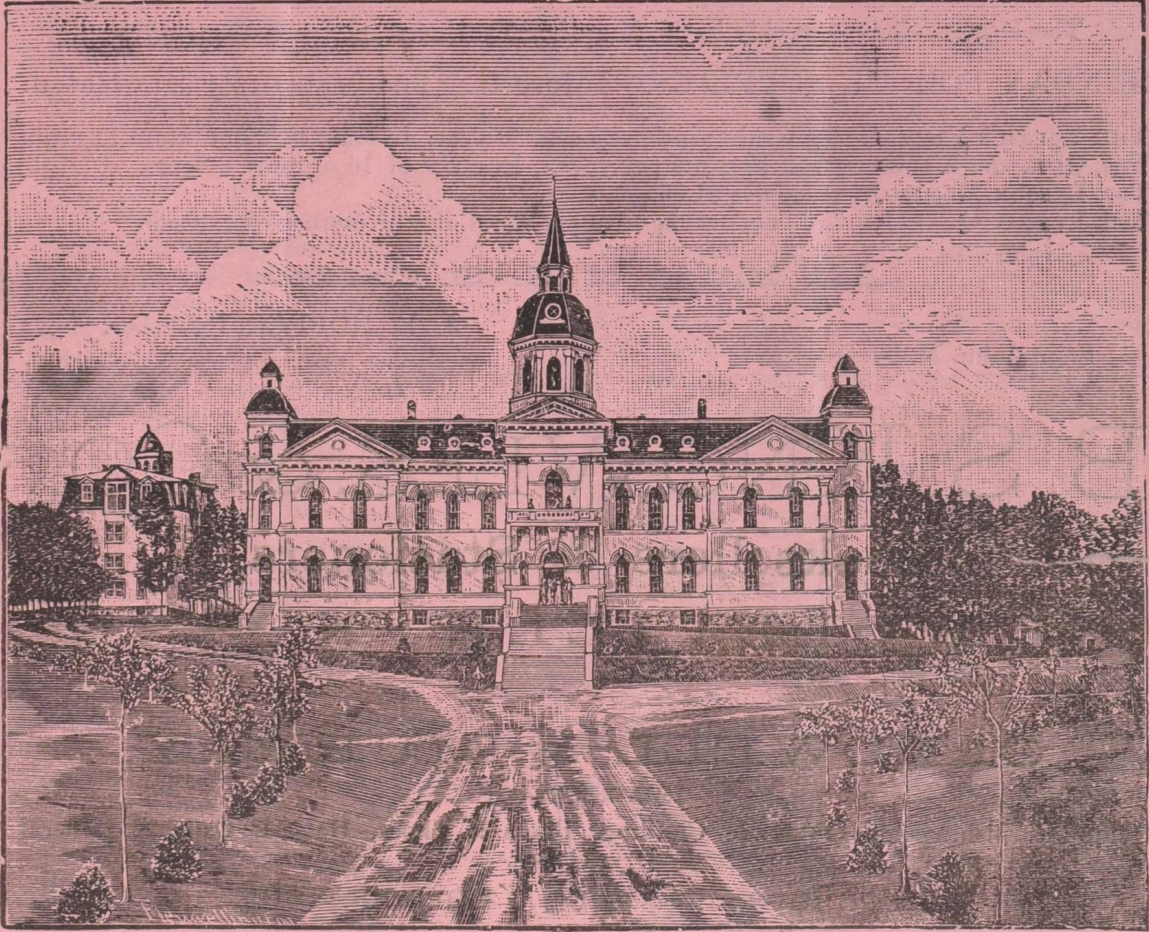


March, 1881.

Vol. VII., No. 56

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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VOL. 7

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1881.

No 6.

AN EPIC PASTORAL.

CANTO I

'Tis sweet to roam when on the sight
There comes a lonely caterwaul,
Your dark grey hair turns black with fright,
As on the shades of night you call:—
"O, tell me where's yon music sweet
That burst upon my ravished ear:"—
Then accents low your spirits greet,
"Oh! 'tis the linnet in his lair."

'Tis sweet to skate when fields of ice
Are covered with a mantle green,
And swarms of pretty little mice
Rush swiftly o'er the glistening sheen:
Swift as the winged sloth you crawl,
Beneath a fiery blazing moon;
The dandelions quickly fall,
As swift you chase a rushing loon.

'Tis sweet to sail, when, o'er the land,
The gentle zephyr roars and shrieks;
Viewing the calm blue sea you stand,
While every timber bends and creaks:
And now with bleeding heart you sing
"A home upon the rolling deep,"
And now you make the welkin ring,
As softly in your cot you sleep.

'Tis sweet to swim, when, o'er the tide
Stern Winter holds his gentle sway;
'Mid icebergs tall to swiftly glide
Nor for the lordly minnows stay:
Now on a foam-capt wave you sit,
Now chase the swiftly rushing shark;
Now round the shores you madly flit,
Chased by an unrelenting lark.

'Tis sweet to stroll when sunlight pale
Rolls wildly o'er the moonlit seas,
And the gentle song of the lonely whale
Goes madly past on the starry breeze:
To sit beneath a mushroom tall,
And list to the tale of a toadstool sweet,
While aloft in the trees the carrots bawl,
And the turnip goes by on a rushing beet.

CANTO II

How sweet to roam when morning light
Resounds across the deep,

And the crystal song of the woodbine bright
Hushes the rocks to sleep:
When the blood-red moon in the blaze of noon,
Is hid by a crumbling dew,
And the wolf rings out with a glittering shout
Too whit! too whit! too whoo!

How sweet to stroll where the pale moonlight
Shrieks madly overhead,
And the ruby song of the midget white
Rushes by on a panting sled:
While the sands of time rush madly past,
Like a shark upon the wing,
Or sit upon a cloudless blast,
And a song of triumph sing.

How sweet to sweep the briny deep,
On the crest of a mighty star,
Or to seize the tale of a comet pale
In those pearly depths afar:
To swiftly fly through the azure sky
On a red hot lightning rod,
Or to plunge the sun for a bit of fun
In the mouth of a mighty cod.

KAYOSHK.

MORNING.

When soft-fingered morning awakens in glee,
And with roguish delight opes the eyes of the
East,
The hot flush of love mantles wayward and free
To her fresh, downy cheeks; while her lips
are a feast
So invitingly ruddy, so temptingly sweet
With the nectar of ripeness, the glimmer of
pearl,
That her dew-bathed lover arouses to greet
And clasp close to his bosom the golden haired
girl.
March 4, 1881. J. R. H.

NOVEL READING.

We have not seen anything upon Novel
Reading that is more concise and yet more
comprehensive than what is contained in
Henry Rogers' admirable *Greyson Letters*.

As the ATHENÆUM has seldom had an article upon this subject, perhaps we cannot do better than present an epitome of these four epistles, as the volume in which they are found is not likely in the hands of many of our readers. In giving the epitome, the language of the racy and original writer will be as closely adhered to as possible. The first of these letters embraces those points which have been set forth times without number; and the other three dwell upon what is little attended to, but what is nevertheless more important. In the latter, the author shows the evil influence of an immoderate use of fictitious works upon practical benevolence, and the hardening effects of excessive sensibility. But we will look at the subject in the order in which Mr. Rogers has treated it.

Novels are not by any means to be indiscriminately condemned. Every thing depends upon the quality and quantity. The *imagination* is a faculty given us by God for development; and it is healthfully stimulated by works of fiction of a high order. *Taste* should be cultivated, and works of fiction, inspired by real genius, have a beneficial tendency in that direction. Novels often inculcate important lessons of life and conduct in a more pleasing form than the simple didactic style admits of; and when based on knowledge of human nature, and developed with dramatic skill, may teach many an important truth of moral philosophy, more effectively than an abstruse treatise. When the *style* is what it should be, they increase our knowledge of language, and give us greater command over it. And as mental relaxation is a need of all who are diligent in their employments, such relaxation is easily and legitimately found in the occasional perusal of a judicious work of fiction.

Now the immense majority of novels, have no tendency to fulfil any of the ends indicated, but have a directly contrary effect. The number of *good* novels at command is more than one can possibly read, so that there is no excuse for indulg-

ing in trumpery. Inferior novels enfeeble the intellect—impoverish the imagination—vulgarize taste and style—give false or distorted views of life and human nature,—and, what is perhaps worst than all, waste that precious time which might be given to solid improvement. The mind sinks insensibly to the level of such books, and as the appetite for reading trash becomes more and more voracious and indiscriminate, it leaves neither power nor inclination to appreciate better books. If the reader does not feel that what he reads is worth reading *for its own sake*,—that he could read it over again with pleasure;—if he does not feel that the incidents are naturally conceived, the scenes vividly described, the dialogue dramatic and piquant, the characters sharply drawn, he may be sure the book is worthless. No fiction is *intellectually*, worth anybody's reading, that has not considerable merit as a work of art; and such works are ever felt to be worth reading again, often with increase of interest. It is indeed the truest test of all the highest efforts of this kind;—new beauties steal out upon us on each perusal. If for a while no fiction is read but such as will bear to be often read, the taste will become pure and elevated, and a bad novel will grow hateful.

And too many even of the very best novels may be read. The imagination may be too much stimulated and developed, till it at length stunts all the severer faculties which demand a proportional culture. Relaxation to be of any value should be moderate—the confectionary of ordinary diet. Keep a novel for an hour of well-earned leisure, or as relief after arduous duty, and the fare will be doubly delicious. When ordinary books of a sober and instructive character are read with disrelish, when practical duties are returned to with reluctance and the work-a-day world looks sombre and sad-colored to you, rest assured that you have been lingering too long in fairy-land, and indulging too much in day-dreams.

All inordinate indulgence in works of fiction tends to pervert our views of life instead of enlarging them, which, if judiciously chosen, and read in moderation, they will do; and to quench benevolence, which, under similar restrictions, they will tend to cherish. The young mind is but too prone of itself to live in a world of fancy; but this tendency, difficult to control at the best, is apt to be fatally strengthened by undue indulgence in fictitious literature. Strange as it may seem, its effect is still more pernicious on *benevolence*. Sympathy and sensibility depend in a very high degree on the activity of the imagination—on our power of vividly picturing to ourselves the joys and sorrows of others, and yet excess in reading fiction tends to weaken practical benevolence, and a morbid indulgence of sympathy and sensibility is but too likely to end in extinguishing benevolence altogether. As sympathy with *fictitious* distress, and sensibility to it increases, active benevolence may be in precisely inverse ratio. This depends on a curious law of our mental mechanism which was pointed out by Bishop Butler. This great philosopher lays bare these two facts, viz., “That, from our very faculty of habits, passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker, and that practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated acts.” As long as the balance is maintained between the stimulus given to *imagination* with the consequent *emotions*, on the one hand, and our *practical habits*, which those emotions are chiefly designed to form and strengthen, on the other, so long the stimulus of the imagination will not stand in the way of benevolence, but aid it; and, therefore, if persons will read a novel *extra* now and then, let them impose upon themselves the corrective of some extra visits to the abodes of poverty and distress; and thus keep a sort of debtor and creditor account of sentimental indulgence and practical benevolence. But if benevolent feeling be separated from action, then Butler’s paradox becomes a ter-

rible truth and “the heart is not made better,” but worse, by it. The poverty, misfortune, and vulgarity which real benevolence encounters, are carefully excluded from works of fiction, and so that fastidiousness is created which if the practice of benevolence has not been in proportion, cannot tolerate the repulsive features which present themselves when benevolence would be practised. Pleasurable sympathy with *fictitious* distress, and benevolent desire to relieve *real*, differ infinitely. Sentimental philanthropists, who reveal in secret well-doing, transcend the Gospel maxim of not “letting their left hand know what their right hand doeth,” for they let neither “right” nor their “left hand” know anything of the matter.

So little is emotion,—even the best and most refined,—in itself any index of virtue, that emotion may be awakened, and indeed *is* so, by every practical advance in virtue. While our passive emotions decay in vividness by repetition, our practical habits *strengthen* by exercise; so that a man may be advancing in moral excellence by that very course which deadens his emotions. Novel reading young ladies and gentlemen often entirely mistake the matter, when they call a man hard-hearted only because he does not display all the sensations and clamorous sentiments of their own important benevolence, but just quietly *does* all that they talk of, and perhaps *blubber* about. A benevolent medical man may take off a limb as coolly as he would eat his dinner, and yet feel ten times as much real sensibility for the sufferer as a fine lady who would run away, hide her face in her hands, and throw herself on a sofa in the most approved attitude for fainting or hysterics at the sight of even a drop of blood. Those who indulge in superfluous expressions of sentiment are always neophytes in virtue at the best; and, what is worse, they are very often among the most heartless of mankind. Sterne and Rosseau were types of this class, having in perfection the “form” of virtue, but “denying the power thereof.”

RYE.

BENEFITS OF STUDY.

In this age of great mental activity, when it is in the power of all to obtain a liberal education, we are constrained to think that mental power is of greater value than mere physical energy. We fully believe that, by the cultivation of the mind, we will not only open up to ourselves new realms of enjoyment, but will also provide ourselves with the best means of future advancement. We look down with a sort of pity upon those who care not to develop their mental capabilities, but are content to plod heavily along the monotonous level of a merely corporal existence. As the range of our intellectual vision widens from day to day, and we realize that we are as yet merely on the outskirts of the Universe of mind, in which are vast regions yet to be explored, mysteries great and profound yet to be fathomed, we may feel discouraged at the immensity of the task we have undertaken, and shrink back from its performance. But the mind when once aroused to a sense of its own powers, and a realization of its capabilities for pure intellectual enjoyment, cannot sink back into the pursuit of mere animal pleasures. Thus it is, that, though often weary and disheartened, we still press along the rugged pathway, climb slowly and toilsomely upward, culling here and there a fragrant flower from amongst the thorns, ever and anon mounting some higher pinnacle and gazing gladsomely over an ever widening prospect, till we feel that we are fully repaid for all our labor.

To, feel that, independent of a ceaseless whirl of fleeting and unsatisfactory pleasures, that keep up a phantom dance before the eyes of many seekers after happiness, we have means of enjoyment pure and lasting; to realize from day to day that there are within our reach heights yet untrod, and that there are new and surpassing beauties yet to be revealed, is in itself a pleasurable emotion. Till we learn somewhat of the capabilities of our minds, we are dependent to a great extent upon those

around us. Physical pursuits and pleasures cannot well be enjoyed in solitude. Thus the company of others becomes essential, and as we go on in such a life, it falls upon us, fleetier and fleetier must the whirl of gayety and the glittering phantasm's of pleasure flit on, luring us to new disappointment. We say not that the life of a hermit or a recluse is desirable, for man's nature craves the society of kindred dispositions. But we should be able in and of ourselves, independent of all others, to enjoy life. This we contend can be only fully done by mind culture.

To go forth from toiling crowd and dusty streets into some forest glen, or upon the summit of some mountain peak, and there commune with nature; to stand upon some sea washed shore, and watch the onward march of the crested billows till they break in thunder, and are hurled back discomfited, to glide smoothly along some calm expanse of lake or river, flashing back as from a silver mirror bright rays from moon or twinkling star, while naught is heard save the flashing music of the oars: this is the poetry of life, and how much greater is the pleasure derived therefrom when the mind has been carefully trained and cultivated.

Then, indeed, is there a voice of melody in every sighing wind that causes the forest giants to bend in wierd obeisance, and a lesson in every tinted flower and delicate fern that deck our forest glades; then is there a grandeur in the roll and roar of the emerald surges as they hurl their mighty legions against the trembling cliffs; then, also, is there a sublimity in the calm stillness that broods over the moonlit tide, and music in the measured flashing of the oars.

And, to the student, weary and worn with ceaseless study and indoor life, it is a doubly-prized blessing to be able to spend hours of dreamy thought out in the pure sunlight, drinking in health and gladness. None can appreciate the pleasures of such hours more than he, and none can derive more profit as well as enjoyment therefrom. The open books of nature are often more

instructive than the dry and dusty tomes over which mind and body have toiled and ached, but to be rightly read and properly appreciated the mind must first be trained by a systematic course of study.

Therefore, even if we think the knowledge we are acquiring may not prove of much practical benefit, we should, nevertheless, for the sake of our own personal enjoyment, cultivate our minds to the greatest possible extent. We need not fear that we will ever find ourselves, like Alexander of old, sighing for worlds to conquer. The domain of mind is too vast to be thus easily subdued. The farther we advance, the more difficulties we overcome, the more we realize the grand possibilities before us. Then let us press steadily on till we arrive as near the goal as a short life permits.

KAYOSHK.

Beauty is inexplicable; it appears to us a dream, when we contemplate the works of great artists; it is a hovering, floating, and glittering shadow whose outline eludes the grasp of definition.—*Goethe*.

Literary Notes.

A new "History of Ireland" is being written by Canon Bourke.

Three Japanese ladies attend Vassar College, one of whom is class leader.

It is announced that Leo xiii, intends to publish catalogues of the great Vatican Library.

There are over 7,000 Americans studying in the German Schools and Universities.

Anybody who wants the Autograph Manuscript of Dicken's Christmas Carols, can have it for \$1,500.

A life of Sir. John Franklin, the Arctic Explorer, is soon to be published in the "new Plutarch Series."

One of the most interesting volumes of student experience is *My College Days*, by Robert Tomes; published by Harper & Brothers.

Leslie Stephens' *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* has lately been re-issued in a Second American Edition

The name of the first book published in Greenland is "Kaladlit Okalluktualisit Kaladlisut Kabluatuds." Perhaps some would like to read it? One copy has reached this country.

Mr. Froude was made Carlyle's literary executor, and he says that the papers left in his hands are extremely voluminous. They include several thousand lessons, his journals, memoirs of Mrs. Carlyle, etc.

Sir. E. S. Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* is a book that every young student of history will do well to read, and the American Book Exchange makes it possible for every one to read it, by printing it for thirty five cents.

The first college paper ever started was at Dartmouth in 1800. It was called the *Gazette*, and is long since defunct. Among its first contributors was Daniel Webster.

Those who know say that Lord Beaconsfield has another finished novel laid away in his desk ready to be produced when the interest in *Endymion* begins to grow a little cold. "One political novel a year," he says, is enough.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated into twenty languages, including Arabia, Armenian, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, and Welch. There are fourteen different German and four different French versions.

A Small Pronouncing Manual has been recently published by the Appletons, embracing about 3,500 words which are often mispronounced, and giving in each case the true pronunciation. "It ought to lie on the table of every man and woman who would pronounce words as they ought to be pronounced.

Personals.

Dr. Schurman will deliver the next lecture before our Society. Subject:—Carlyle as seer."

'81. W. F. Parker, is spending a few days at his home in Dartmouth, on account of illness.

'83. Fred Shand and his room-mate, W. C. Goucher, have also gone to their homes from a similar cause.

'81. C. L. Eaton, of Halifax, has been obliged to give up study again. His physician says that rest will restore his former good health.

'84. E. G. Sibley has also gone home unwell and will not return this year.

A. B. Shield, formerly a student of the Academy and known among us as "the artist," is studying at the Academy in Worcester, Mass.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

CHIEF EDITORS:

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Terms. 50cts. in Advance. Postage prepaid.

Communications for publication to be addressed to "Editors of THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM." Business letters and letters containing money to be handed to the Secretary, or addressed to "The Secretary of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM."

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How quickly time flies. The remark is trite; but there are occasions when the fact comes to us with all the force of novelty, and it must find expression. The Springs seem to come nearer together as years accumulate, like the telegraph posts, as seen from a train moving with accelerated speed. Here we are near the end of March, and already we have had days that have been earnest of Spring. How refreshing they have been. Old Winter and young Spring will go hand in hand for a little now. Some winter days and nights yet, but the golden sunshine and verdant fields are coming to stay a while, and we'll prize them all the more if Winter is desperate towards the last. Our winters produce a pent-up Utica feeling, but it is almost worth while to have them for the freedom and exhilaration which follow in their wake.

And this is one of the best places to be in Spring time. The reports of the June anniversaries, which go abroad through the newspapers, are generally rigged out fore and aft with glowing accounts of the beauties of this classic spot. Though some of this may nauseate, we have not yet been injuriously affected by them. We value the beauty that clothes this Village and surroundings more highly now than when we first enjoyed it. Let those who dwell in dingy towns laugh at us if they will, we find that we can bear it when we have the sweetest air of heaven to breathe and Nature's richest charms to feast upon. While bidding adieu to Winter, with gratitude that it has dealt so gently with us, we extend our warmest welcome to joyous, inspiring Spring.

WE were much amused by the pretty little editorial in the last *Gazette* on the Rev. D. A. Steele, of Amherst. It was so chaste and elegant, so cogent in its reasoning, so truly *Dalhousian* in its diction, that we derived exceeding pleasure from its perusal. Knowing well the Rev. gentlemen alluded to, the piece had for us a peculiar significance. The modesty of the first paragraph especially arrested our attention. We think perhaps the editors made themselves out just a very little less important than they are, placed their position in the intellectual world slightly lower than we would have done. We, however, doubt not that in point of size and ability they are at least above the average of ordinary "*eels in vinegar*." As to their desire to shine in print, and as to whether their ideas are new or second hand we know not. We are sorry they forgot to put their name "at the bottom," however, as they cannot now be quite "supremely happy." Their names being at the top, will, however, atone slightly for this forgetfulness. After this very modest little introduction, descriptive of their own literary capabilities, they commence their panegyric on Mr. Steele. After reading it

we did not look upon the first paragraph as being so very much underdrawn after all, and were led to believe that their modesty is only equalled by their need therefor. It must have been a proud and happy day for Mr. S. when he saw his name blazoned forth in the *Gazette*. It was indeed a distinction worth a lifetime of literary toil, and we heartily congratulate our learned and esteemed friend.

And now we will turn from the preceding topic, and meditate for a moment or two on Dalhousie College, etc. What an inherent horror Dalhousie has of the word *Presbyterian*, and how fondly it clings to that spectral adjective *undenominational*. Sometimes even fancying that it can see the magic word *Provincial* glimmering in ghostly characters across the dingy College walls.

We cannot ascertain upon what grounds Dalhousie claims superiority over the other Colleges of the Province. The *Gazette*, which may be regarded as the mouth-piece of the College, is significantly silent as to any real reasons for so elevating Dalhousie. It is true that the editors manage very frequently to get off some high sounding platitudes concerning the lofty status of their College, etc., but we merely look upon this as an amusing and certainly a harmless recreation on their part. But when or where did they ever bring forth any facts or arguments to sustain their grandiloquent assertions?

It is also true that Dalhousie last year graduated three students, two, at least, of whom stood high in their class, and even took prizes. Now that is certainly praiseworthy, but it does not justify a proud or arrogant demeanor. Truly great minds are not unduly exalted by triumphs however great.

And then the advantages connected with studying in the venerable structure that overlooks the fresh and enchanting scenery of the Parade cannot be too highly prized. But even such advantages should not excite undue elation. Now we have kindly

given the editors of the *Gazette* two reasons for the present exaltation of Dalhousie. If they can think of any others we shall be most happy to hear them. But please don't inflict upon us any more mere empty braggadocio.

THERE are numbers to whom this paper comes, who look forward to entering College. Some may be in the last stages of their preparation work. Perhaps a word of advice would be gladly received and used to profit. This we will venture to give.

Above all *be thorough*. If a thing is only half known to day, a short time hence it is likely to be among the things that are not known at all. What is well understood will stick like burrs. Make no promise to yourselves that "the deficiencies of the past will be supplied by the future." Each term will be found to have its appropriate employment. *Love your work*. Do not be "always looking over the edge of it, wanting the play to begin."

Lay a firm and broad foundation for your College course. This will do much towards enhancing the enjoyment of subsequent study, and ensuring large results from the four years work. In Classics, make sure of the familiarity of the grammars. No amount of text gone over loosely can compensate for deficiency of knowledge as to the construction of sentences and the relation of part to part. Given little grammar on entering, and the result, in the majority of cases, will be a hoodwinked march through the gardens of ancient literature.

In Mathematics, master the Arithmetic by all means. The ease or difficulty with which coming work will be performed in the room of blackboards and chalk, will depend materially upon the completeness or incompleteness of this mastery. If the students' mathematical examination papers show little margin, the General Geometry and Calculus is more than likely to prove his task-master, and a hard master it will

be found to be. Given a tottering foundation in Mathematics and a struggler in the quick-sands may be seen a little in the distance without any great stretch of imagination. There is intense satisfaction in feeling one's feet down hard on the mathematical rocks, and in walking right through the mathematical assignments touching bottom at every step.

What is said respecting Classics and Mathematics, may, in a general way, be applied to all the other branches required for matriculation. Better postpone entrance one year or more and then go into daylight than pass in haste into a hazy region. Given studious habits and a good foundation on entering College, and at the end of the four years course there will appear a comely superstructure.

Advice may be called "cheap," but it is not always useless. On beginning this it was not our intention to cross the threshold of the College and say anything with respect to the work subsequent to donning the gown, but as the inclination now seizes us we may be allowed the satisfaction of doing so.

Don't think that on leaving the High School or Academy that the hardest work is over. It is yet to come. Enter upon it with a determination to do your best in performing it. The most valuable kind of genius is the genius for hard work. Remember the "Hare and the Tortoise." *Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus*, if we may indulge in a Latin quotation.

You need not turn yourself into a machine, but have *some* system for guidance. Don't try to act as though you were not part physical. Let the time set apart for work be used absorbingly for that purpose. Stay out of the ranks of those who are "like omnibuses, stopping to take up every interest or task that beckons from the sidewalk." Endeavor to make every branch of study a means of advancement, to a greater or less extent, in every other. Put the question *Cui bono* honestly or not at all. Be attentive in the class room. The professor is not supposed to be uttering

trifles. The extra reading done had better be to get a more extended view of the subjects assigned in the regular course. Few are likely again to have access to such works as are now at the students' disposal; and if certain periods of history and certain works of literature are not read while at College, they are not likely to be read afterwards.

Probably too little is made in our day of conversation. This great means of mental improvement in the age of Socrates has been largely superseded by books. When the student leaves his room, wearied by poring over the printed page, he is only too ready to joke and to talk carelessly and aimlessly. But conversation should still be made, as it can be, a valuable source of improvement. "Ready" men are wanted as well as "full" and "exact" men. Of course it is not to be expected, that one who applies himself closely to study should not intend on laying aside his book, but it is not necessary to lapse into looseness and carelessness which beget ungainly habits. Students should serve as wholesome checks and as monitors in correcting each others mistakes and blunders, and thereby encourage that well-weighed consideration and that careful mode of expression which is characteristic of the educated.

It is a fact that among the majority there is a backwardness in meeting College requirements in the way of essay writing. But no one can afford to neglect so profitable a means of education. The topics assigned usually demand considerable investigation and some original thought, and these are eminently productive of good results. Familiarity with our own tongue is increased, and exactness of knowledge is gained by these exercises. In carefully writing a composition, numerous questions of philology, history, biography, etc., arise apart from the subject proper.

Be a thinker. Test what others have to offer, and so do something more than simply accept their opinions, like callow birds that open their mouths to be fed. A man who thinks little is like an eagle that flies near

the ground. Seek moral culture. Could stores of learning and a good degree of mental training be secured without all this toil, an invaluable element, secured only by this long process, would be wanting. We ought not to wish for any "short cut" or "royal road." This term *Education* is very broad. "Man's moral nature is nobler than his mental, as the architrave is above the pedestal."

This all arose from taking a retrospective glance. While the thoughts may not be wholly unworthy of the regard of those advised, the adviser has not been harmed by persuing them. The *ex cathedra* style may be excused on the ground of its being conducive to brevity.

ARMS AND LEGS.

Now it is Rowell and Weston at Gilmore's Gardens; and now it is Hanlan and Trickett on the Thames. "Dr." Tanner's performance at Clarendon Hall forms an interlude. Stomach sandwiched between legs and arms. Most every secular periodical has its "Sporting World" column. A man pulls a boat rapidly over the water, becomes the centre of admiring crowds, is received with pomp wherever he goes, comes to possess a plethoric purse, has his name heralded abroad over continents—in short is made a demi-god. Our old horse, "Punch" (the oarsman Charon long since oared him o'er the Styx) was notoriously strong, but he was not attached to extemporized loads used for the purpose of seeing how much he could draw. Nor was he fed, like Caligula's steed, on gilded oats and kept in a marble stall. And why not?

How important for a man to be endowed with some extraordinary bodily strength or agility, if he has not the moral courage to withstand the influence exerted by a sordid public taste to drag him into the sportsmen's arena. The great physical qualification, instead of being attended with correspondingly great results of a useful nature, is diverted so as to be not only

useless, but the occasion of evil. Money is of value for what it will procure, and the miser, by hoarding it, robs it of its only prerogative. A man develops muscle and it is no good to him nor any one else if this development is made an end. The former may do little injury to others by his greed; but the latter become a centre of immorality. It is better to be a dexterous ditcher than a far famed pedestrian or the champion oarsman of the world. The humble laborer earns an honest living and is a public benefactor. By the way, this word "champion" once signified an espouser of a cause, a defender of truth. How it has been degraded! "But men want enjoyment and recreation and these they must have." Of course they do and of course they must; but should they make these their business, and between kinds of pleasure are they to make no discrimination? It is not easy to tell which has the greater influence over the attendants upon these athletic exhibitions, the desire for "sport" or the gambling propensity. Some one suggested a definition of *man* that supercedes Plato. It is this: Man is a *betting* animal. Were Sampson to come around here now what a demand there would be for him. What a "catch" he would be for the sportsmen of our capital and their less enthusiastic rural imitators. They would pounce upon him to enter the list as something more than a specialist, and they would win wealth from over the oceans.

It is well to seek strength and fleetness if the design is to use the added power to good purpose. If by rowing matches, all who ply the oar are stimulated to become more proficient in performing what of this work comes within the duties of their vocation, or in pulling through the surging surf to snatch souls from the sinking ships, then let boat races continue if they do not cost more than they come to. But while the best oarsmen are "unproductive" laborers, the sedulous rowing world is little affected by their swift and graceful glidings over waveless waters in slender shells. If

by walking matches people are incited to move around from place to place on foot and save their cab hire and train fare, all very well, supposing that their time is of less value than their money, and that by this rick, pedestrianism feet are not made to run to evil. Steam locomotion is wont to be looked upon as a tide-mark of progress, but moderns must revive primitive times with a rational purpose in walking eliminated. Our grandfathers would step out on a hundred-mile walk because they had no other mode of transit, and each one of them would go farther in the run of a year than all these "professionals" put together, without making any fuss about it either; but we, their grand children, living as we do at a time when we hear so much about feats of feet, must call for a carriage to go to a neighboring village. A fitting sequel to encompassing the ring so many times in so many hours, would be for the emaciated tramps to use remaining strength in betaking themselves to the abode of lunatics, followed, of course, by infatuated spectators.

A jackass may haul a ton of hay, and suppose a man is made so strong that he too can do the same, should he get into the shafts and drag around that load for years to be the gazing-stock and wonder of weaker men? Rowing for the sake of rowing and being looked at; walking for the sake of walking and being cheered, etc., wherein do these differ from usurping the donkey's place? Yet after all there might not be any great objection to a *homo* turning *asinus* if he desired to do so, provided the change would work no injury to others; but if others must undergo the same metamorphoses, and thousands must crowd around the prodigies and rattle their gold, and drink their rum, and brandish their fists, and newspapers must devote columns to reports, and telegraph wires must be clogged, then it is his high time for some people to step in and create such a stiff breeze of public opinion as shall blow away the nuisance! Some weeks ago we re-

ceived an illustrated book entitled, "Life of Edward Hanlan," containing a complete record of his aquatic victories, and were requested by the publishers to give it favorable notice. Not quite! Mind is in the ascendant here yet. There is a large hero-worship element in us, but it does not take the form of worshipping brute force. Athletic sports have their place around Colleges and elsewhere too, but they are to be kept within proper limits and never allowed to hold more than a subordinate and subsidiary place. Let the advocates of our so-called "physical culture," who point to the influence of the classic games, note the difference between the character and relative effects of the physical training of today and that of the Hellenic race.

One of our recent lecturers alluded to a fact which called the blush of shame to our cheek. A patriotic statesman, less regarded when gone, than he who gained notoriety through what he had in common with the dray horse! The last resting place of one of Nova Scotia's most illustrious sons is marked by a plain obelisk of such granite as his native Province affords, while the very metropolis in which he labored and died had \$3,000 to expend in erecting a monument to a champion oarsman. This monument, which stands upon a bold promontory, looking seaward, should bear the terse inscription, "LIFE IS OAR." Surely there is need that all rightly disposed persons should labor for the elevation of public sentiment.

R. Y. E.

Voices from the Hill.

And now he is sad and disconsolate.
Grief rends his heart. Cruelly she voted
with the *negatives*!

A Senior who officiates in a neighboring pulpit when called upon to recite in Constitutional History on Monday morning, replied: "Excuse me, Professor, I was away all day yesterday."

Uneasiness and sorrow have recently

lengthened the countenances of the once jovial "Cads," and bowed their stalwart frames. The cause thereof was the unrighteous decree of our lynx-eyed teachers in the Academy, that, in the Greek and Latin Examinations, no books of any kind were to be taken into class. And as the injured "Cads" gazed sadly over their Greek and Latin, skilfully adorned with marginal references and quaint interlineations, can we wonder that they sank down sick and broken-hearted. Our only wonder is that the hard-hearted preceptors still live.

Wolfville is justly regarded as a very healthy locality. The students seldom suffer from any disease or epidemic whatever. Unfortunately, however, one of the students being exposed to scarlet fever during the holidays contracted the disease and brought it to the building on his return. Several have since been ill, some of whom, having sufficiently recovered, have gone to their homes. Preventives are being used and every precaution taken to hinder its progress, and it is hoped no more cases will be developed. *All are now recovering.*

"The Hon. Joseph Howe," was the subject of the admirable lecture delivered before the Athenæum by J. W. Longley, Esq., (71,) of Halifax, on Friday evening the 18th of February. The early announcement of this lecture, the well known talent of the speaker and the eminently interesting subject, combined in securing a large audience. Mr. Longley discussed the principles of Responsible Government and those of Liberalism in a broad and liberal sense, as held and advocated by Howe, and in a manner becoming his tact, talent, and good judgment. We have no hesitancy in pronouncing the lecture *able* and *sound*. We hope Mr. Longley may appear before our society again.

One of our fellow-students has been lately detained from class by some affection of the jaw. Whether caused by undue exertion in trying to twist down long German

polysyllables, or by an unusually vigorous effort to masticate some of the venerable but yet sinewy beef which is here considered necessary to the building up of a mathematical intellect, we are unable to decide, though our judgment leans strangely toward the latter assumption. If indeed he had the hardihood to use his jaws as a mill for grinding those fossilized remnants of some putrified bovine, we pity him not, and consider he has escaped wonderfully well with only a slight fracture of the jaw. It would take an animal with two jawbones similiar to that with which Samson slew the Philistines to pass the ordeal uninjured.

Some new developments in the stove line have come to light since our last issue. A stove belonging to two of our worthy Seniors, and also possessing a goodly complement of pipe, has become so imbued with the ceaseless mental and physical activity that characterize the "Hill," that it is altogether discontented with its present standing, and, now and then, awakens our wonder, admiration and even awe by the preternatural agility with which it attempts to emigrate into a more congenial clime, where its undoubted merits as a stove will be more fully recognized. So far, however, the agile adroitness of the Seniors has prevented its escape, and, after a little fiery ebullition, it has subsided into its normal state of repose.

We understand that the Pierian Society lately debated upon this interesting subject, whether the single or the married state be preferable. We doubt not that the debate was skilfully conducted on both sides, and that the decision arrived at is a fair index of the opinion of the majority upon the question under discussion. That decision was, that single blessedness is preferable to the married state, and it was emphasized by a majority of nine. Now our views are in the fullest harmony with those of the fair members of the "Pierian," and we believe the decision to be the best that could be arrived at under the circumstances.

We therefore most heartily endorse it. The *Windsor Mail* has darkly hinted that the majority might be induced to change their minds, but, in behalf of our "Pierian" friends, we need not hesitate to hurl back such an insinuation, and declare that the decision is as unchanging as a decree of the Medes and Persians. And now we ask the "Pierians" to sanction our declaration by remaining true to their decision, and heeding not the blandishments hinted at by the editor of the *Mail*.

Notwithstanding the short notice given and the fact that only one week had elapsed since Mr. Longley's lecture, the Academy Hall contained an unusually large audience on Friday evening, the 25th ult., to hear Rev. C. B. Pitblado deliver his lecture on, "Our Great Northwest." The gentleman evidently seemed to have a deep consciousness of the great importance of that portion of the Dominion, and believed it to be intimately connected with the future commercial and political welfare of our country. By contrasting it with the United States and our own Province he gave a clear conception of its vast extent and extraordinary fertility. He held that the country itself could amply pay out of its own resources all the expenses of railroads and other means of opening it up to settlers. Mr. Pitblado vigorously denounced the meanness of that spirit which would prompt a man to barter away his national birthright for the sake of mere personal gain, and strongly urged the nourishment of a loyal and patriotic sentiment, which, in its ennobling and exalting influences on men, he deemed worthy of a place among the highest religious and moral emotions. Several eloquent passages were enthusiastically applauded; and the audience dispersed happier and wiser than when they assembled.

More noble souls have been smothered in luxury, than were ever killed by hunger.
—*Froude*.

Exchange Notes.

In the *Beacon* we find two poems peculiarly appropriate to a college paper, entitled respectively, the "Freshman's Lament" and "A Local Lyric." Sympathy and pity welled up in our hearts as we read the former, and applauded "Freshman's" heroic resolve. A few more such poems and we also would cause Olney to describe a Logarithmic Spiral, and then seek our fortunes in the Golden West. Perhaps we might there encounter Old Olney himself. And how we would shake his shapely hand, while tears of joy would run down our cheeks, and then how adroitly we would steal off at a tangent and strain him with the polar axis, of a parabola. We would not advise our musical Sophs. to read the "Local Lyric," or, perhaps; "Golden Slippers" may have to take a back seat, and the classic chorus:—

"Psychology! Psychology!
Farewell old time frivolity," &c.

henceforth render night hideous. Don't do it now! *Don't do it!*

In the *Haverfordian*, and also in other of our Exchanges, we notice articles about "Cramming." Some designate the Crammer as a lazy student, passing the term in indolence, and then devouring the whole term's work in a few weeks. Not so the *Haverfordian*. Whilst we roundly condemn all such crammers, we yet hold that the best and most diligent student, however he may toil during term, is compelled at its close to systematically cram. An ordinary memory cannot retain a heterogeneous mass of Greek verbs and Grammatical References, geometrical and chemical formula, &c. Nor is it necessary so to do. No one unless he have the memory of a Seneca or a Macaulay can pretend to memorize the work gone over in a college term. 'Tis only by much despised *cramming* that one can expect to stand the test of an examination, such that it would be impossible to answer all the questions given even though the answers thereto distilled ready-made from pen or pencil.

We have received the *Thirteenth Annual Report of the British American Book and Tract Society* and also a number of periodicals circulated by said Society. The work done during the past year has been unusually successful, and we trust that the Society may be abundantly blessed in the future. The Periodicals we have received are of a varied and useful character, but as they are already well and favorably known, we forbear comment.

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