

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

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Selected Poetry.

LIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled bleak and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair.
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy stars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of Eden bowers
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of its first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth amongst the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storms dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast
Night's funeral shadow slept,
When the shepherd swains on Bethhelem's plains
Their lonely vigils kept,
When I flashed on their sight, the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the high and low,
On the just and unjust I descend,
E'en the blind whose vain spheres roll in darkness
and tears
Feel my smile the best smile of a friend;
Nay the flower of the waste by my love is em-
braced
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY MUMMY.

WE have read of Egyptian mummies in our early days with a kind of religious veneration and awe; as though a spirit perched on the threshold of the gloomy

crypt—a shade of hoary antiquity, a sort of ghostly reanimation hovered about the dried yellow-skinned son of a heathen—just ready to gobble us up. But, shades of Pharaoh! we ran across so many of these venerable specimens of a mental-azoic age, that though the contact has made us redolent of a sort of spiritual gum-resin, yet we trust we have returned a wiser and sadder man.

Our nineteenth century mummy, or dummy, for he is a fashion-block to show off to advantage the antique costumes of the past, is sublimely unconscious that his theories are tattered, or that he himself has become rather thin, from the attritions of the ages. He fancies that in this age of manly declension and fast horses he alone is left of all the wise who knew too much to believe that Cook could sail around the world and not fall off. We were making our calls one fine morning in one of the delightful villages of our country, where the hard flint rocks develop the self-reliant character of the children of the soil. We stepped briskly in and saw a fat-bellied mynheer who made us hot and cold with embarrassment. Calling on Osirus and Isis as a sort of propitiatory invocation, we made known our mission and struck up a brisk conversation. The crops and the weather and other sublunary subjects occupied the attention of the venerable Ajax, but at last we burst desperately through all conventionalities and struck right out from the shoulder. We enlarged on the goodness and power of the Creator, how He holds in His hands the immense of worlds, and scatters gigantic suns in immensity. "Gott in himmel! You dinks I'm fools. What holds 'em up? Git out mit your lies!" We gathered up our dry goods and sorrowfully left him to enjoy his afternoon nap under the shade of the pyramids.

We were almost disheartened, but the grit of our ancestors was aroused and we determined to do or die. The next specimen we met was tall and angular; he looked as though he had fallen from the top of Pompey's pillar sideways. We stepped up to this hoary friend of Cheops and shook hands (we have been unable to make that hand available since

in the fine arts). "Sir," we said, "is it not wonderful that the beneficent Creator has so adapted the earth to our condition as to make it perform a mighty revolution in 24 hours, thus giving us night and day?" "Vat's dat?" says he. "Yes," we said, "yon sun is motionless; we are rushing through the air with enormous velocity." "Young man," said he, "go in peace." In vain we argued. The bible spoke of the sun standing still, but it was a miracle. Common sense too, told him that we could not stand such rapid travel, and that the earth could not be otherwise than flat. With diminished numbers we withdrew our forces, buried our dead and made a bee line for home. We are thankful that we were delivered from the land of bondage. We faint at the mention of such skeletons, and go around a hundred miles rather than meet them. We are now at college repairing our shattered health with clean cut logic. We are content to live with flesh and blood, and eschew the society of the mummies.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

HOWEVER numerous the points of likeness traceable by the zealous scientist, between his own species and the most manlike of the brute creation, in one particular at least the resemblance blankly fails. When the sanguine evolutionist shall have established to his own entire satisfaction, the cheering conclusion, that our remote ancestors were most intimately related to a respectable line of the genus *Simia*, then shall his fancies fond be o'er toppled, and the approachless dignity of man be forever vindicated, by forth-showing him in his unique superiority as the only animal who laughs. The monkey can jabber and chatter, it is true, and it would be no mean compliment to certain individuals of the genus *homo*, to assert that they could perform the linguistic feat to as good purpose. The monkey can weep, and howl and whimper, and render all the variations in the minor key with perfect ease, but when it comes to the laugh—here he utterly fails, and sadly relinquishes his pretensions to the honored position of a

man and a brother. Not even the surprising evolutions of our friend the evolutionist, though sufficient, to quote ye ancient proverb, "to cause a dog to laugh," can coax a smile to the immobile features of the most promising chimpanzee. From these considerations it must be clear that man the laughing animal, deserves our attention, as well as man the speaking or reasoning animal. This distinctive characteristic marks him plainly as a social being, for this light effervescence of our natures would never display itself, were we to bottle down, beneath a stern monastic seclusiveness, all the warm sympathetic instincts of fellowship that dwell in the human breast. The laugh rings out amid the dreary waste of withered hopes to show that something fresh and green still remains, the cheery note of defiance which the soul utters as it ventures forth amid earthly damps and glooms. Thus to weep is not the strongest emblem of earthly woe. That must indeed be a crushing grief that can bow a stout heart to tears, but how intense the depths of that stygian gloom which can close all the springs of joy, and quench forever the cheery sunshine of smiles. An important principle in intellectual philosophy, is traceable from this exponential feature of our natures. In order that man, the social being, may communicate to his fellows indwelling thought, he has been gifted with that rare and marvellous instrument, the human voice divine. In its grand capacities it has been so attuned, as to give expression to the harmonies of the soul when thrilled by emotion. Interwoven with the very woof and warp of our being, it sounds now the dismal note of grief, again ripples on in a chorus of joy. The fountain of mirth ever flows near the fountain of tears. The skilful orator recognizes this principle. By apt allusion or ludicrous incident, he tickles the broad appreciativeness of humor, and then with ease can awake to responsive echoes the key of sorrow or pity.

The keen observer of human nature who with chemical nicety seeks to analyze the various specimens of mankind, with whom he meets in the rugged ways of life, finds in this one of the most unerring of preliminary tests. There is the ringing, wholesome, honest laugh, which belongs unmistakably to one of those joyous hopeful natures who are ever looking upon the bright side of things, and whom no complication of adverse circumstances seems to have power to cast down. Such an one had the wise King in mind, when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." There is the low, quiet laugh, betokening a retiring nature, the music of a heart at peace with itself. The laugh again that speaks of vulgar associations, unmannerly

and harsh. The orderly expression of mirth from the lips of the polished and refined. The soulless choking laugh of the thoroughly selfish nature. The smirk of the prude. The affected simper of the shallow-brained coxcomb. The laugh which is but a mask to hide the hidden pain, and finally, the grating laugh of scorn, the sneer of ridicule, who can deny its power. How many a noble aspiration has this keenest lance of the enemy wounded to the death, how many a life has it been effectual in turning from the highway of duty, down to the paths of a base and cowardly existence. All these and a thousand intermediate gradations of human loves and hates, of mortal joys and woes, are expressed through the medium of laughter.

THE UTILITY OF SCIENCE.

IN the history of the race, there has ever been traceable a gradual advancement in the knowledge of the principles of science. True there have been periods in which this progress has been so slow as to be scarcely perceptible. But these may be considered as only halting places, at which science gathered fresh materials to carry her triumphs farther into the hitherto unexplored regions. One generation has taken up the work where the former left it off, and taking advantage of the labors of their predecessors in collecting and examining facts, they have handed over to their successors in turn, the legacy they received increased by the result of their own labors and observations.

This process has been going on all adown through the ages, until science has arrived at her present state of development. Its course has resembled that of the small rivulet, which, starting out first from a single stream, has by receiving additions from other sources, become enlarged and augmented, until it flows a mighty river broad and deep, and finally loses itself in the ocean. This long and ever progressing series of advancement has accumulated a vast amount of facts for distribution amongst the different generations of men which succeed each other as the world advances. It has cast a flood of light upon almost every object in Nature. It has brushed away with a giant hand, many old superstitions and crude ideas respecting natural phenomena, and taught men the true solutions of those grand problems.

We do not for a moment claim that the entire realm of Cosmos has been explored by scientific men, or that the book of nature has been literally translated into intelligible language. Notwithstanding all that has been done, we are but at the thresh-hold of the knowables

as yet, or, as Newton has expressed it; just "picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of science." Still, great advancement has been made. The world is no longer looked upon as being upheld by resting on the back of some huge tortoise, or supported on the shoulders of Atlas. The sun is no longer supposed to pass round in twenty-four hours an orbit whose diameter exceeds one hundred and eighty millions of miles.

This however, is but one side of the picture. A partial insight into the workings of nature, in the different departments of science, such as astronomy, physics, geology, &c., is not the only benefit we derive from the labors of scientific men. No sooner have principles been discovered than that they have been applied to the invention of works of art. Science has ever been the parent of Art. All along the history of the development of the former, may be traced offshoots of its application in the growth of the latter.

Art, like science, was at the beginning extremely rude. The ideas which the ancients held concerning native and natural phenomena, were not more crude than was the apparatus or machinery with which they carried on their work in the realm of physical labor. The improvements in this latter branch have ever been commensurate with the developments of the former. At first, clumsy agricultural implements, uncouth spears and battle-axes, or ungainly ships were summoned into existence by the exigencies of the times. These, and such like, as nations advanced, gave place to other and more improved means of carrying on individual and national works.

Like science too, art has now arrived at a grand stage of development. There is scarcely a sphere of human activity in which man has not been aided by it. The burdens which he was formerly compelled to bear on his own shoulders are now borne by inferior animals, or inanimate agents. In some respects the whole line of activity has been revolutionized. The printing-press, for instance, has quite changed the whole aspect of the literary world by the dissemination of books and periodicals *ad infinitum* over almost the entire surface of the earth. We need only mention the steam-engine and the telegraph, so often harped upon, to show the utility of that science which was after many years of labor, carried at length so far as to admit of its being applied in this distinguished and useful manner.

All the grand inventions, which so materially aid in carrying on the various affairs of the world, are dependent for their existence upon scientific principles which may be the result of centuries of mental toil and experiment in some quiet laboratories. We often think that

too much stress is laid on the present as being a *practical* age, whilst if the matter were looked into, it would be discovered that the germ of all this progress and advancement will be found ages back. The sphere of modern inventors has been merely to apply scientific discoveries to their practical use. All this, then, goes to show the great utility of science.

It is difficult to conceive how the affairs of the world could be carried on without these grand triumphs of human mind and handicraft; and in bestowing our plaudits upon the latter, we do well to acknowledge the higher claims of the former.

BRYANT.

WILLIAM Cullen Bryant has been in no wise a retired author, unobservant of the world about him, but has watched, studied and labored in the spirit of his times. His contemporaries tender him tributes of highest respect both as a poet and a worker. As a poet he is undoubtedly thoroughly American. A true citizen of the Great Republic, the natural voice of her scenery, her life, her history, finds sweet and clear expression in his words. A deep, reverential love of nature has justly been considered a powerful charm of this contemplative poet, who

"From the gushing of a simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty Universe."

But Bryant has been more than a poet. He is referred to as "no crude dreamer but a man of severe, stern and practical nature." His career in public life has been eminently distinguished, his dealing with the questions of the day able. Born in 1794 he is now over eighty, but like Palmerston in his last years, still vigorous and active. Considering his experience and qualifications to give an opinion we are delighted with some of his recent expressions concerning the progress of our age. Amid the eventful years of his life he has witnessed and been engaged in many great struggles, social, political and religious.

His cheerful view of the world serves to relieve us of the fears awakened by those who lament and bemoan, with direful outcry, the good days gone by, as though light had passed from the earth and a gloomy darkness were gathering over the present.

We give his words as uttered in a public address they were reported in an American paper;—"I have lived long as it may seem to most people, however short the time appears to me when I look back upon it. In that period have occurred various most important changes; and on the whole, I am rejoiced to say they have as I think, improved the condition of mankind. The people of civilized countries have become more enlightened

and enjoy a greater degree of freedom. They have become especially more humane and sympathetic, more disposed to alleviate each others' sufferings. This is the age of charity."

NOTES FROM HARVARD COLLEGE.

Editors Acadia Athenæum.

GENTLEMEN,—The undersigned has thought that a few Harvard items might not be uninteresting to yourselves and readers. Well, over here, the outside world moves with greater speed than precision. Rush, energy, enterprise, grand commercial successes and as sudden losses are the order. Here brilliant intellectual powers are manifest, there a noted dearth. Here is princely benevolence and high moral worth, there a strange absence of those higher principles regulating human life. Extremism, change, yet progress note the conditions of society. So the world moves.

It must with reluctance be confessed, that with all the greatness of this American Republic, her growth and educational power, there yet appears to be a wide spread disregard for those great natural and moral laws, a wise recognition of which can alone ultimately preserve individual or national strength. Unless indeed these things change whenever found, one must with justice predict a future not glorious. But, on the other hand, if America is to live nobly among the nations, in the Infinite Providence, we believe that all will yet be regenerated and from out the Evil will come a stronger Good.

As regards Collegiate life here, the advantages are very great. Professors working in special departments affords the student unsurpassed facilities for the acquisition of knowledge. Again, in the department of Chemistry, for instance, the Laboratory furnishes each man with all necessary apparatus for experiment and observation. He sees for himself Nature's wondrous laws among the molecules, learns with interest and intelligence and acquires a truly scientific memory and knowledge.

In the department of Botany, the beautiful and wisdom-crowned plant structures and laws can be examined under the microscope, observed in the Botanical Gardens in connection with the Institution, practically acquired. All that could be desired for improvement is to be had. He who wishes to learn, can.

One finds here great men, able scholars, men of broad sympathies and liberal minds intellectually and religiously. These are advantages. The mental atmosphere becomes quickening and elevating. But of course with regard to great minds, it must not be supposed such is universally the case. Nature here, as

everywhere else, is not too lavish of her peculiar gifts; lest perhaps, we poor ungrateful mortals might not well appreciate her inestimable favors.

As to Modern Languages, native German and French scholars are selected as Instructors. These languages can thus be acquired thoroughly and with a correct pronunciation.

As to Latin and Greek, we are told that one is privileged to receive instruction from classical scholars much superior to the well remembered Mr. Anthon. But with all the advantages, much, very much depends upon the *Students own work*.

There is wealth in Harvard College. This is wisely expended in the high interests of Science and Learning. It has erected some fine buildings and is still adding to these. One of the most imposing structures is Memorial Hall, built in honor of students of this College who fell in the late war. From its outer walls project the busts of eminent men of times gone by, as Cicero, Demosthenes, Chatham, Burke, Webster. Thus is given to the whole a nobler significance. Within we find the portraits of heroes, poets, philosophers, &c.

In this paper it affords the writer much pleasure to state that Mr. A. J. Eaton of Acadia, well known there as a diligent and worthy student has already distinguished himself here. He has become the recipient of a scholarship of two hundred and fifty dollars as a recognition of his superior scholarly attainments. We must confess to some degree of pride when we hear of our men being thus successful. It reflects credit on our worthy Alma Mater at home. It would be very ungrateful to undervalue her work, even though reaping superior advantages elsewhere. Long may she live and grow!

While generally there are many able students in Harvard University, it is not to be supposed that all are such. It is certainly to be presumed that many here, as well as at other colleges, pass through with the course of study, not benefitted by it in the very highest degree. They have not been so mentally organised as thoroughly to digest the knowledge at their disposal. It is also certainly to be believed that not colleges, not externals of any kind make men of power; but those inborn energies of mind which are strong enough to assert themselves amid even the most unfavorable circumstances. And yet again, how weak and pitiable are man's strongest efforts to combat many of life's hard conditions! But, to return, Institutions of Learning are but helps to a man in his work of life.

In conclusion, we would advise Acadia men, wishing to study more to come to Harvard. Respectfully,

E. M. CHESLEY.

Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 8, 1875.

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A CONSIDERABLE amount of scepticism is prevalent at the present day, respecting the utility of spending much time in the study of the so-called *dead languages*.

The idea is frequently advanced that such studies are not calculated to produce *practical* men, and that, therefore, in this *practical age*, they should be discontinued. Students when away from College are frequently met with the inquiry, Why spend so much time in acquiring a knowledge of Latin and Greek, they will not help you in any way in business, at the bar or in the pulpit? These, we think are erroneous ideas and should be shown to be so, for two important reasons. First, because wrong views on this point necessarily produce corresponding prejudices against the higher education in general, and that, too, among those to whom we look for pecuniary support, for our institutions of learning; and secondly, because such erroneous ideas, if not exposed, are calculated to hinder our young men from availing themselves of the present opportunities to secure a good sound education, which will eminently fit them to fill with credit to themselves, their sphere of life. The subject how-

ever, being one on which volumes have been written, can merely be glanced at here.

It may not be out of place to remark in the outset, that the very fact, that classical studies retain such an important position in the curricula of all colleges of any note, is an important point in favor of their utility. That the ablest educators in all civilized countries can find no adequate substitute to introduce in their place, none by which they can so effectually educate in the true etymological sense of the term, the pupils entrusted to their care, should convince all of the importance of the classics as disciplinary studies. Nor is this all. It is a patent fact, that those colleges in whose curricula the classics form the largest part, are the ones which have produced the greatest minds, and most accomplished scholars. Take for example, the old English Universities and examine the records of their students. See the mighty legacy of intellectual giants that those institutions have supplied for centuries back, to all the various departments of literature, science and art! And how have they done this? How have they succeeded in accomplishing this grand result? The true answer to these questions is found in the fact that the classics form so large a part of the course in those institutions.

The great end achieved in the study of the ancient languages is the development of the thinking powers in the mind—the culture of those powers of thought, which enable one to grapple successfully with any subject he undertakes—to dive into it, and bring to the surface pearls of thought, which shall be of lasting benefit. Were classics more studied than they are to-day, there would not be so many volumes of ephemeral literature coming forth from the press every year to find their way, through the impertinence of mercenary agents, into the libraries of the unwary, and then pass out of print.

But although the cultivation of the intellect, the developing of those latent powers, which in different degrees exist in the mind of every one, is the chief point sought in the study of classics; and would indeed, in view of its great importance, prove an abundant reason for prosecuting that study, yet it is by no means the only reason for it. An

acquaintance with the languages of the Greeks and Romans gives us access to all the rich and varied literature of antiquity. Such knowledge is indeed the key which opens to us the immortal treasures of ancient literature. Discontinue this branch of study, and we are cut off from all ancient poetry, eloquence and history, at once the admiration of and the models for all succeeding men of genius, and an impenetrable veil hides the past, with all its lessons of human experience from our view, leaving us but the last fifteen hundred years to look back over and draw lessons from.

Again, it may be doubted if any other branch of study is so much calculated to give the student a complete mastery over his own English tongue, as the one under consideration. Very many of our words are of classic origin, either merely transfers of entire words, or more commonly compounds of verbs with prepositions. These words to be properly understood, must be traced back to the original. But this is not the most important. In translating from the inverted styles, and peculiar idioms of these languages into English, the art of constructing terse sentences, and also a command of language is acquired which cannot, we think, be acquired in any other way.

But we must not weary our readers with this subject. We have as yet only entered upon its threshold. A vast field of inquiry opens up before us, which at some future time we hope to enter upon again. The more we think of this subject, the more we value its importance. We cannot dispense with the Latin and Greek languages, no one who aspires to hold a prominent position among men of thought, can afford to neglect this most efficient means of culture. Science and literature cannot part with them, they are their foundation. The groundwork of science was laid by the ancient philosophers, and the result of their researches has been handed down to us in their writings.

The classics then, present before us an inviting, and at the same time a highly profitable field of study. They are, we think, erroneously styled *dead languages*. True they are not the vernacular of any people now, at least in their ancient purity. The ancient nationalities of Greece and Rome have passed away.

The fire of classic eloquence has long since burned out. "The heroic lay is tuneless now." The light which was wont to shine forth amid the surrounding darkness, from the ancient schools of philosophy, has long since ceased to shine. Yet the languages of those former nations still live in the inimitable literature which has come down to us, photographed on the productions of lofty genius. Whilst we are in possession of this literature, the name dead languages must, we think, be considered a misnomer.

NEW ACADEMY BUILDING.

On the evening of Friday the 12th, the New Academy Building was opened for the reception of boarders. About 75 or 80 students in conjunction with several members of the Building Committee assembled on the occasion in the new dining hall to partake of the wholesome substantial with which the well regulated tables were neatly spread.

After tea remarks were offered by Dr. Sawyer, Rev. S. W. DeBlois, Prof. Tufts, Mr. James Morse, and Mr. Mark Curry, members of the above Committee.

The addresses were apt and pleasing and judging from the applause at frequent intervals, must have been highly appreciated by the students. We doubt not that their appeals found a response in the breasts of all present. The dining room is a very commodious and neat apartment and when illuminated presents a very inviting appearance. The boarding system is constructed on principles similar to Harvard Institution, and will we think prove successful. It is at present under the control of a Managing Committee. The Steward and Matron seem quite competent for the responsible position held by them.

We would likewise inform the friends of the Institution that it is the intention of the Committee to give a public dinner at the close of this term about the 16th or 17th of December. Persons who purpose attending the Academic Examinations and Sophomore Exhibition will have the opportunity of participating in the enjoyments of this social gathering. Further notice will be given.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

We quote the annexed paragraph concerning the matriculation to London University for this year from the "*Illustrated London News*." It gives the candidates with their standing, who passed the examination in the colonies.

"Dominion of Canada. Honours

Division (the number prefixed to the name, indicates the number in the original honours list, immediately after which that name would have been placed, had the candidate been examined in England): 10. *J. G. Schurman, Acadia College. 38. *A. W. Marling, University College, Toronto, and Collegiate Institute, Hamilton: 36. J. Brown, St. Catherine's Collegiate Institute.

Second Division; T. H. Smyth, University College, Toronto.

Mauritius, First Division: J. Bouché, Royal College, Mauritius

Tasmania: Honours Divisions. 56. C. J. Pike, High School, Hobart Town."

"* Obtained number of marks qualifying for a prize."

THOUGHT GERMS.

THE realm of human thought lies as much within the broad domain of reality as the vast extent of nature. Its laws, though working by methods peculiar to themselves, are as invariable; its conditions as marked; its forces as mighty, as those that operate on matter. We dwell in this mysterious world, and it in us. Can you explain the paradox? Yet so fine is its essence, so delicate its affinities, that it eludes the mere physical grasp, defies the keenest most penetrating gaze of mortal vision, and baffles the dearest touch of sense. "From that mystic region" says one "and from that alone, all wonders, all poesies, and religious and social systems have proceeded; the like wonders and greater and higher lie slumbering there; and brooded over by the spirit of the waters, will evolve themselves, and rise like exhalations from the deep." The subtle intellect alone can pierce the mazy windings of that sphere and explore its deep dark hidden recesses. Although the worlds of mind, and matter are vastly and essentially different, yet they are most intimately connected. The light and shadow of the one, project themselves upon the other. The impress of creative hands, is seen in both. "Mind and matter divide the universe." Mind binds us to the finite, and links us to the infinite. Mind is the grand energizer. It is the life of thought. It breathes its quickening principle into dead matter, and transforms it into the medium of action and the embodiment of power. It has an eye that gazes into a region invisible to the mere sense. It has a hand that grasps the eternal. It drinks at the endless fountain of knowledge. It draws its inspiration from the skies. It plants itself on the solid rock of truth. Thought, the creation of mind overarches and encircles all we see or feel. It is higher than mountains, deeper than seas. In the words of Tennyson it binds the world as with chains of gold about

the feet of God. It brings the soul and body into a conjunction with each other, so vital that they mutually react, so mysterious that the points in which these two touch; the process by which ideas traverse the avenues of sense; the merging of the physical into the mental, and of the mental into the physical form one of the most profound secrets. The channels through which ebb and flow the currents of reciprocal influence, conduct that potent something none the less surely though unseen by us. The delicate links of sympathy, between the material and the immaterial are none the less binding because they escape the grossness of human perception: for behind the screen there is a hand, and there is a power. That hand is law; that power is God. He is the final cause of all that lies within our consciousness. Hence we can trace a oneness, a unity in everything. The universe is a gigantic mass of subtle and striking analogies. They sleep in the light of closing days, and roll in the torrent, broad, deep, and dark. They whisper in the evening breeze, and ride in the fleet winged tempest. They dwell in the quiet fields and in the lightning's flash. They sparkle in the summer wave, and moan in the wintry "white lipped sea." Of all analogies, none are more curious and more pleasing, than those between thought and nature. Just as the tiny bud enfolds the full blown flower, so thought lies wrapped in thought. Ideas form the seed of ideas. As the thistle-down borne away on the sportive winds, finds a resting place in some far off soil, and there grows and spreads, so "a word a thought pass out over the nations and wing their flight down the ages. They become seeds of thought to millions of minds and many generations." They contain the latent germs of good or evil. They flourish either as fragrant flowers or as deadly weeds. Mighty conceptions may slumber in them like giant oaks in little acorns. These germs may shoot into full and vigorous life at once, or centuries may revolve, ere they burst the bud. But take historical illustrations of what I affirm. The grim war-hardened soldier Hamilcar plants in the breast of his boy an oath of eternal enmity to a hated foe, and from that thought of vengeance, ripens an immediate harvest of bitter hate, that feeds the mad infuriate rage of Hannibal, through a bloody life. Regulus gives counsel to the fathers in Rome, that he knows will cost him his head in Carthage, and in that patriotic self-sacrifice, and in that grand noble advice were sown germs in the Roman nation, that at once budded into unwavering resolution and dauntless spirit. Martin Luther fearlessly confronting the learning and arrogance of Catholic Germany, on being asked if he would retract

his words says, "Unless I be convinced by scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything. Here I take my stand; I can do no otherwise. So help me God." From that brave and manly confession sprang seeds of honest conviction and earnest indomitable purpose, that bore rich fruit in many an heroic life amid that dark and stormy time. How close oftentimes are the footsteps of the reaper to those of the sower. The seedtime and harvest of thought are often separated by only a few circling suns. Many an one gathers of the fruit of his doings, even in the short narrow space of mortal life. Why is it, that we have "to recount the melancholy histories of once brilliant but now blackened characters,—characters that contained a vast personal wealth of cultivated intellect, of noble resolutions, of brave hopes, of parental affection, and of proud aspirations, but frightfully and irretrievably wasted in the mad career of vicious indulgences." Ah! the deadly germs of evil which blind crazy self had embedded in those characters, ripened so fast that they poisoned and deformed them, whilst yet they stood in the gaze of men. Why is it that dynasties have shot heavenward clothed in might, vigor, and energy, and almost ere the nineteenth decade of their history had rolled away, have faded and vanished. In their constitution lay buried seeds pregnant with national ruin, these bursting into rapid and destructive life, exhaled their blighting withering odours upon them, and they died. But the germinating principle of thought may lie latent for centuries. As in the material no seed can grow unless the conditions of its development be fulfilled, so in the mental. Doubtless in the vast legacy of ideas bequeathed by past ages to this brilliant age are many that have never bloomed into action, and some that never will on earth. The momentous issues, the weighty truths, the grand and vital possibilities of good or evil, which they may enfold, still remain unseen. They have sought congenial soil in vain. There are prophetic thoughts which uttered long ago by holy lips, have floated down along the circling years without finding the means of full firm vigorous growth. The soul is conscious of ideas, so lofty, so firm, and so God-like, that they live only as germs. The mind in its present barrenness and coarseness exerts upon them, no developing force. There are ideas of greatness, goodness, and worth, that have never bloomed, save in the sinless character of Christ. Within us are conceptions of high and holy manhood, apprehensions of the sacred and sublime significance of life, that lie still in their seedvessels. Their winter is long, yet die they cannot. For thought is imperishable. Wave after wave of

social change bursts upon the nations and sweeps away the institutions of men. The broad panorama of the world's doings moves ceaselessly on. Mortals are hurried from the cradle to the grave, and all that's human rocks upon the sea of uncertainty. Let it rock. No created power can destroy a single germ of thought. In it lives the life of the author. "An author's works" says one "are not his mausoleum, but his incarnation, in which he still walks and talks among his fellows and his disciples, and shall never in death, still he sings in immortal verse, still his theses teach in the schools of philosophy. Still he stands before nature's secret altars, her high priest to all worshippers. Still he sways with burning periods the popular assembly, decrees judicial decisions, controls statesmanships and diplomacy, guides us through the mighty galleries of history, and watches through midnight vigils, with the lone student, beguiled by such companionship till the gray dawn smites his eyelids, and pales his faithful lamp."

WINTRY PICTURE.

LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes;

Where twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung;
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide;
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas, how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sung out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, with hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill air and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

Locals.

THE Sophomore Exhibitions for '75 will take place on Thursday evening, December 16.

WE are happy to inform our friends that there are about forty young ladies attending the Academy at present.

THE last meeting of our Missionary Society, was rendered doubly interesting by the presence of the Rev. Dr. Crawley, who gave us a very instructive and impressive address.

WE are forcibly reminded that winter is again drawing nigh. The outside doors of the college were hung to-day much to our annoyance. "The sound of hammers blow on blow" greatly disturbed the quiet of our "*sanctum sanctorum*."

Items.

HE was never much of a student, Tomkins wasn't. But as he sat that night toasting his shins on his "25 ironsides," and felt the classic shades of Old Acadia gather around him, while the spirits of those who had honored the ancient room seemed to move to and fro upon the dingy walls, his soul was stirred within him, and rising from the lounge, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and crawled into bed.

(G.) ASTRONOMICAL. On what do the inhabitants of the stars subsist? On the milky whey (way), of course.

A TOUCHY Senior remarks that the only height a Freshman attains to is the height of impudence.

Man is mister—Woman a mystery.

THEY were standing on the veranda of the Seminary, talking in low tones of the joy in store for them in the future; when she suddenly looked up into his face with a sweet smile:—

"Charlie, I am studying Latin that I may help you in your work some day."

"I am glad to hear it dear; translate this for me;"—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

A moments pause while she nestled closer to his side, and then she said;—"Come and see me on Monday."

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED,—A Freshman who during his late vacation was taken by his dear papa and mamma to see a travelling managerie, was last week questioned by a senior—who expects soon to take Holy Orders—as to the number and nature of the animals on exhibition. "O!" he replied, "there was hardly anything worth looking at; only a few monkies, such as you might see in any *Theological Garden*."

"It is said that doctors notoriously disagree on the interesting subject of engagements.

Some insist that it is a necessary middle state between the earthly bachelorhood and the heavenly marriage state; a sort of purgatory in which you become purified of your sins, before you can be qualified to enjoy the great happiness to come.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

Personals.

J. C. SPURR, A.B., '73, and teacher in Horton Collegiate Academy in '75, is now pursuing the study of theology at Newton.

REV. G. W. THOMAS, A.B., '73, recently paid us a short visit. Since he left our classic halls, he has been assiduously laboring among the people at Cape Canso and he has been wonderfully prospered in building up the church and cause there.

REV. G. F. CURRY, A.B., '74, came to Wolfville to bid us farewell a few weeks since. He has been elected by the Canadian Foreign Mission Board as a Missionary to the Telugu Country. He sailed from Halifax on the 2nd inst., for England, where he will shortly sail for the East.

MESSRS G. H. SMITH, and G. S. Freeman, have not returned since their vacation to continue their studies with the present junior class both being employed in teaching the young ideas how to shoot.

H. W. RAND, A.B., '73, is now engaged in studying Medicine at Bellevue Medical College, New York.

MR. F. O. WEEKS, a former member of the present senior class, has again resumed study within our classical walls.

E. M. CHESLEY, A.B., '70, whose "Notes from Harvard" appear in this issue is studying at that University. He will please accept thanks for the article.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE have received the amount of subscriptions from the following:—

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