

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 2.

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No. 1.

Original Poetry.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"
—Tennyson.

At home in the silent even,
I commune with my soul alone;
And the oldtime music comes floating by,
With its sweet, familiar tone.

And my spirit burns within me,
And my eyes are filled with tears,
As mem'ry glances adown the aisles
Of the misty slumbering years.

Dim shadows rise from the buried past,
The loved of the long-ago.
Not dead are they but lying
With the nations that sleep below.

How oft in youth aspiring,
We dreamt of a life sublime,
From the skies the lamps of seraphim,
Illumined their path and mine.

The river of life was spangled,
With pearls from an opaline sea.
Sweet singers of earth and heaven,
Seemed choiring to them and me.

We threaded the beaming Future
To the gates of the Evermore,
And strewed the amethysts of hope,
On the sands of the star-lit shore.

And over death's darkened portals,
Above all earthly desires,
Our souls leapt up to a Saviour's love,
Like quenchless altar fires.

But the sun of the earth was darkened,
The stars veiled their tear dim eyes;
And the pearls were pebbles on the shore,
Under the midnight skies.

Alas for the harp Æolian,
That harp of a thousand strings,
If the winds of memory clashing,
But wilder discord brings.

As on the spirit's threshold,
Exposed to the winds of the years,
It weeps o'er its own heart's sorrows,
And moans o'er its heart's own tears.

From the shadows of that cloudland,
I have merged to a brighter day,
And the chastening hand of a higher love
Has purged the dross away.

Moonbeams are lingering round me;
A holier spell is mine,
With a soul imbathed in a sea of light,
A radiance divine.

The shadows fade in the distance,
But I see them over the sea,
Waving their palms triumphant,
And beckoning to me,

Lifting my life forever,
Above Time's restless strife,
And filling my soul with longing
For that deathless, perfect life.

TALK ABOUT OUR LITERATURE.

THE only standard of a nation's mental character is its literature, an absence of which indicates a race to be in the most degraded state of uncivilized existence. If we go back to man in his primitive state we are sure to find—wherever he has learned to communicate ideas by means of language—the germs of a literature however rude and wild, the faint promise of what progression and knowledge are sure to develop and perfect. Perhaps we may, have to except—so far as our knowledge at present extends—the lowest and most degraded of our race, representatives of which are to be found in remote parts of Africa, and which according to accounts received from travellers, bear a vast resemblance to the more intelligent species of the genus monkey. Taking man at his lowest and most undeveloped mental condition we see this principle, so general as to be nearly universal, proving its existence in wild traditionary legends and uncouth tales, handed down verbally from father to son. In this way MacPherson collected the different fragments of his "Ossian," if his own story be true; and that it is, there seems to be good proof.

One would hardly think that the spirit of poesy ever found its way to the bleak shores of Iceland. Yet if we would learn their national peculiarities, their dispositions, the mould of their mind, we can find it all in the classics of the Scandinavian people. We have fabulous stories of heroes—half-human, half-god; mythical personages fill up the pages of their ponderous epics. A grotesque but powerful imagination which expatiated in the air of a Valhalla, which directed superstition itself to centre a belief on Odin the Arch-Deity of the Universe, whose voice resounded in the brazen clang of battle, and the shriek of the ocean-storm. These runic measures of Edda and Saga lead us into the inner sanctuary of that strong Teutonic bosom, which throbbed for a time pent up in dark Northern snows and forests until it burst from its confinement to form the great world democracy on the ruins of the old forms of tyranny. Not more conspicuous does the polished Athenian stand out in the

tragedies of his great dramatists than does the great representative Teuton in the grandly imaginative Epic of Scandinavia. Perhaps it would not be irrelevant to our subject, nor uninteresting to the reader who traces his ancestral line back to dim Germanic forest or marshes of Sleswick, whence came Saxon and Jute, to subjoin a specimen taken from the oldest of Eddaic Epics called Voluspa—Song of the Prophetess—having for its subject the Scandinavian mythology and origin of the world:

Hym from the east comes, floods swell around him;
*Jormungund rolls with giant rage and ocean smiteth.
With lurid beak screams the corpse-pecking eagle.
Surtur from the South wends. With seething fire
The falchion of the mighty one a sunlight flameth.
Mountains together dash, giants headlong rush,
Men tread the paths to †Hel and heaven is rent in twain.
Dimmed's now the Sun,
In ocean earth sinks;
From the skies are lost
The sparkling stars;
The fire-reek rageth
Around time's nurse,
And flickering flames
With heaven itself play.

Who does not see even in such an imperfect and disconnected fragment as this the promise and potency of that rugged grandeur which we see in Goethe, Milton and Shakespeare. The Muse whose most familiar walks were amid the warring elements, the fearful and sublime of nature, and who naturally made Metaphor, Simile, and Hyperbole, the expression of her weird and stormy conceptions.

Let us carry this principle down through the Spartan and Athenian literature. Compare the barren and frigid productions of the soldier—the moral machine—with the copious children of the poetic, philosophic Athenian mind. The same is still seen in the bolder outlines of modern literature. In each several one the great distinctive features of national intellect are bodied forth. The flash and sparkle of the French, the metaphysical subtlety of the German, the grandeur and universal power of the English, are all displayed in the national libraries.

We see, then, that the literary element of the mind is what we would conclude from its nature, unconfined, diffusive, universal. We have seen that it is the world's intellectual mirror. But we come to a second proposition: the diffusion of literature marks the condition of the

*A great serpent. † Not the hell of popular theology is here meant.

popular mind. This is equally true, whether we think of that wide-spreading of book and pamphlet as educating and elevating the mental taste of the masses, or view it as the result of mental demand. Homer was a great poet. The Grecian mind might be termed colossal; yet the Greeks were, comparatively speaking, an ignorant people, because there were no facilities for the communication of knowledge to the masses. They heard Homer sung by wandering minstrels, but they never had the opportunity to sit down and ponder over his beauties. They caught a transitory gleam of his sublime genius as they listened to the thunderous roll of the old man's hexameters, but in the nature of the case it could have been but transitory. If the echoes waked for a moment the responsive chords of the Grecian heart, the response could not long survive the echo. It was nearly the same in England contemporaneous with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Knowledge was confined to the few. The rich alone had power to unlock the door of College and Academy. As learning could not be circulated but in manuscript, and that costly, the mass of the English people were grossly ignorant. This state of things began to be altered on the introduction of printing by Caxton in 1476, but long after that groups might be seen collected round some one who had a copy of Wycliffe's Bible, listening eagerly to inspired truth. So precious were they held that they were bound with iron and chained to the pulpit.

What a fortunate people are we of the 19th century, especially that part of us whose heritage—none more lordly—is the Saxon tongue. The people's library of a very few half-centuries ago consisted of a Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and perhaps Robinson Crusoe. Now it has been augmented to such an extent that it would be an endless task to enumerate the catalogue. Public libraries are to be found in England and America in many places, where are supplied to the people—no matter how destitute—the treasured and embalmed life-blood of the universe. Besides this, weekly and monthly papers, Scientific, Political, Religious, have sprung into existence with vast circulation, until their name is legion. Compare the peasant of old time to the farmer of to-day. The one lived, ate, slept, labored, died. The other is a well-read politician and feels a responsibility and paternal care for the land he helps to govern. He can take to pieces the whole machinery of State and argue from the great principles of political economy and government, which ought to govern President and Premier. He is a scholar. In many cases he can read you three or four languages. This is the case with Prussian ship captains—a necessary part of their education.

To sum it up briefly he is a ruler, a representative and pillar of the new Republic; in toto, in the "Parliament of Men," a peer in the "Federation of the World," a citizen. It might be well to glance in a cursory manner at a few of the causes of this great change. With limited space only a very superficial glance can be taken. Looking back to the time when first the framework of mediæval society began to heave under the molten billows of reform, the days of Chaucer, Wycliffe, Milton, we see the obstructions to freedom of thinking, speaking and worshipping, tottering to the fall. These indeed, were hard and perilous times. Visions of monasteries loom darkly up in the grey morning mists, at once the familiar hiding place of the foulest corruption and the brightest learning of the age. They stood as long as the spirit of Saxon liberty could be held in thrall, and having in some degree subverted the interests of that spirit of freedom by the preservation in manuscript form of the literature of the ancients, they were swept away. This was the first great means to the end.

Visions of priest and prelate are before us; of men who contended in the Council Chambers, in the Parliament, as well as in the fires of Smithfield, against spiritual and mental bondage. Tyranny and Freedom in a long, bloody grapple; there is the shaven Puritan—priests of Right by the "imposition of a mightier hand" than that of Pope; there is the long-haired cavalier, the King-worshipper, at once the stronghold of hereditary pride, and the priest and sycophant of royalty. They mingle in strife and deadly battle, but in this case the eternal principle of heroic souls which disarms the panoplied hosts of oppression, asserts her supremacy. Borne away on the crest of the waves that roll in on time-worn barriers of "ancient shapes of foul disease," that comes fresh with the salt and foamy breeze from the ocean of the nations' inner, higher life—go the wrecks of the Past, the feudalisms of mental and spiritual oppression. Thus by the ruin of the Stuart's throne the second great means to the end is effected. This was a period of travail pains. Our great privileges were not bought with any lesser price than blood. Looking back we can behold with joy that from the tumult of that period, the Genius of our prosperity snatched from the grasp of sceptred Caprice and mitted Power, sprang into new and vigorous life. Neither was this the result of an impulse of passion. Long before the great struggle, the student of history discerns forces partially hidden in the heart silently working, a spirit that boded ill for the existing Absolutism chafing and palpitating in the veins of social life. Chaucer arose, the morning

star; like a beacon flame or pillar of fire he went before, the grandest pioneer that ever struck axe into the tangled brushwood of superstition and prejudice, and with an arm luminous with the fire of a future age he pointed the way forward in the darkness. Milton must next arise, the incarnation of those principles which had been gathering strength for years, and which culminated in the tempest of Puritanic excess. Free from the bigotry and ill-directed zeal of the extreme party he spoke for the liberty of the press in his "Areopagitica." This was the deepest voice of all that rang across that civil storm. "The noble and puissant nation was beginning to arouse itself like a strong man after sleep and shaking its mighty locks."

All obstacles removed, the genius of a progressive age developed itself, slowly indeed but surely. It was the "increasing purpose" running down through succeeding years, growing mightier by its own expansive power:

'Thoughts of men are widened by the process of the sun.'

Now let us improve our opportunities for dear enough they were purchased. For every book a groan; for every paper a drop of blood. With a liberty which does not blush at its own name, a mind enfranchisement, a disenthralled soul, what future canst thou carve out of the possibilities ahead?

THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE mighty though unseen forces that hurled us into life, are but links in the great chain of circumstances, that lies about our being during its brief sojourn on earth. Around the earliest trembling opening of consciousness, hover the spirits of time, and change that shall guide the incarnated soul into its destined path, and aid in moulding and fashioning its imperishable ingenium. Before the heart drove the blood into the arteries, or sent the flush of life to the cheek; before the brain felt the sacred overshadowing of a mighty resistless inspiration, that made it the vehicle of mind, and the pride of man, upon the horizon of a life yet swathed in a gloom the reputed prerogative of the hour before the dawn, there came steadily silently swiftly legions that the common eye sees not, and as the faint gray dawn smote the opening vision, it revealed an assemblage of circumstances that left an eternal impress on the infant spirit.

The deathless all pervading oft resistless power of circumstances to shape character, and direct its energies is recognized and acknowledged. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them how we will," and circumstances hemming in mortal life are but God's commissioned messengers to execute his unalterable decrees concerning it.

Doubtless many a mind enfolding the slumbering possibilities of colossal greatness, and profoundly conscious of its own inherent worth, has felt as its earliest experience in the race of being the cold icy breath of the tempest, and looked on skies darkly ominous, and has folded its wings and walked among the common herd, where it might have soared in magnificent flight had the sky of hope and of prospect been clear, and had the stormy blast slept. Many a youth of broad capacious brain, with a soul deeply stirred by the loftiest and grandest impulses that animate the higher nature, has struggled manfully and well against the wild waves, that threatened to quench the sacred fire within; but has sunk in the unequal contest,—killed by the relentless force of circumstances. Every avenue of existence is thronged with intellects, whose prospects have been thus darkened, whose hopes have been thus blasted, whose energies thus weakened, whose capacities thus dwarfed and paralyzed, whose usefulness thus destroyed. How many noble men have stood forth as champions, and inspired the highest expectations, but suddenly they vanished from human gaze, why? "chill penury repressed their noble rage, and froze the genial current of the soul." Fast on many a sunken rock, deep buried in many a treacherous shoal, far down in the slimy depths, and amid the rayless gloom of the vast ocean of human life, lie splendid wrecks dashed to ruin in the wild rough play of circumstances. Said one "between two worlds life hovers like a star twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge. How little do we know that which we are, how less that which we may be. The eternal surge of time and tide sweeps on and bears aloft our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge lashed from the foam of ages while the graves of empires heave but like some passing waves." He who is to-day followed by the noisy flatteries of fawning sycophants, and the ringing huzzas of admiring crowds, is to-morrow the miserable object of hisses, and curses. The present weaves a wreath which the future will tear from the brow, and trample in the dust. We mean not that man is totally and entirely the child of circumstance; but that its mission as respects the eternal destiny in the moulding of which it is a potent worker is beyond human control. Men may and do rise superior to circumstances; but they cannot get away from their subtle and potent influence. "Strong as iron though light as air," they magnetize and fetter, and often master, and rule. They encircle every period of life, and modify the decisions of all. They flow with a current now smooth, anon turbulent, always swift. They beat down the hoary insti-

tutions of ages, and heap the dust of forgetfulness on many a cherished shrine. Their black desolating track stretches through universal history, and is a sad monument of their terrific power to warp, to enslave, to hinder the steps of progress, and of truth. To classify or analyze them our perceptive glance is too weak. They cover the world, and crowd into every life, oftentimes with maddening confusion and over-powering might. Swifter than the red winged lightning, or death-dealing avalanche, they burst upon human structures, moral and physical, and where are the stately piles? There is not a solid well-grounded fact, there is not a grand achievement emblazoned upon the indestructible walls of mind, matter, or space, that has not been fiercely tested in the blazing furnace of hostile circumstances. Many of the noblest spirits of earth have there developed the pluck and gumption, that crowned them victors in many a stern onset. He who struggles against dark depressing circumstances grapples with a foe mighty, cruel, hideous, clad in mail, finely tempered, closely fitted, skilfully used, and armed to the teeth. He who can fling defiance at his withering glance and parry his wily thrusts, must have a stout heart, and an iron nerve.

Circumstances enfold the destinies of nations, as well as of individuals. In the bud sleeps the full-blown flower. In the bosom of some unnoticed circumstance, repose the grand and vital possibilities of a nation's rise or fall. The cackle of a goose once saved Rome, and a thoughtless jest once shook a mighty empire to its centre.

Away upon the Rocky Mountains, a tiny rill trickles from a steep overhanging cliff, so situated, that a gentle breeze decides whether the crystal drops shall go to swell the mighty volume of the Mississippi, or mingle with the waters of the Rio Colorado. Many a fact pregnant with wealth unknown, has hung tremulously awaiting the mystic touch of surrounding forces to give it a mission.

(To be continued.)

HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY.

THIS Institution has for a number of years occupied an important position in the educational affairs of our Province; whether it be considered as a feeder of the College, or independent of that, as an educational institution. In the former sense, by supplying, as it were, a connecting link between our common schools and the College it must ever be considered as indispensable to the growth and prosperity of the higher school. In the latter as supplying a good qualification to per-

sons wishing to follow the profession of teaching, it is of equal importance.

In viewing this Academy from a College stand-point, its importance cannot easily be over estimated. 'Tis to it we look for the recruits to fill up the ranks of our freshman classes, and by means of it, our faculty has been enabled to keep the matriculation standard at a much higher figure than in the other Colleges of these Provinces. The founders of our College well understood that such a preparatory school was essential to its growth and advancement. Hence they set out on their most laudable undertaking, by first establishing on a substantial basis Horton Collegiate Academy.

From that day up to the present it has been advancing steadily until now, under the efficient management of Prin. Tufts, it has become a first-class Training school. The prospect at the opening of the present term is decidedly favourable. The numbers, in both male and female departments, are large. The staff of teachers has been increased by the addition of Mr F. H. Eaton, A. B., and also Miss McGee. Mr. Eaton's reputation as a teacher has already been established, and we understand his efforts in the Academy are well appreciated.

The large and commodious boarding-house for the pupils of this institution is now rapidly approaching completion, and will be ready for occupation in the course of a few days. This building is a handsome structure, elegantly finished, pleasantly situated a little to the West of the College, and is capable of accommodating one hundred pupils, including dining-rooms, kitchen, &c. Much credit is due to Prin. Tufts and Prof. Welton, and also to Jas. A. Macdonald, Esq., of this Village, and others, for the large amount of work done in connection with this building. They certainly deserve, not only the thanks of the Denomination throughout the Provinces, but also the hearty coöperation of every friend of the institution, and of the cause of higher education, in their noble work. We congratulate them on their well-earned success already achieved, and hope that in collecting the amount yet required to liquidate all debts, their success may be more than commensurate with the past.

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TO OUR PATRONS.

IT WILL be seen by referring to another column that the students of "Acadia" have determined to continue the publication of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM during the present academic year. The ATHENÆUM has maintained an existence throughout the larger part of one year, and the reception that it has met with among our former students and the public generally, has been very gratifying to those having it in their charge, and encourages them to undertake its publication again. With regard to its success as a literary periodical, we shall not arrogate to ourselves the province of determining. That we are beyond criticism it would be but folly to maintain. That we have learned by criticism we are free to admit.

Our readers will remember that in a prospectus published prior to the issuing of the first number of our paper, last year, we stated, in words of this import, that it should be our aim to lay before the public such matters of interest in connection with our Alma Mater, as we thought should be more generally known by the supporters of this College, and interested in the work done here. In attempting to carry this design into effect we became unavoidably entangled in a controversy with the "Dalhousie Gazette," the organ of Dalhousie College, and much of our space was necessarily occupied with

answers to charges brought against us and the College we are connected with, by that paper. But whilst, doubtless, to many of our readers this controversy was uninteresting, especially to those who had not access to the "Gazette," or who may not have been in sympathy with us; yet they could not ask us to yield a principle or to desert the combat, so long as we *believed*, and if logical deductions, based upon known and recognized facts, prove anything, *proved* that we had truth on our side. We hope, however, that occasion may not require that our space shall be thus occupied again. Our aim ever shall be to make the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, as far as we shall be able, worthy of our patrons, the Institution whence it emanates, and ourselves.

COLLEGE OUTLOOK FOR 1875-6.

THE present Collegiate year has opened under very favorable auspices. It must indeed be gratifying to those having the government and supervision of these institutions committed to their charge, to witness the marked success which has attended their labors. It is a somewhat trite, yet true remark, that "this is an age of progress," and the Governors of Acadia seem to be fully aware of the importance of keeping pace with the times. They seem indeed to be men well calculated to fill the responsible position they occupy.

Perhaps the most pleasing, and at the same time convincing, proof of the increasing prosperity of this College, is the manifestly growing interest with regard to our educational institutions at Horton, which is discernible in the Baptist denomination in the Maritime Provinces. Acadia although situated in Nova Scotia, is now no longer looked upon merely as a Nova Scotian College, but as the Baptist University of the three Provinces. Every member of the Denomination is beginning to feel that he has a personal interest in the Institutions here, and that it is his duty to aid in carrying them on. We do not affirm that such is the case, but yet we see a tendency—an onward movement towards that desirable result.

The importance of higher education is being more deeply felt each year. Especially is this the case in connection with the sacred desk. The old idea that education is not requisite to fit a man for that calling is, we are happy to say, becoming obsolete. The necessity of cultured mind, not only "rightly to divide the word of truth," but also to combat successfully the opposing theories of errorists and skeptics of every class is now pretty generally admitted. The reversion of feeling on this point has been gradual in its progress, and is not entirely com-

pleted yet. The large measure of success which attended the labors of the old and justly venerated Fathers of our denomination in by-gone years, is looked upon by some as an argument against Collegiate education, inasmuch as they never enjoyed its benefits. But if the condition of the people at that time be taken into account the case is at once changed. An uneducated people may be led by uneducated men—an educated people require educated men, other things being equal.

Nor is it alone as a preparation for the pulpit, that the importance of cultured mind is being felt, and its benefits appreciated. Men are beginning to see that every avocation in life is ennobled by it. The idea that "mind is the standard of the man," long since advanced by Watts, is now recognized as the true standard of greatness. Hence the young men of our Provinces are now feeling the importance of availing themselves of the present facilities for acquiring a classical education, which are now brought within the reach of all. The increase in the number of students at the different Colleges is conclusive proof of the above statement.

The above considerations lead us to predict a bright future for our Alma Mater, since we already observe, to some extent, the influence of those sentiments on the community at large. Our Freshman Class this year numbers twenty-six—more than double the ordinary number; so that if succeeding classes are as large, and we believe they will be, our numbers instead of being from thirty to forty, will, in the course of a few years, exceed one hundred.

It will not be necessary for us to go into detail in regard to the working, or to the work done by the College, since that topic was discussed last year. Suffice it to say, that in connection with the arts' department we have seven professors engaged in imparting instruction. Five of these devote their time exclusively to the course in arts. The educational advantages of which those men have availed themselves, added to a long experience in imparting instruction, through which most of them have passed, will warrant us we think in the conclusion that they are equal, if not superior, to any educational faculty in the Provinces.

Viewed, then, from every stand-point the prospects at the opening of this year are favourable. Our Denomination is growing in numbers and in liberality. Our College, which has always held a prominent place in its affections, is from year to year becoming more highly appreciated; and our young men feeling the necessity of developing all those faculties with which Nature has endowed them, are looking to Acadia, as the place where their desires in this respect can be satisfied.

AWARD OF THE GILCHRIST FOR '75.

OUR minds have of late been especially drawn to a consideration of the above subject, from the fact that one of Acadia's sons has been a successful competitor for this scholarship. The Gilchrist Scholarship Trust is open for competition to all young men of the Dominion of Canada, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two. The successful candidate receives one hundred pounds sterling a year for the period of three years, and must attend for that time either the London or Edinburgh University. Examination papers are sent from England to Deputy Examiners in the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The examination continues a week, six hours each day. The subjects on which the Dominion candidates are examined are the same as required from the matriculates for London University.

This Trust fund has been established for nine years, during which time Ontario students have carried off the palm for five years, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia for one year each, and this year the laurel has fallen upon the brow of Mr. Jacob G. Schurman, of Freetown, P. E. Island.

Mr. Schurman, after attending the Prince of Wales College for some time, came to Acadia for the purpose of pursuing his studies still further, and entered upon the work of the Sophomore year. A mind of superior caliber, united with strength of body, well qualified him for the arduous undertaking in which he was about to engage. His course of two years at this Institution was one of decided success. Besides maintaining his position at the head of his class, he has accomplished a large amount of extra work in preparing and arming himself for the contest of the Gilchrist.

A few facts will give us a clearer understanding of the thoroughness and soundness of his education. Out of the five or six hundred candidates that applied for matriculation at the London University, only *nine* stood higher than Mr. Schurman. The next best of the competitors from the Dominion, was from the Province of Ontario, who stood the nineteenth (19th) in order.

Mr. Schurman having the choice of attending either Edinburgh or London University, has decided in favor of the latter. Our best wishes follow him. We feel assured that his course of study will well qualify him for a life of extensive usefulness, and that success will crown his efforts in the future as it has so manifested in the past.

THE "MOODY MADNESS."

"Sable colored melancholy," as the poet styles it, has frequently proved an efficient disturber of man's happiness and peace, tincturing the view of present things and the outlook upon the future with most lugubrious and unwholesome hues. Minerva-like this spirit is often evolved from amid the hot fancies of some disordered brain, a dread inquisitor endowed with plenary power of torture. In these its advanced stages,

"The nurse of phrensy,"

"Kinsman to grief and comfortless despair,"

it is strong even to the overthrow of reason, at times glooming in eternal night the earthly glow of some transcendent genius. How frequently in the columns of the daily news is our eye arrested by the brief, sad line, burdened with the record of "one more unfortunate" who, spurred on by relentless want, disappointment, or failure, has sought an abiding refuge from this dread Nemesis. In less terrible and fatal outgrowths, dark-hued melancholy, prosaically termed the *blues*, enters an unseemly element into many a life, quenching the cheery light of sunny days, and placing a stumbling block in the way of sincere and fruitful labor. The unfortunate victim of this "Moody Madness" looks with jaundiced vision upon all his surroundings. He begins to doubt the sincerity of chosen friends. A word, a look, unnoticed at another time, are caught at with a morbid and suspicious scrutiny, and add materially to his misery. Present effort loses its interest. The joyless record of the past, intensifies the dreariness of to-day, which reaching forth vaguely into the morrow, drapes in funereal gloom the storehouse of future hopes. A subsequent review of these grusome experiences may elicit a smile, and lead us to wonder that we should ever have descended into such extraordinary depths, but this is not altogether a subject for mirth. Any element entering into the formation of character, prejudicial to true happiness and usefulness should become a matter of thoughtful concern, and there is danger that these freaks of thought and emotion, if yielded to, may attain the strength of troublesome habits, arising to enslave and cast down at every conjunction of opposing circumstances. A spirit of manly self reliance needs to be cherished, a spirit which scorns to bend before the unfortuitous events, that rise like mushrooms in the path of life, a spirit so persistent and unyielding in its character as to make of the obstacles in its way, petty discouragements, hours of strong temptation, and days of gloom and trial, stepping-stones in a sure and upward advance. Opposed to this, we find natures, which seem to have a tendency ever to look upon the dark side of mortal

haps, lives which appear to have been pitched upon the minor key, and throughout are but one continued dismal moztartian strain. Apprehensive natures, turning from the joyful blessing of the present to the vision of possible gloom and failure in the future. Selfish and morbidly sensitive natures, shrinking beneath depreciative words and looks. Discontented natures, blinded to the true worth of existing good, by the delusive mirage of the "good time coming." Too frequently our better judgment is passively surrendered to the fit of depression that comes upon us, when a sober unimpassioned view of existing circumstances, would lead us to see, that thus to yield would be the part of unreasoning cowardice. Time well occupied with honest work, a faithful regard to the laws that pertain to our physical well being, the consciousness that our aim is lofty and pure, and an abiding faith in an ever ruling, never erring Providence, these should leave no room for such unmanly and unmaning indulgence as it is implied in a "fit of the blues." The sentiments of that noble type of christian manhood, the Apostle Paul, should be ours, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," together with its echo in the words of a modern poet.

"'Tis impious for a good man to be sad."

Then "if that surly spirit, melancholy, hath baked thy blood and made it heavy," turn it "forth to funerals," and let there be a resolute awakening to a keen and appreciative consciousness of the mighty relations which, as men, we hold to the world of men about us, and to a recognition of the true dignity and responsibility devolving upon those who are called to bear the great burden of life.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

THIS society from which our paper derives its name, held its first regular meeting for the current Collegiate year on Friday evening, the 10th inst. The following officers were appointed for the first term:—

D. H. Simpson, President; B. P. Shafner, Vice-President; A. J. Denton, Secretary, B. W. Lockhart, Cor. Secretary; H. H. Welton, Treasurer; E. W. Kelly, Critic.

It is the object of this society to afford facilities to the students attending the Institution for improvement in public speaking; for the cultivation of literary taste, and the acquirements of general information. Its old adherents together with the accession of about twenty-five new members all entering upon the work of promoting the best interests of the society with energy and enthusiasm, are

favorable omens for the enjoyment and profit of a successful year.

One of the most important items of business demanding our careful attention was the reissuing of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, the publication of which, we have resolved to continue, and hope to make the paper worthy of a generous support.

In previous years a regular course of monthly lectures was provided for, by the Athenæum, which were highly appreciated and attended with beneficial results. These during the past two years have been somewhat irregular and interrupted on account of the efforts to procure men at stated intervals proving unsuccessful.

The marked success that has attended these lectures and the benefits derived therefrom, are considered good reasons for our endeavoring to re-establish the course, providing necessary and appropriate arrangements can be made. Consequently our Secretary has been authorized to correspond with various lecturers to see if their services can be obtained, to whose communications we trust they will cordially respond in the affirmative.

ACADIA COLLEGE FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE opening meeting of this Society was marked with unusual fervour, which exhibited the increasing interest of the students of these institutions in the all important work of Foreign Missions.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—F. D. Crawley, *President*; J. Goodwin, *Vice-President*; M. W. Brown, *Secretary*; B. P. Shafner, *Treasurer*.

The chief aim of this Society is to inculcate and foster right feelings toward the noble enterprize of Missions, and to cultivate a spirit of benevolence.

While writing we call to mind, that quite a number of the old and worthy members of the Society are now earnestly and successfully labouring for the Master, in those lands where the darkness of almost universal heathendom prevails. It will be a source of satisfaction for them to know, that the Society still lives in earnest, and that they, though separated from us, are not forgotten.

Personals.

CLASS of '75.—Two members of this class, which so lately left our halls, have entered Newton,—Messrs Good and Martell. Mr. Stevens is laboring with great acceptance in the Baptist Church at Kentville, Mr. Barss is now *en route* for Liverpool, England, where he commences a mercantile life. Messrs Parsons, Longley and Rand, after enjoying the recreation of the summer have crossed to

New Brunswick, where we understand they purpose pursuing the profession of teaching. The past of their career proves that they will be most worthy additions to that important sphere of labour.

WE are sorry to learn that Mr. Campbell of the present junior class, has decided not to resume his studies this year; having taken charge of the High School at Fredericton Junction, N. B. Mr. Campbell has already distinguished himself as an excellent teacher and superior student. We must congratulate the people, where he is situated, on receiving his efficient services.

MR. F. H. EATON, A.B., Harvard, '75, a member of the graduating class of '73 at Acadia, has lately returned, and we are pleased to announce, is now lending his efficient services in the Academical Department as Instructor in English and Greek.

Locals.

WHILE noting the various Societies that are under the auspices of "Acadia's" students, we would not wish to forget the "Cricket Club." We are much pleased to say that the interest in that noble game has not in the least abated, but a flourishing club has been re-organized, and our field is daily seen crowded with athletic young aspirants, whose success in that department augurs well to win laurels for themselves.

THE Wolfville Baptist meeting house has during the late vacation been elegantly repainted, and all the pews magnificently cushioned excepting those in the GALLERY. We congratulate our friends on the attractive and tasty appearance, which certainly reflect great credit upon the artist, Mr. G. H. Goudey, of Yarmouth.

NO DOUBT many of our former students will be pleased to learn that the Mathematical Room has been removed to more capacious compartments, and that the former room has been converted into a studio in which one of our editors now groans under ponderous editorials instead of knotty questions and problems.

THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.

ELOQUENCE is not confined to the pulpit, the bar, or the platform, to legislative assemblies, or the councils of City Fathers, to after-dinner speeches, or stump orators. There is an eloquence into which enters neither tone, nor word, nor gesture. The heavens above us and the world around us are ever speaking to the soul of man, in language at once the sweetest and most sublime, and that mind must be heavy and dull indeed, which, after listening to the various voices of nature, will not admit that there is a beauty and pathos in

them, that far transcends the loftiest and tenderest utterances of man. There is eloquence in the roar of the thunder, when the crash of heaven's artillery echoes among the hills, and crag shouts to crag; in the dash and foam of storm-tossed wave, and in the howl of the tempest. There is music in the ripple of a stream, poetry in the whisper of summer breezes, pathos in the sigh of the night wind. But, beyond all this, there is an eloquence, the voice of which falls not upon the ear, but upon the heart. It speaks to us in the delicate tints of woodland blossoms, in the play of sunlight upon the waters, in the still march of morning mists; we hear it in the stillness of night, surrounded by the majesty of darkness, and solitude: it is the eloquence of silence.

'Tis evening, and we are alone in the forest. The last rays of an August sun have just faded on the tree-tops, and the western skies are flushed with rainbow glory. The shadows which have been dreaming all day in the valleys and in nooks where the sunlight never falls, now begin to climb the sides of the mountains, and blot out the beauties of the landscape. The songs of the birds have ceased, save that now and then a smothered chirp breaks on the stillness; the harsh chatter of the squirrel is heard no more, and the buzz of myriad insects has faded into silence. The very breeze that stirs the tree-tops and whispers through the leaves of the ground ivy, has a noiseless touch. The cricket is singing his evening hymn, and afar we hear the solemn hoot of a lonely owl. The calm quiet of the hour touches the mind with a feeling akin to awe, which deepens as the flush fades from the West, and those eyes of the angels, the stars, appear, one by one, in the still, blue depths above, while each tree and shrub shrouds itself in mysterious shadow. Here the leafless trunk of some old tree looms vaguely up into the sky, and seems to spread out its withered branches in mute benediction. A tiny stream that trickles by our feet steals on with a subdued murmur and ripple, soothing as the voice of sympathy. The long reeds and grasses which rise from its bed wave to and fro with a slow and silent grace, as if moving to the time of the ripples.

The shadows darken, it is night. Overhead the boughs of the trees show dark and clear against the sky, and far above twinkle the glowing constellations. Through a rift in the branches steal down rays of beauty from other and distant worlds; but around all is gloom and darkness; a silence as of death reigns in the temple of the Almighty, and those voices of God, more impressive than the roar of thunder or the rage of elements, silence and darkness, speak to the soul. Ah! there is a voice in the lonely stillness of the night, in the vague solitude

of the forest, which touches the heart sooner than many a sterner call of Providence. In the bustle and stir of every day affairs, when pressed on every hand by the cares of life, we are apt to lose much of that yearning of our nature after something nobler, higher, better than the varieties of time. Well were it then for us if we should draw in our thoughts, and yield ourselves to the inspiration of solitude, and darkness, and silence. For there is an inspiration in it, a something that calls to us out of the silence, and draws the soul away from all around, up to the Great Beyond. There is a poetry in the stillness of the shadows, in the breath of the night air, in the mystery of the sleeping world, which awakens thoughts and feelings in the mind most solemn and touching. Where, can we suppose that such thoughts as these had their birth, except beneath the still stars of night:

"Night is the time to think,
When from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light."

"I heard the trailing garments of the night,
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts, all fringed with light,
From the celestial walls!

"I felt her presence by its spell of might,
Stretched o'er me from above,
The calm, majestic presence of the night,
As of the one I love.

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air,
My spirit drank repose,
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From these deep cisterns flows."

Ah! methinks that communion with the spirit of darkness and silence is the grand spring of many a lofty thought that shall live forever on the scroll of time, thoughts flashed, nay, instilled into the waiting heart by the brooding stillness and awe of night and solitude. As we view the throbbing beauties of the heavens, the soul is drawn upward and away, until we can almost hear the sweet songs of the angels floating down the sea of space, and mingled with the breath of the night air come the voices of those whom we have loved and mourned.

On the lovely plain, upon the quiet lake, amid the solitudes of the hills, wherever we can withdraw from the society of man and the bustle of life, we find something which awakens in us our better nature and give us clearer, grander views of life and being, the voice of Deity speaking to us from the heavens and the earth. It is the eloquence of silence.

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