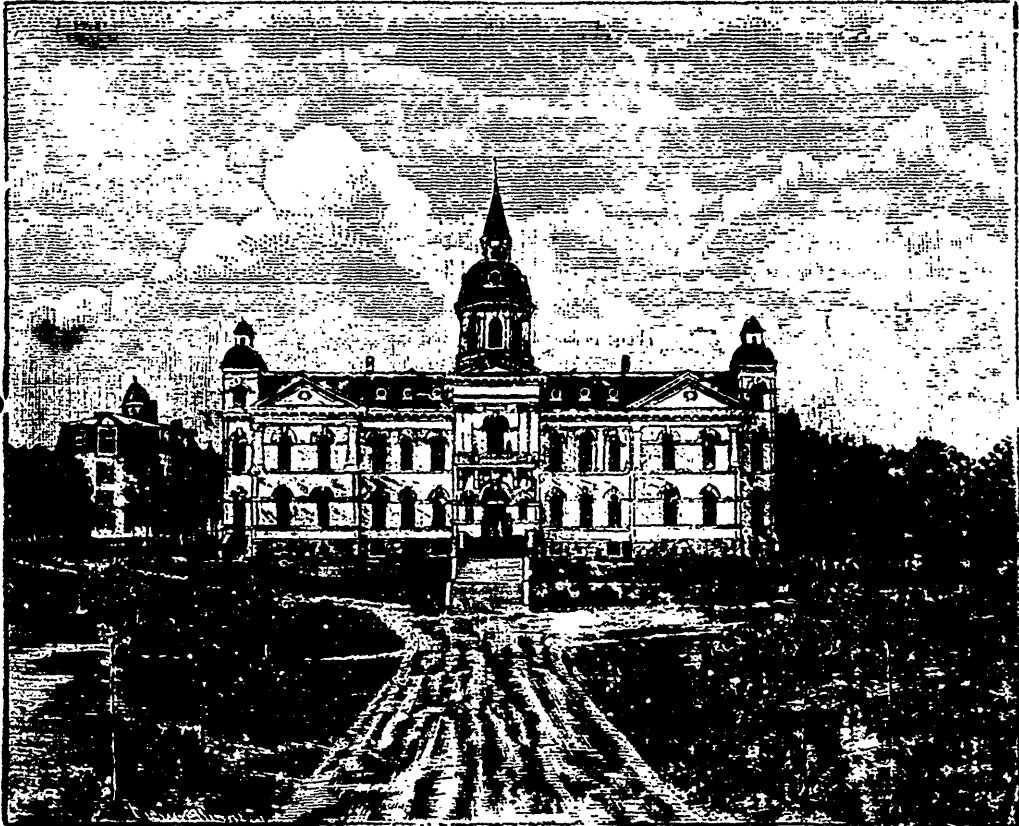


The Acadia Athenæum.



FACULTY OF THE COLLEGE.

- REV. A. W. SAWYER, D.D., PRESIDENT, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Christian Evidences.
REV. J. M. CRAMP, D.D., Professor Emeritus.
D. F. HIGGINS, A.M., Professor of Mathematics.
R. V. JONES, A.M., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages.
J. F. TUFTS, A.M., Professor of History.
G. T. KENNEDY, A.M., B. Appd. Sc., Professor of Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy.
J. G. SCHURMAN, M. A., D. Sc., Professor of Rhetoric, Political Economy and English Literature.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

- REV. E. A. CRAWLEY, D.D., PRINCIPAL, Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Church Polity, and Church History.
REV. D. M. WELTON, A.M., Ph.D. Professor of Hebrew, Systematic Theology, and Homiletics.

The Course of Study prescribed for the degree of Bachelor of Arts is extensive, and adapted to the needs of young men in the Maritime Provinces. Honour Courses are open to Students of the first grade, who may be able to accomplish more than the regular assignments of their classes. Though the studies are arranged with reference to the wants of students who intend to take the full course of four years, yet provision is made for all who may wish to pursue special studies in any Department for a shorter period, provided they are prepared to work with the regular classes.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. B. SHAW,
Boot and Shoe Maker,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Repairing Promptly attended to.
Patches neatly cemented.

J. W. WALLACE, A. B.,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER NOTARY PUBLIC & C.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

DANIEL F. BOYD,
Watchmaker,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Watches and Clocks repaired, and satisfaction
guaranteed.
Jewelry of all kinds neatly repaired.

G. H. WALLACE,
Wholesale and Retail Grocer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

MOTTO:
"Quality rather than price."

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

PATENT MEDICINES,

Dye Stuffs & Perfumery,
Spectacles, Jewelry, &c.

GEO. V. RAND.

BURPEE WITTER,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing
and Gent's Furnishings.
Splendid value in
Collars, Cuffs,
Neckties, Suspenders,
Gloves, Mitts, etc.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

RHODES, CURRY & Co.,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,
PROPRIETORS OF

Amherst Wood - Working Factory,
AMHERST, N. S.,

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Window and Door Frames,
Brackets and Mouldings of all Descriptions
ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

Kiln Dried Lumber and Building Material.

Planing, Sawing, and Turning done on short
notice. Stores and Offices fitted up. All orders
promptly attended to.
N. A. RHODES. NAT. CURRY.

J. CHALONER,
DRUGGIST,

St. John, N. B., & Digby, N. S.,

Importer of Drugs and Medicines,
Originator of Chaloner's Aniline
Dyes. Goods in the Drug line
Wholesale and Retail.

Cor. King & Germain Sts. St. John,
Op. Daley's Hotel, Digby N. S.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 7

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1881.

NO 4.

[At the coal mines in Stellarton, N. S., a terrible explosion occurred on the 12th of November, 1880, by which fifty miners lost their lives.]

A RAY OUT OF THE SHADOWS,

[An incident of the late disaster at Albion Mines.]

It was not a scene for a poem,
Or one to wake romance,
There was scarce enough of beauty
To win a second glance.

No grandeur of hill or forest,
No shining stream or sea,
No pride of human genius
In pillared masonry.

But streets all bare and squalid,
And houses old and small,
With dingy-curtained windows,
Where curtains hung at all.

And little to break the landscape,
Or catch the stranger's eye,
But the great smoke stacks of the coal mines,
Black shafts against the sky.

Pillars of smoke in the day-time,
But at the fall of night
The ruddy glare from the coke-works
Shone like a pillar of light.

Dingy and dark and dusty,
Smoking against the sun,
Such was the Albion village,
On the borders of Stellarton.

* * * * *

The women must drudge in the cottage,
The men must drudge in the mine,
And life seems prosaic and dreary,
With more of cloud than shine;

And I've pitied the miner's children,
Trooping, laughing, to school,
For their life must follow their fathers'
When childhood's years are full.

But hearts of men and women
With all life's hope and fear,
And love and joy and sorrow
Are throbbing there and here.

And mothers there as fondly
Upon their babes look down,
As any jewelled lady
In all of Boston Town.

* * * * *

Side by side in the village,
In one of its dusty rows,
Stood the homes of Roland Fraser,
And his cousin, Harry Montrose.

Side by side in the Foord Pit,
Where comes no joy of the sun;
A thousand feet under the daisies,
Their coal picks rang as one.

As children, like twin brothers
They played about the door,
As boys, at the same dingy desk,
They gained their scanty lore.

Alike in age and stature,
Alike in form and face,
They always went for brothers
With strangers in the place.

And their hearts were knit like brothers'
hearts,
Till, as the proverb ran,
They lived again the Bible tale
Of David and Jonathan.

And tho' their hands were hard with toil,
They bore their manhood's crown
As bravely as the kingliest youth
Who walks in Boston Town.

* * * * *

The fairest thing in the village,
As all the miners say,
Is the foreman's daughter Lucy,
As winsome as the May.

How often at the lowliest door
The stranger checks his pace
For spray of sweet-breathed mignonette,
Or rose-bud's opening grace:

So, in the Albion Village,
Men linger as they pass,
For a glimpse of the budding beauty
Of Lucy, the foreman's lass.

Light is her step in the cottage,
And sweet is her voice, like a bird;
And oft in the pauses of labor
Her flute-like song is heard.

Her eyes were like pools of the mountains,
And 'neath her homely gown
Her heart beats true and tender,
As any in Boston Town.

* * * * *

I have told of the flush of manhood
And girlhood's winning grace,
You need no higher calculus
To help you solve the case.

For the golden wand that scatters love,
May let its blessing fall,
As well beside the hovel door,
As in the marble hall.

And the hearts of the loyal cousins
Who had shared in childhood's joys,
Who bent above the same torn book
In the old school room as boys.

Awoke to a stronger throbbing,
And a new pleasure came
When they caught her glance by the way-side
Or heard her speak their name.

Her words were sweet and tender;
To her girlish nature true,
She was kind to Roland Fraser,
Yet smiled on Harry, too.

Till the new love, warm and glowing,
And beating deep and strong,
Cast out the quiet friendship
That held their hearts so long.

And the flaming breath of passion
Had scorched each memory green—
You know how bitter friends may grow
When a girl's love comes between.

Side by side in the cutting
Their picks ring out as one,
But the thoughts of their hearts are bitter,
All the old days are done.

* * * * *

You weep, ye wives and mothers,
You weep, ye sisters true,
You wring your hands, ye damsels fair,
For those who cherished you.

And thro' year's tears cry strong to God,
If you have learned to pray,
A heavier woe can never come.
Than smites your souls this day.

A thousand hearts are still with dread,
A thousand cheeks are white,
The sound that miners know too well
Has told its message right.

And all the villages beyond,
From Drummond to the sea,
Know well that voice, it wakes again
The blast of 'seventy-three.

To all the cities of the land
Have passed the awful lines,
That fifty men are lying dead,
Deep down in Albion Mines.

* * * * *

The first wild flood of grief has ebbed,
The first great horror fled,
The broken hearted mourners,
Go down to seek their dead.

Lying there, where they labored
Side by side to the close,
Lay the bodies of Roland Fraser,
And his cousin, Harry Montrose.

With their arms about each other
In a brother's close embrace,
And a calm and a quiet beauty,
On each dead, pallid face.

For when the death-blast shook the mine,
And they knew that never more
Their eyes should hail the light of day,
Save on the golden shore;

Then woke again their childhood's love,
Their boyhood's friendship strong,
The warm heart currents leaped to life
That had been bound so long,

And from that common love they bore
To her, whose face no more
Should bid them, in the eventide,
A welcome at her door.

There sprang a holy tenderness,—
There rose before their eyes,
The land that knows no wooing,
No lover's tender ties:

And for her days of mourning,
There rose the common prayer,
That God would let his comfort fall,
Into the shadow there.

And hand in hand like brothers,
They passed to the light above,
Walking the closer together
Bound by the common love.

But Lucy sits in the shadow,
To her girlish nature true,
She grieves for her lover Roland,
Yet weeps for Harry, too,
Yes, the streets are poor and dingy,
And the houses low and brown,
But love and grief may tarry there,
As well as in Boston Town.

Newton Centre, Dec. 30, 1880.

HANC,

ORTHOEPY.

Here we are taking another subject connected with the dictionary. The character of the volume and the extent to which it is neglected justifies it. Not a few teachers of youth fail to consult this oracle from one week's end to another. So of numbers of students. Many are satisfied with a pocket edition. In accumulating a library a good unabridged dictionary should be book number two. Then it should not be treated like the gaudy Bible, as a thing for ornamentation. It is put to its proper use when it is kept at hand and continually resorted to for enlightenment.

Get an extensive vocabulary; acquire precision in the use of words; become an etymologist; aim to be a respectable orthoepist. "An exercise in Orthoepy" is a heading which greets us not unfrequently in periodicals. Spelling matches are not a monopoly now. Words frequently mispronounced are disposed in the form of sentences to be read by competitors. Webster's Dictionaries seem to be the prizes offered. We have not known of one being taken yet—an evidence that more attention needs to be given to this part of education.

Who is there that makes no mistakes in pronunciation? We don't graduate in this. After half a life time an educated man may by some accidental circumstance, find that constantly he has been giving the wrong accent to a certain word. Orthoepy is one of the things that must be attended to "all along the line." It does not do either to be always hasty in saying that another is incorrect. Ignorance may be displayed thereby. Common-school teachers with portable abridgments are often the most certain. To many of them every word is like a cast-iron moulding. "That 'Leisure (*lee-zhur*) Hour' contains excellent reading," says I, "yes, the 'Leisure (*lezh-yur*) Hour'," struck in a lady encyclopædia with a D license. Sometimes other than "great wits" are found who are an authority unto themselves. "Critics dare not mend" their faults. "O-f-t-e-n, *of-fn*; not *of-ten*." "That

may be Webster's opinion and Worcester's, but I have just as much right to mine as they have to theirs." "Very well you may enjoy it." Were a pronouncing dictionary to be prepared by such a one, what more amusing book could be obtained for summer reading? Its publication would compel Mark Twain and Josh Billings to look around for another profession.

Some naturally give careful regard to Orthoepy. Many are inclined to neglect it. The former should yield to their taste; the latter should go counter to their inclination. Watch the public speaker. Train your ear until it becomes a sharp detective. If a word has been accented differently from what has been your wont, let investigation follow. Frequently doubt your knowledge of the correct pronounciation of words upon which you have not consulted an authority. All this care and labor will give rich returns.

No one who ever expects to make any pretensions to learning can afford to treat this as an unworthy subject of study. Most emphatically does it call for the attention of those who look forward to addressing public assemblies. Many a speaker's influence is materially impaired by the diversion resulting from a misplaced accent. Critical hearers turn aside to laugh at the strange sound of the disjointed word, and to wonder how in the world the speaker ever came by such a barbarous pronounciation. To some this matter may appear the merest trifle. They may class it with "the mint, anise, and cummin." It is far removed from what is to be ignored, however. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle," said the sculptor.

It may be argued that where the speaker has an important theme, as the Christian preacher always has, it is not only unnecessary but belittling to be scrupulously exact in this respect. Let him give heed to the "weightier matters." This would have force if men *felt* the importance of the truths presented. But the facts must

be taken as they exist. The religious thought of some is easily dissipated. Sydney Smith has well said that "a sparrow fluttering about a church is an antagonist which the most profound theologian is wholly unable to overcome." To those who would justify a disregard of ministerial orthodoxy, we find an apt reply in Dr. Campbell's *Lectures on Pulpit Eloquence*. A popular preacher of the author's time was asked by one about to publish a religious work, whether he thought it befitting a writer on religion to be concerned about such little matters as grammatical construction. Note his answer, "By all means. It is much better to write so as to make a critic turn Christian, than so as to make a Christian turn critic." RYR.

MUSINGS.

NO. II.

Among the many things that terrify women—as spiders, bugs, worms, mice and men—guns stand pre-eminent. I do not assert that all women are alike in this particular. There are exceptions to the rule who can discharge a gun or pistol with as much bravado and accuracy as they can touch the keys of the piano, wield the broom, or use the dish cloth (for I speak now not of the pseudo-ladyism that confines itself exclusively to the parlor, but of that which understands the functions of pots and pans as well as those of the more refined household utensils); but the great body of femininity regards guns great and small, loaded and unloaded, with feelings that find vent in shrieks, shiverings, tears, and all the other symptoms of hysteria.

To what source can this peculiarity be traced? There is no "inexorable fate" impelling women to handle guns. They may pass life without once touching powder, if they will.

Among the objects which excite terror in the feminine heart, I have classed men. Opinions differ as to the correctness of this item. Some assert that the number of women who entertain feelings which compel

them to grow old in their maiden simplicity is small. This virtually admits the fact that the male race is not a detestable race.

"The heart like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest or loveliest thing
It can twine with itself and make closely its own,"

sings Moore. Grant that this applies to woman, man is "the nearest and loveliest thing." Here, then, is the tie that binds the male heart and the female heart in the same bundle; and while the fair ones have no more dread of guns as guns than of men as men, they are still sadly worked upon when they conceive the possible effects of guns upon men.

Thus it happened that, when I proposed for myself a day's shooting in the woods, a most violent storm arose. Having had some experience in the matter I was prepared for this, and, seizing my gun on the first murmurings of the tempest, made my way to the more serene forest.

I have always had a liking for shooting. Whether it is because my maternal grandfather was a sharp sighted gunner in the navy of His Majesty King George the Fourth, or that in my infancy I was frequently dosed with dead-shot lozenges, can never be fully established. Certain it is that I took to popguns and pistols as naturally as a young cock to crowing.

Partridges were the object of my tramp. These birds love the shady retreats along the small water courses, diversified with sunny clearings and mossy banks. They are excellent drummers, but unlike these attendants of the great mercantile army, are not at all intrusive. They shun the walks of the sportsman; and it requires a sharp eye and quick ear to detect the uplifted head and almost noiseless rustle of the feathers. Partridges go in pairs oftener than in coveys. The quality of becoming invisible is possessed by them in an eminent degree. Shoot one; the other with head and tail projected vanishes with the smoke of your gun. Then, when you have tramped a circuit of half an acre or so in extent,

turning away in despair, up pops the brown head; but before you can move a muscle the bird, with a short rapid flight, glides off into the woods.

Among the few objects that I love is the forest. The trees always have a friendly nod and whisper for one. Changing often, they are never fickle; the best type of a true friend; firm, yet sufficiently yielding to make you love; gentle, yet strong; diffusing about them a fragrance that makes their presence sweet; affording shelter alike from the fierce storm, or the scorching sun; making "life more liveable," and the glimpses of heaven that we catch through them more precious. I have never yet entered the shady depths without discovering new beauties in my old friends, the trees. After years of separation from a dear friend with whom we played in youth and whose childish voice we well remember, his manly tones send a thrill to our hearts; so to-day the spirit that breathes through the trees thrills us with a depth and mellowness of tone that yesterday it did not possess.

Occasionally adding to my stock of game, I trudge up the gully, and at length come to a spot where the brook, forming a semi-circle, has thrown up a level bed of sand. In the centre of this a fir has taken root, and by its shade has covered the land with soft moss. Casting myself upon this natural resting place for a moment, I turned my eyes upon the tree. The smooth, steel-grey bark was covered with those peculiar oblong blisters filled with the most tenacious of all balsams. For the height of ten feet there were no branches; upon the lower branch was an object partly hidden by the tree, which soon attracted my attention. On the first hasty glance, supposing it to be a partridge, I raised my gun and fired. The object did not move. By a few changes of position, I discovered a broad flat tail, four claws closely grasping the branches, a chunky body, and a head of which the most conspicuous feature was the long, projecting teeth. The eyes were

closed; the creature was asleep—not the wakeful alert sleep of the cat, but the heavy stupid torpor produced by a pleasant resting place, a warm sun, and a well filled stomach. Knowing that the dose of shot accidentally administered would in no way assist digestion, and being desirous of a nearer view, I fired again. The tail moved an inch. Upon the third shot the feet moved, the head was drawn up the eyes opened—all as deliberately and unconcernedly as though about to brush a stray pismire from his nose. At the fourth shot the body fell; not a sprawling fall—but the stone-like descent of something that had clung to life too long, and suddenly had made up its mind to die and be done with it. It was a porcupine.

For the information of all who never saw one I will describe it. This porcupine was somewhat smaller than a bear, but with more tail. Instead of being covered with hair it had a coat of quills like an editor; its ears were, however, small. On the back the quills were of large size and of a fine white, with glossy black tips; but beneath the animal they were an indefinable colour, resembling no hue so closely as that of the ordinary Sophomore mustache. The claws were long and well adapted to scratching among the quills. The porcupine does not throw his quills as is commonly reported; the statement is a libel; he has none to spare, and moreover the exertion would be fatal to his existence. When attacked he gathers his effects into a bundle which he envelopes with his quills; the "quill is mightier than the sword." He has thus formed the habit of retiring into himself. He dies as he lives—without a will. II.

MARRIAGES.

'79.—At Yarmouth, N. S., on the 31st of December, 1880, at the residence of Mr. Charles Richards, brother-in-law of the bride, by the Rev. John Lathern, Mr. Rupert G. Haley, A. B., to Amy P., youngest daughter of the late Mr. Lyman Cann, of Yarmouth. We wish our good friend Haley and his estimable lady a long and a happy life together.

JAN 1881

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

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

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

CHIEF EDITORS.

A. C. CHUTE, '81 SYDNEY WELTON '81.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

E. A. COREY '82. F. G. HARRINGTON, '83.

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

S. P. COOK, H. A. MARCH,
A. L. POWELL, *Sec.-Treas.*

Terms. 50cts. in Advance. Postage prepaid.

Communications for publication to be addressed to "Editors of THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM." Business letters and letters containing money to be handed to the Secretary, or addressed to "The Secretary of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM."

CONTENTS.—JANUARY, 1881.

Poetry.....	37
Orthoepy.....	39
Musings, etc., II.....	40
Marriages.....	41
Editorials.....	42
Junior Class.....	44
Study vs. Health.....	46
Correspondence.....	47
Voices from the Hill.....	48
Exchange Notes.....	48

NOTICE is elsewhere taken of two prizes which were presented on the 16th ult. Some remarks were made at that time by the President of the Alumni Association, which though made in a somewhat humorous way, nevertheless left a wrong impression on most minds and did injustice to us. From what was said it would appear that our editorials upon the prize question contained statements which were groundless, and complaints which arose from a "belligerent" spirit. It was, however, only of the matriculation prizes the President of this "much abused body" said anything, so that he tried to sweep away but part of what we had written; but he did this in such a way as to make it appear that he had annihilated the whole. It was affirmed that the reason why these matriculation prizes were not awarded last June was on account of neither of the winners being present. This could not have been the reason, simply because *they were* both

present. We have answered in full then the remarks of that occasion, as nothing was said regarding the failure to present other prizes at the time they were due.

THE importance of the study of the English Language and English Literature is coming to be felt more and more by those whose views upon educational work are worthy of regard. This subject seems to have been too much neglected in the past, and the necessity of reform is emerging into distinctness. In the addresses of two Presidents of American Colleges given on Commencement Days last June, we noticed that the need of a more careful and prolonged study of our own tongue was strenuously urged. This need has for some time been felt among us, and we have pleasure in stating that it is now being met. In addition to Logic, etc., Dr. Schurman has charge of this department, and he has marked out a course of study which is to extend from matriculation to the end of the Junior year.

The Freshmen, during the first session, are to take up English Language and Composition, using Angus's Hand Book. The second session they are to be occupied with Rhetoric and English Literature. In the Rhetoric, some good text book like that of Bain, Hill, or DeMille, will be used. The literature will begin in March, and in this no text book will be used, or only a primer. Instead of using a text book on the history of English Literature, the classical authors themselves, as edited in the Clarendon Press series, will be studied in chronological order. Thus a tale or two from Chaucer, one book of Spenser, two plays of Shakespeare, one book of Milton, Pope's *Essay on Criticism* etc., etc., or as many of these as the time will permit. This course taken by the Freshman in the English Language will be found on comparison to be equivalent to the requirements for matriculation and the first B. A. in London University.

The Sophomore class will spend one hour a week throughout the year, in minutely examining some special period of English Literature, extending over thirty or fifty years. This year it is the Augustan Age; and the lectures of the past session are unanimously spoken of as having been deeply interesting and very profitable. One hour a week is also to be devoted by the Juniors to the critical examination of some one of our classical authors, as Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton or Wordsworth. Next year either Chaucer or Shakespeare will be studied. The work performed in English Literature during the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years will be considerably more than the English Literature required for a B. A. degree from London University.

As former students will read with interest any information respecting this department, perhaps we cannot do better than to give in full the examination questions of last session upon these subjects.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1880 — 2.30 to 4.30 P. M.

I. Write out and punctuate the passage read. Analyse the first sentence, 15.

II. "Everything in language except the roots is intelligible and can be accounted for." Explain and illustrate, 8.

III. Show, by a table, the relationship of English to the principal languages of the Aryan family. 10.

IV. What has the English Language received from Anglo-Saxon and from Latin respectively? What advantages are possessed by a composite language? 9.

V. Explain the presence of the italicized letters in the following words:—*Chamber; Guarantee; Sound; Woman.* What is the origin of *Mile; Uncle; Nephew; Liquorice; Genitive; Bull and Gate; Its; They; Ye* (obsolete article); *The* (in such phrases as "The sooner the better")? 14.

VI. What is the theory of a perfect alphabet? In how far does our alphabet conform to that theory? 8.

VII. Classify the mutes in tabular form. State and illustrate the Law of *Lautverschiebung* (Grimm's Law). 10.

VIII. Take three Latin prefixes and six Anglo-Saxon suffixes and explain their meaning. What is the force of *is, ling, ard, cri*? Why does the addition of *en* change the word *cat* to *kitten*? 10.

IX. Compare our first personal pronouns, with the corresponding Anglo-Saxon and French forms. 8.

X. Re-arrange and scan the following: "Like a poet hidden in the light of thought singing hymns unbidden till the world is wrought to sympathize with hopes and fears it heeded not." 8.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Monday, Dec. 13, 1880, 12 to 1.

I. Give the more prominent literary characteristics of the Age of Louis XIV. Name eight of the French classical authors of that period. What are Pascal's greatest works? 11.

II. "The real epos of society under Queen Ann, though designed as a burlesque, is Pope's Rape of the Lock." Explain this. 9.

III. Sketch briefly Pope's Life up to 1712. Describe any *one* (but not more than one) of the Pastorals. 10.

IV. What were the English antecedents of the *Essay on Criticism*? How does it differ from them? What is the value in the formation of a correct literary taste? Complete the following quotations, adding a note on the words italicised:—

- (1) "Those rules of old discovered, not devised."
- (2) "A little learning is a dangerous thing."
- (3) "So pleased at first the towering Alps we try."
- (4) "While expletives their feeble aid do join"
- (5) But *Appius* reddens at each word you speak."
- (6) And the same age saw Learning fall and Rome."

Quote some lines which have become proverbial.

V. Examine M. Taine's criticism on the *Rape of the Lock*, and compare it with that of Dennis, 7.

JUNIOR CLASS.

RHETORICAL EXHIBITION.

On Thursday evening, December 16th, the work of the first session of the year was brought to a close by the usual Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior class. The weather was favorable and a large audience had assembled in College Hall, before the hour appointed for the exercises begun. After prayer by the Rev. George Armstrong, A.M., a member of the second class graduated from Acadia, the following programme was successfully carried out:

Hymn Anthem,—“Wake the Song of Jubilee.”
The Study of History, Fred L. Shaffer, Williamston.

The Formation of Character, Arthur L. Calhoun, Summerside, P. E. I.

Hymn Anthem,—“Jesus Lover of my Soul.”
Napoleon I., as seen by Madame de Remusat, Snow P. Cook, Milton, Queens Co.

The Function of the Orator, Earnest A. Corey, Havelock, N. B.

Anthem,—“God is a Spirit.”

Lord Macaulay, Arthur G. Troop, Dartmouth.

The Political Destiny of Canada, Rupert W. Dodge, Middleton.

The Rise of the Essay, *Herbert W. Moore, Portland, N. B.

Hymn Anthem,—“Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.”

*Excused.

The orations displayed much care in preparation and were a credit to the writers. The youthful appearance of the speakers was quite noticeable. The class was large at matriculation, but a number have dropped out, so that it is now the smallest in College. Music for the occasion was furnished by a select choir under the leadership of Mr. Witter. All the pieces were well rendered, but the last deserves especial mention. The propriety of doing away with these exhibitions has sometimes been discussed, but what may be said in favor of their continuance far outweighs counter arguments. The friends of the Institutions are kept alive to the fact that there is activity on the Hill, and culture in oratory is encouraged among the students.

A RETROSPECT.

Before closing President Sawyer gave an

address in which a review was taken of the past twenty-five years — the period which has elapsed since the Dr's first connection with these Institutions. It was at the Sophomore Exhibition in December 1855, that he first met the professors and students of Acadia College, having been induced to come hither by the influence of friends whose acquaintance he had formed at Newton Theological Seminary. The names of the young men composing the class at that time were Charles H. Corey, now Principal of the Richmond Institute, Richmond, Va.; Simon Vaughan, a merchant in Liverpool, England; George G. Saunderson, a successful business man in Yarmouth; Edward M. Saunders, Pastor of the Granville Street Church, Halifax; Robt. L. Weatherbe, who, after a successful career, as a lawyer, was promoted to one of the highest positions in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; and Henry Vaughan, who, after taking the course at Newton, and spending two or three years as pastor of the Germain Street Baptist Church, St. John, N. B., passed on from his earthly labors, beloved by all who knew him.

At that time the distinction between College and Academy students was carefully observed. The Collegians, about thirty in number, occupied the dormitories in the old College; and the Academicians roomed in the adjoining building, the building which the fire of '78 left us. The life of the students of that day differed greatly from the life of the students of to-day. They were called every morning at six o'clock, attended prayers at seven, and breakfasted immediately after the religious exercises. The hours in the class rooms (of which there were but two) were from nine to twelve and from two to four. Work was also engaged in on Saturdays as well as on other days. In college costume all the professors and students assembled at four o'clock for evening prayers. The same system of marking was in use at that time as exists at the present, and as it has always proved successful it is likely to

be continued. The students in those days took turns in performing the work around the College, such as ringing the bell, preparing wood, making fires, and keeping the building comfortable. Only recently have the young men been willing to abandon this privilege, preferring to pay a small fee and have the work done for them. Written examinations were held then as now, and there were also oral examinations in the presence of all the members of the Faculty. The latter were always profitable to both pupils and instructors.

The University of Acadia College had at that time three Professors, Dr. Sawyer being the junior member. Dr. Crawley, after years of faithful service, had just gone to the United States on important business, and in '67 or '68 was recalled. Dr. Cramp was President of the College and in addition to carrying on the Theological Department, he taught classes in Logic, Political Economy, History and Moral Philosophy. Those who did not know the Dr. at that time can form little idea of the amount of work he was capable of performing. It was a matter of astonishment to his co-workers. The Mathematical Department was in the hands of Professor Stewart, a graduate of Brown University. This gentleman was a great enthusiast in the subject which he taught. It was with intense satisfaction that Prof. Stewart saw a student master any difficult point in Mathematics. Our present Professor in this department studied under this enthusiastic teacher. The Classical Department was in charge of Dr. Sawyer himself, who spent four hours daily in the classroom.

There were then what are now looked upon as great disadvantages; but it is possible to have things a little too nice, and be so pleasantly situated that the attention is diverted from study. Where the surroundings are less inviting, the power of abstraction is greater, and the student makes a world and lives in it. At that period the students, an intelligent, youth-

ful, and healthy band, worked hard and enjoyed it. Evidence is given of the development of character which went on in the positions subsequently taken by those young men. The work performed in many respects compares favorably with the work of later days, though by no means speaking disparagingly of what is now accomplished. Dr. Welton was then a resident graduate, and wore the same pleasant and youthful appearance which now characterizes him. Professor Higgins was on the list of students, and had much more venerableness and gravity than he has at the present time. Mathematics seems to have been to him a fountain of youth. Prof. Jones was then in the Academy, accomplishing his work without difficulty and easily retaining his place in the class. He was very observant and his taste led him in a different direction from that which has since been made a specialty by him. In his case there seems to have been a psychological transformation. So absorbed has he become with the ancient classics that it must sometimes be difficult for him to tell whether he is living in the reign of Queen Victoria or under one of the Roman Emperors. The present treasurer of the College and four of the present governors were students of the College at that date.

It was a time of great financial weakness. The governors repeatedly informed the Faculty that they would have to close the Institution; and in 1858 the depression was so great and the prospect so dark that a written communication was sent to each Professor stating that after a certain date very near at hand, the governors would not hold themselves responsible for any further payments. But this crisis passed and a period of wonderful success dawned upon Acadia College. A review of the time since that pecuniary embarrassment displays to us many signs of constant and healthful advancement. With the increase of students there has been a corresponding growth in the curriculum. In view of this prosperity the President confidently pro-

dicted that a quarter of a century hence the College would have an endowment of at least a quarter of a million, that the grounds would be greatly enlarged and improved, that the number of commodious buildings would be increased, that the number of students would be greatly augmented, that there would be elective courses to meet all requirements, and that a larger number of professors would occupy the grounds in the vicinity. This, he said, was to be largely accomplished through the instrumentality of the young men before him, who would soon be occupying places of trust and honor here and elsewhere throughout the Dominion.

This address with its precise diction, its humorous turns, its happy touches, and its entertaining reminiscences secured the close attention of the audience and elicited frequent applause.

Dr. Welton arose and congratulated President Sawyer upon having reached the close of twenty-five years of very successful labor in connection with Acadia College. He also expressed the hope that a kind Providence would long spare him to work on in his present sphere of activity where he was doing such noble service, and where his efforts were highly prized.

After singing the National Anthem the meeting was dismissed; and on the following day the trains bore east and west light hearted students toward their respective homes to spend three weeks in the enjoyments which cluster around glad Christmas.

STUDY VS. HEALTH.

We often hear it said that many, urged on by a laudable ambition to excel, sacrifice health in their zeal for study. Doubtless there is too much ground for such an assertion. But is not this result often consequent upon some erroneous idea concerning what study really is, and how it may be most advantageously employed.

In the first place what is study? Is it a mere lifeless grind over some assigned

task? Is it the spending of so many hours over a pile of books, the very sight of which is hateful? Is it not possible for a large amount of time to be spent in so-called study, and very little achieved? Is not much of this same study a mere waste of time? We dilute our study to such an extent that it strangely resembles the water-and-milk which we occasionally meet with as a boarding house beverage, a modern nectar.

Now we think that true study is something very different. And, just as one gill of rich cream country milk, the memory of which now seems an ancient myth, would suffice for at least a gallon of the aforesaid nectarous effusion. So one hour of real study is worth hours of time idly spent over a heap of books. Now, in proportion to the amount of work done, hard study is not nearly so wearisome as the more leisurely kind; just as fast walking is much less tiresome than easy sauntering. So if we make a vigorous onslaught upon our lessons, wasting no time in fruitless lamentations over their length and seeming knottiness, we shall assuredly find the walled Jericho that so dismayed us prostrated and conquered at our feet.

And then we can go forth to recreation and enjoy it. We will not have to consume the midnight oil till the flame burn low, and till with a gasp the flickering light expires. Three-fourths, or even half the time ordinarily spent will make us more than ordinarily well prepared, and we shall be enabled to devote the remainder to the pursuit of health. Color shall come back to the cheek, brightness to the eye, lightness to the step. We shall find that study is consonant with health. The mind can stand an almost unlimited amount of study if systematically undertaken. The body likewise is fully capable of enduring much more than we apprehend. And, by a judicious use of bodily and intellectual powers, we can accomplish more than we now imagine; while both mind and body, instead of yielding to the strain placed upon them, shall grow and strengthen, becoming each day better able to cope with all opposing forces.

KAYOSHE.

Correspondence.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

Messrs. Editors,—Permit me to give expression to a few thoughts, upon a subject which I think ought to engage the attention of our educators, or those at the head of our educational affairs. It is not with the hope of presenting anything new that I write, but that the above subject may if possible be brought to the notice of some, who hitherto have given it but little thought.

Laying aside for the present the discussion of the question, whether the government of a country has the right to compel parents to educate their children, I merely make the assertion that the government has the right, and that in this country at least, it ought to exercise that right.

At the close of last October, the teachers of this province made up the average daily attendance of their schools. And I venture to affirm that the average was not above 60 per cent of the pupils enrolled. Neither were all the children in school at any time during the term who ought to have been there, so we are pretty safe in asserting that the daily average attendance was not more than 50 per cent of the children in the section.

At this point one is tempted to ask the cause of the low average. Various answers may be given. In one place it may be the fault of the teacher, in another the school accommodation is poor, and sometimes the children are kept home to work. But that which keeps most children home is this: they do not want to go to school. Few children have such a strong desire for knowledge that they will of their own accord attend school regularly. This it seems to me, shows the need of compulsory education.

Probably four-fifths of the children of this Province will obtain their education, at school, between five years and fifteen years of age. And during that time nearly

or quite half do not attend school more than 60 per cent of the nine years. This surely is a state of affairs most deplorable, not alone in its present workings, but more especially in the results which must inevitably be the outgrowth of such a system.

It seems scarcely necessary to put forward a single statement as to the beneficial results arising from a compulsory educational law. The subject is not new. It has been thoroughly tried and its working has been most satisfactory. Those countries which have had enacted such a law can point with pride to a people pre-eminent in education, and ranking among the first in the arts, the sciences, and in literature.

So far as our present school law goes it is good for the most part; but it does not go quite far enough. It does not strike at the root of the matter. Merely because parents are careless, and negligent of their duty, hundreds—yes thousands—of the children of this province are permitted to grow up in ignorance, and who will in after years be a heavy charge to the State. The irregular attendance of scholars is not only bad for themselves and for those who do attend regularly; but it also hinders very seriously the work of the teacher, thus preventing him attaining the success he otherwise would.

It is nonsense for people to say that a compulsory educational law would not be carried out. In other countries it has been carried out successfully and so has it in such cities as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow.

Here is a list of those countries in Europe which have a compulsory educational law. Austria, Hungary, Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, Switzerland, Netherlands, and nominally Greece and Portugal.

[LAPIS VOLVENS.]

“Very few people go into an argument in order to discover the truth of the matter. They want to hold their own, and rout the enemy. Hence the general loss of temper.”

Voices from the Hill.

Another term's work has begun. The five-month's session stretches out before us. Cold January, stern February, blustering March, variable April, golden May. Prudent diligence continued will make a record to be reviewed with satisfaction.

On the evening of December 13th, Mr. J. H. Fletcher, formerly editor of the *Island Argus*, P. E. I., gave a very amusing lecture before the Athenæum, on "Real and Ideal Life." This is the third time Mr. Fletcher has appeared before our Society, and on each occasion he has succeeded in an eminent degree, in his endeavor to instruct and at the same time to amuse. None are better prepared to enjoy a good laugh than students, and there are few for whom a little fun is more beneficial. Mr. Fletcher will therefore always be sure of a warm welcome at Acadia.

At the close of the Rhetorical Exhibition, Dec. 16th, the Matriculation prizes, won June, 1879, were awarded. The successful competitors were Miss Marshall, of Lawrencetown and Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, of Great Village, the former receiving \$20 and the latter \$10.

The following officers of the Athenæum were appointed at the last regular meeting before vacation:

E. D. Webber, President;
R. W. Dodge, Vice do.
F. M. Kelley, Rec. Sec.
A. Whitman, Cor. Sec.
F. B. King, Treas.

EX-COMMITTEE.

Sydney Welton, Chairman; F. Harrington, C. Haverstock, H. March, G. H. Clark.

It is generally conceded that the present century has not witnessed any material progress in the department of Metaphysics. Philosophers have attempted but little more than the study and criticism of the theories developed by men of previous

centuries. This being the case, we are the more pleased to announce that a member of the Freshman Class bids fair to compensate for the barrenness of the nineteenth century thus far, in the production of philosophers. The gentleman to whom we refer prepared and delivered a lecture during the Christmas vacation, on the "Immortality of the human Soul." It was a masterpiece of original, philosophic thought. We understand the lecture is soon to appear in pamphlet form.

Exchange Notes.

The *University Quarterly* for Nov. contains much that is both interesting and instructive. Daphne, we are glad to hear is not so dead as Pope would represent her, but manages in a clever epigram to give Alexis a Roland for an Oliver. A notice of Prof. Winchell's "Pre-Adamites" contains ideas worth thinking over. An ably written extract from Scribner on College Journalism contains many commendations and points out many ways in which a College paper proves beneficial.

Winging its way from the far Western Oregon, comes *The Archangel*, a welcome visitant. Upon the first page we find a piece entitled "The Pleasure of Study," to which we turn with earnest expectation, as the weary Arab seeks eagerly the blooming oasis that beckons him on to rest beneath spreading palms, and bathe in cool crystal fountains. And as we read on, our fevered brows cool, and the lines of care gradually depart. Henceforth study will to us a joyous pastime, not, as heretofore, a weariness to the flesh. We cannot now notice other and worthy articles. Suffice it to say that if the *Archangel* has not yet soared to the grandest heights of College Journalism, there is no reason why it should not.

The *Argosy* appears to be seeking a solution of the much vexed question as to how a college curriculum may be rendered most beneficial to the general class of students. Calculus in this instance is not weighed in the balance and found wanting, but French and German are strongly advocated as substitutes for Latin and Greek. And thus the students of the present day show how superior they are in judgment to their honored instructors.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

Rev. J. E. Hopper, Editor & Proprietor,

SAIN'T JOHN, N. B.

The largest religious weekly in the Maritime Provinces. Price \$2.00 per year.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES.—Interesting and beautifully Illustrated.

THE YOUTH'S VISITOR, single subscription 25 cents a year. In clubs of 20 or more 12 cents

THE GEM, single subscription 15-cents per year. In clubs of 10 or more 8 cents.

THE LESSON MONTHLY, 27 copies \$1.50 per year.

THE LESSON QUARTERLY, 5-cents each, or in packages of 5 or more 3 cents each.

All kinds of S. S. Cards.

J. E. HOPPER, Publisher.

Saint John, N. B.

B. S. KNOWLES, & CO.,

Booksellers & Stationers,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

CALDWELL & MURRAY,

IMPORTERS OF

Gents' Furnishings, Ready Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps, & General
Dry Goods.

Furniture, Bedding, Carpets, etc.,

WOLFVILLE, - - - N. S.

WOLFVILLE VARIETY STORE,

ALFRED K. BARSS,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

and FANCY GOODS of all kinds. Also a full assortment of Crockery, Earthenware, and
Glassware on hand.

Foot Chapel St., Wolfville.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. W. HOLMES.

HOWARD BARSS.

J. W. HOLMES & CO.

SHIP CHANDLERS,
SHIP STORE DEALERS
AND SAIL MAKERS,
SHIPS' OUTFITS SUPPLIED.
Goods bought and sold on Commission.
10 Strand St., - - Liverpool, England,

J. W. HOLMES.

W. B. DURKEE.

H. BARSS.

**HOLMES,
DURKEE,
& BARSS,**

Ship Store Dealers, Ship Chandlers,
AND GENERAL
COMMISSION AGENTS.
31 Quai Casimir, Delavigne,
HAVRE, FRANCE.

JOSEPH WESTON,

Merchant Tailor

Always in stock—A good assortment of

Seasonable and Fashionable Goods

✓ A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

E. SYDNEY CRAWLEY,

Barriſter, Attorney,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. B.

MISS HAMILTON,

DEALER IN

**British & American
MILLINERY**

And Fancy Dry Goods,

Latest Parisian Styles.

Main St., - - Wolfville, N. S.

BECK WITH & DODGE,

Main St., Kentville,

DEALERS IN

**STAPLE & FANCY
DRY GOODS,**

CARPETS,

HOUSE FURNISHINGS, &c.

CLOTHING, &c.,

a speciality, a large and well selected stock
always on hand.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS

in great variety. Everything marked low
for CASH.

Kentville, N. S., Sep. 16, 1879.

F. McFARLAKE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

FAIRVILLE, N. S.

JAS. S. MAY,

Merchant Tailor,

64 Germain and 48 King Sts.

ST. JOHN, N. B.