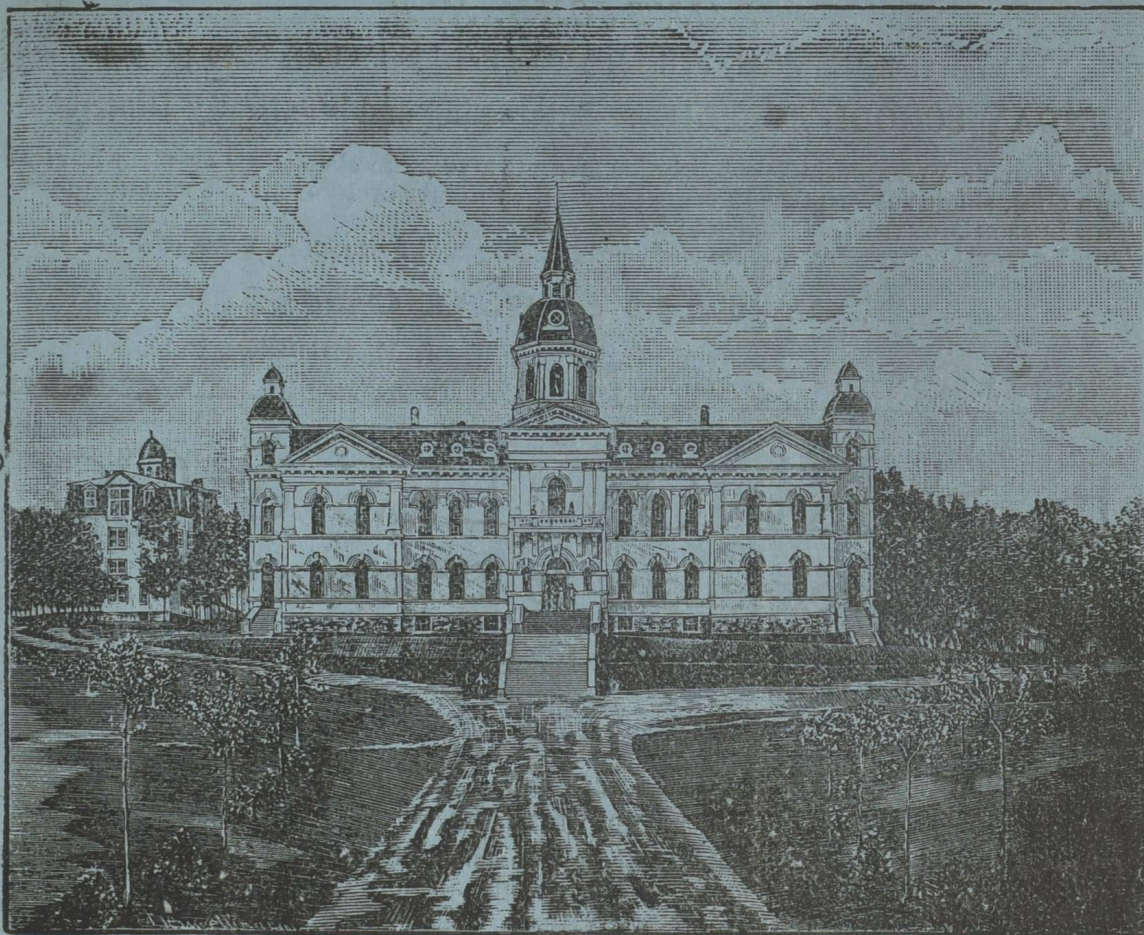


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# The Acadia Athenaeum.



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# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 7

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1881.

No 5.

## NIGHT BY THE SEA.

The sea, like a sheet of molten glass,  
Was tinged with the hues of the glowing  
West:  
It glittered and shone like burnished brass,  
Kissed by the sun as he sank to rest.  
Slowly the tints of the evening fade,  
And night is in all her charms arrayed.

Rolling grandly on, the glorious moon  
Gazes calmly down on a tranquil sea,  
And the hosts of heaven are marshalled forth  
'Mid the azure depths most gloriously.  
The twinkling orbs of night outshine  
The diamonds bright of Golconda's mine.

Each glittering gem in yon cloudless dome  
Is a world unknown, strange and bright,  
And vaster far than this world of ours,  
That hangs in the diadem of night.  
Sublime and grand they roll along  
To the measured march of Creation's song.

Not the slightest sound of ripple or swell  
Falls on the ear, as we wander along  
Over the pebbly shore that we love so well,  
Or list for the merry mermaids' song  
That peals anon from some moss-grown cave  
That dark subaquean waters lave.

Anon, a boat shoots swiftly by  
Across the calm, far-reaching sea,  
That stretches on where shadows lie—  
Fit emblem of eternity.  
While fall the oars with measured plash  
And fiery wavelets dance and flash.

A peace profound steals o'er the mind,  
As we gaze afar o'er the boundless deep,  
And think of the rest that we all shall find  
After life's troubles and death's short sleep.  
When we'll tread the shores of the Jasper sea  
Through a joyously grand eternity.

KAYOSHK.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.—*Thomas Hughes.*

## THOMAS CARLYLE.

Non omnis moriar! multaque pars mei  
Vitabit Libitinam: usque postera  
Crescam laude recens.—*Hor., O. III., 30.*

While pens are yet busy giving sketches of the life and personal reminiscences of "George Eliot"—the gifted novelist, the greatest woman of her time—it is announced that the philosopher of Chelsea is dead. Many who know little of this man save that he was a great man in literature, will now begin to make enquiries as to his career; and few biographical sketches are likely to be more largely read than those of the illustrious Scotchman who passed from earth on the morning of the 5th inst.

Thomas Carlyle was born in Dumfriesshire, on the 4th of December, 1795. Both of his parents had excellent minds, and although their early educational advantages were confined to the common school, their extensive reading enabled them to do much toward the mental training of their children. The mother was an ardent admirer of Oliver Cromwell, and the impressions which her eldest son received from the home discussions respecting this character in history, afterwards found expressions in his work upon the *Champion of Puritanism*.

At the age of fifteen, Thomas Carlyle, with the knowledge gained at the home fireside and at the parish school, entered the University of Edinburgh, the "Wonderland of Knowledge." About this time began the lasting friendship between him and Edward Irving. The latter exercised a wholesome influence in developing the mind and character of his younger companion. The regular class topics especially delightful to



Carlyle were Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; but in his outside work he seems to have been most enthusiastic in the study of Modern Languages, and the early literature of England. He was a great devourer of books, and made an unprecedented use of the College and other libraries. With Nature he communed as well and took delight during his vacations in roaming among the hills and valleys of his native place.

Upon the completion of his course he entered the teaching profession, which he soon abandoned out of dislike of the employment. He then began to travel, and after a time took up quarters in Germany, where he applied himself assiduously to the study of German literature. During this sojourn he became acquainted with Goethe, and formed that high estimation of him which is displayed in his subsequent writings. This Shakespeare of Germany on his part loved young Carlyle, and "welcomed his transcendent powers."

On returning to Edinburgh, the subject of our sketch began his career as a "writer of books." From devotion to the cause of God, his parents had always wished to consecrate him to the Christian ministry, and he himself cherished the same idea up to this time. The *Life of Schiller* was his first work of importance. This was followed by his translation of Goethe's great novel, which met with a cold reception at the outset owing to its inelegant diction, but faithfulness to the original finally triumphed. Before going to the Continent he had written a number of articles for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, which immediately attracted attention and gave indication of the author's genius.

At the age of thirty Mr. Carlyle married a lady eminently fitted to be his companion, and removed to a wild country district in the most solitary part of Dumfriesshire. "Here we can live, write and think," he wrote to Goethe, "as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature." From

his pen there appeared in the leading reviews at intervals, during the six years of retirement, those papers which were afterwards collected under the title of *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*. In these we have some of the finest specimens of critical literature of which our language can boast. Many of them display that treatment of subjects which calls into exercise the highest powers of the mind. But that which occupied his energies chiefly during this solitude among "the granite rocks and the black morasses" was his *Sartor Resartus*, or an imaginary history of the Life and Opinions of an eccentric German Philosopher. Herein the author propounds his own philosophy of life and society.

About 1834 our literary hero removed to London and took up his abode in an unattractive brick house at Chelsea, where he remained till his death. This suburban district of the great Metropolis has been the home of many who have contributed much to our literature; but the most illustrious of them all is he who has just now passed away. His intellectual labor has enriched the present, and will pass down as an inestimable legacy to future generations.

Mr. Carlyle's next work was his "gorgeous prose epic,"—*The French Revolution*. Two volumes were completed when a misfortune occurred which resulted in a phenomenon of memory. The manuscript having been given to a learned friend, for perusal, was inadvertently destroyed by a servant. At this mishap the author was almost thrown into despair. For some weeks he gave himself up to novel reading, and such was the effect of this respite from mental labor, that he cheerfully began to restore the loss, and soon produced the volumes almost verbatim. In 1837 this history was completed. "Take it for all and in all, it is the most brilliant panorama of more or less distorted scenes and characters that the world has ever seen."

Mr. Carlyle next appeared in the capacity of a lecturer. He delivered a course of



lectures on "German Literature," another on "The Revolutions of Modern Europe," and still a third on "Heroes and Hero Worship." The latter—six in number—have been published in a separate volume. As a speaker the sage of Chelsea was far from prepossessing in appearance and manner, but his mastery of his subject was always so complete that the lack of these minor graces was easily forgotten. The *Past and Present* was followed in 1845 by *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, and this again by *The Life of Sterling*. "Mr. Carlyle," says one of England's historians, "has cleared away the rubbish that two centuries had accumulated round the memory of Cromwell, and has raised for him a monument that will endure when the marble shall have perished among which his statue has no place." In the estimation of the author, his next work, *History of Frederick the Great*, was his greatest.

In 1865, Thomas Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh by a great majority over Mr. Disraeli. Shortly after he met with a sore trial in the death of his companion. There is extant a touching account of the sage's uninterrupted visits to her grave at the Old Haddington Cathedral.

It has been different with this "Hero as a man of Letters" from what it was with many of England's *literati*, who were but lightly regarded while they lived. Mr. Froude says of Carlyle that "long years ago he was recognized by statesmen and thinkers in both Hemispheres as the most remarkable of living men," but the same writer adds, implying that he is but poorly appreciated in general, that "a hundred years hence, perhaps, people at large will begin to understand how vast a man has been among them."

Both physical and intellectual vigor were retained by Mr. Carlyle almost to the close of his life. He had planned an autobiography as his last work, and in concert with his niece was largely occupied with this for

the past two years. Mr. Froude has been with him much of late, and to his pen, no doubt, we will be indebted for something valuable respecting this

"Mightiest Titan of ruggedest mind."

As an author Carlyle is not one of those who does all the thinking for the reader, but he compels the reader to think for himself. The value of his works is greatly enhanced by their eminently suggestive character. Critics who are "great on the little wheel" may deal harshly with the crudity of his style, but let such attempt to mend it! No one who has felt the grandeur and hung upon the eloquence of his rugged lines would lay hands thereon. As a conversationalist he greatly excelled. He was no title-seeker. Several times he refused badges of distinction which were offered him. He was a hater of unverity and an iconoclast of shams. In his books he has left us a rich inheritance. Truly, he has "erected a monument more enduring than bronze . . . which the flight of time cannot destroy." Those who would know this literary giant must study him in his works, and the value set upon the acquaintance will be just in proportion to its intimacy. "Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however, imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near."

RYE.

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#### PATIENT THOUGHT.

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Comparisons are often made between the present and the centuries preceding the art of printing. In these comparisons our own time is apt in some respects to be too highly extolled and the past to be unduly deprecated. That this modern invention has conferred an inestimable boon upon humanity no one will for a moment deny; but that evil tendencies have been connected with the spread of literature is also true. The multiplicity and cheapness of



books tends to encourage superficial reading. Were the present disadvantages more generally regarded they would be in a greater measure overcome.

When books were few there was a degree of compensation in the thoroughness and thoughtfulness with which they were read. An author served the purpose of awakening and giving direction to thought, rather than of dealing out thoughts and opinions for unquestioned reception. The volume the reader had perused represented a small part of his knowledge of the subject dealt with, since every part had been made the nucleus, as it were, around which clustered the results of his own mental action. We read more, and probably it is safe to say that we think less, than those of earlier times. Our smaller amount of original thinking together with the larger amount which is taken on trust, is set over against their larger amount of original thinking. While our advantages are vastly greater in one way we must admit, that among the majority of readers our benefits are less in another; and this falling off is in the most important direction. In the midst of so many books, very much is accepted without investigation and reflection; and so while we come to know more, our knowledge is not of so much value to us. The more of original thought which attends the acquirement of knowledge, the more truly is that knowledge ours, and the more capable are we of turning it to good account. Much of our stores of learning is but the material for the mind to work upon as the skillful artizan fashions and disposes the timber and stone to form an edifice. A sound education proceeds by going over, as far as possible, the same ground by which the facts and principles presented were arrived at. Each one should endeavor to cultivate the habit of patient thought, and to go down to the very foundation of things for himself. Those who always refer to others as their authority are not the strong men. There is wanted more independent thinkers and fewer of those who are never

moved but "by the wind of other men's breath." "A man gathers wisdom only from his own sincere exertions and reflections, and in this it is not really much that other men can do for him." Were there more "patient thought" there would be more Newtons.

RYE.

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#### PIANO FORTE.

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BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

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"Green lawn, shrubbery, shade and a *piano* in the house." That is what the advertisement said, setting forth the charms of a summer boarding house in some rural nook. They had laid fresh eggs in the presence of the reader, "as it were," and milked the brindled cow before his eyes, and showed him ingots of golden butter, and then climbed the climax and poised a piano on the peak of it. A piano! If the advertiser had named a bear, now, and added that he was muzzled and thus harmless, we might have endured the idea; but a piano that does not come under the dog law, and cannot have its nose in a mouse trap, that is to be banged and thrummed and jangled by every young man and maiden in the neighborhood, crashing upon the tympanum like a tumble of tin pans in a dairy, is quite too much. The truth is, the instrument is not *piano*, it is *forte*. If it were *two forte* in a single house, the old saying when the Boundary Question was troubling us might be taken up with spirit, "two-forty or fight," and nobody but a deaf mute would take a minute to choose the alternative, for "fight" it would be. A piano is a sort of auctioneer's goods; it is a huge harp under the hammer; it is forever "going, going," but never "gone." At Chattanooga, the soldiers split up with axes a piano they found there. I denounced it as Vandalism at the time, and grew sorry for the girl who would "alas never more" and all the rest of it, but I now think those soldiers did "better than they knew;" they were public bene-



factors without knowing it, and so do not deserve an atom of credit.

You cannot escape this instrument. It is plentier than Jews'-harps. You halt for the night at a hotel. They will put you in the parlor bedroom if you wear good clothes, but don't you be left to take it. There's a piano in that parlor, and you are asked if you don't play. You give it as vigorous a denial as if you had been charged with stealing a plated spoon. You are asked if you wouldn't like to *hear* some music, and you lie like Ananias and say "Yes." Then the landlord's daughter plays, and her voice is in the air like a bewitched guitar in a Spiritual circle. And her cousin from New-York, who was a pupil of the great Somebody, you know, gives you eight rabble pages of high art. And the daughter's young man comes in from the fancy department of the drug-store, his hair parted behind in a sort of ground plan continuation of the spinal column, and *he* plays. And the young man's friend, who parts his hair before and completes the route of the aligned backbone, and *he* plays. And the friend's friend, whose hair is banged like a Shetland pony's, and *he* plays—a little, and so they all play, and "every mickle makes a muckle," and you go to bed to hear that lunatic asylum of mad melody and madder harmony, until the roosters give their preliminary crow. You pay for your sleep in the morning; it is hoped you rested well, and you *did* rest, like the Saint on the hot gridiron.

Four solemn bearers have just carried a piano into the house across the way. It looks like a coffin, and contains the corpse of anything like quiet in this neighborhood. They have a baby there, and it will be encouraged to pound it with its buttery fists, and the cat will run over the keys, and the girls will route out "The Rose that all are praising," and "I'm saddest when I sing," and "The Battle of Prague" and "Nobody knows what," and the last the oftenest. I went West. I crossed the Fox River, the Rock, the Mississippi, the Iowa, the Mis-

souri. I escaped to the wilderness. One day I rode thirty miles, never saw a human habitation, and at night reached a wayside inn. There was not a harp-string within fifty miles but the overland telegraph wire. After supper I was taken into the parlor by the landlord, and he lifted a coverlet in an impressive way from an object in the corner, and I began to fancy some one had died, and he was about to show me the face of the departed. It was a piano! There was triumph in his eye, as he contemplated my astonishment. "My girl plays," said he, "and I'll call her." He did, and she came and she executed. A blessed drove of cattle, persecuted into the clearing around the house by mosquitos, commenced bellowing, and a friendly thunder-storm came growling up the west. That girl was afraid of lightning! She said she never *could* play in a storm, and I said it was frightful and I was sorry, and I was—sorry thunder had'n't come sooner. Since that day I have never attempted to *make* a piano. Like plantain and white clover, it tinkles in the van of civilization.

### Personals.

Mr. Bernal Crawley, son of the Rev. Dr. Crawley, is now visiting his friends in Wolfville.

'75.—Benjamin Rand is now studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

'75.—W. G. Parsons is engaged in the study of law at Kentville, N. S.

L. H. Chute of the present Junior class, is at his home in Upper Stewiacke. His health has improved and he again feels strong drawings to "Acadia."

'62.—Rev. S. B. Kempton, the worthy pastor at Canard, who has been ill and laid aside from active duties for nearly a year, we are glad to announce is decidedly convalescent.

We have strong reasons to hope that very soon he will be wholly restored and permitted to engage in his much loved work.

Professor Schurman is to lecture in Halifax on the 17th of March, under the auspices of the Granville Street Church. His subject will be "Carlyle as Seer."



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WE are compelled to call upon those of our subscribers who are indebted to us for the payment of their subscriptions. Fifty cents is a very small amount, but upon the promptness or neglect of individuals to send this in, depends our ability or inability to meet financial demands. Our friends will please bear this in mind and favor us with early remittances. Those who have already paid will accept our thanks.

BEGINNING with Professor McGregor's articles in the *Halifax Herald*, the "Provincial University" and "College Grants" have been receiving attention in the public press for several weeks. What has come from some correspondents and some College papers has shown a narrowness not to be commended. It is right for those who are especially interested in a particular Institution to see that its interests are guarded and its rights maintained; but it is

well also to remember that there are other Institutions which have claims upon our regard because of the good work they are performing in the cause of education. We trust that there will result such an adjustment of educational matters as shall be most advantageous to these Provinces at large.

ONE of the things which students need to be warned against is the injurious habit of "cramming." One who labors from day to day with no higher aim in study than to be able to recite glibly, *a la* parrot, is not likely to go out of College very much better than he enters. He may have a store of facts which will be useful to him, but he cannot be called an educated man. Studies should be engaged in from a love of them, and not from a desire for high marks and examiners' smiles. True it is that there are topics for which some have a dislike, but this would largely vanish if the "Big-go" were less thought of and the difficulties were met squarely and honestly. It must be hard to find a method of keeping students under proper pressure during the term and of testing them at the close, which at the same time allows that freedom most conducive to success. What would be the best mode of dealing with one might be injurious to another. But where so much importance is attached to terminal examinations, as is the case in some of our Colleges, a premium is put upon "cramming," and good scholarship is not sufficiently encouraged. There is a vast difference between becoming familiar with a text book and becoming conversant with the subject of which it treats. And yet those who aim at the former are likely to eclipse such as have really grappled with the subject, when it comes to a contest with examination papers. There is too much of this habit of taking things in "to be vomited out again into examiners' laps." Those persons will reap the greatest and most-abiding benefit from their College course who pursue the even tenor



of their way with the determination to go beneath the surface of things and to allow regular standing and terminal tests to take care of themselves.

#### THE VANITY OF POPULAR FAME.

Around us we see a class of men which, more than any other class, desires popularity, and less than any other secures it. In these people we recognize qualities which are seemingly commendable, yet about them there is something repelling. Why this should be, we cannot produce a satisfactory reason. It may arise from the fact that the apparently good acts which they perform are but the whitewash to conceal their ill natures beneath. If we examine into the nature of these persons we will find that they are supremely selfish—that their desire for popularity is prompted by this selfish self-love. They are not men of generous impulses, but of cool and painstaking calculation. If they make a gift it is for a purpose. A policy that has its centre in self, over-rides all their actions.

The majority of men and women who are desirous of popularity are not prompted by good motives. Their object is not to do good nor to make the world better. They are not willing to remain patiently in their sphere of action until the world seeks them out. They strive to gain popularity for the sake of a name; to be known; to be talked about; to be lionized is their ambition. It is notoriety that has charms for them, not public duty nor public responsibility. All this is utterly selfish—utterly contemptible. A surpassing overweening desire for popularity, for the sake of popularity, demonstrates a nature which will subordinate public to private good. Such characters, we often see occupying positions in political cliques and legislative assemblies. We do not deny that to be praised on account of a reputation honestly won through the faithful discharge of duty, is a boon worthy of being cherished. An ambition to be deserving of public honor is a legitimate motive of a noble

mind. But applause sought for its own sake, a public life entered upon for the rewards of fame is one of the lowest ambitions and basest things in the world.

All positions are furnished with their little-great men, who are pushing and groping amidst the busy throng of life to make themselves seen and heard. "Patriot" "philosopher," and "poet" are shouted by the crowd in the ears of the puny pedant who attempts to reverse the action of natural law, or of the miserable jangler in verse. "Where was there ever so much merit seen"? "Our age possesses great intellectual wonders." To such music as this these aspirants march on swelling and blustering.

A.

#### FACULTIES AND THEIR FAULTS.

Students are often forced to disapprove of the conduct of college professors. It must be so. Professors make many mistakes. Why should they? Until recently this question has been a "poser;" but 'tis no longer so. Not long ago we read a letter in the *Niagara Index* written by "Another Jack; and Mister Another Jack brushed away the mists. He said that, as a rule, the professors "lack experience." A sufficient explanation of their trips and tumbles! They mean well, but they haven't seen much of the world,—not nearly as much as the downy-cheeked Freshman, who carries a cane, smokes cigarettes, wears one of "these caps," and thinks it would be very, very wicked in him to grieve the ladies by staying away from reception.

College students do not lack experience. They know everything. If any one denies this we say that his mind is unsound, and we decline to reason with him. From Freshman down to Senior year the erudition of students is "boundless, endless and sublime." Their opinions are golden, jewel-tipped and frost-proof. When a rash and inexperienced Faculty tread on their corns,—then look out for smoke!



They are a conflagration, a tornado afire, a universe ablaze! We have observed this repeatedly. We have seen the eagle eye of a Freshman flash fury fast. We have seen the "hot blushes mounting to the nose" of an offended Sophomore. We have heard a Junior rage and roar robustiously,—when he was certain the Faculty wouldn't hear him. He was considerate of their feelings, you know. College Faculties are very sensitive. We have seen one turn pale and gasp for a quarter of a century, on account of just one little cross look from a Sophomore. A frown from a Senior would instantly slay the healthiest college Faculty in the land. Therefore if cross looks were left lying round loose where professors would happen upon them there would soon be no Faculties in the wide, wide world. This would be sad, very sad.

We dare say that men wonder how professors get along so well. They are all the time blundering and offending. Long lessons, interfering rules, ridiculous prohibitions, needless scoldings, all these are rocks of wrath. By them students are scandalized and enraged. Any inexperienced person would suppose that the offending prof's. would be slain; but they're not. They live, and grow fat.—(This fat idea is a new one to us. We never studied it before. College Faculties evidently grow fat. Phunny phat Phaculties! Phaith, we may phetch up at this phase of the subject again)——. To return. The inexperienced individual might wonder why the vials of wrath which fizzle so much *privatim* do not belch forth their contents *publice*. The virtue of students is the obstacle—the vial-stopper, *ut ita dicam*. They are pitiful. Students are very compassionate. We have known several who would always pick the worm out of an apple before eating it ("it" refers to the apple, not the worm). Indeed we have known only two or three who would bite off a snake's nose; and these were partial students—partial to snakes. It is this same kind im-

pulse which students obey when they get out of the way of teachers before they find fault. They cannot be cruel. We want this virtue recognised. The cold, heartless world thinks we are only wise. Blind blunder! We are also good. *Sapientes atque boni*.

Let not men think that any deadly plan is a-foot when students are heard grumbling rabidly. They are simply effervescing somewhat. A chemical change is taking place. But if a bit of college Faculty should approach, they would instantly seize their fore-tops, bend their spinal columns, show their teeth, and be lamb-like and respectful.

To recapitulate. College professors "lack experience." On this account they err.

College students are virtuous and kind. Therefore they do not crush the erring. Hence, colleges continue to be. Q. E. D. —*Soita*.

### Voices from the Hill.

The College Calendar for 1880-81 is out.

Reception Saturday evening, Jan. 29th. Present: Members of the Faculty with their ladies; Seniors and Juniors and *their* ladies.—Report: Success in point of numbers and enjoyment.

Thirty students from the College attended the Church Festival at Port Williams on the evening of the 10th inst. We tender our *sympathies* to the ladies of the Baptist Congregation who provided the excellent tea.

We see by looking over the new Calendar that our "localizer" made a slight mistake when he affirmed that "Hanc's brother Fred had joined the Sophomores." We notice he is classed among the general students! In extenuation of our mistake we may say that we stated in said item the generally received report.

We would like the *Danbury News Man*



to know of the achievements of some of our students who inhabit the hallowed precincts of the Old Sem. The legendary inability of man to wrestle with a stove-pipe has been proved a myth. Two of the said students have repeatedly and successfully risen in their might and conquered a refractory stove-pipe with no less than five elbows, and heated thoroughly by a good hard-wood fire.

The Athenæum Society has been discussing some very interesting questions of late. The subject last Friday evening was: "Should the Government afford Financial aid to Denominational Colleges?" After a long and interesting debate the question was decided in the affirmative. This decision will no doubt lend assistance to our Local Legislature, when the matter of "Grants" comes up, in forming their conclusions.

The past thaw had some strong characteristics, and any one who endeavored to meander around in rubbers, found the dignity of their movements rather lessened. Had it not been for the beneficent rules laid down by our Faculty, some of our number would have been strongly tempted to engage in an innocent snow-balling frolic with some of the Sems. But there is sacrilege even in the thought!

The Sophs. are raking their brains over a certain problem pertaining to the Cissoid invented by Sir Isaac Newton to torture all coming generations. Probably Sir Isaac was haunted by the memory of his own College days, and derived a sort of ghostly pleasure in looking into the future, and beholding a multitude of students with rectangular rules endeavoring to rival Diocles.

The Rev. Mr. DeBlois has completed the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate in connection with the Wolfville Baptist Church. The event was duly celebrated on Monday evening the 14th. The church, congregation, and numerous friends assembled in the vestry and after spending a little time in a social way, the meeting was brought

to order by the chairman. Dr. Welton was called upon to present an address to the pastor on behalf of the audience and also a purse containing \$150.00 as a token of the esteem in which he is held. The address was suitable and worthy of the occasion. Mr. DeBlois replied in his usual happy way. Excellent addresses were then given by the venerable Dr. Crawley and the Rev. George Armstrong of Kentville, after which the interesting gathering was brought to a close.

Sir Walter Raleigh has been long regarded as the true model of politeness, because with ready tact, he spread his costly robe in the mire, that the dainty feet of the haughty Elizabeth might not be defiled. But was not such an act as truly politic as polite, and did not the crafty courtier gain even more than empty honor thereby? We hesitate not to say that two of our "fellows" recently far surpassed the chivalrous act of Sir Walter, and, because of their gallant endeavor to convey across the flooded street the fair dwellers in the Sem., should be lauded exceedingly. The more we think upon the achievement the greater becomes our admiration. To storm Sebastopol, or withstand the bitter charge of Inkerman requires courage; but to take a plank and march at the double quick into the very midst of the Sems., trebly guarded as they were, betokens reckless daring. We trust it was appreciated by those for whom the benefit was intended. And can we longer look upon our students as void of true gentlemanly feeling as they are sometimes mis-represented?

"Kingly Men and their Qualities," was the subject of a very interesting lecture delivered before the Acadia Athenæum on Friday evening, the 4th of February, by the Rev. Mr. Stottard (Wesleyan,) of Canning, King's Co. The reputation of the Rev. gentleman drew more than the usual audience. The lecture gave evidence of careful research and close thought; and though it was fully an hour and a half long, the undivided attention given to the speaker to



the end proves him to be a man of no ordinary power. In the words of one well qualified to judge, "It was excellent." We hope to have another visit from Mr. Stot-hard in the near future.

Mr. Walter Barss ('80), who has for a short time been Editor and Proprietor of the *Wolfville Star*, has retired from the field of journalism. The *Star* has been improved under his management, and we regret that Mr. Barss's health and inclination forbid him continuing his connection with the "fourth estate." He informs us that he is looking forward to another vocation. Into whatever employment he may enter we feel sure his industry, tact, and talent will secure him success. The *Star* has been purchased and will be continued by Mr. A. J. Steele, a gentleman who comes well recommended. We trust this journal will suffer no eclipse under the new management, but will shine with all the splendor becoming a star of the first magnitude.

If it is true that spicy odors and delicate perfumes lead our imaginations to Araby the Blest, or the far-distant islands of the East, upon what Elysian journeyings of the fancy have we not recently entered. How green-eyed jealousy and envy have tugged at our heartstrings as we contemplated the superior advantages of the "Sopho." in this respect. As passing whiffs of odors celestial escaped from the room where our worthy Professor of Chemistry was engaged in distilling perfumes delicate as the aroma of that pretty little black and white animal known to fame, but whose cognomen is so unpoetical that we omit it, what a sense of unalloyed felicity stole over us. Such pleasure doubtless rejoiced the heart of the compassionate Indian, when, as he was swallowing an egg, he heard the faint chirp of an unfortunate chicken as it disappeared down the yawning cavity, and sadly said, "Too late squeakum."

## Exchange Notes.

[A part of these Notes was prepared for the January issue but was crowded out.]

The February No. of the *Niagara Index* is noticeable. We were almost caused to shudder as we perused an article entitled "Tendency of Modern Civilization," and realized how the civilized world was fast lapsing into a worse than Pagan condition; but when we noticed in the closing sentence that "P. D." knew where true civilization might be found, we took courage. And their "Hot Cakes"—but we forbear to notice how "the small hands and the brawny ones were clutching the molasses jugs and smearing the 'balm of gladness' over their cakes," though, indeed, the imagination would fain linger about a picture so suggestive of feasting and merriment. But it is in its Exchange Columns that the *Index* figures most conspicuously and arouses our most intense admiration. The Exchange editor strikes out right and left in the most approved style, and even, like Satan of old, defies the Archangel.

We notice that the *Acadian Recorder* has departed somewhat from its usual courtesy in copying from our columns, without acknowledgment, the poem entitled "A Ray out of the Shadows," written for the *ATHENÆUM*.

We have received the first number of the *Studio and Musical Review*. Judging from its staff of contributors, and its general tone and appearance, we would predict for it a useful career, and wish it every success in its laudable endeavor to supply a good Art Journal.

The *Variety* arrives regularly, and is always welcome. The "Patriarch Student" still breathes the vital air, and age has seemingly no dulling influence upon his natural vivacity.

The *Harvard Register* now comes in a new and more magazine like form. It is in every respect an able and complete college journal.

In looking through our exchanges we fail to find *The Christian Reporter*. If the Editor will kindly send us another copy we will endeavor to attend to his request.

We notice by the *Tuftonian* that the students of that flourishing institution, Tuft's College, are devoting considerable attention to athletics. We wish we could say as much for Acadia. The class of mental work done in any institution depends to no small extent upon the perfect development of the physical powers.

The December number of the *Haverfordian* shows that their appeal in the November num-



ber concerning a Gymnasium has brought a speedy and generous response. A thousand dollar grant for a Gymnasium must have carried joy to the hearts of the students. *Happy Haverfordians!*

The Holiday number of the *Wittenberger* comes clothed in goodly apparel, and sustains the reputation the *Wittenberger* holds as an ably conducted College Journal. The advice given in its Exchange columns to the *Kansas Review* concerning the number of advertisements in the local column is timely, and it might be as well for the Editors of the *Wittenberger* to prevent the recurrence of quite so many advertisements among their own locals.

"Vindensora" in the *King's College Record* for November seems to be in a sort of quandary as to whether Acadia did right in adopting the gown in all her classes. We hope some of the learned correspondents of the *Record* will aid him in his quest after knowledge, as such knowledge will undoubtedly prove wonderfully beneficial to him in his course through life. College Mannerisms," in the *Argosy*, is very roughly handled by the *Record*.

The *Beacon* again throws a ray of light into the sanctum. In its pages we see much that fixes our attention and enlists our sympathies. "Wretched" describes the misery and ruin of an unfortunate student gradually sinking beneath the baleful influences of "Todhunter's Conic Sections." We trust our gallant Sophomore class will prove of sterner stuff and wade through Conic Sections and Differential Calculus with jovial indifference. "One Year in a Western College" is an entertaining account of the pleasures consequent upon attending at such an institution. To rise at 5 a. m., and retire at 9 p. m. throughout a whole term must be a source of happiness too pure and lasting for this world.

In the January number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* is a long letter concerning Mt. Allison College and in which occurs this characteristic sentence: "The *Wesleyan* well knows that as a College, capable of furnishing a student with a good liberal education, Dalhousie stands head and shoulders above each and every the *Sectarian* colleges of Nova Scotia." In this, as in many other instances that might be named, the editors of the *Gazette* laudably endeavor to blow their own trumpet, perceiving with their usual sagacity that no one else is capable of filling so windy an instrument. Truly, long continued practice has greatly increased their powers of blowing, and this peal of the trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound. Perhaps in the next number the *Gazette* will condescend to particu-

larize, and show in what respect Dalhousie has so suddenly mounted to such a degree of eminence. We heartily pity the pigmy *Sectarian* colleges that have dwindled to such an insignificant stature as that intimated in the above quotations. They must rank about as high as second rate Academies.

We trust the Provincial Government will carefully consider the sapient remarks of the *Gazette* concerning the Halifax University. We had some faint idea at the time of its establishment the *Gazette* was rather favorable than otherwise to such an institution, but, of course, we must have been mistaken. Doubtless the Government will now be convinced of its error, and institute a searching investigation after "*the Provincial University*." Such a search would probably prove as exciting and successful as any that ever had for its object either the historic sea-serpent, or even Darwin's Missing Link.

Tell me ye classic shades,  
That round my pathway soar,  
Is there no jewelled cave  
Beside the sounding shore;  
Or in the forest grand,  
Some deep untrodden glen  
Where stands a lordly pile  
Built not by hands of men,  
But reared by giant genii  
In the mighty days of old,  
Sparkling with fairy chrysoïte,  
Gilded with fairy gold:—  
Yeapt by learned Dalhousie  
"Provincial University."

## Literary Notes.

Harvard has 158 instructors.

There are now daily College papers at Yale, Harvard, and Cornell.

The life of Jonathan Swift is being written by Mr. Henry Craik.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Whittier is to be published at an early date.

Dean Stanley has in preparation a new edition of his essays on the questions of "Church and State."

The Great Mohammedan University at Cairo, in Egypt has 10,000 students and 300 Professors.

There are 170 colleges in the United States where *both sexes* are admitted as students.

Nine per cent. of the *Yale College* graduates during the past ten years have become clergymen.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is now writing a history of the *First Reform Period*, at the same time being at work upon a novel.



40,000 copies of Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" were sold in four days, by Harper & Brothers, in their *Franklin Square Library Editions*.

Grimms' "Life of Goethe," the "Correspondence of Goethe's Mother," the new edition of Prof. Blacker's translation of *Faust* and two or three other recent publications relating to Goethe, present unusual facilities for and inducements to the study of the great German poet and his works.

A new novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor says that he has not read the book, but says that he knows what her wishes are: First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; and fourth, a new bonnet.

Harvard is two hundred and forty-two years old and has had forty-two presidents. The college has graduated 14,062 students, of whom 2,344 were ordained as pastors of churches.

Again the world mourns the loss of one of its heroes, Thomas Carlyle, the historian, critic, and essayist. Few names can ever hold a more distinguished place in literature than the name of Thomas Carlyle.

A new work has just appeared from the pen of Dr. Cunningham Geikie, well known through his *Life of Christ*. The volume is entitled *Hours with the Bible*. The author's reputation together with the very flattering notices which the volume has received will secure for it a large sale.

*Sunlight and Shadow*; or, Gleanings from my Life work, by John B. Gough. This is an entertaining volume of about 550 pages. "It contains a good deal of autobiography, humorous reminiscence and racy anecdote."

### Acknowledgments.

W. A. Chase; Geo. V. Sanderson; S. H. Cain; B. E. L. Tremain; J. H. Harding, \$1.00; S. Royers; Mrs. Johnson; J. W. Bancroft; J. I. DeWolf; F. E. Good, G. E. Good; G. P. Paysant, \$1.00; F. M. Kelly; E. W. Kelly; Wentworth Chipman; A. L. Calhoun, \$1.00; A. N. Roscoe; I. C. Archibald; E. M. Kierstead; O. J. Redden; C. S. Ingram, \$1.00; F. S. Harding, \$1.00; Wm. McCully; Rev. D. Freeman; C. D. Rand, \$1.00; Miss M. Lockwood; M. P. Freeman; W. A. Porter, \$1.00; Rev. Jos. Murry; Miss Amy Carr; W. A. Corey, \$1.00; Mrs. C. D. Crandall; J. B. Boyart; N. J. Layton, \$1.00; L. J. Walker; L. C. Layton.

## MARRIAGE.

MORSE-PARSONS.—At the residence of the bride's father, on the evening of the 23d inst., by the Rev. D. M. Welton, Ph.D., Mr. Edward J. Morse and Miss Jennie, daughter of Henry Parsons, Esq., of Kingston, N. S.

### Selections.

Far are the wings of intellect astray,  
That strive not, Father! to thy heavenly seat;  
They rove, but mount not; and the tempests  
beat

Still on their plumes; O source of mental day!  
Chase from before my spirit's track the array  
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care  
In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,  
And veil the opening of the starry way,  
Which brightens on to thee! Oh! guide thou  
right

My thought's weak pinion, clear mine inward  
sight,

The eternal springs of beauty to discern,  
Welling beside thy throne; unseal mine ear,  
Nature's true oracles in joy to hear;  
Keep my soul wakeful still to listen and to learn.

—Mrs. Hemans.

The following verses are said to have been drawn up by a disciple of Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, who died 500, B. C. :

Nightly forbear to close thine eyes to rest,  
Ere thou hast questioned well thy conscious  
breast.

What sacred duty thou hast left undone?  
What act committed which thou ought'st to  
shun?

And as fair truth, or error, marks the deed,  
Let sweet applause, or sharp reproach, succeed.  
So shall thy steps, while this great rule is thine,  
Undevious tread in virtue's path divine.

To make us know our duty and do it, to make us upright in act and true in thought and word, is the aim of all instruction which deserves the name, the epitome of all purposes for which education exists.  
—Froude.

"Time *was*, is past; thou canst not it recall:  
Time *is*, thou hast; employ the portion small:  
Time *future* is not; and may never be:  
Time *present* is the only time for thee."



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