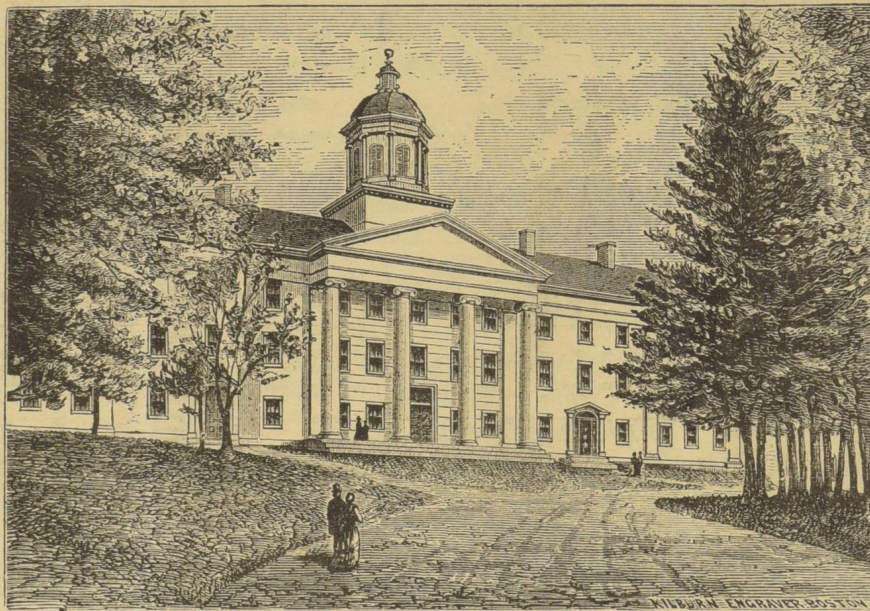


January, 1879.

Vol. V., No. 4.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 5.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1879.

No. 4.

TO CHRIST.

Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
To Thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace;
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
My fault, nor hear it with Thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way Thy hand severe:
Wash with Thy blood my sins; thereto incline
More readily, the more my years require,
Help and forgiveness speedy and entire.

—MICHAEL ANGELO.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 4.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

London is so large and contains so many objects of interest, that a particular description of them would necessitate the continuation of these articles to the end of the present century.

Of course such description should contain allusion to the

TOWER OF LONDON.

of which a volume might be written, and which consists in fact, not so much of a single tower, as I had supposed, as of a collection of towers and other structures, covering, with their encircling moat and battlemented wall, an area of over twelve acres.

In addition to the great White Tower, which rises high above everything else in the middle of the enclosed space, and from which the entire fortress has derived its name, there are also the Bloody Tower, the Wakefield Tower, the Salt Tower, the Beauchamp

Tower, and the Bell Tower, all which have witnessed scenes of imprisonment and execution. It was within the precincts of the White Tower that Lady Jane Grey and her husband were beheaded, also Annie Boleyn and Catherine Howard, wives of Henry the Eighth.

Edward the Fifth and his brother were smothered to death in the Bloody Tower, and it was in a room over the same that Raleigh was confined and wrote his "History of the World."

Some of the instruments of death have been preserved and are shown to visitors. As I took in my hands the old beheading axe, and looked down upon the block from which so many noble and ignoble heads had rolled, I think I gained a new conception of England's struggles in the past, and prized more highly than ever the dearly bought liberty which she enjoys at present.

In this fortress are also the Horse Armory, which is filled with specimens of ancient armor; and the Jewel House, which contains, among other things, Victoria's state crown, the staff of beaten gold carried before the Sovereign at a coronation, and the Koh-i-noor diamonds.

But there is in London another Tower which I was more desirous of seeing than the one just referred to; I mean the Lollard Tower, so called from the Lollards, many of whom were imprisoned and put to death therein. This Tower is connected with the Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, which stands on the south bank of the Thames, opposite the Houses of Parliament, and covers with the adjoining gardens eighteen acres.

The present occupant of the Palace, Archbishop Tait, was absent on the day on which Prof. Wright, now of Dartmouth, New Hampshire, and myself called to see the Tower. But the courteous and obliging lady in charge, learning that we were from this side of the Atlantic, and that it would not be convenient for us to come again, kindly conducted us from building to building, and from room to room, showing us the Guard Chamber, the Picture Gallery, the Library, the Chapel, and lastly the Lollard's Tower, and Lollard's Prison. The latter is a chamber 15 feet by 11 feet, and about 8 feet high. Beneath it, at its bottom, is a hole connecting by an underground passage with the Thames, into which the condemned prisoners were dropped, and where they were drowned by the in-coming water at flood tide. That the cell has been used as a prison is plain enough from the eight iron rings fixed in the wall, and from the inscriptions and figures cut by the captives on the oaken wainscotting. Among these inscriptions are "Nosce teipsum," and "I. H. S., cyppe me out of all il compane, amen." The unrighteous measures of Courtenay and others for the suppression of Lollardism had the effect of putting back the cause of religious freedom in England a century, and of almost extinguishing the intellectual life of the nation.

Again, the churches of London should fill a large place in anything like a complete description of its great attractions. This is particularly true of

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

the monuments of which relate for the most part to those who have done the state service in arms on land or sea; and of

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

which has been made the mausoleum chiefly of those who have gained renown in the civil walks of life. The latter noble building, one of the few architectural boasts of London, stands on the site of a church commenced by Sebert, King of Essex, about the year 610, on what was then an island in the Thames. In this church the sovereigns of England,

from Harold down to Queen Victoria, have been crowned.

But the most interesting thing in the Abbey to me, was not its exquisite charms of proportion and artistic beauty, nor its famed Poet's corner, nor the great rose window which contains the word "Jehovah" in the centre, and is surrounded with thirty-two subjects taken from the life of Christ, but the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. This Chapel is a most perfect and wonderful specimen, not of pure Gothic architecture, but of a more particular style—the last of the Gothic series. "In the minutest details, from the pendant fan on its roof to the very hinges of its gates, ornament riots in the utmost luxuriance. The very walls are wrought with universal ornament, encrusted with tracery and scooped into niches, crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to be robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." And the contents of this chapel are equally wonderful with the Chapel itself. Chief among these is the tomb of Henry the Seventh, called by Lord Bacon, "one of the stateliest and daintiest in Europe." It was in this Chapel that the Westminster Assembly of Divines, appointed to draw up a Confession of Faith, and a Directory of Public Worship, held its meetings.

The most conspicuous figure in this Assembly was the great Lightfoot, the best Hebrew and Talmudic scholar that England ever produced. It was perhaps the attention I had given in my studies to his character and writings that turned my thoughts to him to the exclusion of almost all else, as I stood within the Chapel whose walls had echoed to the sound of his vigorous and vehement debates.

But the towers and churches of London taken together, constitute only a part, and a very small part, of its objects of interest. There are its Royal Palaces and Houses of Parliament, its Government Offices and

Commercial Buildings, its Bridges and Docks, its Inns of Court and Prisons, its Markets and Charitable Institutions, its Museums and Public Picture Galleries, its Private Mansions and Picture Galleries, its Societies for the promotion of Science, Literature, and the Arts, its Clubs and places of Public Amusement, its Streets and Parks, its Columns and Statues. Many attractions are found also in the environs of the city, as Crystal Palace, Greenwich Hospital and Park, Woolwich Dockyard and Arsenal, the Alexandra Palace and Park, the Kew Gardens, Hampton Court and Richmond, Windsor Castle, the Epping Forest, and the Dulwich Picture Gallery. Then there are various places where the English assemble in numbers and there see certain pageants, &c., which rank among the most interesting sights, as the opening or closing of the session of Parliament by the Sovereign in Person, a Debate in the House of Lords or Commons, a trial in a Court of Law, the Lord Mayor's show on the 9th of November, an Oratorio at Exeter Hall or the Crystal Palace, the Floral Fetes at the Horticultural Gardens, or a Boat Race on the Thames.

In short, London is a world in itself, and seeing it in its totality is a truly ponderous undertaking. There are many persons living in East London who never saw West London, and vice versa. Many of the oldest inhabitants of London were never out of it, and could not testify from personal observation that it does not cover all England.

During my ten weeks' stay in the city, I saw as many and much of the above-named objects as possible. In the present article, however, it has been my purpose rather simply to name than fully to describe them, that I may the sooner pass on to the consideration of other topics.

In conclusion,—one cannot be long in London and keep his eyes open, without being impressed, first of all, with the idea of its amazing *wealth*. I have said that a hundred Halifaxes would hardly equal it in population; but if the wealth of a hundred Halifaxes were multiplied by a thousand,

the result would still fall below that of London. Land has sold in London at the rate of nine hundred thousand pounds sterling per acre, and there are many acres in the city which even this enormous sum would not purchase. The wealth of England is largely that of London, which may be called the Banking House of the world. True, as might be expected, there is great poverty in London also; but it is a poverty which its benevolent rich are most forward in relieving. There is no place on earth which sends forth its charities on so munificent a scale; and whether the needy be in London or China, and be the friends or foes of England, they may yet participate.

The visitor to London cannot fail, again, to be impressed with its vast material resources, in a word, its *power*. It would be no trifling war which London itself could wage. An American who visited the Woolwich Dockyard and Arsenal a few months since, made the remark, that if the Russians could once see the place, they would never think of going to war with England.

London, finally, exceeds any other city on the face of the earth in the *variety and extent of its art treasures*. They have been garnered from every quarter of the globe. In the British Museum, for example, are the world-renowned Elgin Marbles, so-called in consequence of their having been obtained by Lord Elgin when ambassador at Constantinople (1801-1803). These sculptures were executed under the superintendence of Phidias, and are universally acknowledged to be the most valuable examples of Greek art which modern times possess.

In this same Museum is also a collection of sculptures obtained chiefly by Mr. Layard, 1847-50, at ancient Nineveh. It was from the study of the inscriptions on these slabs that young Prof. De'ltzsch of Leipzig,—still only 26 years of age—has made himself one of the best Assyrian scholars in Europe, having lately published an Assyrian grammar. At the present time he is giving a course of Lectures in the Leipzig University, with a view of showing the confirmatory character

of these Assyrian inscriptions to Mosaic record in Genesis.

In the South Kensington Museum, as one of the last prizes with which its wonderful art collections have been enriched, are the valuable relics which Dr. Schliemann has recently disinterred from the site of Old Troy.

Among the last art treasures of which the Londoners have possessed themselves, is Cleopatra's needle, which now stands on the north bank of the Thames.

In a word, London, taken altogether, must be regarded as filling the place of headquarters on our planet.

CICERO'S EPISTLES.

Cicero was one of the most prodigious literary workers the world has ever seen. He was actively engaged in the stirring political life of the time, and his life was prematurely cut short when he was only 64, yet he delivered and published oration after oration, (81, in fact), wrote book after book, and letter after letter. And the fact that many of these orations and treatises and letters have always been considered models of their kind, shows that they cost the writer time and labor. We wish here briefly to call attention to his epistles.

There are extant about 1000, and he probably wrote as many more. As they were never intended for publication, Cicero throws off all reserve and restraint, and we see him just as he is and feels. He therefore possesses a peculiar charm to which but few of the great letter-writers of history can lay claim. Pliny's letters have not that openness of heart and freedom of expression; neither have Alexander Pope's; this peculiar grace is illustrated however in those of Cowper and Madame de Sevigne. Cicero's letters furnish therefore very entertaining reading. Even Mommsen—who has hardly a good word to speak for Cicero in any connection—acknowledges that his correspondence is “interesting and clear so long as it reflects the urban villa life of the world of quality,”

but, he must add, “when the writer is thrown on his own resources, as in exile, in Cilicia, and after the battle of Pharsalus, it is stale and empty as was ever the soul of a feuilletonist banished from his familiar circles.” (*Hist. of Rome*, IV. 725, Prof. Dickson's Trans.) On the other hand, a critic in the *London Quarterly Review* says: “The attention is not suffered to flag; there is nothing like prosing. They [Cicero's letters] will remain to after ages, as they have been in the past, models to be studied and imitated,” and he places them alongside of Demosthenes' orations as unsurpassed in modern times. (See Vol. VII. 1857, p. 357.) Mr. Forsyth, in his fine biography of the great Roman, gives a like testimony. “There is a charm,” he says, “in these letters to which we have nothing comparable in all that antiquity has spared us. To say nothing of their exquisite Latinity, and not unfrequently their playful wit, they have a freshness and reality which no narrative of by-gone events can ever hope to attain. We see in them Cicero as he was. We behold him in his strength and in his weakness—the bold advocate, and yet timid and vacillating statesman—the fond husband—the affectionate father—the kind master—the warm hearted friend.” (*Life of Cicero*, I. 73, 2nd Am. Ed.)

As Cicero thus portrays himself at full length, we have plenty of materials for forming an idea of his character. Nor need it surprise us if we discover many weaknesses and foibles there. Let the twenty years' private correspondence of any great literary and political man be published—think you he could stand the test any better than Cicero? Let those who are wont to exaggerate the faults of Cicero, remember that they are indebted in a great measure to his own frank confessions for their knowledge of his failings. At the same time, the letters will not allow us to concur in the strangely extravagant estimate of Cicero's character, given by Erasmus and Petrarch, who speak of him as fit to be a canonized saint!

The letters are nearly equivalent to an

autobiography of the writer during the last 20 years of his life. We see him now in one of his many country villas, interesting himself in agriculture, or planting shrubberies, or otherwise improving his estate, and in amusing himself with pictures and statues, just as a country gentleman does to-day. Now we find him at Rome—sick of the strife and ambition of this vain and selfish world—a spectator of the great games which Pompey set on foot at the opening of his theatre, and recording his testimony against the barbarities inflicted by the gladiators upon the elephant—“that noble animal which has something in it which resembles man” (*Epis. ad Familiares*, vii. 1). We also see the literary side of his life portrayed. What a lover of books was he! “I am here,” he writes to Atticus, “feeding on Faustus’ library. You might suppose that it was on the exquisite productions of Puteoli and Lucrinum. There is no want of these; but, to say the truth, in the present state of the republic, I have lost my relish for other enjoyments and pleasures, and find support and refreshment from books alone: and would rather occupy that little seat of yours under the statue of Aristotle [in Atticus’ library], than the curule chair.” (iv. 9, Heberden’s Trans). “Here I am devouring books with a wonderful man (so in truth I esteem him) Dionysius, who sends his compliments to you and all your family. ‘Nothing is more delicious than universal information.’” (*Ep. ad Att.* iv. 2). In another of his letters, he says that when his librarian Tyrannis had arranged his books, it seemed as if his house had got a soul. We find him at one time begging his friend to send him two of his assistant librarians to help Tyrannis to glue the parchments, and to bring with them a thin skin of parchment to make indexes. He tells Atticus on no account to part with his library, as he is putting by his savings to be able to purchase it, as a resource in his old age. Poor Cicero! He never had occasion to invest his savings in the coveted treasure.

His letters are also valuable in opening up

before us the state of society at that time in Rome, and the manners and customs of the people. They do for Roman society what Pepys’ Diary does for the polite society of England during the reign of the Second Charles.

Perhaps the greatest value to us of Cicero’s correspondence is the light it throws upon contemporary history. His letters cover the eventful 20 years from his consulship to his death (B.C. 65-43). It was a time of great men and great deeds, great crimes and great sufferings. That stirring period saw Pompey establish the Roman kingdom on the ruins of the Macedonian; it also saw the murder of Pompey; it saw the rule of the first and second triumvirates; it saw Caesar’s conquests and his assassination; it saw the great battles of Pharsalia and of Munda, Cataline’s Conspiracy, Sallust’s Expulsion, and Cato’s suicide. Cicero’s letters cover this period. In these events he took intense interest. We can thus look behind the scenes upon the actors in those terrible dramas, and see the motives and hopes and fears that swayed them. They show us the despair and suffering which always follow such scenes of carnage and blood, and unholy ambition. “During the three days that I staid at Laodicea, three at Apamea, and three at Synnada, I heard of nothing but the inability of the people to pay the head money imposed upon them; the universal sale of goods; the groans and lamentations of the cities, the fatal traces, not of man, but of some savage beast. In short, I am sick of everything—even of my life.” (*Ep. ad Att.* v. 16). What a terrible picture that! In the picturesque language of his biographer: “We hear [in Cicero’s letters] the groans of the expiring republic, which had been mortally wounded during the long civil wars of Marius and Sylla, and was fast sinking under the flood of social and political corruption which is sure to follow in the train of civil war. At one time we watch with eager impatience the arrival of a courier at Tusculum, with a letter from Atticus, telling his friend the news of the day; and in Cicero’s reply we

read all the fluctuations of hope and fear which agitated him during the momentous crisis of his country's fate." (See the chap. v. of Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*). The letters are a faithful mirror of the times. We also read what part Cicero took in these scenes—how at one time he is saluted with the highest title of human honor—"the father of his country"—at another he is fleeing in despair and grief from Rome, and tells his wife that his tears blind him while he writes.

Deep interest thus attaches to Tully's epistles. A great variety of feelings are exhibited, numerous subjects are touched upon. In the words of DeQuincey: "In them we come suddenly into deep lulls of angry passion,—here upon a scheme for the extension of literature by a domestic history, or by a comparison of Greek with Roman jurisprudence; there again upon some problem from the quiet fields of Philosophy."

The uninterrupted purity of language and thought (as opposed to coarseness or vulgarity) is another excellency of these epistles.

As we drop this subject, an interesting question presents itself. Does Cicero, when thus unbosoming his thoughts and feelings and aspirations, ever tell about his belief in a Supreme Being, or in an Hereafter? The mournful answer comes, we get no intimation of such a belief. In some of his other writings, he does give us a hint at such a belief. No doubt there were moments when, pondering the dark problems of life and destiny, which at one time or other present themselves to every sincere soul, and which Christianity itself does not fully solve,—the possibility of the conscious existence of the soul after it has "departed out of life as out of a temporary lodging, not as out of its home" (to quote his own words, *De Senect.* ch. xxiii.) entered into his mind with consoling assurance and vividness. But such views and feelings were only temporary, and had no controlling influences on his thoughts and life. The year before the tragic scenes of his death occurred, he writes thus: "I must read more frequently my *Cato Major* [his treatise on old age] sent

to you. Old age makes me increasingly ill-tempered. I am displeased with everything. But life is over with me. Let the younger men look to it." (*Ad Atticum*, xiv. 21.) Compare with these disappointed and cheerless strains of an old age that has no real outlook beyond it, the triumphant exultation of St. Paul, "I am now ready to be offered," &c. The only immortality Cicero could hope for with any degree of certainty, was that poor and unsatisfactory one which the modern Positivist will only allow to gild his future, viz., the love and good opinion of posterity. In comparison with the light which shines upon the pathway of the humblest saint of to-day, the greatest philosopher and scholar in the Golden Age of Rome walked through life under the shadow of a death-like darkness.

J. A. FAULKNER, '78.

Madison, N. J.

Mosaics.

In the sea of axiomatic truth, materialism swims with fins of lead.—JOSEPH COOK.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

In the world there has ever been a tendency to confuse the fervor of enthusiasm with the eccentricity of a disordered genius.—FARRAR.

One great curse of our literature is verbosity—long sentences for small ideas: a whole pack of hounding adjectives after one poor noun.—TALMAGE.

The devil does not care for your dialectics, and eclectic homiletics, or Germanic objectives and subjectives; but pelt him with Anglo-Saxon in the name of God, and he will shift his quarters.—SPURGEON.

When a man thinks he is a celestial hound set on the track of heresy, with his nose for a conscience, and scents his prey afar off, and starts with tail up and ears set, farewell honor, farewell humanity, farewell everything.—BEECHER.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

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

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

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B. F. SIMPSON, '80. A. C. CHUTE, '81.

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WE have inserted an additional sheet, in order to publish one of the Junior Oration, since the Oration would have occupied too much space otherwise, and excluded other matter.

THE Junior Exhibition was a success. Everybody said so, and we concur in the sentiment. No doubt the Juniors are happy to have had the opportunity to air their eloquence and learning. The essays all exhibited care and thought in their composition, and the delivery as a general thing was creditable. Some did not exhibit gesture enough, and some had too much. Distinctness of utterance was lacking in one or two cases. The sweet singers, and the accomplished organist, Mrs. Van Buskirk, deserve much praise, especially for the last piece, "Victoria." We had purposed to give a more detailed account, but want of space prevented.

DR. WELTON's lecture, "European Travels" the third of the course, was delivered before the Athenæum Society, on Wednesday, the 11th December. Our Professor carried us, with his vivid description, over to England, and then to Germany. It is not necessary to say that the lecture was highly entertaining and pleasing, for the Dr.'s reputation as a speaker is well established. It was characterized by the well-known, easy-flowing and humorous sentences, yet vigorous and clear-cut expression. A larger audience (indeed a respectable one) than usual, listened to the lecturer with manifest interest and pleasure. We hope to hear him again.

THE holidays are past. The few students who remained on the Hill are not ignorant of the fact, and they welcome back their compatriots in toil to the labor of another term. The three editors who remained in Wolfville the greater part of the vacation, also join in the welcoming. Only those who have spent their vacation in Wolfville know the kind hospitality of its inhabitants, and their love and appreciation of the students in this most social season of the year. *O tempora! O mores!* We should scarcely have known that we were human and social beings, but for Mrs. Keddy, the Matron of the boarding house, who did everything in her power to make it pleasant for those who remained. To Mrs. Keddy and sister they will always feel grateful.

WE thank the Truro *Sun* for its friendly notice and kind criticism. The remarks made upon our motto are correct. When the ATHENÆUM was first started this motto was chosen, and appeared in its true form up to November, 1876, when a change was made in the style of the paper, and the motto was dropped. It was resumed this year, and by some unaccountable means the mistake was made. Through neglect it was not remedied in the last number.

Respecting "long-winded effusions from a Prof.," we are in a position to affirm that our readers peruse them with great pleasure,

and it is our intention, while we endeavor to make the paper a means of improvement to ourselves, also to give place to these articles, since they secure the interest of the majority, even though there appear a lack of independence in receiving them from such a source.

The *Sun's* review of the leading events which have transpired in the world during the past year, displays watchfulness and care in its compilation. Three of these retrospects have been read by us, and we consider that the space they occupy is well filled. Success to the *Sun*.

WE congratulate the students on the very respectable appearance of their Reading Room. The number of papers has been increased, and some choice magazines have been added. Among many others may be found the *Watchman*, *Examiner and Chronicle*, *Christian Union*, *Globe*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Morning Herald*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Acadian Recorder*, *News*, *Canadian Baptist*, *Christian Visitor*, *Christian Messenger*, and *Wesleyan*. The principal magazines are the *Canadian Monthly* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Then a large number of Exchanges are placed here. In a Reading Room so well supplied with reading matter of first-class type one may luxuriate at will, and it is hoped that all the students will not forget to cultivate an acquaintance with the thoughts of the present as well as with those of the past. This is a part of your education which is indispensable. He who exerts the greatest influence over his fellow-men, is one who is alive to the living questions of the day. Do not, then, fail to gather rich thoughts from so fruitful a field of literature. We are glad that the ladies of the Seminary avail themselves of the opportunity given them by the students of the College to frequent the Reading Room between the hours of three and four, at which time the place is sacred to them.

[THE following communication has been handed us by Mlle. Huguenin, who has charge of the Female Seminary. Mlle. Huguenin is a native of Switzerland, and is the Teacher

of French and German. She has resided but three years among English speaking people, but her proficiency in English, as may be seen below, speaks for itself. She has endeared herself to all classes, and especially to the young ladies of the Seminary.

It may be necessary to state that after the Rhetorical Exhibition of December 19th, the Juniors had a "supper" to which the singers, the organist, and a few others were invited. A very enjoyable time they had we believe. Various toasts were drunk with cold water, which circumstance, however, did not cool their glowing spirits. We asked one of the Juniors to write out a description of the grand affair, but circumstances prevented.]

"At the Juniors' supper, a toast was given to the lady teachers of the Seminary. It was not possible for one of us to answer then, but I feel that I would like to thank them for it. If our work during the last term has been so easy and pleasant, we may say that one of the causes is the good behaviour of the students, and all the young men connected with the Institutions. It is only fair that it should be known that we have never had any trouble, or any cause of complaint; and we are glad to have the opportunity of thanking them.

"I could not help, at this supper, to admire the manner in which things were conducted, and the dignity and gentlemanly ways of those young people. I was making comparisons between the boisterous and drinking students of Germany, and these quiet and sober young men from Acadia. In closing, let me say to all parents who are anxious for the moral training of their children: Send your sons to Wolfville."

It doesn't take long to spend three weeks, and the three weeks of rest and recreation that bound, as with a golden clasp, the old year with the new, and the old term with the new, has proved no exception to the rule. Time pleasantly spent is time quickly spent, and what with the satisfactory feeling that accompanies rest when one feels that he can

rest without fear of conscience or consequence, the happiness of revisiting the home circle, with its concentric circle of joys, the goodwill and good cheer of Christmas and New Year tide, the keen, clear, bracing Winter weather, any one with a disposition at all in unison with the season cannot have failed to enjoy a most pleasurable vacation, and therefore a vacation which made haste to be gone.

Yet we would make this remark modificatory of what has been just said, that a week or a month of vacation appears longer than a corresponding time passed in regular work at the Institution. We think that this will be conceded by the great majority of students, and especially by those who use the vacation as a vacation, and not as an opportunity for engaging in regular work of some description. Several elements enter into the rapidity of the flight of time; for instance, regular employment, an occupied mind, and pleasant circumstances. Now, during term time, the first two of these factors are much more largely present than during vacation, and in consequence we have the fact stated above.

Labor is the natural lot of mortals here below. Our bread and butter, and no less our success in life, must be won by the sweat of the brow, or "by the sweat of the brain within the brow."

The curtain falls on the Christmas vacation and rises on the "long term," as it is characteristically called.

Standing on the hither border, with the Christmas and New Year chimes still ringing in our ears, and casting one glance across the bleak, snowy slopes of January and February, adown the dreary vistas of March, over the warmth and greenness of April and May, even to the ceremonies of June Anniversary, the way seems long and the end far. Whether the term will be a successful or an unsuccessful one, will depend largely upon our industry or our indolence during the first months.

This will be the most favorable time to study; the same amount of exertion will accomplish a greater amount of work; and the bracing, healthful, invigorating, body- and

mind- and soul-quickenng character of the weather will enable us to study more assiduously and more incessantly. Upon an intelligent mastery of the work of the first month or six weeks, will depend much our ability to overcome the work of the remaining months.

A good beginning makes a good ending. Throwing ourselves with all the freshness and enthusiasm and bodily and mental vigor with which the Winter vacation must have imbued us, we will gain an impetus during these clear, breezy days, and long, quiet evenings, that will carry us safely through the Spring weeks, with their dull, muggy weather, and their attendant lassitude and listlessness. Forward! march!

"THE INHERITANCE OF GENIUS."

JUNIOR ORATION.

The outward and visible world is subject to the invisible, the actual to the ideal. All human effort is controlled by an occult, yet potent force of thought. This thought power which we find developed in the material world may be traced back to its source in the "Great First Cause," by whose *fiat* all things came into being, and the line of whose thought is the line of march of the universe. In this field of living thought, genius, which of all human faculties is most akin to Deity, is chiefly employed.

In the development and utilizing of ulterior truth, it holds an absolute position.

True genius, unfettered by material clay, though still connected with it, makes it the servant of the immaterial soul, and the soul, superior to the underflow of the animal man, rises in new relations to and conceptions of life, and projects itself into the untrodden back-ground of truth.

Here it grasps lightning flashes, not of electricity, but of more potent thought, and moulds them into forms of practical utility. To gain proper conceptions of human life, to formulate efficient laws for its government, to transmit from the invisible great

practical thought, these are the functions of genius, and for these it alone is adequate.

Truth is the great motive power of the universe; it fills up all the narrow circle which binds our finite conception, and could we look out into the vast beyond, we should find the whole back-ground aglow with the light of God's eternal, boundless truth.

Here it is that the medium intellect loses itself in the limitless ocean of the unknowable; but the true genius entering the lists, we gather new trophies on this broad field of research. Nor can you by any adverse force bind him down to the beaten path in which runs the vulgar mind, for bursting through all opposing forces, he will still sing exultingly:

"My inheritance how wide, how fair,
Time is my estate, of time I'm heir."

Yes, time and the universe are the inheritance of genius, and its aspirations while comprehending all the minutiae of life, have their boundaries far removed in the infinite. Itself of an ethereal make, seeks almost unconsciously the higher realms of truth, and is ill at rest in any subordinate sphere of action.

"Not yet will the courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse."

In this respect, genius properly guided becomes a means to an end. All human action is the result of previously received truth. Truth is the arrow, and man the bow that propels it. The arm of physical force works under control of a higher force of will, thus making the result of its efforts the embodiment of immaterial thought in material force. For the human constitution is the borderland where these two forces combine, and whence they send out into the material world thoughts enclosed in deeds as the result of their united action.

Thought, in this manner, assisting labor, forms an inter-dependence between the thinking and acting world.

No longer does any one gain the repute of genius, by adopting eccentric or ascetic habits, or resorting to the seclusion and doubtful devotions of a monastic; but the

greatest evidence of genius in any individual is that he is affected by the same things as his fellow-man, and is in entire sympathy with him in all that environs him in the material or moral universe. True, he lives in a different atmosphere from the multitude, yet he lives right among them.

His thoughts reach out far beyond their ken, but it is for them that he thinks, and by means of language, which is the outlet of the soul, conveys to them the result of his investigations. Of greater foresight than those around him, he becomes to them the camera, which catches the impression of coming events, and throws it back on the canvas of the present. Thus it is, by mingling with men in all the vicissitudes of life, that he conquers, controls and assists them. For the true genius is not so ethereal as to be exempt from the laws that govern common humanity; rather does he show his superiority by rightly interpreting these laws, and using them as a means to useful ends.

Action must be the counterpart of thought, and thought of action. Thus, said the great epic, "If a man would write an heroic poem, he must make his whole life an heroic poem;" or as one said of Herder, "If he was not a poet he was more—a poem."

While genius is in the first instance innate, in its more perfect condition it is the result of culture.

True, this culture may be of no Academic preciseness, but the evidence of a true genius is that he finds the materials for it on every hand, ever gaining lessons from life and nature, which for the dull intellect have no meaning whatever. Himself the masterpiece of nature, all her labyrinths of beauty are unfolded for him. His path may not be among the flower gardens, the art galleries, or the architectural halls of earth, but in the vast temple of nature there is enough to please his eye and attract his attention. His promenade is the elysian fields of earth, his portraiture the azure vault, his architecture the eternal hills, with their domes and turrets, their frowning crags, and foaming cataracts; his music the orchestra of the for-

est, the murmuring of the streamlet, or the long-drawn note of the mountain torrent.

It matters little to him whether he visit the Sierras, or scale the lofty Alps, while all around him are spread beauties on which he might spend a life-time, nay, an eternity of of study.

The evolving of a leaf, the unfolding of a blossom, the developing of an acorn into an oak, afford him sufficient material for thought and reflection, and from the study of these material forms the transition is easy to the development of immaterial thought, so complete is the "adaption of the material world to the mental constitution."

So the culture obtained from real life is powerful for the moulding and directing of the true genius. He, prone to extremes, is ever subject to influences either of great pleasure or sorrow. Incidents which little effect the average man, take fast hold on his deeper feelings, and strongly influence the whole current of life.

Life, to him never light and trifling, thus often becomes sad with discomfort and unrest, and proves indeed to be not as "idle ore,"—

"But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dip't in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

So that even here unconquered genius triumphs, making even the misfortunes of life subservient to its higher purposes, and as those stars that shine by their own inherent lustre are best seen in a dark night, so true genius often shows itself to the best advantage through the murky storm-clouds of a desolate life. Raleigh, in a dark prison, becomes the father of English historians. A Pilgrim's Progress finds its birthplace in a like dungeon, and is named by its author, the child of his sorrow. Young's "Night Thoughts" were the splendid yet mournful cypress that grew on the grave of the beloved Lorenzo.

The work of the true genius is not so much for his own time as for the future. He is

placed as a guiding star, a little in advance of those who are to follow in the line of his path. Such men as Plato and Aristotle live for all time, and more truly live at the present than at any previous time, because they are better understood. Such universal geniuses as Homer, Shakespeare, or Burns, though often little appreciated in their own time, yet reach out in their influence far beyond it, and project themselves in bold relief on the horizon of the mental world, ever glowing with a more intense lustre as they are met there by new evolutions of congenial thought.

The ideal is more real than the actual; the things which we see and handle, and suppose to be firm and lasting, are swift mouldering to decay; while the things that are unseen are enduring, eternal. It is then of little consequence to such men, by what narrow standard their contemporaries may judge them, as they live for all time, and with their motto "non omnis moriar," leave the impress of their thoughts on the imperishable structure of the world of mind.

What matters it, then, should they not belong to the nobility of any nation, nor share in the paltry honors of earth? Are they not denizens of this wide world with its Homers, its Miltons, and all its bright galaxy of immortals, and is not their food found deep in the hidden mines of truth, and their genius kept aglow by vital sparks from the altars of the eternal? So, though the true genius may languish in his day, though his "sunbeams of thought" may be weighed on hay scales, and credit given him in proportion to the weight indicated; though the manuscript of a Paradise Lost may be sold for a trifle, though a Dante may beg on the streets of Florence, or a Richter suffering the extremest poverty exclaim, "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water, I had only the latter,"—yet they are repaid by doing a beneficent work for man, and shall receive their just reward when the complete equality to which all nature tends has been realized, and the eternal fitness of things vindicated. Then all the wrongs of

life shall be righted, and all apparent discords shall be lost in the perfect harmony of a fuller truth.

We can by no particular examples test the power, or understand the varied applications of genius. It is not talent, skill, nor imagination, because it is all of them, the whole that includes all the parts. The great poets, statesmen, and orators were not such as they were of necessity so much as of choice, not to say chance. Pope tells us that he became enraptured with reading the "Fairy Queen" at the age of six years, and believes that the study of this gave the bent to own poetic genius, and Cobbet, a writer perhaps more versatile than reliable, attributes what he calls the birth of his intellect to a similar circumstance. These are instances of circumstances which, though powerless to create or repress genius, are yet powerful to mould and direct its course.

That genius should not display its universality in the work of any particular individual, is not so much due to lack of capacity, as that having but a hand's-breadth of time on which to act, the brief day of life had ebbed out ere it had accomplished more.

Yet even within this narrow limit of time, a few men of transcendent genius have attained to some diversity in action. Solon was an executive statesman, as well as legislative. The commentaries of Cæsar were a worthy counterpart of his brilliant conquests, nor was the persuasive eloquence of Pizarro or Bonaparte surpassed by their military skill.

Not only is genius universal in its application, but also in its distribution. There are times, indeed, when nations seem to have called all their genius into action, and others again when it seems to slumber. Thus we find in their history a golden age, a silver age, and iron age succeeding and verging into each other.

Hallam says that the poverty of mediæval literature was not so much due to ignorance of letters, as that a servile habit of merely compiling from others is characteristic of the period. Yet of all the great men of

Greece, those whose influence will be longest felt came to the front when the noon of her glory had far receded, and her sun had all but set. Long, too, after the fierce northerner had transfixed in his own breast the talons of the Roman eagle, and even in the cast-iron age of the Medici, lived some of the truly great men of *Italia*; and when Rome's greatest warriors who rode into fame in the blood-red car of conquest, are forgotten, Dante, Galileo, and Raphael will continue to instruct and please generations yet to be. So the Dutch, considered the most harsh and prosaic of men, have developed the finer intellects of a Rembrandt and a Beethoven.

Instances, such as the foregoing, might be enumerated, *ad libitum*, but at present we forbear; suffice it to say that what we owe to men in the past, we owe chiefly to the man of genius. Other men have lived nobly and usefully in their way, but their influence does not reach us; but the true genius is continually broadening our sphere of knowledge, and bringing into common property of man those thoughts of God which are the mainspring of all human thought and action.

At his touch latent thought becomes sensitive, and assuming definite form, remains to all time for a memorial of its discoverer. With powers of mind akin to inspiration, and differing less in kind than in degree—since to him is given the priesthood of the commonwealth of humanity, and exclusive privilege to tread the holy of holies of truth—he renders us invaluable assistance in building up the intellectual and moral man. His soul, attuned to the perfect harmony of nature, has in it a chord to vibrate in sympathy with every heart-throb of the sentient creation. For, as the great orator, on being asked what were three principal requisites of his art, replied: "First, action, second, action, third, action," so the three grand essentials of genius are, first, soul, second, soul, third, soul. In his presence we are conscious of a superior power, but knowing that this power is couched in a still stronger sympathy, we shrink not from him as from an

autocrat, but love him because he loves us.

And oft as we regale ourselves at the sweet fountains of poesy, or drink of the shoaler streams of history or biography, or glance on the canvas when thought has assumed definite form, will we bring the willing trophies of an intelligent adoration, to lay them at the shrine of genius.

B. F. S.

Correspondence.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

A promise made to one of your number to contribute something to your columns, this year, haunts me this evening. What shall I do? Write an article? But I am out of practice, and besides, am so engaged with professional work, that little time remains for thought in other departments. But still the spectre glares at me, and I think of days of yore—the inevitable end of the month drawing nigh, twenty four columns to fill, and no correspondence coming in, and I must write, even if my communication finds its honored grave in your editorial waste basket.

"Well, *Boston* is the subject of my story." I suppose that, to some of your readers at least, a few pen-scratches concerning that city and its interesting features may be readable. Boston has not been inaptly named the Athens of America. True, it has no Acropolis adorned and beautified in the most gorgeous manner by Phidias, as Athens had. But it has its philosophers, its schools, its temples, its culture, its passion for literature, and I suppose a citizen would add, its pure democratic principles and institutions. No American city, as far as I can learn, breathes such an intellectual atmosphere as Boston. It abounds with Theological Seminaries, Colleges, Academies, Scientific Schools, Latin Schools, and Common Schools of all grades. Its literary societies, whose number is legion, have provided immense libraries, and secure the best talent in their numerous lecture courses. Literary men of wealth and leisure come from all quarters to make their homes and spend the evening of their days

in its beautiful suburbs and environs. One cannot but be impressed with the fact that, with all the business activity and acuteness so characteristic of American cities, all classes here are more or less interested in literary affairs, and can converse on almost all themes relating to literature or science.

The principal centre of interest in the city at this time, as you are aware, is the Monday lecture in Tremont Temple by Joseph Cook. Mr. Cook holds his own well. Although the subject this year is more hackneyed and commonplace than the themes he discussed in former years, his hold of the people is by no means slackened. A vast audience, numbering about two thousand, composed chiefly of the elite of Boston, and including the best culture in the city, greet him every Monday at noon, filling the spacious audience room of the Temple to its utmost capacity, and listening with marked attention to his eloquent and weighty sentences.

His general subject this year is "The relation of capital to labor." His three opening lectures dealt principally with communistic labor associations, then exerting themselves to their utmost to secure the election of such time-serving demagogues as Ben Butler, and others of even inferior stamp. Those who have read his lectures, can well imagine their telling effect against these hot-beds of disorder and crime, when reached by the press to the farthest corner of the land. Mr. Cook is now directing his shafts against factory abuses. He gives alarming statistics of the mortality and degradation existing among operatives. He declares also that in this state, the manufacturing population is rapidly increasing, and demands reforms in the interest of humanity and the commonwealth.

Mr. Cook is a man of rather prepossessing appearance. In stature, he is large, tall, and correspondingly well-proportioned. His head is especially large, and gives you the idea that at least it contains room enough for a very large brain. His voice, though somewhat husky in its higher keys, is generally clear and sonorous. His action and gen-

eral attitude on the platform are those of a man of culture in intense earnestness. His lectures this year, of course, abound with figures, and allow less scope for oratory on that account, but at times he becomes decidedly eloquent, as you will perceive from reading the printed reports, though to appreciate his finest passages, he, above all men I have listened to, must be heard.

At precisely twelve o'clock, Mr. Cook enters the Temple and begins the exercises by offering a short prayer. This is followed by one verse of some familiar hymn sung by the audience with the aid of the tremendous organ which occupies one end of the building. Then the lecturer, sitting in his chair, talks for twenty minutes on current events. After calling upon some one to offer prayer again, the lecturer begins and lasts until one. A week ago, last Monday, the topic of his prelude was the recent arrival of Canada's new Governor-General in the Dominion, and Her Majesty's telegram stating her pleasure at the magnificent reception given to the vice-regal party on their arrival. He spoke of the loyalty of the Protestant people of the Dominion, but was very much astray in supposing that the Roman Catholic citizens were, as a class, wanting in that virtue. He thought he saw in this an indication that some time in the future that country might become a part of the United States. Professing, however, not to care much about it at present, he closed by saying that if the time should ever come that the British Empire should be dismembered, he hoped that the United States would be in a position to receive under their wing the orphan colonies. I doubt not all Provincialists present felt a great burden removed from their shoulders, when they heard this generous outburst of sympathy. But our joy was somewhat toned down when we remembered that not many months since, Russia, with all her boasted resources, backed down before that honored flag which floats over Canada, and that the arm of steel that holds that flag in the face of the world, is of too stern stuff to loose its grasp for some centuries yet.

But my letter is already too long. I must reserve other matters for a further communication.

Very truly yours,

D. H. SIMPSON.

Our Exchanges.

We notice in this first number of the New Year a new Exchange—the *King's College Record*, and we welcome it to our table. We wish you, nearest neighbour, a long pleasant and useful record. We congratulate the students of King's College on their enterprise. They purpose "making the *Record* a medium of information concerning the work of the College and its various Associations, and a Magazine of original essays, articles, and translations." We like the tone of the paper very much. The most important articles are, "Journey 'round My Room, (from the French of Xavier de Maistre)," "Nova Scotian Sketches," and "The New Learning." This last piece in poetry is rather amusing, and contains good things. One peculiarity, strikes us—the great number of Latin and French quotations—in fact we have never seen so many in so short a space in any other exchange.

We are pleased to receive the December number of the *Packer Quarterly*. We have a natural timidity about criticising young ladies' literary productions, yet we agree with one of our Exchanges, when it says that there is always a pleasing atmosphere encircling their writings. "Concerning the virtue of Conceit," is droll if it is not altogether logical, which it simply affects. The *Packer Quarterly* girls write "dont" without the apostrophe. The article closes with this weighty suggestion,—“Then let us each consider ourselves the biggest toad in the puddle,” and thereby be happy. "Another article,—“The Organist of St. Ursula,” contains fine word painting and is well written, just a shade of sadness creeps over one as the story is read. "Caesar Class Song" is uproariously jolly. Other articles and pieces of poetry, "The Dream of Hildebrand," "What's in a Name," "A Literary Chinaman," Gleanings, etc., make up this excellent *Quarterly*.

We are sorry to chronicle the death of the *College Rambler*. It was a good paper and it must have died hard perhaps of overfeeding; the last number contained a great amount of matter for the space occupied, not much like the *Tyro*, for all the *Rambler's* space was occupied. Vale! Vale!

The *Tyro* indulges in a fling at Nova Scotia and all contained in it. It says: "While all other things in that little Province by the Sea, are on a

small scale, the harmless conceit of the Wolfvillians constitutes a striking exception." Now, *Tyro*, if you would look around home just a little, you might *possibly* find some very small things there, and if you had a little more knowledge, and a little less conceit yourself, you would not have said what you did. You take exception to our statement in a former issue concerning the fine appearance of the New College. We suppose a situation unsurpassed for beauty and magnificence of view is not a desirable object, or can be bought for nothing, or that the surroundings add nothing to the appearance. Remember, *Tyro*, we said the College *in connection with its surroundings*. Allows us to correct a slight mistake which you have made. The Wolfvillians, as you term them, had nothing to do with the publication of that "sweeper." The students of Acadia College run this paper, and you ought to have known it.

We notice a criticism of our November number in the last *Dalhousie Gazette*, and yet the criticism is such a contemptible one that it is scarcely worthy of notice. The *Gazette* is again assuming that dictatorial style for which it has been noted in the past. Thus it says,—“a five column description of Liverpool by a Professor should have no place in a students' paper.” Nothing more is said on that point. Again,—“We are sorry that objection must also be taken to the opening collection (?) of verses which we are kindly informed is a poem.” Ex Cathedra again. Were you *really* sorry that you had to go to the table of contents to find a word in parentheses to criticise? Well! And did the thought never flash across your mind that perhaps it would be advisable to give reasons for the above criticisms? Pray, do; we would like to know them. Did you never know that College boys sometimes parodied that “popular ballad,” or—? When quotations are acknowledged to be imperfect, what good do you accomplish by criticising them. When you criticise again, Brother Editor, don't let it be said of you that your mind is seeking its congenial employment in such criticism. Here is a stanza of that poetry which you know so well, and with which you are so familiar:

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.”

Great shocks felt, or crises past, have no value as respects the beginning of a right life, save as they induce consideration, and by such consideration make a new atmosphere of truth and feeling for the soul's engagement and recovery to good.—BUSHNELL.

Things Around Home.

Good by, '78!

How do you do, '79?

Welcome back, fellow students.

Write for the ATHENÆUM, write.

“Acknowledgments” are crowded out.

Prof. Tufts has gone—to the village, and taken rooms there.

Leave the past, pull in the present steadily, for the future earnestly.

At the close of last term Mrs. Keddy was presented with a handsome sewing machine, and a warm address.

A Freshman was asked by his French Teacher to tell what an insect is. He replied,—“An insect is a many-legged quadruped.”

“You have bleared eyes; have you been at the inebriating cup?” Senior (poring over Porter's Human Intellect)—“No, but I have been long at *Porter*.”

A Freshman dreamed during vacation, and lo! he had his room-mate under the radical sign, and with all his mathematical gymnastics was unable to get him out. A pre-sentiment of the coming Olney!

French Teacher to Junior.—“Mr. W., have you a French sentence prepared?” After a moment of sputtering on the part of said Junior, teacher replies, “Put it in English, Mr. W., I don't understand Greek.” (Applause).

Prof. of Rhetoric.—“Mr. S., will you explain the insufficiency of Spencer's theory respecting ‘economy of attention?’” Mr. S.—“I think, Prof., that I cannot make *very* much improvement upon the explanation given in our text-book.”

Four of our noble Juniors are *en route* by Love-express, for the “sweet fields” of Matrimony. We wish them a pleasant trip, safe arrival, and then a full realization of their fondest imaginings. N. B.—Don't get out till you arrive at the right station, boys!

A letter came to the Wolfville Post Office addressed to Mrs.—(giving the name of one of our editors). Those who can send in rightful claims will please do so.

A boy was seen in the street selling goose wings just before the Junior Exhibition. It is said that each Junior bought a pair, for what purpose it is needless to tell. Suffice it to say that there were no holes made in the roof of the Baptist Church.

Two Professors and a Preceptress have entered conjugal relations, since last June. They are teaching by example; although one of the Professors told us that we lost the joy of living by remaining bachelors. Look out for an epidemic among the students. No wonder the Juniors are wading in so.

Now lay in your Winter kindlings. You will feel a great deal happier, handing out inflammabilia from your coal closet, or even getting down on your knees, and reaching for them under the bed, than hauling on your long boots and fur mittens, and going out with the thermometer at zero, to hunt around in the snow after stray pieces of board and birch-bark.

Our last Temperance Meeting differed from the former gatherings of the kind, in that the entertainment was entirely furnished by those not members of the Society. The press of reviews and examinations being felt by the students just as the time for the regular meeting drew nigh, their services were dispensed with. The programme for the evening was short, but excellent. Rev. Mr. DeBlois related some of his experiences in connection with the temperance question, eliciting much laughter. He congratulated the students upon the sobriety and order which characterizes the Institution. Prof. Jones followed with a valuable paper upon the basis and development of character.

A large Temperance Meeting took place in Borden's Hall, on the 16th December, under the control of the Sons of Temperance. The object of the meeting was to concert measures for driving the rum-business out of the town. After earnest speeches from Dr.

Sawyer, Dr. Welton, Rev. Mr. Coffin, Rev. Mr. DeBlois, and others, it was resolved to appoint a committee of three; this committee to appoint a committee whose names should not be made public, but who were to prosecute the rum-sellers. The Society pledged to assist this committee financially, morally, physically by all means in its power. We wish complete success to this undertaking. By courage and indomitable perseverance the cursed traffic may be driven from this town. Let all temperance men and women be united. The loss of profits will drive out the rum-seller.

Personals.

[We desire to make the PERSONAL column a success. Will friends please send us as many items as they can?]

'73.—Joseph Robbins, after laboring some time as a Home Missionary, is now pastor of Hillsborough Church.

'74.—J. I. De Wolfe has accepted the charge of the Milton Church, Queen's, N. S.

'62.—A. Freeman is Head Master of the Wolfville School.

'78.—B. W. Lockhart spent a few days with us at the close of the last term. We were pleased to meet him again and hold glad converse.

'78.—E. P. Coldwell also paid us a short visit during the term, while he was at his home in Gaspereaux.

'81.—A. J. Pineo takes charge of the school at Lockhartville. May your shadow never grow less.

'81.—Rev. S. Welton has again returned to College.

MARRIED.

'68.—At Hillside Lawn, Canning, Dec. 23rd, 1878, by Rev. S. B. Kempton, assisted by Rev. Stephen March, Prof. J. F. Tufts, A.M., of Acadia College, to Miss Marie Woodworth, daughter of Levi Woodworth, Esq., and late Preceptress of the Female Seminary, Wolfville.

'75.—At the residence of the bride's father, Fredericton, Dec. 11th, 1878, by the Rev. W. W. Brewer, assisted by Rev. A. J. Stevens, A.B., Rev. G. E. Good, A.M., to Grace H. Wiley, daughter of Robert Wiley, Esq.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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