of fifteen summers, stepping up to a hoary-headed man, honorably known in two Continents, and pompously exclaiming:—"Before expressing your opinion so confidently, sir, you should have considered what that opinion was worth!" That is what the *Argosy* does. If other than a boy wrote it, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon.

Vale! vale! Requiescat in pace.

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What's in our Exchanges.

THE *Oberlin Review* is the first exchange we welcome to our table. Among several very readable articles we might mention "A Review Lesson on Definitions," which will repay a careful perusal.

THE *Argosy*, short for *Eurhetorian Argosy*, comes to hand in new and improved style. It is now a large sixteen page pamphlet, and cherry and tasty withal. We think the *Argosy* is going up, not according to the slang, but in the scale of merit. The first number promises well for the year. Some fanciful "Observations on Grammar" particularly caught our eye.

OTHER exchanges which we cannot notice fully at present are: *Parker Quarterly*, *Tuft's Collegian*, *McGill Gazette*, *Lawrence Collegian*, etc.

Locals.

THIS will be, we believe, an unusually prosperous College year. Our benches are gradually filling up. A spirit of application is abroad among the different classes, which promises a very successful session.

WE don't see why the Seminary is so little spoken of, and, apparently, so little thought of, in the columns of our paper. The interests of the College and of the Seminary are, and should be felt to be, one; and we, feeling that the higher education of woman is co-equal with the higher education of man, believe that we have too much slighted the institution over the way. We would repent and call attention to it now, and say to any young lady ambitious of attaining to the "honors of Polite Literature," "hither come." If you want a good, sound, sensible education, as well as the more superficial but equally desirable accomplishments needful to the female mind, our Ladies' Seminary is *the* place in the Province to attain it. We are glad to see that the attendance this year is very good, both in members and in quality.

OLD students, who recall the pleasant hours spent in our literary Society, will be glad to learn that it yet lives to prosper. The first meeting of the year was held on the 10th ult. when officers were elected and an unlimited amount of business transacted. We believe that our gatherings this year will equal if not exceed in interest those of any previous season. We must make them do so. Students! toe the mark!

The officers for the first term are: B. P. Shaffner, President; E. P. Coldwell, Vice-President; J. E. Armstrong, Secretary; A. W. Armstrong, Cor. Secretary; G. E. Crosscup, Treasurer; C. K. Harrington, Critic.

IN regard to the Acadia Missionary Society we would also adopt a favorable report. This is another of our "Hill" institutions, and has for its object the awakening and encouragement of a missionary spirit among those who attend the different institutions. Map Exercises, Synopses, Essays, and discussions on missionary topics present a varied and interesting programme for each meeting.—The officers for the current year as elected at the last meeting of the society are as follows: J. Goodwin, President; A. J. Denton, Vice President; W. P. Shafner, Secretary, H. A. Spencer, Treasurer.

OUR Cricket and Base-ball Clubs have had their hands full, this fall, and have been winning laurels, as usual. "Our Boys" generally do well. We are pleased to see that the good old games

do not languish. If we want to put in a good year's work and keep ahead of the new University, we must cultivate our muscle as well as our brain. Acadia wants to turn out *men*, not broken-down bookworms. An hour on the cricket-field is sometimes worth two in the study. A clear head and a good circulation will work wonders with Olney and among the ancient classic tongues. Then let the cricket-bat swing and the base-ball fly. As our old grammar teacher used to say: "Play strong boys."

Funnyisms.

SINCE the suggestion got around that the pale young lady in the Sem. who writes so well, is training herself for an Editor, there has been discord among brethren. The question which causes us anxious days and sleepless nights is: who is the Editor?

DISCUSSION between a wise child and its instructor. "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it isn't." "Yes, it is." "Then why doesn't it keep the rain off?"—*Clip.*

WHY do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of the waves upon the shore? Because they are the murmurs of the *tied*.—*Clip.*

"RAISING the wind" is now denominated more classically: "Elevating the financial *Æolus*."—*Clip.*

"MISTER, I say, I don't s'pose you don't know nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" "Yes, I don't."—*Clip.*

A HUMOROUS and beautiful young lady being asked by her fond mamma where she was going, said she was going to practice archery with an Irish beau and arrah.—*Clip.*

"If all the world were blind what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irish gentleman.—*Clip.*

WE have a student who is always boasting of his birth. We have just discovered his title: he is Barren of Intellect.—*Ex.*

SENIOR to Freshman. "How would you like to live in such a climate? Only think of it! a six month's day!" Fresh. exultingly. "Ah! that would be glory for me; because then I should have up my lectures for the *next* day."

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