

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGATUR.

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Original Poetry.

LOVE'S WATCH.

When the shadows of the gloaming,
Softly roaming,
Leave the quiet wood-land hollows
Of the pine groves in the east;
And across the meadows glowing,
Sunset showing,
Fairy forms of twilight follow,
Heralds of the sable priest.

Oft upon the hill-side dreary,
Sad and weary
Do I notice one who wanders,
Gazing far across the bay,
Tear-dimmed eyes far sea-ward straining,
And complaining,
As on some old grief she ponders,
Of the darkling of the day.

When the years with joy were laden,
She, a maiden,
Gave her heart to one who left her
For awhile to roam the wave;
And he pressed her lips at starting,
Sadly parting;
But the cruel sea bereft her,
Laid him in a sailor's grave.

And as slow the months departed,
Maiden hearted,
She would walk at dusk of even
On the hill-side bleak and bare,
Gazing out upon the ocean,
While the motion
Of her lips upraised to Heaven,
Told the burthen of her prayer.

Thus she watched and waited ever,
Failing never
In the trust of love's devotion,
As the seasons passed away;
Sighing at the long delaying,
Lonely straying,
Little dreaming that the ocean
Throbbed above her darlings clay.

Till her step had lost its lightness,
And the brightness
Of her soft blue eyes had faded,
With the watching for the dead;
Till her heart was crazed with sighing,
Slowly dying
All the hopes that love braided
In the texture of her dread.
And when sunset gilds the billows,
Troubled pillows,
Where the weary evening breezes
Lay their pallid spray-wet cheeks,
On the hill-side stands the maiden,
Sorrow-laden,
And across the sunset gazes
For the sail she ever seeks.

NOVEL READING.

THE present age is one of intense mental activity. The broad light of secular knowledge sweeps around the globe. We stand on heights hid by the rolling mists, from the eyes of our forefathers, and beneath us are the levels on which they lived and toiled. What to them was the grey dawn, is to us the day well widened and rapidly bursting into a golden noon. The watchfires of the past are growing pale before the blazing luminaries of the present. Men no longer grope by dull flickering tapers, but tread a path bathed in light.

True, dark clouds in which lie sheathed the death-dealing tempest still sail through the heavens. Many a long black shadow flung from the centre of retreating gloom still stretches through the years, and many a black hostile squadron still lines the horizon. But all these are among the necessary conditions of intellectual life and furnish stimulants to energy and activity. The sweat of hand and brain has reared numberless imperishable monuments, and stately enduring structures. Many a wide domain of solitude has been entered and the features of nature have been marred under the irresistible working of this strangest of creatures, man. His giant strokes have tunneled mountains and linked continents with bands mightier than steel. With dauntless spirit he points the prow of discovery toward stormy seas night-wrapped, and ne'er sailed before, and the dim unexplored future opens before his adventurous daring, and reveals treasures more brilliant and more costly than the gold of Ormus or of Ind. In the words of a late writer "Steam forces iron fingers to turn our cranks in huge factories, and fight our battles with hostile winds and tides. The 'labor saving machine' strides into almost every sphere when once the toil and tug of human thews and sinews did the work, and drew the wages. It would seem as if the inventive genius of man were about to annul the decree of Jehovah, and eliminate from human life the curse transmitted to the race through the transgressions in Eden." The white sails of commerce swell to every breeze, and lands most widely distant are in the economy

of nature and of man bound most intimately together. The higher law of commerce is now known and recognized. The wide portals of the east are now unbarred and through them toward the setting sun roll huge waves of Oriental wealth and magnificence and from the spacious emporiums of western civilization flow back in streams of life and light a power less dazzling and showy, but infinitely more precious stores of knowledge. The besom of enlightenment has swept from earth much of the loathsome putrid corruption that has long poisoned the social atmosphere and hindered the march of truth. The gross and debasing ignorance that is one of the most marked features of past centuries is slowly certainly and forever stealing away from our homes and minds, to retreats more congenial to its hideous revolting nature.

We aim at the culture and development of mental energy and skill rather than of mere brute force so long the highest type of power. The burning restless spirit of the present soars high and with a mighty tireless wing beats ceaselessly against the narrow confining limits of man's knowledge. Along the delicate line of human analysis now trembles many a strange subtle truth ne'er dreamed of before, and in the crucible of human investigation lie elements that long eluded the deftest touch of mortals. The whole range of scientific knowledge has been grandly expanded by lately discovered facts, and the eye of a rigid scrutiny has traced and studied fresh phenomena in almost every intellectual department. Vast, rapid and almost startling are the changes that have furrowed the broad fields of learning, and nowhere are they more marked or more widely felt than in the region of Literature. No longer is the dim cloister the only abode of learning. Like the sunshine it touches everything, and is at once the repository of the past, and the storehouse of the future. Its mighty galleries rich with the spoils of the ages stretch around the world, and into them ever pours a full and ceaseless stream of thought both good and bad. But with the priceless advantages of an advanced civilization there come to our thresholds new faces. They would win our friendship, but there is a serpent in

their breast. They smile but to entice. They embrace but to crush. Of all the tremendous evils that blacken and blast our day none is perhaps more wide sweeping in its deathly influence than trashy books. The pernicious tendencies and alarming dangers of a corrupt Literature stare us in the face. Its ghastly eye, its passion flushed face, its gay but hollow laugh meet us everywhere. Around every community, every home, and every mind rises a thick slimy sickening sea, which unless dammed out by the most persistent and continuous labor will bury in its putrid depths every vestige of personal piety and public morality. How often do we hear the wild shriek of unmitigated agony, and see the last faint splash of the dying hand as the liquid putrefaction bubbles and hisses about the mouth of its victim. On many a dark and bloody deed, on many a ruined life, on many a suicide's grave might be truthfully written 'the harvest of a corrupt Literature.' We doubt not but that the fierce flames that roll and curl around the huge seething cauldron of lustful passion derive much of their horrible intensity from the inflammable materials of bad books. As a spark to powder so is a licentious word or thought to a corrupt imagination.

More powerful than the ancient Cyclopean giants, more poisonous than the African cobra is an immoral press. It gathers up all the accumulated filth of debauched and degraded minds, and pours it into every home. It besmears and pollutes everything it touches. It is the grave of virtue, and the fruitful breeding ground of every form of vice. It is the parent of many a species of loathesome reptiles that fatten upon the moral and mental garbage that poisons the social atmosphere of every land.

In a future article we hope to develop this important subject.

REVERIE.

TO-NIGHT I am alone in an upper chamber whose window looks out upon the sea, not green and brightly heaving, singing its enchanting song, in whose strains Fancy intermingles its own deep minor, and the lightsome alto and airy tenor of long-haired Mermaid and her consort carolling in their deep coral caves; but troubled and frowning in the mourning robes of winter, broken by unwelcome visitors who heave their jagged heads above the surface, careless of the indignant lashing and mournful plaint of the restless wave. By a consonance with the spirit, nature seems to have donned her leafless robe, and to bewail in sad Aeolian notes her recent bereavement, while she tosses to the silent tearless heavens her shadowy arms, bony, fleshless, withering

and worn by the attrition of the swift moving years.

To-night I realize that ever the purest joy is wedded with sad or at least grave remembrances. I live for a while in the dead-year, a year which memory will not allow to rest in oblivion. 'Tis better so. Memory is more than an intellectual principle. It is one of God's great moral agents. Under its gentle influence my spirit is subdued and chastened, while, as its hands move aside the curtains of the past, the quiet twilight that it ushers into the soul is a ray by whose aid the spirit's eye beholds with clearer vision the blissful realities which she panteth to enjoy. Hail to thee sweet visitant! The silent spirit in the silent night awaits thy coming. Thou bringest music which like the harp of Carrol is pleasant and mournful to the soul. Thou comest from the new grave, and thy voice is like the murmur of the drooping willow, and thy breath is laden with the sweet incense of the Rosemary. In thy wing my poor soul shall rise buoyant above the chaos of time, whose ocean of contraries now rolls in reflux surges around me. But thou art departed, year most replete to me of all the dead, with sorrow. To-night I am thinking of the dreaming, while the mist obscures my eyes and the care pales my cheek. What visions are identified with thee? There is darkness and tempest upon a stormy sea. Over the labouring bark the screaming "sea birds soar and hover." The waves are white and froth in their fury, pursuing and relentless. When the sun hides his countenance sable-draped, and refuses to throw his wan ray upon the scene, only a few spars drift away, spars where cold hands clung, and the agonized soul prayed importunately for strength to overcome. And canst thou tell me, deep! was it not whispered to thee, that the soul even in that hour, supremest in joy or war, was a conqueror of fate? Was it not given to that soul to triumph over material adversity by enduring like a God? there, as at Calvary, the victim a victor, and rapt in glorious psalmody to defy thee. Nay, thou art voiceless from envy. Know, oh sea! that in conquering thou thyself art conquered by an irresistible power beyond thy reach, and that power deathless shall behold thy dissolution at the fulfilment of the promise—"there shall be no more sea."

Is it necessary, oh Father! that thus the heart should be an urn for such bitter ashes? Whatever the complaint of the first intense grief, our consciousness acknowledges wisdom in the providence and bows gratefully to the King of All.

Oh, my heart be still! Flee if thou wilt, chastened and weak, beneath the shadow of His wings, who dove-like broods over the world. His peace shall

make the ashes fertile in eternal fruit and perennial morning glories. Thou shalt read in nature the mysterious indications of her analogies to paradise. For thee, the "lark at Heavens Gate sings," for thee the field puts on immortal green. My brother: To-day I walked among the graves in the city of the dead, where we were wont to weep as one by one our kindred were lowered to the unawakening sleep in the narrow bed to pay the final penalty in corruption. But there I saw no marble which bore thy name or marked the place of thy rest. In the yearning of my heart the cry "where art thou my brother! went forth on the air, but returned hollow from the echoless void. God alone knoweth the story of thy funeral obsequies. Haply in some cavern of the deep amid eternal silence thou art at rest, peacefully awaiting the resurrection of the just.

Is it wrong, is it unkind to bewail thee? Can I control entirely that emotion which mourns.

"Oh for the touch of a banished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still?"

Not wrong. Blessed be God for the luxury of such sorrow and such tears.

But see over yonder when the Pleiades and Orion are in concert, the dun clouds floating in broken battalions southward, the moon has broken away from her dusky guards whose broken charts are flying in a panic after the main body; and I see her fully formed crescent dipping towards me the southern horn. It will soon be midnight. One half the world is sleeping now, silent as those apparent stars or as the innumerable dust that lies unremembered below. Sleep on and take thy rest; for to thee as to me, toil cometh with the morning and memory. I know not the travail of thy soul in her infinite restlessness. Oh night, couldst thou but count thy voiceless thoughts, the dull beatings of thy weary brains and heart; the shadowy forms that to their sleepless eyes arise and people all the past white arms moving to and fro restlessly, incessantly, and the weary monotone of woe; the frenzied petition cleaving the night and beating the brassy sky and dying away mid-air into nothingness or rolling back from the abyss with the borrowed echo. In vain! In vain! what a catalogue of withered leaves and darkness souls wouldst thou transcribe.

But to me night is sweetest. I cannot tell the mysterious influence which magnetizes my spirit. But I know that heaven seems not far away, and when I listen in the intense stillness I almost hear the brushing of an angel's wings, and imagination tells me that the stars are choiring to my individual soul in choruses of peace as if Jesus had laden them with the message of His love. And thou too my brother, thou art not far away. Methinks

I feel even now thy sacred influence hovering o'er me, gently rebuking the troubled waters of my life and whispering "peace be still." So may'st thou evermore be by me. So may I believe thee over the sea where thy passage was so stormy, pointing upward!

Aweary I too must rest. Shrink not fearful spirit from the stern conflict of life, but rest thee for the struggle. Then purified from dross, chastened by sorrow go forth robed in white, where the whirlpool of life sweeps the weak into the vortex of ruin and lose thyself in action. So shalt thou at last have a place among God's workers, the band of the crowned immortal.

A STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

THERE are crises in the histories of peoples, when questions arise for consideration that swell far beyond the ordinary limits of sectional and national polity, inasmuch as they involve in their settlement, the triumph or defeat of those who are struggling for the dearest rights of man, in the face of towering oppression or burning wrong.

Such efforts on the part of the downtrodden appeal to the profoundest instincts and deepest sympathies of our common humanity. The repeated Thermopylae and Marathons of the past are among the crowning glories of the race, and the noble spirit therein displayed, is in its purity the most precious bequest in the inheritance of the ages. Even as we write, a struggle of this nature is in progress. A people, who have been for centuries the objects of a shameless oppression, have arisen as one man for the redress of their wrongs. These are the Herzegovinians, their oppressors are the Turks. In the South-Eastern peninsula of Europe and reaching beyond the Bosphorus, embracing South-Western Asia in its limits, rises the black fabric of Turkish corruption and tyranny. In the year 1356 the crescent first crossed the Hellespont, and the Ottomans planted themselves an invading army among the Slavonic nations to the east of the Adriatic. To-day, after the lapse of centuries the dominant and subject races remain as distinct with respect to their religion, their customs and national characteristics, as though the invasion were of yesterday. Those who have thoughtfully studied the relations that they hold to each other deny that the Turkish power as established among the Slavs, is in any legitimate sense a government. They have ever been, they are to-day, the oppressors of the people among whom they dwell, and it is plainly evident from remote as well as recent events, that the Slav regards their administration in no other

light than that of unmitigated tyranny. Now, the people who have lately risen in revolt, and whose struggle for liberty has become a subject of momentous interest, are a Slavonic race in the western part of European Turkey, the dwellers in the Herzegovina, a dependency of Bosnia, which in turn, is one of the Pashalics into which the peninsula is divided. The inhabitants of the Herzegovina are but a quarter of a million in number, but the spirit which they have lately manifested, is evidently shared in by the rest of Bosnia, and the other provinces, as they have all equally shared in the oppression of the Turk. Again these Herzegovinians with all the other Slavonic peoples in Turkey are christians, members of the Eastern or Greek church, which is at the same time the national faith of Russia. Much of the mischief in this case is traceable to the divergencies in religious belief. The Turk is a Mohammedan, his religion teaches him to look with utter contempt, practically merging into intolerance, upon the adherents of a different form of faith. For the Slav, he has nothing but sneers and insults, and loses no opportunity of carrying out the spirit of his religion in his dealings with him. Here is one sore spot that has been festering down through the centuries of tyranny, and has proved, in fact, the great insuperable barrier in the way of any approach to amalgamation between the two races. A train of evil follows from this as a fruitful source. A foreign invader could scarcely prove a greater curse than the pseudo government that is fastened upon them. Fiscal exactions, grinding taxes, and shameless extortions of so grievous and crushing a nature are imposed upon them, as are sufficient of themselves to reduce the people to beggary, and blast all enterprise and development. And this is not all. The commonest laws for the protection of life and property, are continually and grossly being violated. A Turk slays a Christian. The authorities look on unconcernedly, and the body is thrown like the worthless carcass of a dog into the hasty grave. If a Christian commits a crime of like kind and escapes, all his kinsfolk are put to the torture. Again the Turk is a polygamist of the most pronounced type. The women of Bosnia are fair to look upon. It follows as a natural sequence under such lawless rule, that every pretty girl is carried off to the harems. A peculiarly aggravating instance of this latter form of outrage, proved the immediate cause of the outbreak. Added to all this, and one of the bitterest elements in this bitter cup, is the fact that their immediate oppressors are men of like nationality with themselves, who have embraced Mohammedanism, and sold themselves to the Turk, and in connec-

tion with all this, it is to be remembered that these are not the grievances of yesterday, but the galling servitude of four weary centuries. At length, aroused to madness, the Herzegovinians have seized the sword for the redress of their wrongs. They are encouraged in this by the example of Servia on the east and Montenegro on the south, two provinces which have gained full practical emancipation from the Turkish yoke, and whose inhabitants are actively in sympathy with the present movement.

Herzegovina now desires to become as Servia and Montenegro, and be delivered *in toto* from her hateful bondage. The Turkish Government has again and again promised reform, but these reforms have never been carried out, and the victims have lost all faith in Mussulman promises. The reform they now desire is deliverance from the Turkish rule, and nothing short of this is likely to prove satisfactory. And here it is that the question assumes a broad significance. The pronounced and emphatic tone of the demands made by the insurgents, has rendered the revolt a matter of serious consideration to the cabinets of Europe. For a long while back it has been the orthodox political creed that the independence of European Turkey was absolutely essential to the preservation of the equilibrium of power among the several governments. The administration of Turkey is so thoroughly rotten, that the Herzegovinian revolt causes the entire fabric to shake most alarmingly, and the several policies of the Great Powers are poised so nicely that even so small an insurrection as that of the Slav, may prove sufficient to plunge them all into the involved horrors of a continental war. Let Turkey fall into the grasp of such a vigorous power as that of Russia, for instance, the key to the East is in her hand, and unlimited opportunities for the enlargement of naval resources. So the Great Powers have taken the matter in hand, and given their approval to the measures of reform drawn up by Andrassey the Austrian minister, in favor of the insurgents. The latest news from the continent is to the effect that the Sultan has agreed to grant the reforms thus presented. Austria stands ready with her troops, and England with a portion of her fleet, to quell the insurgents in case they refuse to compromise. Poor Herzegovina. We fear that the time for her deliverance has not yet arrived.

WE regret very much to learn that Mr. P. W. Campbell, Soph. of last year, is now quite ill at his home in St. George, N. B. We hope that his sickness, although of a rather malignant type, may soon yield to the force of good treatment and sound medical advice.

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

THE last number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* devotes no less than five columns of its space to the subject of a Provincial University. Our contemporary prefaces its editorial by affirming that "All thinking men, even some of the supporters of of sectarianism confess that a change is desirable." Does the *Gazette* mean by the phrase, "all thinking men," merely the faculty and students of Dalhousie College together with a few satellites that seem to revolve around that illustrious body? But it mentions another class. "even some of the supporters of sectarianism." Does the *Gazette* mean to say that such persons are not thinking men? If they are not we scarcely know where to find men of thought now-adays, for we know of few persons who are not supporters of sectarianism, either religious or political, in some way or other.

But suppose we take the term, "all thinking men," to mean all intelligent persons throughout the province who are interested in the matter of higher education, and what will be their verdict in regard to the change proposed by the *Gazette*? Will it be favorable? We think not. We are not giving to say that *all* will be opposed to such a scheme yet, so far as our information goes, we believe that the great majority of our

people desire no such radical change. The only alteration they wish to see brought about is that for which they are all striving—the improvement of the present existing colleges.

We are not disposed to look upon the Denominational Colleges as being such lamentably inefficient institutions as the *Gazette* would have us believe they are. Dalhousie College is, in our opinion and in the opinion of a number of our daily political contemporaries, as much denominational as any of them, may answer to the somewhat sombre picture drawn in the columns of its own organ. Yet from our limited knowledge of that institution, gathered from its calendar, its periodical and from acquaintance with some of its students, we have always looked upon Dalhousie as a college by no means to be despised, notwithstanding its matriculation standard is so ridiculously low and its session of study extends over only six months. We can say, however, that no part of this description is in any way applicable to our Alma Mater. We cannot speak so decidedly concerning the other colleges, but we believe that the statements of the *Gazette* respecting the collegiate system, now existing in Nova Scotia, are without foundation in fact.

The question of a Provincial University is one about which we have given ourselves little trouble. Whether the combining together of all the existing colleges in the formation of such an institution would benefit the cause of higher education or not, is a debatable question. The *Gazette* has made some good points in favor of such a step; and if it was worth while, equally strong arguments might be urged against it. But why waste time in discussing this matter when, whether desirable or undesirable, there is at present no hope of ever bringing about such a change? The present collegiate system has been too long growing up, developing and maturing to be set aside in a day, or even in a generation. The many difficulties and adverse circumstances with which its supporters have even had to contend, and over which they have triumphed only by long-continued, patient struggling, have tended to endear to each separate denomination, that college which it has thus been called upon to support, and, in this manner,

the system has been firmly established and riveted upon the country.

What then, is to be done? There is manifestly but one course open to those who really desire to see the cause of higher education advanced in our province; and that is this: Keep the several colleges we now have ever abreast of, rather in advance of the times. Let each interested party support that one in which he feels his contributions will be used to the best advantage. Nor should he be at all discouraged with the prospect before him. So far as our observation goes, each college seems to be determined to keep pace with the requirements of the country. There is a healthy rivalry existing among them, which if nothing else would compel them ever to move forward. No college can any longer expect to attract students to its halls unless it is prepared to give them an education and a culture, that will at least compare favorably with that received at other provincial colleges. Denominational considerations are losing their power to draw students to any particular college, and we think rightly so. Henceforth those institutions must stand or fall on their own merits.

This they are preparing to do. Acadia has during the last few years increased its staff of professors in the arts department from five to seven, and the governors are untiring in their efforts to increase it still farther. *Mount Allison* College has of late years been putting forth vigorous efforts to increase its endowment, and thus be able to add to its faculty. *Dalhousie* is rapidly improving. *Kings College*, that, we may say, time-honored institution, is not going to be left behind in the race towards the goal of popularity, but under its new president a fresh impetus has been given to all its departments and its catalogue of under-graduates is greatly increased.

We are not prepared to speak of the real amount of work done by those colleges, with the exception of the first named, since in order to give an opinion that shall be worth anything on this point, one must occupy the position either of teacher or student in the school about which he speaks. But since each claims to impart a liberal education, we have no right to say that any, or all of them are

incompetent or unwilling to fulfill their promises in this respect. With regard to our Alma Mater we can say without boasting, that she does bestow upon her students a liberal culture. The student, who passes through the two years course in the Collegiate Academy and the four years course in college—each year containing nine months of hard study, and is not then the possessor of a well-cultured mind, is in our opinion deficient in intellect, and should never have aspired to the honors of polite literature.

SOME little time since there was laid on our table a copy of a petition addressed to both branches of the Provincial Parliament, praying that justice and equality might be recognized and practised, in the appropriation of public money for the support of higher education. The petition is in substance as follows :

Two religious denominations—the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians, each annually receive the sum of \$2800 from the Provincial Treasury towards the support of their respective Colleges, whilst the Baptists receive only \$400 towards the support of Acadia. We think that the justness of the claim urged by the petitioners is something, so evident to all, as not to admit of a doubt. It is stated in the petition, that if no grants were given to support any of the Colleges, the petitioners would be satisfied ; but since the system is in operation, they ask that justice may be done.

We are pleased to observe that a number of the daily papers have taken up this subject and discussed it in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, advocating the bestowment of equal grants to the different Colleges.

The *Reporter*, in an able written editorial, shows the folly of advocating the idea of a Provincial University at the present time, the field being already occupied by the existing Colleges. It favors the plan of equalizing the grants to the different Colleges. The *Morning Herald* makes some good points in favor of supporting the Colleges we now have. We can sympathize with the *Herald* in not being able to see why Dalhousie should be considered the Provincial University any more than King's or Acadia.

We are informed also that petitions

have been circulated through Kings County, praying for a larger grant to Horton Academy. The grounds on which the petitioners rest their claims, in both of these cases, have been clearly set forth in the memorials published in some of the provincial papers. We feel confident that our legislators will take into account the facts referred to in those memorials, and give them such consideration as their importance demands, and that since justice only is asked for, the petitioners in each case may receive the desired amount.

OUT-LOOK FROM BORDER LAND.

ON Friday evening, Feb. 18th, in Academy Hall, Prof. Jones delivered a lecture on the above subject. Its delivery occupied about an hour and forty minutes, and it was listened to with marked attention throughout. The lecturer is the well-known professor of the Classical languages in this college, and well did he sustain a reputation, long ago established, for proficiency in the use of the English language, wielding it with a skill that indicated a master-hand. Not even a brief synopsis can be given in our limited space, but merely a few notes by the way. The lecturer introduced his subject by briefly alluding to the powerful influence exerted by the ancient mind upon the modern, and the necessary sympathy that man must have for his brother in any age of the world, quoting a sentiment from one of the Ancients, in support of the exalted idea that whatever is human ; whatever has moved the fortunes of man in moulding his character, influencing his will or shaping his spiritual nature is of interest to man. He led us in to the more secret chambers of the ancient soul groping in "darkness visible" on the verge of that "border land," and peering beyond the mists and shadows, if by some inherent power of vision it might pierce the gloomy "chaos," and discern "fields Elysian," some happy isles of the blessed. Wedding poetry to prose the lecturer, described that high creation of the poetic imagination when the aspiration of the religious spirit upbore it, the ancient conception of the paradise of the just. We will not mock the description which called forth the most enthusiastic admiration from us, by any

attempt at recapitulation. The language was rich with imagery, and it flung over us "Sabeian odours" from the spicy islands of "Araby the blest."

If one who sits at the teacher's feet listening to his instruction may assume the position of critic without the imputation of servile flattery on the one hand, or infatuated hero-worship on the other, we pronounce the description of Gloomy Tartarus and Elysium, masterpieces. Every sentence flings before the mind's eye a finished shape. With admirable conciseness, but yet with sufficient voluminousness to give harmony and rhythm, he proceeded onward, now touching with white-ethereal pinion the far off glories of their heaven, and then hovering over the stygian pool with darkling wing and beating its heavy sunless air with labored stroke. Cerberus with horrid maw and "streaks of hell fire quivering madly in his gaunt bosom" passed away, while over the horrid scene from the broken clouds and changing skies the "holy light" breaks forth till mount Olympus is lost in the dazzling gleam.

The lecturer quoted from many of the ancients to illustrate their conception of life and death, the fleeting years, the inadequacy of time's pleasures to administer to the soul crying importunately for light beyond life. He treated at some length the arguments of Socrates on the immortality of the soul, entered into their merits and gave us the stand taken by the modern world with regard to their justice and reliability.

In conclusion, we would say that more than ever do we reverence the philosophic mind and the deep-stern soul of that noble few who contended so valiantly against the inexorable Fate, which had shut out from them the certainty of Truth which they strove so mighty to grasp, but which alas was beyond the reach of the most Titanic intellect. "Where cried they is God?" But no voice answered them from the deep abyss. Their utmost vision saw not beyond Chaos where the discords reigned and where blackness brooded over eternity. They could truly say what the modern atheist cries in horrid blasphemy, "I mounted the suns and flew with the galaxies through the waste of Heaven ; but there is no God. I descended as far

as Being casts its shadow and looked into the abyss and cried: 'Father where art thou'; but I heard only the eternal storm which no one guides; and the gleaming rainbow from the West, without a Sun that made it, stood over the abyss and trickled down. And when I looked up towards the immeasurable world for the divine eye it glared down on me with an empty, black, bottomless eye-socket."

And so they turned to their own souls. What of God inherent there they saw and even with that imperfect light they conquered the sting of the vengeful Erinnyes and smiled at the whips of the snake-haired Furies.

We thank Prof. Jones for the pleasure of the feast. The impression will linger with us long after memory loses even the salient points contained therein.

We humbly deprecate the wrath of the little fellows who had barked before us, and oh so differently. Please don't scorch us with any withering sarcasm—we really are unable to bear it. This we say in all soberness—if this article should meet the eyes of that erudite reporter of the *News* let him take this advice. Let him learn in the first place that there is a species of man which we term 'gentleman.' For his encouragement we tell him that men have commenced a new study even late in life, and have succeeded admirably—let him not despair, he may master the alphabet yet. Secondly, let him when he listens to another production so far above his capacity of appreciation, for policy's sake, at least take a middle flight and not brush the soot from all the old pots in creation, and expose himself to the contempt of all sensible persons as an unmitigated ninny. Thirdly, if he finds himself unable for the aforesaid, let him go back home to his *ma*.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE PETITION FROM THE DIFFERENT COLLEGES.

A petition from the different Colleges is soon to be presented to our Legislature, asking that College graduates receive Grade A license by passing satisfactory examinations on the *professional* subjects only. We think the request just, and plausible. We have felt the unjustness of the present law and trust now that some remedial measure will be enacted. We cannot see why there should be any

hesitancy on the part of our Legislature to pass such an Act.

Are the arguments in favor of them making such a concession, or rather enacting what we consider equitable, so *futile* that they deserve nothing more than to be passed over in silence?

The demand seems to be a very *reasonable* one.

It may be asked at the outset why do College graduates wish to be exempted from passing the examination that is demanded of those who have not received a Collegiate training?

Is it because they are afraid they cannot stand the test? If, so, then you say they had better *prepare* themselves before they assume the position of Teacher. But wait a moment, you have drawn your conclusion too hastily. We are not going to say they are not prepared to *teach*, though they might fail to pass a satisfactory examination.

We will not admit that examinations are as a rule a correct criterion by which we can judge of the *mental culture* of the candidate or of his capabilities for teaching. Examinations no doubt are necessary;—they may serve as partial guides to the intellectual attainment of the student and prevent quacks in some measure from imposing on the public.

A young man may have taken a thorough course of four or five year's study at a literary institution, he may have received true intellectual *discipline*, may have trained his mind to *think* and investigate; and yet that young man may not be able to give correct dates to a few events in history, or to name the counties bordering on a certain river; as a consequence he receives not the grade applied for and is thereby debarred from occupying that position for which he is fully qualified. Another young man who has received no such training, nor derived the superior advantages of a College, but who has restricted himself to a certain routine of studies, and given his whole attention to the branches prescribed without deriving any true *mental culture*, passes successfully the examination required. Now which of the two is the better prepared to *teach*, the one who has learned to think for himself and deduce general laws and principles from isolated facts, or the one who has *crammed* his mind, who knows nothing of independent thought, and whose chief aim has been simply to post himself up on those studies upon which he would be examined?

Is this *latter* the one who is to educate the youth? What means the word *education*? It is not merely filling the mind with knowledge, but rather a developing or *leading out of the mind*. The method of teaching at present day is rather that of *facts* than *causes* and *results*,—a defect we fear which needs to be remedied. If

many of our teachers who now content themselves with a common school training, would take a course of five or six years at some of our higher institutions, the status of our schools, we feel assured, would soon become greatly elevated. But it is said that there are teachers holding licenses of Grade B and A who are more thorough in the English branches than some who come from our Colleges and hence are more competent to teach those subjects. This in some cases may be true. Individual instances no doubt there are, exemplifications of a superficial education. *Laggards* and *drones* there will be in every department of life. But this fact by no means disproves our previous statements. While these may be exceptional cases, as a rule we hold that graduates are far better qualified to instruct than those who have never received the advantages of a higher education.

Items.

PUZLED SOPH. — "Ah! Professor, there's where old Olney has me." Prof. "Yes, and, evidently, where you don't have him."

OUR classical Prof. thinks that those Freshmen who sit next the windows have an undue advantage, as they can always get more light on the text.

SLIPKUM, who fears that the experiments with the hydrogen harmonicon are encroaching on the hash-hour says mournfully:

"Alas! I feel an aching void
Which hydrogen can never fill."

THERE is a wild cattergrub roaming at large in the West end, and whenever the Divinity Sophomore retires he primes his Smith and Wesson, No. 2, and places his prayer-book open, under his pillow.

HE sat at morning prayers, on the first seat but two, and when they rose up to sing, there was left an aisle clear ahead of him, while the leader braced his feet and held on the corner of the desk.

CHEMICAL Student, reciting—"We see then that heat has a tendency to expand all bodies." And the diminutive Fresh. who sits next to the stove, chuckles, and applies himself vigorously to the coal-scuttle.

A TRAGICAL junior complains that although the males of the Institution can gain admittance to the young ladies' dept., but for one short hour in a week, the mail from abroad goes in as regularly as the sun rises, and remains, sometimes, half the day.

PROF. in Nat. History.—“To what age does the gum-arabic tree belong.” A. “Mucil-age.”

THE inhabitants of the newly finished L of the Seminary having gained the contradistinctive and somewhat derogatory appellation of “the L’s,” a third-flat, whose window overlooks that much-abused compartment, gallantly prefixes it thusly, “the ang-Ls.”

A STRONG-MINDED senior on returning at an unusually late hour from a certain suburban retreat, was heard to mutter as he stumbled into bed, “I am becoming so accustomed to sitting up late now that I will find no difficulty in working it out on this line until June.”

HE pulled on his high boots and when a heavy question in mathematics came along he drew in his head and let it pass on. He rooms near the sem, and on slushy evenings, when the storm-wraith wails among the college trees, and the silver-tongued streamlet flows with rain-swollen sobs thro’ the seminary orchard, it is a sight to touch the heart of a rag-baby to see the fair maidens coming dry-shod across the quag to meeting.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Just as we were going to press, we received an article on the above caption from Mr. Chesley of Harvard, but too late for this issue. It will appear in our next.

WE cannot at present answer the inquiries of “Subscriber” respecting the telescope proposed to be procured for Acadia but shall make inquiries before next issue.

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We have received amount of subscriptions from the following:—

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