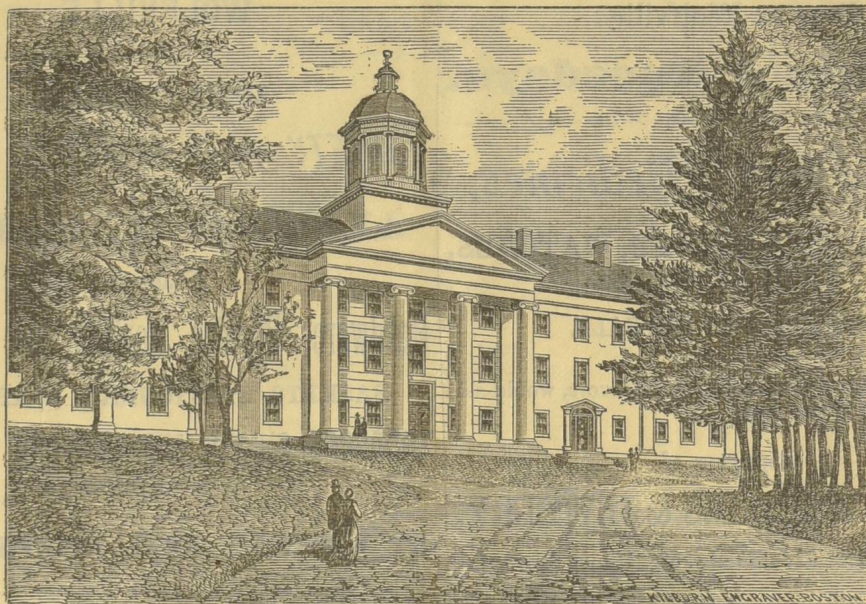


April, 1877.

Vol. III. No. 6.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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Sept., 1876.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1877.

No 6.

[Original Poetry.]

Gradatim.

There is no point to mark progression's limit,
Since high as we may climb,
We find on reaching what we deemed the summit
Heights tow'ring more sublime.

Life holds for all its heights, its hills elysian,
Unseen by grosser eyes,
Yet to the soul's unhampered, lofty vision,
Dim and far-off they rise.

Clear be the sky, or dull and low, and leaden,
'Gainst which they stand defined,
Faint be the outline; still they point to heaven,
And pierce the mists of time.

No fair, alluring way of sudden transit,
No easy-conquered spoil,
We find before us, for we gain the summit,
Through years of patient toil.

Who in ignoble ease would reach the acme
Unknown to pain's keen touch,
Must stand on holy hills, no white-winged Psyche,
But mortal—stained with dust.

Better to mount the ladder with decision,
And reach the purer air,
Knowing each hard-won step extends the vision,
And leaves the soul more fair.

We cannot reach our life's full fair fruition,
At one gigantic bound,
But only through the single, free condition,
Of climbing, round by round.

A Fragment on Homer.

AN important characteristic of Homer's poems and one which has probably helped to render them so enduring and popular, is the air of truth they wear, truth to character and to nature. It is here, perhaps, that Homer's poetic genius appears in the most masterly effect. This is the great secret of his power over our hearts.

Take, for instance, the account of the dialogue between the unfortunate Helen and the aged

Priam, in the 3rd book of the Iliad. A truce has been agreed upon; Paris and Menelaus are to decide the weary contest by a personal combat. Iris sent from Olympus comes to Helen, whom she finds writing her history in a golden tapestry, and warns her of the contest, in the issue of which she has, of course, great interest, urging her to be present. Priam and the Elders of the city are "sitting in the gate,"—like the Old Testament Kings. Helen approaches. Homer has as yet made no mention of her wonderful beauty, but here in a few masterly touches introduced in the simplest and most natural manner, he does more than describe it, when he tells of its effects. The old men break off their talk—charmed with her beauty, and with gentle courtesy Priam receives her. He does not look upon her in that light in which later moralists would be apt to view her, although his sons were falling in protracted war for her sake. Priam himself explains:

"Not thee I blame,
But to the gods I owe this woeful war."—(3. 164-5.)

But Helen herself feels her position with bitter keenness, and in the conversation which follows in which she points out to Priam the Leaders of Greeks, she touches upon her own mournful fate. She says of Agamemnon:

"In my husband's name,
Lost, as I am, I called him brother once."

and when she vainly tries to descry among the lost, her two brothers, who had finished their mortal warfare years before, notice the poet's natural stroke of genius:

"My own two brethern, and my mother's sons,
Castor and Pollux; Castor horseman bold,
Pollux unmatched in pugilistic skill;
In Lacedæmon have they stayed behind?
Or can it be, in ocean going ships
That they have come indeed, but shame to join
The fight of warriors, fearful of the shame
And deep disgrace that on my name attend?"—
(63. 236-242.)

The whole episode is one of the most beautiful in the *Iliad*, and, says Collins: "as a natural and life-like, but highly wrought picture in what we might call social drama, it stands almost without equal or parallel in classical literature."

Homer's picture of Andromache is a masterpiece, and the pathetic incident of the parting of her and her brave husband, before Hector goes to the fight in which he is fated to die, has won the admiration of readers in every age. For true and unaffected pathos, delicate touches of nature, and knowledge of the human heart, it has never been surpassed; and do we wonder that Portia, the wife of Brutus, in the last days of the Republic, when the Roman ladies were not much given to sentiment, was moved to tears, when looking upon a picture of this parting scene?

All through the poet's immortal work, we feel that reality of coloring and description, that truth to nature and life, which makes our heart responsive to the strains struck by the merry-toned yet concordant strings of his lyre.

It is impossible to notice all the beauties with which Homer has adorned his poems, for we cannot count the stars scattered in endless profusion through the pathless fields of space. The careful and loving student of the Greek bard in his original hexameters, guided by a judicious and appreciative annotator, would find these beauties growing upon him as he proceeded, and sparkling in eternal freshness. He would be struck with the variety yet harmony of the characters, the number of the incidents that diversify the poem without the least confusion, and the distinctness and grandeur of the images. At times he would be hurried through a book by the warlike ardor of the poet, and again he would involuntarily linger on some tender passage or pathetic incident.

His curiosity or fancy would be sometimes excited as, by the description of Hire's toilet (*Iliad* 14. 169-186), or that of the shield of Achilles (18. 478-606),—one of the most remarkable, and we may add, valuable delineations in ancient literature. And again, there would be representations the most grand and magnificent, as that of the descent of Poseidon (*Iliad* 18. 18-22), and "battle-pieces" of the highest grandeur and sublimity.

Homer is the master of all the graces of poetry "the magician of unnumbered beauties," whose poems still retain their charm over our affections. He is the only one of the ancient bards, through whose divine influence, two English statesmen have been drawn from the multifarious cares of State to his study, and to whom he is indebted—so to speak—for the two best translations of his works into English—those by *Gladstone* and *Earl Derby*.

Homer is the great representation of his age, in him we see all that was great, noble, and poetic in the men or minstrels of his time. In the beautiful language of Felton: He concentrates in himself the qualities, attributes, powers, and poetic ideas of many individual men, with such addition as fiction and imagination may throw around him. As in receding from a city at night, the lights of its thousand habitations gradually blend into a single luminous point,—as in gazing into the heavens, we behold in the twinkling of a single star, the intermingled rays of a whole system of shining worlds,—so, when we turn the mental eye toward the deep darkness of the past, we behold the concentrated brilliancy of a thousand lesser luminaries in the star of Homer, which glows triumphant on the brow of the night of antiquity.

Virtutes Cernuntur in Agendo.

IN all ages it has been natural to man to judge his fellow-man by actions. The old proverb: "Actions speak louder than words" is a very general principle, and in a large majority of instances, is a safe hypothesis. Unconsciously perhaps, each individual is continually undergoing a close scrutiny; his actions are being considered and valued, and from the conclusions drawn, as data, a certain estimate is made of his character.

In the first place, it may be well to enquire, what right has any one to judge character by actions? It may be said in answer to this, that there are three ways in which we may judge the character of an individual: by his personal appearance, by his words, and by his actions. Of these three ways, the latter is the best, inasmuch

as actions are the most correct index of the mind and heart; they are thoughts crystallized.

Action is the result of matured thought, or of impulse. We are told that every motion of the body proceeds from the brain; that every thing that we do is anticipated by it, and action takes place there, and may or may not have a corresponding outward motion, according as the will is exerted in reference to that action. And, since action is a motion of the mind, permitted by the will to assume an outward form after more or less consideration, impulsive action, or that which takes place with the least forethought, is the most correct index of the original motion of the mind.

If a man should see his fellow in a river drowning, and hasten to render all the assistance in his power, in order to rescue him, an observer would think of the one who rendered the assistance as being a noble-hearted man—one who had a sympathizing nature, and ready to help the distressed; and the inference would be a reasonable one; for the action was the result of impulse. The man had not time to consider whether or not it would be profitable to endanger his own life for the sake of saving that of another; it was enough for him to know that the life of his fellow was in danger, and that his help was needed.

On the other hand, action as the result of forethought does not give a true picture of the author's character. It presents a picture similar to that representing the highest idea the artist had of the object represented; there is more gold and sunshine made to appear than really exists in the original.

A generally prevailing idea among men at the present day is, that virtue and integrity can be manifested only in great actions. But this is an erroneous notion, since great deeds, so called, are generally performed after much preparation and forethought, and therefore cannot denote the true character of the doer; but it is rather in the performance of the small things of life—things that are done almost unconsciously, that virtue and integrity are, if at all, manifested. A man occupying a high position in the state, to whom an important civil or financial trust has been committed, may exemplify virtue and integ-

riety by acting honorably and honestly in reference to that trust; but another man occupying a lowly position, on whom the great world is not looking, can exercise the same innate principle of virtue and integrity as the other, with probably a purer motive.

Very many persons seem not to be aware of this fact, or they seem to have forgotten it altogether. They have an idea that if they occupied the position that some one else occupies, they could do much more good than they now do; their sphere of influence would be more extended, and if they practised virtue, it would be more widely recognized and more generally imitated. It was this desire to do more than the ordinary duties of life demand of one, or than was thought could be done in connection with life's common duties, combined with the same error, that instigated the so called christians of Europe, during some of the past centuries, to break the ties that bound them to society, and to go on pilgrimages, or to shut themselves in from the contaminating influences of their fellow men.

We exercise sufficient latitude in our opinions to believe that there were instances of virtue among those who thus buried themselves for life in convents and monasteries; and some probably had praiseworthy motives, but it is quite evident that they too, as the results show, were in error. It is impossible for us to say what would have been the result if those persons had retained their position and influence in the world, but if the monks and nuns had any religion, it was removed from among men and with them was buried in the tombs of the living; and as a result, we see the people left without instructors; the little knowledge of truth possessed by them, instead of being nourished and increased by intercourse with those who were supposed to possess it, allowed to languish, or to be fed at the beak of chance, and if we take a glance over Europe soon after the establishment of the Monkish order, we will see darkness hovering over and frustrating the minds and hearts of men. Men in intercourse with each other are influenced, one by the other; there the monks in severing their connection with the world, forsook the contest with error and evil, leaving the field in the power of the enemy, as far as human

agency was concerned, voluntarily giving up their power to influence the people to the practice of virtue. Is it any wonder that gross darkness existed throughout the length and breadth of Europe? Surely not. It was similar influences also that caused Symeon Stylites to make his life as miserable as possible, by taking up his abode on the lofty pillars erected for his use, and remaining there exposed to the fury of the elements, and in as uncomfortable positions as could be thought of. Of course there is no one now who would not smile at such fanaticism, and term it outrageous; and Symeon's name will be spoken as a by-word for ages to come; yet his spirit is not dead; it lives; we all possess a portion of it and call it by another name, and cherish it as a noble inborn desire for a more glorious field of action than the performance of life's common duties furnished.

We do not recognize him as the father of it, but so much of it seemed to have been possessed by him that he was enabled to break away from the world, and to act in life according to his highest ideal of the existence of man.

Let us practise virtue for its own sake, in whatever sphere we may move, be it never so humble, and not that men may see it; for surely it is its own reward.

Death is Hope.

DEATH has always been considered the "king of terrors," and the finale of life is characterized as the "last struggle," while in reality with it all struggle ceases. Said a man of influence and wealth a few days ago: "Only one thing troubles me, and that is death." How many can say "amen" to that? Everybody seems to have a chilly dread of death.

It seems quite time that this pale ghostly monarch who has for ages struck terror to the bravest hearts, and made cowards of us all, should be discredited; at least that we may look upon him with less horror, and learn to meet what is inevitable with the composure of a philosopher; and perhaps at last we may look upon him rather as an angel of mercy than a tyrannical conqueror.

Superstition has veiled this personage (death) of which we are so ignorant, in mysterious

horror, and so exaggerated the awe and terror within us at the mention of its approach, that christians though we are, we look forward to its certain coming with consternation rather than with joy, at the thought of a soul passing from death unto life.

This is all wrong, and though it be urged that those are natural feelings, and relate merely to an inherent repugnance to having our bodies pass into the original dust, and to lose cognizance of the material world, yet why should we grieve that instead of seeing things darkly, we shall behold all things clearly! Instead of knowing a part, we shall know the whole. The grave can never be totally dark since Christ lay there, for through all the darkness of that "bourne from which no traveller e'er returns," comes back a ray of light, showing us that He has conquered—and we shall also conquer by his power. And though life is sweet and it is positive delight to feel the healthy pulsations of the life blood, to be conscious of thought and power of will, though God be very good to us here, and showers rich blessings upon us, even fills for us the measure of bliss; still such is the hope in death that the christian when the beatings of the heart grow faint, and the clammy sweat gathers on the brow, and the grim monster is clasping him in his embrace, may say: "Put out the lights, there is nothing now but heaven."

Jesus has taken the sting out of death, and stripped the grave of its victory. The halo of light which he shed over the grave as he arose from it, still brightens that otherwise gloomy abode. Combining this thought with the language of the 48 Psalm, 14 verse: "For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death." What is there to fear? In place of grieving our lives away because death is staring us in the face, let us rejoice—in the midst of the present state of things—that there is a divinely appointed way of changing them, and that way is death. Ah, but says one, death is the hardest of all ways for changing life. But in contradiction to this is the language of scripture: "He giveth his beloved *sleep*." A rest from the cares, toils and disappointments of life. What a hope brightens before the christian as

his eye dims in death. For years he has been climbing the rugged, thorny steeps of life, sometimes his hopes of success were strong; sometimes the heart beat high with anticipation; the hand was stretched forth to grasp the golden prize; the foot was raised to step upon the highest pedestal of prosperity and fame, when alas! misfortune like a whirlwind scatters and drives everything before it, and hope is crushed forever. Such is the hope in life. Not so the hope in death. Not only does it infinitely transcend all earthly hopes, but it differs from them in being absolutely certain of realization. All the grandeur and glory which stretches out before the believer in the hour of death shall be realized. All the purity and holiness, harmony and love, which reigns in heaven, shall be his to enjoy forever and ever.

Why? Because He is faithful who has promised.

Fresh Trouts!

CONCLUDED.

What, ye trouts and countless tribes we said indignantly—where is your patriotism, where is the spirit that animated your compatriots yesterday when twice fifty rushed to meet the invaders and poured out their blood upon the ruthless steel? Their hearts have ceased to beat (i. e. gills ceased to flap) but does not their heroic spirit live? Will you see your sweet waters poisoned by a worm, a reptile, a half-breed, and will you not rush to its demolition? But the trout heard not our harangue—or understand it not, for we have forgotten the idioms we were wont to employ when we belonged to that low order of vertebrates. And the fishes staid. So also did we—by the holes; so also did the bait—on the hook.

Talk of torture! talk of being hung up over a slow fire and roasted scientifically so as to be done without burning! talk of being pitched into bed with a rattlesnake for a bedfellow! Why, these are exquisite joys compared with the calamity of troutting all day without so much as having your worm touched by a single snout! Do you wonder that we cried

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!
Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

Yet we were not wholly discouraged. Our party captured four fine trouts and came off from the encounter sound in wind and limb. There was something exceedingly touching in the

decease of those trouts. Ah, what monster can look upon the death bed even of an enemy without a compunctious pang. There was such a patient resigned look about their countenances—it recalled one's thoughts to the prison scene of Socrates. Having failed to destroy the dirty polluter of their crystals shrines they disdained longer to inhabit them and dark death took hold upon them as their tails wiggled mournfully far away from their dear native oxygen and hydrogen. We wrote a simple inscription. "Died in the arms of glory, Billy, Johnny and Freddy Trout, Feb. 26th. 77. Sadly we departed—dividing the spoils that one might not have too heavy a load.

But though our game was scarce our fun was not. The magical effect of silent nature was not lost upon us, silent only in the absence of human craft, for we were out of the sound of the axe. We drank in the nectarous odors of spruce and pine, of moss and fern. We felt it all—the mighty-spell of wizard nature and almost envied the sons of the forest even though they have such close fellowship with dirt.

But alas, we had to leave for College. The forest hoary and still—with only an indistinct murmur as coming from its secret, mighty heart; the pleasant little lake with its crystalline covering and its bosom of soft virgin whiteness and purity; kissed by the amorous rays of the sun into blushes of red and white, and offering to the deep clear blue of the brooding sky, innumerable flakes of light, scintillant glories, which, if only permanent would beggar all the jewels of central earth; the tufts of moss that here and there found the light, uprearing heads through the snow—moss unpretentious but abiding—lap for the wearied head and aching brow on which mother earth hushes us to slumber; these with other scenes connected with them we must leave behind. Strengthened, invigorated—there is the juicy current of life in our veins from the embrace of our grand old mother. Go to the woods—the mountains you pale faced boy or girl—no matter about the sex—weak eyed and flabby-fleshed from midnight vigils and no exercise! go to the woods and get strong—even if you don't catch many trouts, for mark our words,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrude
By the deep sea, and music in its roar, etc."

See Byron's Child Harold's Pil.

Yours sincerely in the name of

ISAAC WALTON,
Fishers.

J. G. B. W.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1877.

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That \$100,000.

WE hope ere thus that the additional endowment so heartily voted by the Convention last August is felt by every Baptist in these Lower Provinces, to be essential to the future prosperity of Acadia College. In these days of progress, to stand still is to be left behind. We must advance. We must have increased facilities, year by year, for training our young men. What we have done well in the past we must do better in the future. This progress however is dependent upon an enlargement of the College income, and if that is increased by the addition of \$100,000 to the endowment fund, a bright future is before Acadia College. We cannot persuade ourselves that the Baptists of these Provinces will ever allow their cherished institution to languish for lack of financial support. They would be recreant to their principles and unworthy of their honored ancestors, could they for a moment entertain the thought. Let them but contribute of their means as did the friends of the College in the past, and the sum is secured.

In 1850 the College needed \$8000; it was raised within 3 months. In 1852, \$48,000 was pledged in less than a year. Of this sum, one agent secured over \$16,000 in four weeks. During the quarter of a century that has since elapsed the Baptists have made rapid advances in numbers and wealth. Let them honor the Lord with their substance by contributing to an institution which has enjoyed so many evidences of God's favor. The praiseworthy sacrifices, made by the denomination in the past, instead of being an argument for present inaction, should rather be an incentive to renewed effort. We subjoin the following extract from a speech, delivered by the late Judge Johnston, as some of its utterances are quite appropriate to the present emergency:—

“Let the denomination look to what it has done in the cause of Education. Great and noble have been their efforts and *without parallel* in the province. Oh, let these achievements not be the cause of deeper degradation by any failure now. But if these institutions are to be destroyed, let not the unhallowed work be wrought by enemies without. Let Baptists do it; let them deliberately plan and fearlessly fulfil the work of destruction. And while they apply the torch, and the flames fly up as a swift witness to heaven, let them remember that the foundations of these walls were laid in the counsels and the prayers of the fathers of the denomination—some of them now in heaven—and it might be, if such should be permitted, looking down with grief and pity on the reckless deed. Let them remember that these walls were raised by the energies, labors and exertions of Baptist Ministers; and have been sustained by the free contributions of their brethren in one common faith, whose sympathies and affections hallowed their pecuniary gifts—and let them remember that there have the manifestations of divine favor been unsparingly vouchsafed—nor, as they turn from the smouldering ruins, let them forget that they leave them the grave of hopes, which had entwined themselves around those institutions, as the instruments of the intellectual and moral improvement of the community; long cherished by many who, bound by the strongest ties of affection and brotherhood to the denomination, sought its welfare and elevation as the highest object of their ambition and desire.”

Correspondence.

THE following is an interesting extract taken from a private letter :

* * Meantime let me fulfil a promise made in my last to give you some daily account of life in Oxford. Of course in many respects life is the same the civilized world over. Everybody as a rule rises in the morning, goes to bed at night ; eats more or less frequently during the day, works, if he can't afford to live without it and seldom if he can, scolds if things are adverse and in cases of extreme provocation even swears, marries if they can (i. e. he or she) if that is impossible, yields like a man or woman to his fate (her fate).

First the city itself has a remarkable history and its fame is world wide. It is variously called the University City, the City of Pinnacles and Groves, &c. In fact it is impossible to describe it. A German Professor who visited it many years ago has made a good attempt to do so however. He speaks of it in the following language : " In the midst of the city rises a mass of mighty buildings, the general character of which varies between convent, palace, and castle. The principal masses consist of the Colleges, the University buildings and the city churches ; and by the side of them the city itself is lost in distant view. Each of the larger and more ancient colleges looks a separate whole ;—an entire town whose walls and monuments proclaim the growth of many centuries. In fact every college is in itself, a sort of chronicle of art in England, and more expressly of architecture.

He who can be proof against the strong emotions which the whole aspect and genius of the place tends to inspire must be dull, thoughtless, uneducated, or of very perverted views."

Dean Stanley says : " Oxford is a mass of towers, pinnacles and spires rising in the bosom of a valley ; dark and ancient edifices clustered together, in forms full of richness and beauty."

A Tourist says of it : " So grand and yet so varied are the numerous groups of towers, turrets and spires, that the beholder becomes wrapt in admiration."

And so one might give you many testimonies of the same character. Just think of twenty-one

Colleges and four Halls. You may say twenty-five Colleges in a not large city, no two of which are more than half a mile apart, and sometimes two or three close together. " Corpus Christi," " Oriel," and " Merton " Colleges are quite near each other ; " University " and " Queen's " Colleges also ; " Iesus " and " Exeter " Colleges also ; " Balliol " and " Trinity " as well. All the Colleges—except one, " Keble " College, lately built and of brick—are built of stone. Some of them have been standing nearly two centuries. They all form quadrangles, and you must stand inside of these to get the full impression which the whole gives. The " Great Quadrangle of " Christ Church " College, the finest and largest in Oxford, is 264 feet by 261. " Christ Church " contains what is called the " Tom Tower "—so called because it holds a great bell by name " Tom," very old, but recast in 1680—it (the bell) weighs 17,000 lbs., double the weight of the great bell in St. Paul's Cathedral. Every night five minutes past nine, great " Tom " tolls 101 strokes as a signal for the closing of the College gates. (Singularly enough just as I was penning the above, Tom commenced to toll his 101 strokes. I hear him winding away.

To give you even a faint conception of what is contained within these venerable seats of learning would be impossible in one short letter. In fact it would be regarded as too tedious by the ordinary letter reader to give a description of much that would be very interesting to the visitor. But the famous " Bodleian Library " cannot be entirely passed over,

Where in dusky rows,
The volumed wonders of the past repose."

Its fame is world-wide. No place can boast of so large, and valuable a collection of books. When you enter it, you are at a loss where to begin or where to end in your examinations, so vast and valuable are the treasures spread out before you. There are in this great library, at the present time, about four hundred thousand volumes. There are also twenty-six thousand manuscripts in it. It is thought that at the close of this century there will be at least five hundred thousand volumes in this wonderful library. There are thousands of other things of interest which cannot be mentioned here. I may just

say in passing that the exercise books out of which Edward VI. and Elizabeth learned Latin can be seen here. Also the first book printed in the English language: "History of Troy," printed by Caxton in 1472; also the Gospels written in Latin in the eleventh century, and numberless other things.

Harold — A Tragedy.

A. TENNYSON.

GENIUS is more than an effect of either social or material causes. No science has ever yet revealed the process by which one mind in a century is created, reared high above all others—a crowned king. The great king-maker in the spiritual realm is God, who enkindles on whatsoever altar He will the divine fire, which cannot be bought by silver or gold, nor made hereditary in any family. Great truly is Genius. Great likewise is the age most fecund of Genius. From the needs of its deep heart, from its yearnings and aspirations, from its social, spiritual, and political necessities, spring those influences which mould and develope master-minds, and those tidal-waves of tendency which bear them into their appropriate channels. The sun which gives light and heat to the Universe is kept in his position by its invisible forces. Somewhat similar is the relationship between Genius and an Age. Just how far the age makes the man, and the man the age, we cannot say; but we know that there is an interchange of power and a constant reciprocity of products. The roots state and society generally, are spread through all the ramifications of morals and its hidden fibres enter into the whole mysterious fabric or mental being. Great men have either been the exponents of regnant principles of their age, or of the age itself. Every century or epoch has its bright pharos shining perennially with that light whose tints were taken from the elements which kindled and supplied the flame. Here is a Charlemagne, and there a Hildebrand; one system develope a Bayard, and another a Voltaire; one nation produces an Eschylus, another a Virgil, and another a Milton in the sense of directing and developing their infinite intellectual possibilities.

The drama had its reign. Every student of literature knows that prodigious culmination of the dramatic genius in the 16th century; how this great vortex absorbed almost every current of literature and how the kingdom of thought was appropriated. The dramatic fervor was of no mushroom growth and was kept alive not by intellectual wantonness or caprice but rather by the necessities of the people, by the craving of universal mind for food. The avenue of the stage was opened when almost every other was shut. In the history of the Saxon this has not happened twice. From the womb of the social and spiritual desires of a great nation issued the fair progeny which have become so renowned and cosmopolitan. Othello is ubiquitous; Macbeth is conversant in a hundred tongues and Julius Caesar has relinquished the proud distinction of a Roman citizen to become a citizen of the world and of time. Upon the powerful mind of Shakespeare were brought to bear more imperious forces to incline it to the drama, than were ever before exerted in any age or in any clime—not even excepting the age of the Grecian three Sophocles Euripides and Eschylus. Thrown into life at an early age, his intuitive knowledge of humanity became deepened, quickened and justified; by his social habits; he was sharpened by contact with minds inferior indeed in nature, but superior in culture and was stimulated by the rivalry of scores of competitors. Possessing doubtless the most many-sided and subtile genius ever vouchsafed to man he fell upon an age most eminently adapted to develope and nourish its peculiar powers. The age has passed away leaving behind it an eternal grandeur of light unseen before. One mind has enriched the world. It would seem as though the Creative genius of the drama had done its work; that it had soared into the highest realm and touched the summit of its greatness; that it had oared over the sea of imagination an argosy of richest gems from the Ultima Thule of the universe of Thought. All the tragedies which have appeared since have had their little day and are virtually dead.

Now, if we grant that genius is lawless, that it is in its province to make an age, to create a world, to transcend all cause, then, but not till

then, can we grant that the Nineteenth Century can kindle a flame in the dramatic heaven whose light is strong enough to illumine coming time alongside of the central sun. Vain is a Venus or a Mercury; for though they hold a place they dwell in obscurity, darkened by excessive brightness of the superior orb. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford and Dryden, are rarely read—yet their genius was unquestionably great. But who can imagine the works of Shakespere ever being confined to a narrow circle of literary antiquarians?

Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate of England, standing first among contemporary poets has written two dramas, the last of which is called "Harold," from the great Saxon King who is the hero of the play. That the author of "In Memoriam" has not surely written a play devoid of the fire of his former genius need not be affirmed here; nay more, that there is a rugged and imposing structure in outline, which perhaps no other hand could erect, is admitted.

But the traces of his genius in the drama are like the fossil remains of a remote age reminding us of greatness now decayed. Everybody reads Harold and Mary, because Mr. Tennyson wrote them, but comparatively few read them the second time unless it be to assure themselves whether it was their own stupidity or the author's inanity that rendered them so unsatisfactory. Harold is both better and worse than Mary. The theme and age is infinitely better for the portrayal of all deep heroic passion and virtue. The subject is intensely interesting in itself. So far Harold is superior to Mary. In its treatment little more power is displayed. The difference is that in the one the author did little with a poor subject, and in the other he has done the same with a good one.

We have only one standard by which our judgment of dramatic excellence can be guided—a standard higher than the loftiest ideal of the pre-Elizabethan era, and which compels a world's wonder that it could ever have been made tangible and real. Shakespeare has embodied all our abstractions of excellence in the tragedy, and Harold must be compared with his great historic plays. True enough it is that the comparison is unfair to the inferior; a house may look very well in a back settlement, which would be remarkably insignificant beside the Tuileries. Hence it is that the author must be very eminently adapted to the new labor he has undertaken or he must fail—he must partially fail in any case.

The most pleasant feature in the execution of 'Harold' is the purity of its style of composition. Its Saxon is unadulterated with any foreign admixture, innocent of any Latinity. Whether this is an unmixed good is a question with us.

As before remarked the characters and time chosen in the drama of Harold are remarkably fine. The historic incidents follow each other with vehement and startling rapidity. It is an age of heroism; the passions and emotions of a strong people are free and fetterless in their exercise. Harold and William the Norman are the two greatest men of their time and occupy the summit of power. The latter filled with all the fierce, strong passions which beset the human soul, with glory and monarchy before him shining through the dim, murky atmosphere of ward and intrigues, scourged by ambition and rendered successful by the most massive powers in the most haughty and unscrupulous of souls. The King of the English—of the stern poetical, religious Saxon, himself their mental and physical type is brave, patriotic, virtuous, strong-souled, tender and abiding in love, every inch a monarch and the darling of chivalry. He is pursued by inexorable Fate; warred against by the very powers of heaven who spoke in omens mysteriously revealed to the superstitious soul; his dark career shows only in more intense gloom smitten through by the lightning and bloody fire of Stamford Bridge. These are the historical characters, and seldom if ever has Genius entered a spiritual Kingdom richer in unsought trophies and more gorgeous in ungathered wealth.

What's in our Exchanges.

COLLEGE editors are sometimes inclined to look upon the exchange column as county editors regard the sea-serpent, as a kind of stand-by for hard times, when articles are tight, and locals, the current coin of College literature, are at a premium. Of course we do not include ourselves in this mournful category, oh! no! We set a much higher value on our Exchange column. It is a green spot, and so on, you know, and we are naturally attracted to it.

The *Dalhousie Gazette*, which by the way we accidentally omitted to notice before, has been pursuing the even tenor of its way, all winter. While the *Argosy* and ourselves were indulging in a few pleasantries over the "New University" the *Gazette* stood off at a safe distance and enjoyed itself. Thus its path, like that of virtue, became one of peace. We have read with interest the different numbers as they appeared regularly on our table. The last issue contains among other things an article on the superstitions

of old Scotland which have been transplanted to this new Scotia of ours, quite a lengthy account of a trip to Philadelphia, from which we rose up with a smile, because it told not of that everlasting Centennial, and a communication from Miss Muffet praying that Dalhousie open her arms to women. Why don't some strong-minded girl ask us to open our arms?

It has been remarked by some body that a soft answer will often go farther than a smoothing-iron. So it is with a fine title. The name of a paper is often its best foot foremost. Like a white dickey or a pretty face it often introduces its owner to positions not otherwise attainable. Some names, again, are like bashfulness itself and introduce their wearers with the least pretensions. Of the latter class is the title of a college sheet which came to us last month for the first time, the *Colby Echo*. We feel morally satisfied, after looking over the first two numbers, that it is neither so empty nor so unoriginal as the name might imply. We suppose it is meant to be the echo of Colby thought and feeling. It compares favorably with our other exchanges. We are pleased to add it to our list.

The *Oberlin Review* for March 28 is on hand. Some of our exchanges excel in locals, some in literary articles, but, to our mind, where the *Review* shines, is in its editorial columns. The editors write short articles and seem to possess the happy faculty of picking up new and generally interesting topics.

The Oberlinians seem to have some grievances from which we are free. We append an extract from the last *Review* to illustrate.

"The writer refers to the *modus operandi* of some of the young ladies (?) at the Hall. * * * For instance, a young gentleman has a slight regard for a young lady, boarding at the Hall. He consequently feels a very natural and innocent satisfaction in her society, and calls to see her once a week, or perhaps oftener. He has not done this more than twice before he makes the discovery that it requires an amount of mental, moral and physical courage that would do credit to Fox's whole book of Martyrs. He is obliged to "run the gauntlet" of a double row of silly, giggling girls who entirely justify the popular classification of women with idiots. When he enters the reception room they nudge each other, indulge in sundry giggles and uncomplimentary remarks in stage whispers, such as, 'There he is again,' 'that's the second time he has called this week' * * * Puella."

N. S. girls are brought up better than that.

Things about Home.

Por go the measles.

Prof.—"How could the Turks be said to get a *footing* in the heel of Italy?"

"Spring, spring, beautiful spring."

They say that that Freshman has been wonderfully improved by the measles or else he has washed his face.

Two of the Sophs. are out of wood. The question which now agitates us is: "How do they keep warm?"

The seniors are wrinkling their brows over Baine's Moral Science. They say that it is the Ba(i)ne of their existence.

That first robin is around again. We have it on the word of a Freshman, that it gave its first lonely chirp on the 4th instant, four days later than last year. Now feel sentimental and get up poetry.

SENIOR, reading account of Bodleran Library: "400,000 volumes! just think of it; and we have't 100,000 even!"

A SOPH. lately made a bet that he would write a letter to a certain young lady, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and would get a letter back. Sure enough, the letter came back—his own we mean, unopened.

THE Freshman who heard the soprano voice chanting: "Sprig, sprig, horrible sprig," as he sauntered past the open window, dressed up in a fancy cane, a stand-up collar and a plug-hat, need not be offended. The singer was only enjoying one of the season colds.

AN Acadia Student of former days, who now swings the ferule, says that a little urchin who had stayed away from school for some time with a sore eye, came in one morning, and the following dialogue ensued:

Master.—"Well, Jimmy, how is your eye this morning? Can you use it yet?"

Urchin.—"Please, sir, mother says I can see out of it a little, sir."

WE are beginning to sprain our ankles, bruise our fingers, tear our clothes, and have a good time generally, once more. Foot-ball, base-ball and cricket, are again among the enjoyments of the solemn present. As we write there comes up from the pleasant campus the click of bat and the clap of victory. The long winter over

our books may have bleached our cheeks a little, but it will be our own fault now if we are not pictures of health. We would suggest a little less profanity on the part of two or three of the students, who evidently "have'n't enough sense to last them over Sunday."

THE past month has been a melancholy one for some of the students. The measles have been sojourning among us for a season, and proving too sociable even for our social dispositions. Quinsy, and other species of sore throat, inflamed eyes, colds, etc., added gloom to the occasion. Mumps were suggested, chicken-pox darkly hinted at, and the influenza was said to be on the war path. "Did you ever have the mumps, and, if so, how many?" was the momentous question. These rumors, however, proved fictitious. All hands are now either recovered or convalescent, and with flying colors we step into the spring months.

PRESIDENT DART, of Kings College was to be our lecturer for March. The evening of the 23rd was the appointed time, "The Days of Dr. Johnson" the appointed subject. When the day came a great storm of rain came with it. The mud was unutterable, and it was half-decided to postpone the lecture. But the "nays had it" and we wired on to Pres. Dart to come. At the usual hour, 7.30, a number began to gather in the Hall, but while all were wondering why the train didn't put in an appearance, word came along the line that the road was impossible on account of a freshet. Then slowly and sadly we sought the wet winds and muddy roads. But let all be on hand for a good time on Friday, the 13th inst., when the President will be at the desk. Friends at a distance, take notice.

THE album fever has not raged so fearfully this year as last, yet a moderate number of autographies have been noticed floating around. Now such an album should be, in some sense, sacred, and not a repository of all kinds of tomfoolery. We have no right to put anything in one over our own name which we think will displease the owner, whether that owner belong to the College, Seminary, or what not. Much less have we any right to write any such thing or any different thing over any one else's name. Suppose, for example, that a young lady, say of the Sem., sends her album by some friend for the names of her gentleman acquaintances in the College. The gentlemen insert their names, either with an appropriate line or without, and unsuspectingly pass it on. Then somebody with plenty of idle time—and back work, perhaps—on his hands, gets hold of it and amuses himself

with writing whatever seems right in his own eyes over these names, copying the handwriting in each case as nearly as possible. It is a very fine joke, no doubt but isn't it a kind of forgery in a *small* way, and neither gentlemanly in regard to the victim of the little pleasantry, or the owner of the album.

SIMILAR to the enormity above mentioned is that of writing letters, filled with all kinds of nonsense probably, say, for example, into the Sem., and attaching others' names to them. It is to be hoped that the practice doesn't exist, but it has been hinted at. If there is any sin too black for pardon, we bet a cent this is the one. We would like to see the perpetrator of such a crime gently placed in juxtaposition with the pump for a few hours. Hard-shell or not we would rise and cheerfully cast in our vote for this species of effusion. We would step up and take our turn at the handle with our prettiest smile. "For the blood of this miscreant," tenfold more than for the blood of him whom "Graduate" mentions, goes up one long, unsatisfied, unearthly whoop.

INTERESTING to the participant, if not to the general public are those incidents of student life, examinations. Toward them point the energies of the terms. They are the gates which lead from one path of progress to another. The March examination of the Academy took place the other day and gave general satisfaction. A large number of College students and other friends were present, and watched the proceedings with much interest. Several creditable essays varied the exercises. At the close of the examination Rev. E. M. Saunders addressed the students on the endowment question. Other gentlemen present also offered remarks, commending the progress which the Academy had made.

THE latest thing out is the catalogue of the Library. The need of something of the kind has been long felt. "Where's the Catalogue?" has been the anxious query of many a student as he has paused in a half-hour search through the shelves for some particular tome; and in melancholy accents has come back from the librarian the mournful echo, "where!" But now the memory of such woes will be gnawed away by the tooth of time. A few moments over the Catalogue will suffice to let any one know whether the book he seeks is in the library, and if so, just where to lay his hand on it. We find that the usable part of the library consists of 3,000 volumes, and it is said that arrangements will soon be made for the appropriation of \$200 or \$300 a year to increase the number.

Acadia Athenæum.

THE officers of this Society for the current term, are:

- E. P. COLDWELL, *President*.
 F. F. FORBES, *Vice-President*.
 A. W. ARMSTRONG, *Critic*.
 M. R. TUTTLE, *Recording Sec'y*.
 B. F. SIMPSON, *Corresponding Sec'y*.
 G. J. C. WHITE, *Treasurer*.

We would suggest a somewhat more regular attendance on the meetings of the Society.

Personal Touches.

JOHN WALLACE, a graduate of Acadia, has entered the legal profession, and is now preaching at Wolfville. We wish him success.

W. H. ROBINSON, A. B., 1876, is practising at Canso. Guysborough Co.

D. H. SIMPSON, A. B., 1876, is preaching at Montague Bridge, P. E. I.

Acknowledgments.

Levi Eaton, \$1; Rev. J. Neily, A. M., \$1; W. D. Clark, \$1; W. Eaton, James W. Margeson, A. J. Randolph, Esq., \$1; Miss Maggie Thomas, Stewart Burns, \$1; James Rand, Job. Seaman, Esq.; L. J. Walker, Esq.; Wm. Faulkner, Esq.; Rev. J. E. Goucher, J. B. Calkin, A. M.; Seymour Gourley, A. B., \$1.50; Wm. Archibald, N. J. Layton, Matthew Archibald, W. G. Gates, \$1; John Woodworth, W. G. Parsons, A. B.; John A. Ford, Alex. Scott, James DesBrisay, Esq.; Wm. Chipman, Esq., \$1; T. H. B. Witter, (advertisement), \$5; Freeman Coldwell, Rev. J. D. Skinner, Noah A. Dimock, Rev. A. Cohoon, J. J. Evans, \$0.70; Amasa H. Fisk, A. B., \$1; A. N. Layton, Rev. C. H. Corey, M. A.; Miss Ada Eaton, W. T. Piers, (advertisement), \$4; Miss Sadie W. Mills, \$1; Rev. James Meadows, Hon. D. McN. Parker, M. D.; Israel T. Dana, M. D., \$1; Miss Catherine Miller, J. C. Clark, John Huntingdon, \$1; Rev. A. S. Hunt, M. A., \$1; A. C. Chipman, \$1; Edward Greenwood, Esq.; M. A. Davidson, George Fielding, \$1; Rev. E. M. Saunders, M. A., John Whitman, W. H. Knowles, \$1; Rev. C. B. Welton, \$1; Miss Julia M. Elderkin.

Mosiacs.

"MAN, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it into our souls; according harps
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great immortality.—*Dana*.

I FEEL my immortality o'er sweep
 All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal
 Into my ears this truth, 'thou livest forever.'
 —*Byron*.

MAN is a fallen god, who carries about with him memories of Heaven.—*Lamartine*.

PROSPERITY is the blessing of the Old Testament. Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor.—*Bacon*.

RELIGION contains infinite sadness. If we are to love God he must be help-needing.—*Novalis*.

O MUSIC! thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over, art thou the evening breeze of this life, or the morning air of the future one?—*Richter*.

ALL these passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning wind and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance and distinctness and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father which art in Heaven."—*Ruskin*.

EVEN-HANDED justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips.—*Shakespeare*.

THERE are points from which we can command our life;
 When the soul sweeps the future like a glass,
 And coming things full freighted with our fate
 Put out dark on the offing of the mind.—*Bailey*.

FORTUNE is like a galaxy; that is to say, a collection of certain unseen and nameless endowments.—*Bacon*.

TRIFLES make perfection and perfection itself is no trifle.
 —*M. Angelo*.

MUSIC is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation which, like every creation of art, is greater than the artist.—*Beethoven*.

GOD made himself a glorious rose of Dawn.—*Tennyson*.

THE golden beams of glory the summer sky that fleck,
 Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their azure mantled grave.—*Father Ryan*.

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