

The Acadia Athenæum.

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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM,

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Business letters should be addressed to C. O. Tupper, Sec.-Treas. Upon all other subjects address The Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

ONE of the papers advertised for last month has been received. The donor will please accept our cordial thanks. We will feel greatly indebted to anyone who will forward to the editors the first number for the year 1875-6.

A LETTER from Rev. J. R. Hutchinson will be published next month. At the same time we will acknowledge the various sums received since June. We trust that our friends will make the department headed "Acknowledgements" *exceedingly interesting this year.*

CONTRIBUTORS are requested to use pens when they write for the *Athenæum*. Pencils, and especially that modern abomination called the copying-pencil, should be put to other uses. Please take pains to write legibly, also. By so doing you will save the editors considerable work.

CORRESPONDENCE upon subjects of interest is solicited. Let the students remember that this is *their* paper,—a vehicle for their thoughts, their opinions, and, perhaps, their whims. Letters can often be made more spicy than articles or editorials, since more latitude is allowed to the correspondent than to any other writer.

A VARIETY of causes conspired not only to delay the October number of the *Athenæum*, but also to make the contemplated changes less complete than we expected when we prepared the matter. But since neither our printer nor we were to blame, we hope that our subscribers will not remember the delay and imperfections against us. After the present number we shall aim to have the paper out on the 15th of each month, except the May number, which, as usual, will not appear until after the Commencement exercises in June.

EVERY year we experience difficulty in learning the address of several of our subscribers, especially of graduates. Sometimes we know where they have gone; often we have no idea of their residence; and generally there is great uncertainty about their address. Until we became connected with this paper we little thought that people generally believed editors and managing committees endowed with the gift of second sight. We respectfully certify, to all whom it may concern, that this opinion is unwarranted. We therefore request graduates and others, when they seek

"Fresh woods and pasture new,"

to inform us of the fact, that we may know where to send their paper.

WE are not Vennor. Nor do we resemble the multitude who are "too wise to err." Often we leave undone the things we ought to do. These "humble confessions" are prompted by a contemplation of some omissions in our last number. By some oversight the name of Prof. Tufts did not appear in the list of professors; but since there was reference in an editorial to his "college duties," any one could infer that the omission of his name from the list was simply a *lapsus mentis* or a *lapsus oculi* on the part of the youth who prepared the copy.

"Junior," also, in giving a sketch of his class, omitted the name of Fred Masters, who was a member of that class in the Freshman year.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND, editor of the *Century Magazine* (hitherto called *Scribner's Illustrated Monthly*), is dead. His career furnishes an interesting study for young men, and shows what toil and persistence can accomplish. His success was not a flash in the sky. By perseverance, hard study, and a determination to succeed, he won the high place which for years he so much adorned, and in which he secured riches and honor. At first he met rebuffs. His manuscripts were rejected. Any one less a man would have grown faint-hearted. But not he. He was composed of sterner stuff. "It was perfectly natural for him to go at it, and stick at it, to try again and keep trying." Such a man must succeed. With steady steps he advanced from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to fame. Industry, manliness, and courage, were his distinguishing qualities. These chiefly produced his greatness. We admire his intellectual power: we pay homage to his nobility of character. No young man can study his life without being stimulated to press forward with resoluteness and hope, even in the face of opposition and discouragement.

THIS paper goes forth not merely as a mirror of passing events at Acadia, but also as an advocate of the Wolfville schools. We have confidence in the instruction given here—in its thoroughness and soundness,—and in the healthful moral atmosphere which prevails. For this reason we can earnestly ad-

vise parents to send their sons and daughters to Wolfville. This we do and shall do.

Nor shall we cease to advocate the claims of higher education; but shall seek to persuade those who think that a common-school training is sufficient, or, at any rate, that a college education is not worth seeking in the face of difficulties, that knowledge has not ceased to be power; that educated men are needed in walks of life other than the "three learned professions;" that there are treasures rich and rare which the unlearned never see, but which are sources of great pleasure and advantage to even the penniless scholar; and that a wider sphere of usefulness is certainly open to the man of trained intellect than to others. And since this is an important part of the mission of our paper, we desire to widen its circulation as much as possible, in order that we may make many acquainted closely with the Wolfville Institutions, and, if possible, induce many to come here, and share their advantages, who otherwise might be content with present attainments. But to increase the number of our subscribers to any great extent is not altogether easy. Our time is so fully occupied with college duties that we cannot devote much attention to any other matter. And that college papers are too poor to pay agents is evident. Our hopes therefore centre in our present readers; and to them we appeal. We find that many need but to be asked, and they at once cheerfully subscribe; and it is not too much to believe that if our friends in the various communities where they live would interest themselves in behalf of the *Athenæum*, the number of subscribers would soon be greatly increased.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

Seymour E. Gourley, Esq., lectured before the *Athenæum*, on Friday evening, October 21st, upon "Paul."

Regarded from merely a literary standpoint, the lecturer considered Paul to have been one of the most illustrious characters the world has ever known. He possessed qualities that would have made him great in any time; yet he and his age seemed peculiarly adapted to each other. As bridegroom and bride they met, and the marriage ceremony was perform-

ed "by the Great High Priest, with angel choirs for witnesses." Paul must have been patriotic; for his father was a Pharisee, and patriotism was one of the foundation stones of Pharisaism. He was ambitious, too; for, "as it was the boast of every Norman mother that her sons were eloquent from the cradle, so it might have been the boast of every Jewish mother that her sons were ambitious from birth." Paul was, perhaps, the greatest lawyer that has ever lived—and "the first *honest* one." Conclusive evidence of his legal ability and tact was afforded in many instances, but especially during his trial before Agrippa, "a scene with which every student is familiar."

The lecturer journeyed with his subject on various occasions, ever finding scenes magnificent and gorgeous, and peopling each picture with characters accomplished and illustrious. He closed by exhorting the young men of today, "even now, amid the rosy dreams of youth," to endeavor to imitate Paul; and—becoming nobler and better in consequence—to aid in making this Canada of ours, "from the storm-tossed Atlantic to the voluptuous Pacific, kissed by the balmy tropical breezes, a nation that shall fulfil its magnificent possibilities."

REPRESSION.

How to make men live properly has always been a difficult problem. Some adopt a policy of repression, and, by rigorous laws meeting every possible crime, attempt to enforce virtuous living. Others rely more upon moral teaching, which may take different forms. The best type is that illustrated in the sermons of certain eminent ministers. It is positive rather than negative. Instead of hurling judgments and imposing strictures, it strives to bring about a capacity for goodness. It would have vice read in the light of virtue. It not only forbids what is *unwholesome*, but provides what is wholesome, and therefore induces growth.

It may be wise to condemn evil, and all forms of evil, but many would-be reformers go no farther. Their teaching is all negative. They prohibit all that is bad, but never bestow anything good. They call vice ugly names, but never give the victim light to see its ug-

liness, or the power to *appreciate* its opposite. They talk of bad taste, but never seek to cultivate good taste. They curse error, and abuse systems, but offer nothing better to replace them. Such teaching is in spirit repressive, and does not bring the best results, since it is by actual contact with what is good and great, that men are most effectively led to follow virtue.

The lady in "Comus" says:

"That which is not good is not delicious to a well-governed and wise appetite."

Here then is the strongest safe-guard against evil. But the problem *now* turns upon the best method to acquire this relish for wholesome things. The practical solution rests with the family, church and school. In no case will it be effected by setting before the young tempting but pernicious diet, or by leaving them to enjoy a bare table.

A course of study therefore ought to be positive in its effects; that is, by expanding the mind and feeding it with truth, it should present something higher than the indulgence of passion, or habitual levity. It may not make men pious in a revival sense; but it may produce a profound reverence for mind and knowledge, which is commendable and upward in its tendency, inasmuch as all truth, religious or secular, is the product of the Divine mind.

Science, language, and mathematics ought therefore to be better moral discipline than harsh restriction and sarcastic rebuke. Especially ought literature, by presenting the student with high ideals, by bringing him in communion with great men and great thoughts, and by exciting a love for the lovely, pure and tender, raise him above pettiness, and curb his propensities for crime.

RALPH.

THE STUDY OF ELOCUTION.

Much of the unpopularity of many speakers may be attributed not so much to what they say as to how they say a thing. Preparation for their position may have cost the labor of years, but we will find on examination that most of their time has been spent in giving a polished air to their writings, and a comparatively small portion to the proper delivery of what they have written or thought.

Where we listen to the delivery of a fine composition which does not display any of the spirit with which its thoughts were conceived, it reminds us of a beautiful work of art which needs but a few touches to display all the grace and beauty of perfection. In reading there is leisure to indulge somewhat in the thoughts and feelings which are expressed; but in listening to a speech, our mind is hurried on, and unless the speaker expresses his spirit as well as his thoughts, rounded periods and balanced sentences will pass for such and nothing more.

The object of elocution as an art is to manifest my thoughts and feelings to others in such a way as to give them a true idea of how and what I feel and think, and in so doing to make them respond to my states of mind and feeling. This being the case is it not evident that a thorough course in elocution is necessary for those looking forward to positions as speakers?

An extended knowledge of elocution is a power giving us superior advantages over others. On what does the success of the orator depend but on his acquaintance with the science of speaking with effect? Most of the effects of ancient as well as modern eloquence may be attributed to the manner of delivery; we read the words of the orator, their spirit is gone, the body remains beautiful, but motionless and dead.

A nation tottering to ruin has been reclaimed by one speech; thousands of clamoring tongues have been silenced,—old and young have bowed to the overpowering influence of the spoken heart.

It devolving on the clergy to deal with the greatest truths, should these not be delivered in an appropriate style? The Bible requires in its proper delivery the most extensive practical knowledge of the principles of elocution; a better impression can be made than from the most luminous commentary.

In Institutions unable to support a Professor of Elocution, this art is sadly neglected by the majority of students; perhaps displaying their powers but once or twice throughout the course. Although these persons may be clever as writers, yet if called upon under the easiest circumstances, they will be unable to express themselves in a pleasing manner. Some may

regard Elocution as an accomplishment; allow it such, it is one which we would all do well to possess. There are those who are born with a natural gift of Elocutionary powers; yet we can all attain to a degree of perfection in this art. Many think that to succeed a teacher is necessary; yet the amount of progress that can be made by our own efforts is surprising. Hours that are wasted could be turned to no better advantage than in reading aloud or reciting to those who will criticize us; for proof of this we have the testimony of some of our best Elocutionists. It is to be regretted that this art has been so much neglected, but we hope that a reformation in this direction will soon be effected.

BETA.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

NO. 1.

AN EVENING WITH THE MUSES.

There are few to whom it is not a joy to look back on the college days—days when the spirits were buoyant and hopes bright and high—days when student-life made existence not only tolerable but intensely enjoyable—days the memories of which are ever present with us and cannot fade away. In memory there are some things which perhaps we would willingly forget; but there are many things which, because of their peculiar character and preciousness, we dwell upon without any risk of being satiated. In imagination we not infrequently, for a short time, blot out the intervening years and become students again, entering with zest and enthusiasm into their life with its joys and sorrows, its duties and pastimes. Indeed the words "I would I were a student again," are by no means strange to many an alumnus tired of breasting the billows of a stern and laborious life. This evening, then, as I sit, the fire burns. Without difficulty I can enter again my old room in that dear old college building which in 1877 was burned with consuming fire. Chums take their accustomed places. Confab is the order of the evening. Words spontaneously flow. All questions in Physics and Metaphysics receive their quietus. The non-ego is swallowed up in the ego. The puzzling questions which, dimly outlined in the minds of the

schoolmen, have never ceased to perplex the ages, are made forever luridous in the clarified brains of omniscient Sophs. or Juniors. But hold—I sit recalling the scenes and incidents of days that are no more.

I shall endeavor, in this article, to relate the circumstances out of which sprang a poem as clear and beautiful as full-orbed Luna when slowly climbing the Eastern sky. From this poem I shall also give such quotations, and make such remarks upon the language and subject-matter of it as will serve to awaken, if nothing more, the curiosity of the readers of the *Athenæum*.

The scene is laid in the "Mustapha's" chamber—the time, a cool evening in November 185—. The "Powers" are congregated in said chamber, attracted largely, if not solely, by a fire made of material procured in no ordinary way. In those days questions as to source of supplies were burked with an astounding suddenness. The fire was cheering and attractive, and the "Powers" knew it. On this occasion the stove became the centre of a most interesting group. The "Mustapha," his ear supporting a quill which had been sadly abbreviated in forming his undecipherable hieroglyphics, is fast asleep in an arm-chair, worn out with his duties as secretary of a mighty empire. The "Grimvalde," always thoughtful—unusually so on this evening—is scraping together some thoughts on *poluphloisboio thalasses* of pedantry. He never sat upon a chair that did not receive my warm sympathy, but on this interesting occasion the supporter of the great "Power" creaked under the united burden of his thought-convulsed and gigantic frame. The "Mogul," too, is there, his head in the serene attitude of thought, his feet upon the inspiring stove. He is in quest of the great elixir which the old alchemists sought after in vain, and lo! he has obtained it. He sees immortality in the spoil and is satisfied. Two minor "Powers," growing garrulous under the inspiration of the quickening flame, are engaged—the one in conning some fascinating lines of a georgic—the other in munching the last section of a once shapely pie.

But the fire is now low and all have departed save the "Mustapha" and "Mogul." Only those who have no great purpose in life

can afford to spend much time in sleep. The guiding Powers, at least, must not do so. The "Mustapha" is now awake, and it was not difficult to see that through repose he had mewed his mighty youth. Yes, awake he surely was, and strange to say the room was electric with poetry. The whole being of the "Power" was quivering with the afflatus of the descending goddess. Even Calliope was startled to find such congenial soil, fully believing some hero would be made yet more heroic. The "Mogul," conscious that not a moment should be lost, brought to his illustrious colleague that Poem of Poems—that inimitable epic which ranges the latitude and longitude of all thought—which forms an organic and vital connection between all fragmentary and disjointed concepts—*Bailey's Mystic*. "Take it," said he, "and read to me once more those lines of exquisite beauty—of sounding cadence. My mental pangs are so exquisite that nought can chasten them save those wondrous and mysterious lines of thundering sound. Nay, more, I look to them for deliverance; by them and by them only will the great thoughts within me be made to take shape, and a poem come forth glowing upon the horizon of my intellectual firmament as perfect and divine as Minerva when she sprang full-armed from the brain of the astonished Jove." Thus spake the 'Mustapha,' and the 'Mogul' obeyed with an alacrity that could be secured only by the inspiration which was fast taking possession of his own being. As the words came forth clearly enunciated and emphasised, the face of the 'Mustapha,' previously cadaverous, became all aglow with an indescribable iridescence, and before ten lines of the memorable poem had conveyed their burden to the Power's sensitive soul, the words "Gudolphus in the Past" exploded from his lips like a pellet from a pop-gun. "The hero of the coming poem, as sure as fate," cried the 'Mogul,' springing for paper which he instantly placed before the face of the inspired 'Mustapha.' So whipping his pen from his ear, the 'Power' dashed off this magnificent introduction:

"Aghast the stars, with triple
Belts trilocular, horrescent
Gloamed thro' Heaven and Earth,
Orbific plunging.

Heptarchial Saturn gregographic
 Stood abashed. Jupiter the
 Type of power terrific
 Rolled surging thro' the vast abyss.
 Venus stood stalwart on her
 Daedal heel petrific. The
 Northern Bear ubiquitous with
 Asphoidal curves strode the
 Heavens circuitous. Anon the
 Moon turgescens howled and
 Shuddered thro' the frosty air—
 A psychopompos unit."

Exhausted and gasping from the terrible exorcism, as it were, the poet, his eye still in a fine phrensy rolling and glancing from ceiling to floor and from floor to ceiling, beckoned to the 'Mogul' to continue by means of sheer mental electricity the epic so admirably and wondrously introduced. The 'Power' seizing the Mustaphatic quill with a masterly power and supernatural energy continued the marvellous creation :

" Gudolphus, egypt, moeratic,
 Dantic, strode the zenith
 Which tautonic surged
 Bellowing, roaring,
 Heaving, sweating,
 Till the blast of fire volcanic
 Hissed eterne through spralgic
 Space and a^{ll} goldonic creaked
 In meteoric wrath.
 Upheaved the Pericarp-with
 Involution strange: forthwith
 The star-sprent curtains of
 The skies dipped forward,
 Sinking thro' the vast profound,
 Concussive, frantic, poised
 Aloft on antelinal altars,
 Thrice solarized in the
 Trinal heart of time."

The thinker who patiently studies the above excerpts will not fail to perceive, in addition to grandeur of conception and majesty of expression, a perfect acquaintance on the part of the writers with the two great subjects of astronomy and cosmography. Of these two subjects never before nor since were the heights so scaled and the depths so sounded by daring geniuses. But why dilate upon those things which upon the earnest seeker after truth and beauty must exercise unlimited power and be to him a delight forever ?

But let us hasten to give a few more extracts from an epic which has, it is confidently believed, all the elements of immortality, and

to which nothing that we have ever read in the wide domain of literature is comparable. Even at this distant day new vistas of thought open up, and we soon become lost in the incomprehensibility of this inimitable spiritual creation. Find me in 'Paradise Lost' an effusion which, either in boldness of conception or richness of imagery, surpasses the following passage written by the 'Mustapha,' in which the might of Gudolphus is seen as he emerges from the depths of his mysterious wanderings :

" Adown the abysmal depths
 He urged his way athwart
 A sea of suns: at elinal
 Shrines he leapt, a starry strophe ;
 Inlaid the zones with light ;
 Effulgent ranged the mighty
 Platitudes chaotic; horrific
 Borne on belts of thunder.
 Sowed the starry atoms:
 Down tipped the Demagorgian
 Stars all constellate, whi.)
 Light Typhonian belched forth,
 A Pericarpic function."

The next extract represents Gudolphus, during a lull in the strife of the elements, stooping from the mighty concave to lift a gudgeon from its liquid home. For this singular act there seems to be but one satisfactory explanation—to the truly wise there is no great, and no small. In what way that funny creature was made a factor in the final adjustment of cosmographical phenomena it would be wicked and presumptuous in us to inquire. Let the seemingly unfortunate gudgeon tell its own tale :

" His hand stretched forth
 Mid wind and wail
 And grasped a gudgeon grey.
 Its tail dutolic splashed
 And splurged a parallelopiped,
 To chaos down he bent his
 Steps: the world with shuddering
 Thunder rampant creaked
 In axelic glee, and off in
 Deafening din they heaved their
 Diametric forus in splashing
 Joy. The gudgeon wailed a
 Wail from out its pondrous
 Throat and quaffed the nectar
 Of the skies. Dissolved it
 Slipped its earthly tenement,
 And backward ceaseless glowed
 Anon the wings of morning

Dipt convulsive brake, while
 Silvery ripples lapped the
 Sea of time."

One more quotation and I have done. I have no words with which to describe the beauty of the language of the inimitable close. Milton's words, "Harmonious sound, on golden hinges turning," express only one of its many excellencies. We see our hero, hoary and venerable, standing upon the utmost verge of his terrestrial existence. The disordered and clashing spheres are restored to their primeval condition. Harmony reigns throughout the vast universe. Nature smiles amid a reign of universal peace:

"Years snowed their drifts—
 Gudo'phus bending, a
 Synonym of age. Thus
 Wrought Gudo'phus in the
 Past. Years have grown
 Yearful since he stepped
 Majestic. The Pleiads, sisters
 Seven, hold consultation sweet.
 Uran'a dried her tears. The
 Northern Bear once more
 Asphoida! sits pacific.
 Jupiter quiescent rests; and
 Venus supple roams, her
 Chains dissolved—while
 Nature rests in universal peace."

From a critique upon the poem, written shortly after the world was startled by its appearance, I extract, as a conclusion, the following:

"Unity in any composition is its crowning glory. 'Gudo'phus in the Past' possesses this in an intensified, sublimated, degree. It is the exegesis of a polar thought—the vital breath of a clarified soul."

PRIMERS.

The best school book of the present day is the primer. Each is the work of a specialist, who, by simple language and apt illustration, leads into first principles, and true ideas. Evidently the plan is to touch the subject so that it will give new interest at every turn. The author begins where his reader can begin with him, and never takes a step which he cannot follow. But every step is a new truth leading to another truth, a natural step from the known to the unknown.

The publication of primers of this style, is a most pleasing feature in educational progress. The fact that such men as Huxley, Stewart; Freeman, and Lockyer will descend to the experience of children, and seek by conversing with them to open their minds to receive the truths of their beloved science, is a proof that learning does not narrow the sympathies of her greatest votaries, but rather impels them to widen its range among the masses. The advantage of acquiring elementary knowledge in this way is very great. The young student learns to think, observe, and draw conclusions for himself. His study is not irksome but delightful. And the results reached become a solid groundwork for subsequent instruction; so that his college course will not be a path in the dark, a technical mystification, as is frequently the case, but an increasing, absorbing interest in the acquisition of truth and mental power.

Though, for the most part, prepared for the young, these little books are by no means beneath the dignity of maturer students. Interesting as novels, clear in expression and simple in illustration, they are valuable as showing how scientific, literary and historic principles may be communicated to even ordinary minds.

RALPH.

LOCALS.

Wanted,—A cane and whistle—apply to a Freshman.

Among the Academy students is a young man from Bermuda.

The class in Literature can never believe in "woman's rights."

There is said to be serious rivalry between the Sophomore mustaches.

Will the Sems. be allowed to attend the Rank?—that is the question.

A Junior says that he admires the *togas* the young ladies wear on their heads.

It was cruel in those Freshman young ladies to exult so in the meaning of "Sophomore."

The morning after Hallow-eeen our Janitor gathered his supply of cabbages for the winter from the flag-staff.

The Juniors illustrate interesting Geological truths by poetical quotations. Thus art and science flourish side by side.

When you see the fair members of the Freshman class passing through the halls, avoid their path. Be admonished and *scul*.

The oblivious theologian who forgot his hat after the last reception, is another example of the national tendency of *ministerial* devotion.

Intelligent Soph. at Astronomy Lecture,—What becomes of meteors after they have fallen to the earth? Prof.—They are sold by speculators.

Miss Flora Harding, vocal teacher, has been added to the Seminary staff. And now sweet notes are heard to swell on every breeze.

Sentiments of Geology Class.—There are more hard words in Dana's Text Book than were ever dreamed of in our Dictionaries.

And now the countenance of the Junior grows even more intellectual; and we know that, in the silent midnight watches, he invokes the Muse.

The Freshman who says he has a relative in the Sem., proves it by the axiom, "Cousins that are cousins to the same cousin, are cousins to each other."

A Glimpse—Scene—Seminary music room. Thermometer 212. Piano in pieces. A perspiring tunist using instruments and exclamations. Girls at the door and key-hole playing bo-peep.

The Freshmen are gifted—there's not the least doubt about it. Only the other day we heard one of them murmuring

"An inquisition was set on foot

To see where the tongue of that bell was put."

Some Cads had a game of "Hon, Rooster, Pullet" the other night. Our mathematical room was the objective point. They ought to know better than to pollute that sacred spot. Unless they are cautious they may get *roostercated*.

A fine new Webster's Unabridged Dictionary now has a place upon the table in the President's Hall beside the ancient and revered Worcester. It is the latest edition, as may be inferred from the title-page, which tells us that it was published in 1882.

One of the Cads has an improved method of playing foot-ball. Whenever the ball comes near him, he chooses a safe position, and watches a fellow from the other side run up and kick it. Then he remarks, 'Well now, I wonder how I missed that.' It's great fun.

The Pierian Society again moves on in the even tenor of its way, with a College Student as President. We have been informed that a much-travelled member of the class of '80, addressed this society previous to his departure for New York. His subject, we hear, was "The Funny Man in Europe."

The officers of the Football club this term are:

President.....	March
Vice President.....	Saunders
1st Captain.....	Welton
2nd Captain.....	A. L. Calhoun
Sec-Treasurer.....	Cummings
Executive Committee.....	{ Cook Rogers Calkm.

It requires much skill and energy to seat Academy Hall, so that it will accommodate three hundred so successfully as it did on the occasion of our last lecture. Yet, our illustrious Lecture Committee accomplished the feat, with magnificent dexterity. Ye with whom—even amid the rosy dreams of youth—it has become a burning passion to expound Politico-Economic truths, was it a *productive* labor? We thought that perhaps,—but we are agitated. At what shrine shall we seek inspiration?

The first meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society for the year was held Wednesday evening, October 19th. The routine business was transacted, and several names were added to the list of membership. The following officers were elected for the current term:

President.....	E. A. Corey
Vice President.....	O. C. S. Wallace
Secretary.....	J. W. Tingley
Treasurer.....	I. W. Corey
Executive Committee.....	{ A. L. Calhoun F. M. Kelly A. L. Powell.

"Blow, ye gentle breezes, blow," repeated a Junior as, in cap and gown, he descended the hill. The breezes blew, and fanned to a flame the poetic ardor of the youth, as he continued, "what bear ye on your balmy wings?" And then, after he had run halfway to the carriage road, and found his cap floating across a beautiful little lake, he concluded to ask for no further information upon the subject, and said that he never *could* see the use of tornadoes, in *this* climate *anyway*, and if we didn't have some decent weather soon, nobody would have anything left—fit to wear.

OUR TABLE.

The *Collegiate* contains an excellent article on "Romola." We congratulate the editors on the critical ability of their Professor, and hope that under his tuition they may learn to fight the Agnostics as well as to write their own articles.

The *Haverfordian* presents a creditable appearance. Its last issue is quite properly given to the report of the Garfield memorial service at Haverford.

The *College Journal* is modest but hopeful. The champion of the "fair blossom" should nor fear his foe, the 'Fighting Editor' of *Student Life*.

The "*Varsity*" as a weekly college journal ranks with the best. Its articles, as a rule, are pleasing and instructive. Though we find some parts deserving criticism, the "Observations by the Patriarch Student" cause us to smile and we pass on in silence.

The *Rambler*, from Illinois, wanders into our Sanctum. With biting sarcasms it lashes the "Wesleyans" who seem to have treated the other colleges a little "rough" at the state contest of orators held at "Wesleyan." It knows of but two Colleges in Canada, Dalhousie and Queen's University, Kingston, that are co-educational. We can enlighten them on this subject, as Acadia has opened her doors to our sisters.

The *Oracle* comes to us as a stranger with an attractive physique. But on finding that the greater number of its articles are copied, we conclude that it is a traveller in borrowed clothes. Yet from the variety and tone of its selections and general make up, we feel that we shall gladly welcome the *Oracle* among our exchanges.

We again extend to the *Campus* our greetings. It hails from a large University and contains much that is worth noticing. The article on "Professional Schools" is to the point.

The *Puflonian* exults in the prosperity of its institution; and says that to keep pace with the college their journal must improve. We shall look for you in the coming year to press nearer the front. We judge from the poetical sentiment which prevails that a taste for the

"beautiful" predominates, and that your minds are remarkably free from college work to indulge so oft in converse with the Muse.

If to any extent we should judge a college journal by the number of its students, the *College Record* should stand to the front in our list of exchanges.

The *Archangel* is before us, but we can say nothing about it this month.

The *Niagara Index* is as full of vim as ever. The man who sits at the head of "Our Table," having slipped into the mantle worn by his predecessors, has seized his carving-knife. As usual he pierces joints and marrow, making hash of many a daintily cooked dish. The editorials are full of pith. Hazing receives heavy thrusts. The fossils that oppose their petrified carcasses to college education are covered with merited ridicule. "College cynics" are properly castigated.

It is a pleasure to take up the *Argosy*, for a neater or handsomer college paper is rarely seen. The October number, by the excellence of its matter, indicates that the editors for the current year are not a whit behind their predecessors in ability and fitness for their difficult position. The most notable, if not the most useful, article this month is an account of the class of '81, written by someone who bubbles over with humor, fun, and poetry. The exchange editor intends to do us all good. So be it.

"He from a throne
Mounted in heaven will shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. We will stand and
mark."

Windsor is certainly the abode of the Muses, and *The King's College Record* is their organ. The August number contains a small variety of matter; but it is of excellent quality. "Two Lives" is a pretty fragment. "The Fishers' Mother" has the melancholy sweetness characteristic of Tennyson's "Rizpah," "The Windsor Ghost" is a long and horrible story very well told. The editorials breathe devotion to King's. Good. But how can it be made to appear that King's will be in her "rightful position" only when she is "the leading University of the Maritime Provinces?" "My Shore" is exceedingly—well, exceedingly interesting; but by the time we had read that far we had had enough of the weird and melancholy, and wished for something cheerful. Let us see some smiles mingled with the tears next time.

The *Colby Echo* is one of the most welcome of all our exchanges. The October number comes filled with valuable and interesting matter. From an editorial we learn surprising things about Colby's "ministerial students." They have a tendency toward "monkish seclusion." Rarely is one of them "a base-ball man, or an athlete." What thin-legged, lifeless slabs they must be! Our embryo preachers are of a very different make-up. They swing the bat, kick the foot-ball, run in races, and yell, with all the energy and success of any of the sons of darkness. Nor do we think they will be any the worse preachers for that. Some of the "Locals" are a little flat, for instance, that one in which the "smartness" of a "Freshman girl" was shown. Any young woman, a member of a college-class, who would "demurely" get off that joke—stale long before the time of John Smith—about the "donkey" and the "pear," ought to be sent home to her ma to be wrapped in swaddling clothes for a few years.

Among our exchanges are many local papers. Although they are appreciated according to their respective merits, for obvious reasons we rarely make special reference to any one of them. This month an exception is made. We go out of the beaten path to make obeisance to the *Windsor Mail*. In a recent issue of that paper the October number of the *Athenæum* is reviewed. Perhaps the editor imagines that his tone is friendly and appreciative, since he states that the "editorial department has greatly improved." But as this judgment is the result of a "hasty glance at the contents," we are not as highly flattered as we might be. Having tossed this sugar-plum to the editors, he proceeds to discuss the mechanical part of the paper. "The typographical appearance is something wretched. The type is worn, and the press work uneven." After giving a very entertaining description of the quality of the paper, he adds that it is "such as is intended for handbills." It may occur to some to ask why the *Mail* so fiercely attacks the *Athenæum* this year. Last year the quality of the paper used was miserable; and on some occasions the "typographical appearance was something wretched." Why was the *Mail* silent then? What is the secret of

this extraordinary concern for the appearance of our paper now? Perhaps we can guess. This year we employed a new printer; and that printer was *not* the editor of the *Windsor Mail*—though he applied for the job—but the proprietor of a paper which has handled the "Mail" rather roughly on several occasions. It was natural, no doubt, for the editor of the "Mail" to wish to vent his spleen on our printer; and having vomited forth his spite, he probably experiences great inward relief. We certainly hope so. Concerning the truth or falsity of the "Mail's" statements we say nothing. Here is our paper, and all can judge for themselves.

QUIPS and CRANKS.

Some of the Juniors, not having sufficient light to comprehend their studies, have recourse to *side lights*.

JUNIOR (translating)—"I arrogate to myself nothing of nobility or modesty."

PROF.—"And perhaps rightly so."

A prominent lumberman, in Burlington, has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "Vidi," which by interpretation is, "I saw."—*Huckeye*.

Burdette says you should never "strike a mustache when it is down." An interesting question, which some of our Seniors might ponder, is, "Should you *stroke* a mustache when it is down?"

We infer from the following, which was found, that some Freshie after a certain memorable occasion invoked the Muse:—

"We're Freshies! yes, Freshies! at last,
Why, *Rats*, do you stand so aghast?

The axe only grazed as we passed through
the door,
For they don't clip so short as they used to
before."

CAUTION.—"Hard students are commonly troubled with gouts, catarrhs, cachexia, brady-pepsia, bad eyes, vertigo, consumptions and all such diseases: they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored—and all through extraordinary studies."—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

A country poet, after taking a general view of life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

"Oh, I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could."

The editor says:—

"But you needn't fret about it.
For you couldn't if you would."

—*Clip.*

He was a grave and reverend college professor and he was enjoying the air on one of the wharves. "Do you catch many mackerel this year?" he asked of a hardy fisherman. "Well," the son of Neptune replied "we seine some." "Pardon, young man," exclaimed the man of letters, "you mean we saw some." "Not by a hornful," replied the fisherman, "who ever heard of sawing fish? We split 'em, sir, we split 'em, but we never saw 'em." The man from the college seemed mystified. He turned away and sighed at the ignorance of the times.—*Clip.*

OTHER COLLEGES.

There are above 160 College papers published in the United States.

Harvard has raised the passing mark from thirty-three and a third to forty.

Cambridge has dropped Greek from the list of required studies.

The oldest existing literary society is at Yale. It was organized in 1768.

The student taking the highest scholastic honors at Yale the past year was a Jew.

There are 215 professors at the University of Berlin, Germany, and during the last year the lectures were attended by 5,207 persons.

Williams has a Freshman class numbering eighty, among whom are two sons of the late President Garfield. This is the largest class that has entered Williams since its establishment.

The Greek play at Harvard yielded a handsome profit, which will be devoted to founding a prize in the Greek department. A Latin play is contemplated.

The following are some of the largest college libraries:—Harvard 200,000, Yale 100,000, Dartmouth 10,000, Cornell 40,000, Tufts 25,000.

Yale has sent out 9,202 alumni, of whom less than half are now living, and has conferred 11,909 regular degrees, 923 honorary; 1707 was the date of the first conferred.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is building a new college in New York, to cost \$4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, non-sectarian, co-educational, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.

To pay, or not to pay—that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for me to refuse
To take a college paper, and deprive
Myself from reading all the news,
Or pay up promptly what the printer asks,
And by such payment cheer him. No pay,
no paper;

Then no more shall I be posted on the news
And local hap throughout the country,
And divers topics—'Tis a consummation
That I long have feared. To pay or stop?
To stop! perchance to lose: aye, there's the rub.
For in this stop no interest do I take
In any of the affairs which move the school
And such a shuffling off of all that's good
Must make me pause. There's the respect
Which every Editor feels for those
Who come down with the cash and never delay
To settle up "that little bill." For who would
bear

The pointed scribs and pungent paragraphs
Which far too oft reflect upon the man
Who fails to settle his subscription bill?
I'll haste me now unto the Editor,
And with my purse plethoric in my hand
Will settle up in full one year from date
By paying him from out my ready cash
The sum which is his due.

—*Northwestern.*

PERSONALS.

'79.—A. J. Denton has been appointed principal of the County Academy at Kentville.

'72.—W. M. McVicar takes the situation formerly occupied by Mr. Dimock as teacher in the Model School, Truro.

'80.—G. E. Croscup has received an appointment as principal of the High School at Fred-erickton.

'76.—W. H. Robinson has completed his studies at Harvard. While there he distinguished himself in classics.

'83.—We are pleased to see again among our number the smiling countenance of J. S. Lockhart.

'71.—Rev. W. H. Warren has been appointed financial agent for Acadia College.

W. B. Hutchinson, who previously studied for a short time at the Academy, has returned and joins the Freshman class.

"English critics call attention to the fact that the best book on Carlyle's work as a thinker and writer is Mead's 'Philosophy on Carlyle,' an American work."

This is the Mr. Mead who lectured before the Athenæum.

To the Rev. John Pryor, D. D., the College is indebted for a gift to the library of six hundred volumes. We have not examined these but presume they are valuable.

MARRIAGE.

At the Baptist Church, Sackville, N. S., on Wednesday, the 2nd inst., by the Rev. J. W. Manning, E. N. Thomas, of Halifax, to Annie M., daughter of F. Webber, Esq., of Sackville, N. S.—Class '82, tender their congratulations.

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