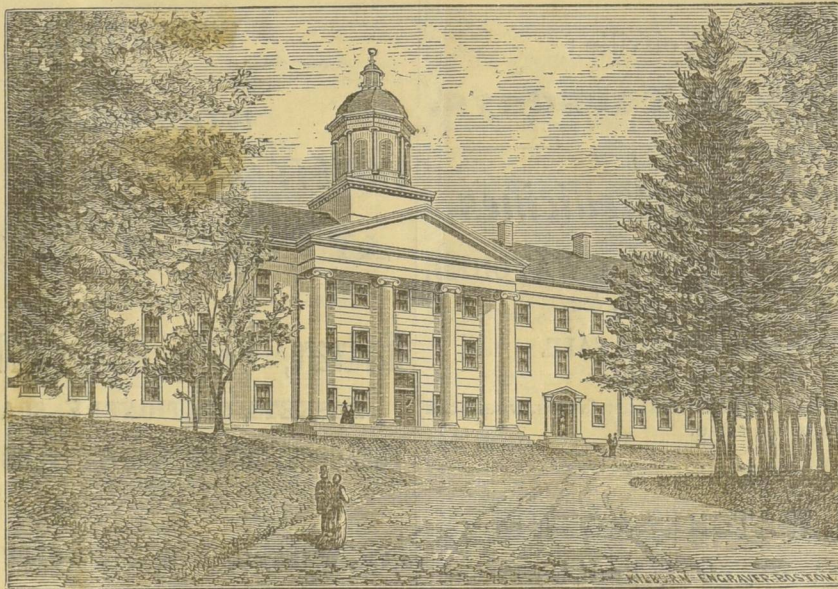


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The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 3.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1877.

No 5.

Ad. Seniores,

JUNIO MDCCCLXVI.

Addressed to the Graduating Class of 1866, by a former Class-mate—Published once before.

All things advance ; slowly the glad earth nears
Her shining goal adown the ages set ;
The fair result of all God's ripened years !
Forbids the heart to cherish long regret.
We may not pause while broad creation hears
The dirge of wrong, the triumph of the Cross,
To moan a useless song of change and loss.

But as ye go, the cycle of whose days,
Drawn through the darkness by a hidden hand,
Bears you to seek life's gifts in other ways,—
We give the thoughts that parting hours demand ;
And more,—mid present cares the mind delays
To muse on past conditions pleasing well,
And span the future with a friendly spell.

We breathe no idle prayer that stainless bliss
May bless you with an ever varying joy,
Nor that in life's rough battle ye may miss
The myriad foes that mortal hopes destroy.
But may indulgent Heaven grant you this—
That in the years before you, ye may gain
A heritage of danger, toil, and pain.

Danger that waits on life to cause it worth
All this vain seeming effort but to live ;
Labor that makes a harvest field of earth ;
And those still lonely hours of pain, that give
To the strong soul a new celestial birth ;
Making it mighty in its power to bear—
And God-like in its will to do and dare.

Scorn not the gift of life ; a purpose grand
Beneath all seeming evil shall ye find,
The present moment treasures in its hand
The gathered wealth of all the years behind,
And in the eye of hoary time ye stand
The heirs of manhood—nature's noblest fee—
Ringed with the glories of the life to be.

But live ! let strong desire ambitious rise
To shun the fate from which your minds recoil ;
Stoop not to be the thing your hearts despise
Through craven shrinkings from a noble toil ;
But grandly labor for the good ye prize,
Till that shall close the danger and the strife,
Which is not death, but life.

Does the Mind ever Sleep?

BY E. M. CHESLEY.

LET us now consider some of the arguments of the French Philosopher M. Jouffroy, as quoted in Sir William Hamilton's *Metaphysics*. The first of these attempts to demonstrate that the probability is that the mind always wakes, and is based on the assumption that "when we dream we are assuredly asleep." But would not this statement first require proof? Is it not probable from considerations before presented that dreamful sleep is not normal and sound sleep?

The second and main argument of M. Jouffroy is, when condensed, as follows:—A stranger visits Paris and is for the first few nights unable to sleep soundly because of the noise of the streets. After some time his slumber is not disturbed by this cause. This is not because, becoming accustomed to the sound, the senses fail to arouse the mind as at first. They do receive the same impressions on the first night as on the hundredth and transmit them in equal vivacity to the mind. That the senses do not become dulled to the sounds as some might imagine would take place after the first few nights, is shown from the fact that habit often tends to render the senses even more *acute*, as in the case of the Indian. The difference can originate only in the *mind*. This, ever active in sleep, on the first few nights, receiving unusual impressions, arouses the senses to inquire what is the matter. But after a time, learning by experience of what external fact these impressions are the sign, it ceases to arouse the senses for a useless explanation. The facts of distraction and non-distraction in the waking state finely illustrate this theory. Thus, at first one cannot read in the midst of distracting conversation, but after a time can do so with ease in the midst of that same conversation. It is not the senses which become accustomed to hearing these sounds and end by being less affected by

them. But it is because *attention* at first occupies itself with the sounds referred to and chooses to neglect them after they have become familiar?

From the above we see that the explanation given by M. Jouffroy to account for the fact referred to is that the waking mind, becoming acquainted with the noise, intelligently decides that it is needless to arouse the man. The strength of his argument turns on the sufficiency of this explanation. It will be our endeavour to show that there are grave objections to his explanation, and also that the facts can be at least equally as well accounted for on the supposition that the mind sleeps.

M. Jouffroy states that the ever conscious mind does not arouse the senses after it becomes aware of the nature of the noise. Well then, let us suppose that this stranger had taken great pains, before retiring the first night in Paris, to inform his mind thoroughly that those street noises it was about to hear during its sleep were very unimportant. Would the stranger in that case sleep on because his intelligent and waking mind would find it unnecessary to arouse him? Certainly not. If the theory is correct why not? But again if all that is necessary is that the sleepless intelligence within become acquainted with the nature of the sounds, why should it not become sufficiently informed on this point at least after the first night's experience? Plainly more time is necessary. And this leads us to offer another explanation of the phenomenon. It is simply that the *sleeping* mind and brain and body, having, according to a natural law of habit, become accustomed to the new conditions after a few nights, varying in number with the individual, can sleep on without being necessarily aroused by the noises. The body can become accustomed to sleeping on a hard board. The nervous system can so conform itself gradually to new conditions that it can sleep under the influence of strong stimulants. So, may it not be possible for the mind to accustom itself to slumber on amid noises at first disturbing and distracting? The actual organs of sense need not become dulled as M. Jouffroy appears to suppose; but the whole nervous, sensational and mental activities concerned in the recognition of those street noises may become much less sensi-

tive to them after a sufficient time, because of the peculiar effects of habitual experience upon us. Just *how* this may take place, we may be unable to explain. M. Jouffroy would object to the dulling of the sensational activities from habit because they are often sharpened from the same cause. To which it may be replied that our sense perceptions may be both dulled and sharpened through habit according as we may choose to encourage or oppose any given influences affecting our sense faculties. The sense faculties of an Indian are rendered acute because he throws his whole soul into the line of sense perception. On the other hand a philosopher might be surrounded by the same sense cultivating influences and opportunities and yet, by engaging day after day in profound metaphysical meditation, might soon become wholly indifferent to the former. The case of the Paris stranger is analogous. He strove to shut out the noises. Does not then the wonderful power of mind and body to adapt themselves to varied conditions furnish a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon in question, without supposing the constant consciousness of mind?

Again it is asked by M. Jouffroy how we can account for the fact of nurses being undisturbed by all noises foreign to the patient and yet awaking by the slightest movement of the patient. How can this be explained unless the mind never sleeps? The mind of the nurse is evidently in no condition to slumber soundly. It only partially sleeps. Well then the little conscious activity which it does have in sleep is probably all constantly directed towards the condition of the patient, thus becoming of course more oblivious to other matters. The case of the footman of Halle who always awoke before reaching the small footbridge with steps, as given by Sir Wm. Hamilton is in point here. What conscious activity of his mind was at work was all directed towards awaking at that one place and time. The proposition is a very conceivable one, for have we not ourselves in our waking moments become so absorbed in one subject of contemplation as to be largely unconscious of the great world of forces about us. Therefore the case of the nurse above referred to does *not* prove that the mind cannot be wholly unconscious under conditions *favourable* to sound slumber.

Finally M. Jouffroy refers to the fact of our ability to awake at an appointed hour, when, before going to sleep, we have made a firm resolution to that effect. He argues that the mind must measure time during sleep, otherwise the phenomenon would be inexplicable. It is indeed evident that the mind must retain its power of measuring time on these particular occasions. But can it therefore never sleep? Here again, just as in the cases before referred to, what conscious activity of the mind exists, is all directed to the matter of awaking at a certain hour. Strangely enough M. Jouffroy himself admits that after a night passed in the effort to awake at a given time, we remember that during sleep we have been constantly occupied with this one thought. On these occasions he admits that our sleep is light and untroubled, the mind constantly disturbing the senses. But in these admissions can we not readily find the true explanation of the strange fact? Let us suppose that on one of these occasions we chance to be very tired, all other conditions favouring sound sleep. We will probably then sleep soundly and in consequence of this, fail to awake at the hour.

CONCLUDED.

What Canada has done for Science.

WE have seen that Canada has produced poets and historians of whom any country would well be proud, whose works are monuments of genius and industry, and which have conferred immortal glory on the land of their birth or adoption. It remains for us to select from the roll of Canadian scientists, names sufficient to show the exalted position Canada holds in reference to her contributions to science.

Dr. Gesner, F. G. S., the pupil of Sir Astley Cooper and John Abernethy, the companion of Sir Chas. Lyell in his tour through Nova Scotia, and the discoverer of Kerosene Oil, was the first who laid open his native Province to the eye of the scientist. *Remarks on the Geology and Mineralogy of Nova Scotia*, and another 8 vo. volume on her *Industrial Resources*, were among the first works on the scientific aspect of a country so interesting to the geological student.

In the same line is the *Acadian Geology* by Principal Dawson, "which says, Hugh Miller," is the work of a man who has made himself a naturalist, and geologist,—a curious and very readable book of high scientific and considerable literary merits. "Dr. Dawson is second to no living geologist, and, since the death of Agassiz, is considered by some the leader of the illustrious circle of American scientists who see in the earth the handiwork of God and the "footprints of the Creator."

Among his other works may be mentioned—*Archæia; or Studies of the Cosmogony and Natural History of the Hebrew Scriptures*, "every page of which bears testimony to the substantial literary, scientific, and theological attainments of its author"; *First Lessons in Scientific Agriculture; Air Breathers of the Coal Period; Earth and Man*; and the latest, an interesting and handsome volume on *The Dawn of Life*.

Another Canadian geologist, whose name will live in eternal lustre, celebrated alike for his scientific attainments, for his indefatigable perseverance in exploration, and for the contributions he has made to the science,—especially as it bears upon Canada, was Sir Wm. E. Logan. His *Geology of Canada*, embracing the results of all explorations between 1858 and 1863, a book of octavo of nearly a thousand pages is one of the greatest works that has ever been written for the elucidation of the geology of any country. The amount of work done by Dr. Logan both in writing and in personal exploration is simply marvelous, and to few men is the scientific world more indebted than to the great Canadian geologist. His reports of the Progress of the Geological Survey, of which he was director, published in English and French amounting in all to 2,569 pages 8 vo., illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, 15 sections and maps, and a folio atlas of 22 sheets, present a result of personal exploration and prodigious industry probably unsurpassed in the history of geological investigation. Says the *London Quarterly Review*: The enthusiasm and disinterestedness of a thoroughly qualified and judicious observer, Sir Wm. E. Logan, whose name will ever stand high in the roll of votaries of his favorite science, have conferred upon this great work (viz., Can. Geol. Surv.) a wide spread fame.

Another Canadian Geological Explorer is Prof. Hind, now, or lately, engaged in the Exploration of Newfoundland; author of the *North West Territory, Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition, &c.*, (2 vols., 8 vo.), and *Explorations in the Interior of Labrador*, (2 vols., 8 vo.)—two of the most interesting and important itineraries published in this century. Nor have Canadian geologists confined their research to Canada; instance the labors of Prof. Chas. F. Hartt, A. M., (Acad.) the Superintendent of the Government Geol. Survey of Brazil, author of the *Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil* (Bost.: J. R. Osgood & Co., \$5). In chemistry, we have, among others, Prof. Croft, D.C.L., author of a *Course of Practical Chemistry*; in Mineralogy, Prof. Chapman, Ph. D., author of *Practical Mineralogy* and other treatises in the same or connected branches. These men can stand beside the masters of those sciences in America. In Botany and Natural History, Canada has produced many experts; in Topography she has advanced masters like Bouchette and Bayfield; in Archaeology, men like *Fari-bault*, and R. G. Haliburton, whose researches gained the favorable notice of such men as Max. Müller, and in Numismatology she has S. C. Bagg, F. N. S., author of *Notes on Coins, Coins and Medals as Aids to the Study and verification of Holy Writ, a Chronological Numismatic Compendium of the twelve Cæsars*, and other treatises in the same line.

In conclusion, we have seen something of what Canada has done for Poetry, History and Science, which may be taken as the three test branches of literature; and, taking everything in consideration, we believe she is second to no country under Heaven. In every thing that can make a country great and glorious, physically, intellectually, and morally, Canada can boast. Let us welcome every talent, every gem of art, every gleam of authorship, and put no obstructions in the way of our progress, "and lift ourselves to the level of our destinies," and the future historian of our country and of its literature will have a wide and rich field from which to glean his materials.

Correspondence.

On Tuesday, January 16th, the new Hall of Balliol College, Oxford, was opened. To commemorate the event a large number of distinguished men were present, among whom were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Sir Alexander Grant, Bart. and Marquesses, Earls, and honorable gentlemen, not a few.

The Archbishop of Canterbury proposed what was considered the toast of the occasion, viz., *Floreat Domus de Balliolo*. The toaster in the course of his remarks said that he considered the College exceedingly fortunate in its having secured, in succession, the services of three such distinguished men as Dr. Jenkyns, Dr. Scott, and its present master, Mr. Jowett. The influence of such men in the cause of Education and Truth, he said, could not be estimated, and considered a College great, not because it has on its roll the names of many distinguished men, but on account of the work which it does in behalf of a sound and Christian Education. The fame of Balliol in this regard, he thought, was traditional both among teachers and taught.

The master of Balliol upon whom devolved the duty of returning thanks for the toast was received with much enthusiasm. He referred to the origin of the College, but more particularly to that point in its history when under the able superintendence of Dr. Jenkyns it took a new and necessary departure. He said its present eminence is largely due to the indefatigable labors of the above-mentioned Dr., Mr. Newman, the late Mr. Riddell, and Professors Palmer and Smith. The speaker referred with manifest pride to the high position which Balliol now holds,—no longer a second-rate College, but the first in Oxford. He spoke also of the large increase in the number of its students, of the widening popularity of the College, largely due to necessary internal reforms, and of the pride which all Balliol men took in seeing the advantages which their alma mater conferred extended indiscriminately to rich and poor.

A brief description of the Hall may not be uninteresting to the readers of the ATHENÆUM. Here is one which I give without claiming for it any great degree of originality. The Hall is situated at the North end of the College, and flanked on both sides by Fellows' and Undergraduates' rooms. It is of the Gothic style of Architecture, and built of Bath and Tisbury stone. It is approached on the side of the garden by a flight of thirty steps, and is ninety feet long and thirty-six broad. The roof as well as the other wood work is of oak. At the West end is a gallery which is reached from the Ante

Hall, at the East end is the high table raised two steps, with a recessed window on each side. Behind the Dais, on the Eastern wall, is a panelled oak canopy. The Hall is lighted by a series of thirteen three-light traceried windows, and a four-light window at the east end. The roof principals are four-centred, and between the constructive lines the spaces are filled in with vertical tracery. The corbels supporting the roof principals are carved with the arms of various benefactors of the College. The east window and the windows at the ends of the High Table are blazoned with the arms of other benefactors. Conspicuous are the arms of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Bedford, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Salisbury, and Lord Coleridge. Similar shields are to be placed in the remaining windows of the Hall.

Since mention has been made of the celebrated College, it may not be amiss to glance at its history. John Balliol of Banard Castle, Durham, instituted it about A. D., 1264. Six years after founding the society which bears his name he died. His wife, the Lady Devorgilla, in compliance with her husband's earnest request vigorously prosecuted the work which he begun. She rented old Balliol Hall on Horcemonger Street as a place of residence for the students. The statutes of the foundation reach back to 1282, and are still in possession of the College." The Lady Devorgilla, in 1284, purchased Mary Hall of John De Ewe, an opulent citizen of Oxford, to which she added a refectory, Kitchen, &c., suitable for College buildings. These she settled on the scholars of the College for ever, to the honor of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. Catherine, and the whole Court of Heaven, "Sir John de Balliol, afterwards King of Scotland, confirmed the Charter."

But the royal charter which the College now holds was granted in 1588, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The title of the Charter is, "The Master and Scholars of Balliol College." The masters of the College were styled first "Procurators," then "Principals" or "Wardens," and thirdly "Masters" which now obtains. John Wicliff, the translator of the Bible was the fifth Master; Dr. Scott, elected in 1854, the forty-seventh. He, as many know, is one of the editors of a large Greek Lexicon.

But Dr. Jenkyns, Dr. Scott's predecessor, was the man in whose head the idea of galvanizing the College lodged. For even in Colleges animation seems sometimes to be suspended. Scholarships were thrown open to public competition. The competitors were the picked men of England's great public schools, and thus Balliol became a centre of life and influence while the other Colleges were apparently dead to sound ideas of progress.

The new life so timely infused would have become feebler under the mastery of Jenkyn's successor, Dr. Scott, had it not been for the vigorous efforts put forth by one of the Tutors of the College, Mr. Jowett. Mr. Jowett's career has been quite a distinguished one. In 1837 he won the Hartford Latin Scholarship; and the Latin Essay Prize. In 1839 he was placed "First class" in Classics. His essays on the Interpretation of Scripture, even though regarded as heterodox by some, are exceedingly able and learned. Perhaps no scholar of the age has studied with so much success the works of Plato, and his translation of that great Philosopher's works, published in four thick octavo volumes, is too well known to need commendation from me. Men of learning have long ago acknowledged the scholarship and critical ability therein exhibited. The following paragraph, bearing testimony to the kind heart and scholarship of the present master of Balliol College may be given without apology:—

"Mr. Jowett had not been a tutor more than a few years before he became a power in the University. He had a singular habit of winning the confidence of young men. Hardened reprobates used to seek him out of their own free will; own their faults, and promise to turn over a new leaf; and when they had done so they used to find the young Balliol Tutor a very *Shylock* in holding them to their bond. Dull or stupid or nervous men who mistrusted their own powers and wanted encouragement were inspired and consoled when Mr. Jowett took them by the hand, pointed out to them how promising their work really was, chattered them with an expression of his good opinion, and so taught them to have confidence in themselves. Nor did he confine the range of his sympathies or his influence to his own College. Whenever he heard of an undergraduate really in need of assistance of any kind, whether in his work, or in other and more delicate matters, Mr. Jowett would inquire into the case, satisfy himself about it and give precisely that amount of help which was really needed. So in time he became a leader of Oxford thought and life, and as such had many enemies. Dr. Pusey denounced him as an Hegelian, and therefore by logical inference an Atheist. Through petty persecutions Mr. Jowett went steadily on. This is now some six or seven years ago, and ever since the prestige and influence of Balliol has been gradually extending, until she has become beyond all possibility of question the first seat of learning and education in Europe."

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1877.

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DOUBTLESS all who read this college sheet feel interested in "Acadia." As in the fabled story, the lode-stone mountain looming darkly on the edge of the sea, exerted its subtle influence on ships far out of direct vision. So our Institution awakens thought and feeling in the minds of many who have never gazed upon its material structure.

The suggestions we have to offer in this brief article come with pertinence to all our readers. In our last issue we referred to our College library and to the priceless advantages of careful, judicious reading. Our library is quite large and in several respects excellent. It has, however, marked deficiencies. We look in vain for the names of Dr. Johnson, Jeremy Taylor, Oliver Goldsmith, George Crabbe, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Browning, Anthony Froude, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Hallick Whittier, Bryant, Lowell. These and other deeply felt defects could be easily remedied if every friend of the College would send to the librarian some instructive book or set of books. But says one: "Is

there not a fund for this purpose." Partly, yes. Partly, no. The fund at disposal is inadequate to meet the demands. Without exposing ourselves to the odious charge of egotism we think we may fairly claim no mean honor for having drawn attention to this much neglected, if not totally forgotten channel of benevolence.

The notion so long and so widely prevalent among men, that money is the summum bonum, is a monstrous delusion—an evil that is as old as the race and as tenacious of life as the Lernean hydra. It is strange that such a patent fraud, such a preposterous chimera should be able to tangle in its web even the non compos mentis much less the shrewdness and foresight of a highly developed intelligence. But its debasing, domineering sway is now being vigorously disputed by truly noble principles. Men everywhere are slowly rising to a juster appreciation of mental and moral good. To thrust the arm up to the elbow into golden coin, and call the glittering mass our own, can only furnish a joy that is base and sensual compared with the pleasures that sit at the feet of intellectual and religious culture.

Wealth is a means not only of getting but of giving; a disbursement of material possessions may bring back immaterial gain. When George Peabody invested large sums in charitable enterprises there came back to him on the tide of reflex influence argosies, that enriched his manhood and shed new lustre upon his life. This elevated example has a voice that rings in animating tones around the globe. Its appeals are not in vain. Princely gifts are cast into the treasury of social and educational reform. Those who cannot bestow thousands give hundreds. Nor are the donors impoverished. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Suppose a case on a small scale. A person presents a set of standard works to some College library. He aids in moulding the character of the students who peruse those books, and he becomes a sharer in what they accomplish in after life. A single book comes from some obscure source, falls into the hands of a talented youth, and becomes within him the germ of proud resolves, grand endeavours, and noble triumphs. Our allotted sphere may be the farm or shop, but we can take shares in lives that will move on more extended planes.

WHILST all labor is worthy of respect, literary pursuits have a dignity possessed by no other. One reason for this distinction lies in the fact that the mind is in its nature and functions nobler than the body. He who swings a hammer or drives a plane does an honorable thing; but he who by dint of tireless energy and unwearied concentration of thought, multiplies human power and adds to the world's knowledge achieves something grander and more enduring. He who sets a golden thought rolling down the ages is the source of truer benefits to the race and wins a nobler triumph than he who heads the illustrious peerage of human muscle. He who communes daily with the master spirits of the past and present, and whose intellect is trained by sound discipline, enlarged by careful study, and enriched from the exhaustless treasures of Literature, lives on a higher level, and breathes a purer, more invigorating atmosphere than the denizen of commercial retreats. Beneath and all around he sees the busy haunts of men, the strife for power, the flash and glare of gold; on his awakened ear like gentle waves at sunset breaks the distant murmur. The scene paints on the retina of the spirit lessons, sage though sad and mournful. Above and over him stretch God's beauteous heavens speaking in a known but unwritten language. It is his to climb the towering mount of contemplation when sleep sheds grateful repose upon limbs weary of the work of counting-room and shop, and whilst the cool night breezes of inspiration fan his brow, to commune with silence and with self. He may see, but he heeds not the phantom forms that glide with bewitching mystery before the restless eye, and lure many into shades whence they never return. He gazes into the depths of things. The gaudy trappings of exterior show have for him no fascination. The revelings of gay society seem to his cultured task little better than the meaningless antics of idiocy. Never does he sip the poisoned waters that flow on every hand, for he quaffs from a fount supplied by perennial streams of crystal purity. True intellect and lofty refinement do not always dwell together. The most sinister motives may rule in a breast where glows the fire of genius. A capacious well-filled brain may be under the debasing

sway of a corrupt heart. How often do we see lofty mental endowments conjoined with low moral aims. Byron was a man of brilliant parts and a groveling sensualist. The vast height to which he rose only revealed the awful depth to to which he sank. The pursuit of sound learning is the highest employment known to man. Wisdom is priceless. It and it alone can confer lasting dignity. A fine establishment may surround a man with a dazzling glitter that makes him respectable in the opinion of the vulgar herd but which cannot win the esteem of the truly cultured. Never was knowledge at such a premium as at the present. The shades of night are fleeing away. A million long-worn fetters are breaking from human minds and leaving them free to engage untrammelled in the ennobling pursuit of truth. The channels of general thought are widening and deepening. Hearts beat more intelligently and so more feelingly. Complete national isolation is no longer possible. "The hands of human brotherhood are clasped beneath the sea." Prodigious strides in many departments are the order of this grand epoch. The mighty engineering of the press is shooting the light of secular knowledge around the globe. Intellect and not brute force is now recognized as the highest type of power. The natural outgrowth of all this is a marvellous increase in the demands of the age. A liberal education is to-day as valuable to a young man as a fortune, and aside from all mere pecuniary interests it is an imperishable crown. The study of Science, Philosophy and Art not only elevates and ennobles, but develops. It has a hand that moulds the rough features of the untutored mind into forms chaste and beautiful. It leads into the noblest walks of life, and points with a radiant finger to prospects boundless in expanse, grand in their sublimity, exhaustless in wealth.

The youth whose settled object is to master the broad questions that thrust themselves upon his notice has a task that will severely test every energy of his three-fold being. It is his to weigh conflicting arguments, to analyze almost hopeless complications, to lay bare hidden fallacies. He who investigates truth in any of its varied forms digs in a mine of richest vein, but blows on blows with giant force alone can break the pre-

cious ore from its native fastness. Most men content themselves with picking up the chips that fly from the huge hammers wielded by the brawny arms of their more ambitious fellows. Very few traverse in a life-time the broad fields of known knowledge, much less enter the limitless unexplored beyond. Before the restless eye of the youthful aspirant to mental pre-eminence rises range on range, high, rugged, precipitous, each succeeding one lifting its craggy head nearer to the clouds, wearing a deeper frown and seemingly hiding more frightful obstacles than any preceding. The scene awakens pain by the thought that he must toil on one step at a time.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—

Will you allow me in a spirit of kindly affection, and with a true and earnest desire to be serviceable to you and the friends of our institution, to make a few remarks concerning the general character and tone of the *ATHENÆUM*. In this I do not for a moment presume to sit in judgment upon or criticise the emanations of minds whose possessors are doubtless competent to be my instructors, but, like an onlooker at a game of skill I may be able to detect weaknesses and errors which would not be apparent to you the principals. I am sure that your chief aim and desire in your editorial undertaking is, that you may afford entertainment and instruction to all your readers, and with that end in view, I do not imagine that you will resent advice in the matter from any source.

To begin then at once my responsible undertaking, I give it as my opinion that the *ATHENÆUM* lacks one element of interest in the quality of its matter. To take as an example the January number and what do we find it composed of. The poetical part of it I will notice anon; of the prose articles we have—"What Canada has done for history," an essay "imagination in literature," an uncompleted sketch of "Madame Roland," an onslaught upon the Mount Allison Journal, a notice of the Xmas. Exhibitions, some brief notices of things in general, and as a finale a few funnyisms (?) Now all these articles are excellent, and in themselves interesting. What I object to is the number of articles of the

same kind. It is like the prison fare of cabbage and bacon, if you do not care about bacon you can have cabbage. What is wanted is a few spicy little effusions, sandwiched in among this heavy matter, to give your readers a taste of wit and humor as well as history and science. A Journal such as yours requires to be composed of as many materials as boarding house hash. Make your humorous and witty fellows contribute to your columns, and depend upon it the *ATHENÆUM* will lead the van in the array of College Journals.

In regard to your poetical department of which I made mention above, I can only say that the fiat has gone forth from your suffering readers that the author of this original poetry must die. No milder measures will suffice. Our ears have been tortured and our senses overwhelmed by dirge-like productions, worse in their effect than the disclosures of the Ghost of Hamlet's father. From the united throats of your numerous readers there comes in one terribly earnest shout, the clamour for this miscreant's blood.

In conclusion, I would say, Messrs. Editors, that if you adopt the few suggestions which I have endeavored in an imperfect manner, to present you would have the satisfaction of knowing that your efforts were crowned with the utmost success, and the *ATHENÆUM* would become a monument to your zeal and success in the affairs of the College.

Yours truly,

GRADUATE.

Personal Touches.

G. B. TITUS, of the Sophomore Class, is dangerously ill at Beaver River.

J. B. OAKES, A. B., 1871, is Principal of the Academy of Chatham, New Brunswick.

JOHN WALLACE practises Law at Wolfville.

M. W. BROWN, A. B., 1876, is Pastor of the Baptist Church at Rawdon.

F. D. CRAWLEY, A. B., 1876, is preaching at Pleasantfield, L. Co.

E. W. KELLEY, A. B., 1876, is Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Windsor.

J. O. REDDEN, A. B., 1876, is at his home in Windsor, in a delicate state of health.

Fresh Trouts!

THREE short leagues from Acadia College at the early hour of 8 a. m. ! Trout fishing at a premium and Books on the shelf. Now for us the moss may hang over Olney's eyes to his toes and Sophocles and Demosthens may converse in classic Greek in some dark crypt of a book shelf.

Away we go—as jolly boys as ever sang a song or danced with a pretty girl at a country merry-making. And as the tintinnabulation of the bells sounded curtly on the crisp and frosty air our hearts beat time in exuberant glee. Whatever the future may have in store for us one day shall be packed as full of fun as an earthly day can be.

Yoho over the hill—down the valley of Evangeline's home, and up the high summit of the South mountain we go—6 miles an hour, for a merciful man is merciful to his beast—and we had not liberty to turn the horse into a locomotive, so we generously permitted him to cling to his genus. Away over the eastern hills the sun came up—hastening his progress, for seldom did his old orb ever light on such a sight, four students going out to catch fish, wild with freedom and boiling over with exhilaration.

What cared we for furrowed time with his scythe and glass or any other wild animal? With one pistol, pen knife and a few deadly hooks we were ready for trout, catamount and uncivilized denizen of the bush. If all these failed—a grand expedient was left—a dernier resort which could not be taken away, (without a knife and saw)—yea could we not say with the immortal Milton;—not lost!

What though the field be lost, all is not lost!
The unconquerable *legs* remain.

And armed with such weapons we were bound to do or die.

Thus with hearts fully manned we tied our quadruped and having slung our accoutrements over our shoulders we plunged into the “forest primeval.”

O ye, who living in continuous acquaintance—ship with the wild and solemn forms of nature; who growing accustomed to the grosser externals of her visible glory, behold them with indifference and all unmoved—can ye understand the feelings of that heart upon which all those things burst as a new revelation? The mind cramped up for 6 mos. by four artificial walls and living in the rigid, artful atmosphere of criticism and textbook scholarship, when once the clamps are taken off and it is allowed to expand under the grateful influence of nature—feels, if it have a vestige of poetry or tenderness of sentiment or

conception of beauty, a new and added impulse of thanksgiving and rapturous adoration go forth to the infinite Father for having reared the mountains and planted the forests and spread out the lakes, and shed over all a halo of light, and a matchless glory of song.

The sound of the axe was not absent—it savored of the Almighty dollar. Yonder is a lofty pine, fit to be the mast of some great admiral. “O woodman spare that tree.” God forbid that e'er a noble devotee of Neptune should ascend it with a slash bucket. Alas already it is marked for falling, for the noble *man* has measured it and calculates its worth to the fraction of a cent.

There is more beauty and poetry about a tree that we think of, with its leaves now mute and motionless in repose pendent and modest, now dancing beneath the sunlight to sweet Æolian music stolen from the sporting winds. Then the lofty column like the Corinthian Pillar that from a broad base rears a head symmetrically tapering to the heavens impresses you with the idea of strength and selfsufficiency.

However—we pass on to a lake hidden from the busy marts of men, in a delightful retreat. Here we unloaded, stacked our arms, built our camp, and arranged the plan of our attack on the finny monsters of the deep. It was agreed that we should lie in Ambush over divers holes and improve every opportunity to *worm* them out.

We gently lowered our wriggling deception, quieting our consciences with the thought that trout need not bite against their will, and then laid back with fond anticipation in our hearts and the savoury smell of a prospective fry in our nostrils.

O men and brothers in the divine piscatorial art! Have ye ever read of him, that old man of infinite sadness whose life was darkened, whose sun was held in partial eclipse until it sank forever, by the shadow of a Perch? He had fished for that perch up and down his native meadows in the old brook all his life. He had hooked one eye out, but the other with “all the seeming of a demon's” haunted him in his sleep or in his waking. That perch killed him. Sitting solitary by the little air hole we exhaust our art, we labor in vain, no trout speckled and shiny condescends to “give away his breath.” Alas for the lack of heroic spirits under the sun (ice) we thought. Are there none who aspire to the crown of martyrdom among the dwellers of the vasty deep?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Things about Home.

Who stoled dat bucket?

"PURP" is the latest endearing epithet for room-mate.

THE College Calendar for 76-77 is out. Now fetch along your 7 cents.

THE 22nd ult, was day of prayer for Colleges, and we rejoiced in the blessing of a holiday, as well as a holyday.

SOPH, (reading over Whately's mnemonic lines) "Barbara, eclarent, Darii, etc."

FRESHIE (coming in) "If I had my French dictionary I think I could translate that."

A PREP, reading in Ceasar translates "*Quum per eorum fines triduum iter fecisset*, thus: "When he had made a journey through the territory of these Tridui,".

SOPH, to professor who has asked him a question in Greek Grammar, "Hold on a minute; Professor, and I'll find it for you."

THE College Singing Class is continually winning popularity. The other night while the President's Hall was ringing with sweet? sounds, a knot of the fairer sex gathered between the Sem. and the College. 'Twas moonlight, and as the golden light shimmered through their tresses, and the music rolled out on the clear frosty air, they were deeply moved—to laughter.

THAT Sem—the one that rejoices in a gorgeous blue cloud, who went down to the 7 A.M. train the other morning to see the Shubenacadie Prep. off, evidently feels with the poet, that

"On some fond breast the Parting Prep, relies," and acts up to her sentiments.

ONE Saturday morning last month we were a little startled by the windows of our studies being suddenly darkened by a dense cloud of smoke, which cut off all view of the outer world. For a few minutes the stairs were busy. One chap laid hold on his ulster and a fur cap, vowing he'd save something; another escaped in his shirt sleeves, saving only a Greek Composition. And when we stood in the wind and rain in front of the College and saw a cloud of smoke issuing from a chimney, we shivered and looked thoughtful, and slowly returned up stairs.

THAT Reception came off, and made several dozen hearts happy. The Preps enjoyed the same privilege a fortnight later. This is a decided improvement on last year. We believe that these joyous reunions are to occur once a fortnight in the future. There was a student here not long ago who used to say that if he could only teach us to smoke he would consider that his four years at Acadia had not been spent in vain. Now, if our plea for more Receptions has had the smallest effect in producing the present happy state of affairs, we can feel that we will leave the world the better for our having lived in it.

THAT Soph, who described the involuntary pirouette and semi-sault in front of the Sem. the other day on the way to dinner, says that the chorus of "He! He!"'s which tinkled on his ear as he got up off the ice and shook himself was cheering and energizing in the extreme. He always did, and still does believe in woman's sympathy for the fallen, but thinks that they have cheerful and novel ways of showing it.

THE flying trapeze has gone up, but the foundation of a new gymnasium has been laid. A 3rd flat laid it, and a pretty solid foundation it is—wooden dumb-bells and Indian war-clubs of the largest description; and now when the old building begins to shake gently of an evening, the east-enders feel no alarm, they know it is "only Hane wrestling, with those dumb-bells."

"WELL, if here isn't Ike's name in the Cullender!" remarked Mrs. Partington to a sympathizing friend who had brought in her knitting to sit and talk about the measles and the sewing circle, "Don't you think now, Ike says he's just got through the eclipse and parable, and is going into infant decimals. You'd ought to hear him when he comes home Friday nights talking about conjugal axes, and, complimentary angels and colic sections: it's as good as a book." And the two good old souls looked wise and adjusted their knitting needles.

WHEN, a few days ago, our Math. Professor, whom we had expected to be absent, took the chair as usual, and somebody suggested that we were agreeably disappointed, it would have taken all the gladness out of life to see the ghastly apology for a smile that crept around the benches.

THE state of the seats in the chapel on Sunday mornings has long weighed heavily on our minds. On Saturday afternoon the hall is swept, and the accumulated dust of a week, except the little that finds its way through the door, falls silently upon

the benches. There the great bulk of it remains until we come into prayer meeting on Sunday morning and clean it off with our Sunday clothes. A fellow can't feel extra devotional when he knows that loz of mingled chalk, coal dust, and sand is making its mark on his best pants. Cleanliness should go hand in hand with godliness. Send around the duster.

WHEN faint and weary learning,
The wrinkles on our brow,
We long to rest from Olney,
To drop the loci now;
There comes a cheering whisper
To check the rising sigh;
"The spring is coming nearer
No Olney by and by."

WE are glad to see the daylight stretching out but still the dark afternoons had their advantages. It was pleasant and touching, when the fair Sems. were overtaken during their afternoon walks by the early darkness, to note the spirit of gallantry with which the young men piloted them supperward along the gloomy streets,

And urged
Their tired feet along,
Where hungry Sems. at evening meet
And noisy tea-spoons throng.

BUT seriously, if the young men referred to had a particle of true gentlemanliness in their natures they would not intrude their unwelcome society, so we term it, upon the young ladies in question. Knowing the rules which govern the Sem., these would-be gallants ought to have enough sense of common honor to restrain them from haunting the walks of those who are too polite to send them off, even when their politeness wins for them the displeasure of the Powers that be. We may say that the incidents mentioned above formed the rare exception.

ABOUT midnight of the 2nd inst., word passed around among some of the rooms that there was a fire on the hill, about half a mile back of the College. Presently squads of two and three were moving swiftly up over the fields. Rubbing our eyes with one hand and pulling down our vests with the other, we rushed out into the stormy night, ready for duty or a lark. As we gained the first slope of the hill we saw that we were too late to be of service. Already the flames were sweeping the four walls, and thrusting long tongues of fire through the roof. The wind laden with red cinders was driving down the road and for some distance we fought our way through a thick hail of fire, and presently we were ranged on the windward side of one of the prettiest heaps of

flame imaginable. There were about a dozen names of us, mostly of the Soph. class which is ever ready for every good word and work. For some time we stood around the burning pile, now compassionating the owner, now admiring the wierd but brilliant spectacle. Then when the walls had fallen and the fierce heat of the flames subsided we pointed our feet college-ward, enlivening the lonely road with such spirit stirring melodies as "Tramp, Tramp," and "John Brown's Body."

THE first monthly lecture of this term was delivered by Silas Alward, Esq., '60 of St. John. The subject, "The Last English Historian" was treated in a masterly manner, and one that evinced patient research and much mental acumen. After some sagacious remarks upon history and the study thereof, the lecturer made a hasty but happy review of the leading periods of English History, marking in clean-cut outlines the distinctive features of each. He then enumerated and described the necessary qualities of a good historian, showing how Froude excelled in many of them. Next followed a brief account of the life of the great Historian, paving the way to a review of his great History, that of England. On this work in general and on several marked points of it in particular we were treated to an able and keen critique. The legal talent and shrewdness of the lecturer cropped out vividly in his discussion of Froude's treatment of Hen. VIII and Anne Boleyn. The Historian was found "guilty" of "Inaccuracy in statement, and a strong bias, amounting to partiality." "He seemed to hold a brief for Hen. VIII, and one against Anne Boleyn." The merits and demerits of Froude and Froude's History were dwelt upon, and exhibited in a forcible and pleasing style. We regret that limited space and fickle memory forbid us giving any detailed account of the lecture; suffice it to say that it was rich in fact, in judgment and fancy, and well deserved the epithet "solid" we heard applied to it by more than a few.

ACADIA ABROAD.—In the annual list of graduates of the Bellevue Medical Hospital, New York, we notice the name of H. W. Rand a graduate of Acadia. In a class that numbers 147 he was included amongst the first five who drew prizes for the best essays on various subjects connected with the medical profession.—*Herald*.

MR. H. B. SAUNDERS, having removed to the commodious and well lighted rooms formerly occupied by J. Davison, Esq., is now prepared to take photographs, tintypes, &c., in latest and most improved styles.

Acknowledgments.

Wm. Haley, *\$1; Joseph Haley, \$1; Amos Allen, \$1; George F. Adams, G. White, Esq.; Mrs. G. White, T. W. Esty, Mrs. Dr. Fisk, Hon. A. McL. Seely, C. H. Masters, A. M., \$1; S. F. Matthews, \$1; John Scott, Wm. Randolph, Miss Mary Crosby, J. W. Weeks, D. F. Curry, Esq.; John Ferris, M. P. P.; Nevin McAlpine, O. B. Doton, \$1; Miss Longmaid, \$1; Mr. Barteaux, \$0.75; Wentworth Chipman, F. W. Morse, L. S. Morse, A. M.; Maynard Marshall, Miss Marie Woodworth, \$1; C. F. Rockwell, Mrs. James Gourley, Rev. M. P. Freeman, A. B.; James Smith, Miss Sabra Atkinson, J. P. Chipman, Henry Lovett, Henry Rand, A. B.; Peter Paint, junr., E. H. Jones, Z. G. Gable, M. C. Barber, C. J. Berryman, \$1; Silas Alward, M. A.; J. S. May, T. P. Davies, J. McLaughlin, D. E. Berryman, M. D., \$1; F. R. Titus, J. F. Masters, \$1; S. E. Gerow, A. H. DeMill, M. A.; H. J. Foshay, A. M. Wheelock, \$1; Andrew Chipman, Rev. D. O. Parker, Joseph Dimock, D. F. Middlemas, \$1; Frederick Clark, \$1; H. J. Pineo, H. B. McDonald; G. G. and W. C. King, Dr. Heatherington, George Hornwell, H. H. Welton, T. S. Harding, John Davison, Rev. E. W. Kelly, A. B.; W. H. Dimock, Geo. Gibson, C. L. Weeks, Hon. D. McN. Parker, M. D.; Wm. Ackhurst, J. F. L. Parsons, A. B.; J. W. Longley, A. B.; Wiley Smith, H. H. Bligh, M. A.; Rev. D. McLellan, \$2; Mrs. Colingwood Chambers, James Webber, W. M. McVicar, A. M.; Rev. A. W. Barss, Rev. P. R. Foster, Miss Emily Archibald, John Porter, E. J. Grant, W. A. D. Mackinlay, A. B.; N. J. Bartlett, \$3; Burpee Shaw, L. W. Elliot, \$1; Lovett Marshall, Robert Marshall, Benjamin Miller, Wm. Miller, S. N. Jackson, L. Johnson, M. D.; Rev. J. J. Skinner, A. B.; Rev. M. W. Brown, A. B., \$1; Miss Annie Mason, Miss Martha J. Phalen, Miss Amanda Hamilton, Miss Minnie Higgins, Miss Lydia Dimock, Geo. G. Saunderson, A. B.; Lewis Messenger, Lewis Duncanson, \$1; E. L. Caldwell, G. V. Rand, \$2.50; Frank Cook, W. H. Robinson, A. B.; A. Matthews, F. Wright, F. E. Good, Rupert Dodge, Capt. N. Beckwith, \$1.00; Mrs. G. L. Johnson, Rev. J. Brown, Rev. J. H. Robbins, \$1.00; V. H. Knight, \$1.00; Albert Simpson, \$1.00; M. McLeod, \$2.00; Alex. Sutherland, \$1.00; Mrs. C. D. Randall, John Webster, 75; J. H. Harris, M. D.; Miss Emma Crowell, Wm. West, 75; B. Rand, A. B.; Rev. F. O. Weeks, A. J. Leadbetter, \$1.00; Arnold Sanford, M. D., \$1.00; A. J. Seely, \$1.00; D. V. Roberts, Esq., \$1.00; W. C. Shaw, \$1; Prince E. Robbins, \$1; Miss Theresa Harris, Rev. J. C. Morse, \$1; C. A. Masters, \$1; A. H. McKay, A. B., \$1; Wm. Cummings, Esq., \$1; Rev. J. L. Read, \$0.75; Rev. D. H. Steele, \$1; Rev. W. A. Coleman, \$1; Mrs. T. H. Randall, Capt. S. Smith, \$1; F. N. Burgess, M. D., \$1; A. C. Vanbuskirk, \$1; Sydney A. Burnaby, B. Havey, \$1; Robert L. Weatherbe, \$2; J. B. Oakes, A. B.; C. A. Cook, \$1; Rev. J. A. McLean, \$1; John G. Crowdis, \$1; Rufus Forsythe, Wm. M. Weatherspoon, \$2; Wm. B. Howatt, \$1; Geo. Layton, Miss Clara Davison, Walter Simpson, Hon. Jer. Simpson, John Campbell, J. E. Newcomb, \$1; Rev. G. W. Thomas, A. B.; Rev. A. J. Stephens, A. B.; James R. Barton, \$1; Miss C. Campbell, Miss R. A. Newcomb, H. H. Morse, Rev. W. Spencer, Rev. J. Rowe, \$1; Mrs. George Boggs, Rev. G. D. Cox, \$1; A. C. Robbins, Esq., \$0.75; James DesBrisay, Esq.; Rev. F. Beattie, \$1; C. A. Whitman, Miss Ellen Loomer, N. McLeod, Esq., \$1; F. D. Crawley, A. B., \$1.

- We are glad to have such a long list of those who have paid all, and in many cases more than all demands against them.

In the course of a few days we may find it necessary to forward to all yet in arrears a statement of their indebtedness to us. The time and labor necessary to the accomplishment of this task will all be saved if those who have neglected to enclose the amount of subscription would do so at once.

Funnyisms ?

WHY is the moustache of a Soph. like a baseball nine? Three out, all out!—*Clip*.

PROF. giving out topics.—“Wine and Beer.” Student, eagerly—“Shall we take those down, Professor?”—*Ex*.

A NAUGHTY girl at Elmira Female College wants to know what the little devils swing on now, since Hell Gate has been blown up.—*Targum*.

“GILES, can you conjugate behaves?” “Behaves, behooves, bee-hives, be——.” “See here, you may go and stand in the corner.”—*Ex*.

THE new John Hopkin's University, of Baltimore, requires so severe an examination that even the best graduates of American Colleges find difficulty in being matriculated.

It is said that the Vassar girls actually sent an invitation to His Majesty of Brazil to stay till September when “he could see 700 young ladies simultaneously eating green corn off the cob to slow music.”—*Ex*.

SENIORESS, translating—“*Wir sind von keinem mannerherzen sicher*.” “We are sure of every man's heart.” Prof.—“Not correct. Try again.” Senioress.—“We are safe in every man's heart.” Prof.—“Hardly!” Senioress (blushing)—“We are sure of no man's heart!” Prof.—“Correct.”—*Chronicle*.

Soph.—“Professor, why did Alexander call his horse Bucephalus?”

Prof.—“I don't know, but I shall do what I can to ascertain by the next recitation; and that you may have something to employ your mind from now until that time, I will ask you to be prepared to tell the name of the dog that licked the sores of Lazarus.”

NEXT RECITATION.

Prof.—“Alexander called his horse Bucephalus because he was bull-headed.”

Soph.—“Not a correct answer.”

Prof.—“What, then, is your answer, sir?”

Soph.—“Because that was his horse's name.” (Laughter.) “Now, I am ready, Professor, to answer your question.”

Prof.—“Wait till I give you ten on the other—now proceed.”

Soph.—“The name of the dog was Moreover, because the scriptures say: ‘Moreover, the dog, came and licked his sores!’”

It is needless to say that brought down the the house.—*Clip*.

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SECOND TERM begins Jany. 6th, ends June 6th.

Each Term is divided into two quarters. The Second quarter begins Oct. 16th; the Fourth March 20th.

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MR. A. COLDWELL, A. M., Math. and French.

MR. F. H. EATON, A. M., Greek and English.

MISS MARIE WOODWORTH, Preceptress of Ladies' Department.

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