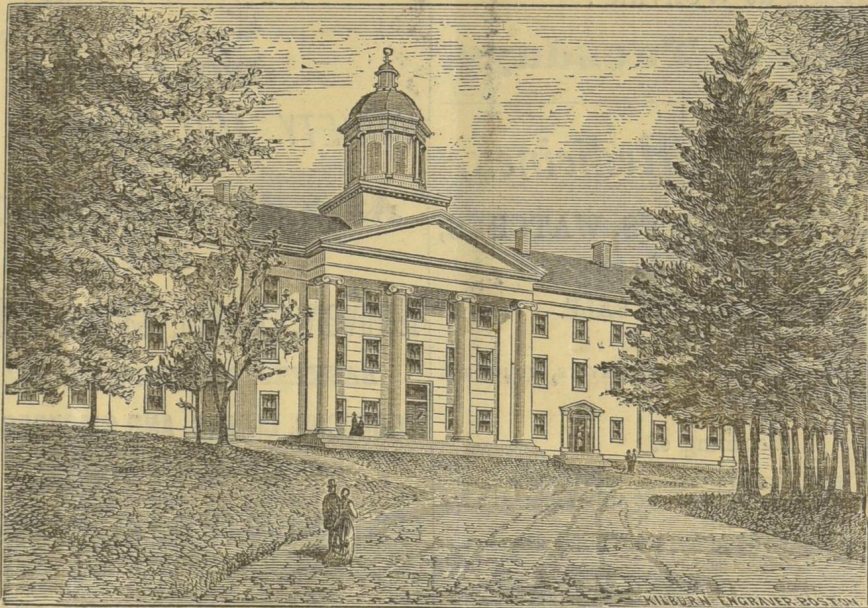


An odd no.

May, 1877.

Vol. III. No. 7.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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Sept., 1876.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 3.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1877.

No 7.

[Original Poetry.]

“Hush!”

ONLY a thought,
Whisper it not,
Full too sweet for the world to hear;
Only a word
My soul has stirred,
Tenderly, quietly murmured there.

Only a breath,
As still as death,
Lovingly touching my soul apart;
Speak of it slow,
Whisper it low,
Hint of it not to the careless heart.

Only for me,
Only for thee,
Full too pure for a stranger eye;
Timid as love,
Shy as a dove,
Let it in tenderest silence lie.

Harold — A Tragedy.

(CONTINUED.)

A strong dramatic element of character in this age, was the superstitious spirit of Religion. It had remained for Genius to portray a character, fitly representative of a powerful mind enslaved by this mysterious taskmaster, at once a figment of a gloomy and distorted Imagination, and an evil of a youthful soul, misled by its own enthusiasm and the false tendencies of christian doctrine. If there is any strength in a soul agonizing beneath the incubation of a perpetual nightmare fallen athwart it from eternity; if there is any grandeur in the conception that God yet speaks to man “in dreams, in deep visions of the night,” in awful appearances and supernatural phenomena; that he wields the thunderbolts of the sky in His battles and makes the very stars in their

courses fight against His enemies, then there should be both strength and grandeur in the execution of the drama of “Harold.” Doubtless the Author felt this and has given us the character of Edward the Confessor to meet the just expectation. But Edward’s is a puny soul with no passion but its superstition, too childish, too unquestioning, too stormless. The burst of enthusiastic piety, the rapt faith which sees “the flashing of the gates of pearl” is poetical, but nothing more, for it savors of the passionless cloister, and the shaven monk; besides it is too common and modern. His superstition and enthusiasm are tinged with the dyes of Mary’s morbid spirit, but withal less warlike than her’s, who saw her unborn hero establishing the old Faith on the wrecks of the new and riding triumphant over thrones and helms and helmed heads. The scene of his death is wrought up to something like a pitch of intensity. There is a genuine spark of superstitious passion in the darkly prophetic vision of Senlac, and yet even here we are dissatisfied, for there is something in the intense stormfulness of a great soul hovering before its flight into the shadows of death over the battlefield of doom, wrought upon by the awful vision until it swept through the portals of dissolution with the prophetic cry of fate which impresses us with a tragic awe that is susceptible of being more powerfully depicted. The acme of superstition, frenzy and despair is reached in the prophetic dying words of Edward—“Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow!” Instead of a climax it seems to us to be a descent from the sublimest imagery into the most commonplace.

It would have been far more dignified and accordant with the elevation of the scene to have anticipated the doom of Harold with a burst of the Hebrew spirit and a glow of imagery with which he described

“A great Angel passed along the highest,
Crying the doom of England.”

Edward is the only character in the whole play which Tennyson has drawn from the abundant supernatural elements which lay hidden in the social life of that period.

Here we may be pardoned if we digress a little to consider the improbabilities of the possession of high dramatic powers by Tennyson. True genius is in some sort irrepressible. Has Mr. Tennyson lived so long in ignorance of the germ of a great existence which if he possessed, must have been the subject of continuous growth or continuous decay? And if, for half a century of continuous growth, nourished on philosophy and the study of human life, kindled and fed by the fires of Shakespere and Eschylus, it dwelt in partial or total obscurity, when it was allowed to struggle forth into the light of day, what a new and original creation had we not a right to expect! Especially when that mind in a more confined and uncongenial sphere had attested its birthright to immortality by the greatest of memorial harmonies, and Idylls that were roseate with the unsickly hues of chivalry and lusty with the vigor of a young spirit. Has Mr. Tennyson shown in previous works any decided dramatic characteristics? They are not to be found in the stately dirges or the infinite yearnings of "In Memoriam."

The artistic rhetoric of the misanthropic lover of Maud; the sameness of the Idyllic heroes, furnish us with no foreshadowing of the coming drama. Genius possesses men, and Mr. Tennyson has shown this by a life consecrated to song. But nowhere do we find the heralding light (twinkling like some star in the distant nebulae) of a great tragedian amidst his perfectly executed poems. The truth is that such a combination of mental powers as is necessary in the formation of a dramatic genius of the highest order, is so intricate and wonderful, that nature seems either unable or unwilling to lavish them on individual minds except as rare and marvellous exceptions. Greece and England alone within the compass of human history have been blessed with such minds, and the number four includes them all. Corneille, Calderon, Goethe and Schiller, all excellent in their way are yet far below these four in all the distinctive elements of dramatic genius. When we consider that the last eighteen hundred years, with all its mighty upheavals of hidden

strength; with all its unparalleled quickening of mental growth; with all the exigencies that have called forth new and wondrous forms of spiritual life, has produced but a single Shakspeare, we are led to conclude that no other is needed, and that the age of dramatic excellence is gone. Genius of a pure and intellectual character is not appreciated now on the stage, where travesty and grovelling comedy have stepped into the majestic shoon of the tragic muse. It will not be denied that the tendency of this age is somewhat realistic and unheroic. The most remarkable feature of Shakspeare's genius was its universality. He belongs not to any age or nation, but to the world. Perennial freshness is stamped on all he wrote; Macbeth, Juliet and Desdemona will be as real and as new when the world is hoary with another thousand years as when the ink dried on the manuscript. Even Sophocles and Eschylus were not world representatives, but were the oracles of a peculiar race, and the interpreters of a peculiar religion. One overmastering mood is discerned throughout all their works; they spoke of man in his relations to eternity, and all his woes sprung from the religious passions and agonizings of free will against fate.

Sources of Knowledge.

THE human mind is progressive. It is ever impelled by the force of a scarcely definable inner motive to the acquisition of knowledge. Mind is essentially God-like and in man is ever straining its fetters, reaching forward, advancing from one stage of perfection to another as is shown by the onward and upward impetus, which impels the grand progressive march of ages. The unity of purpose visible in all created matter constitutes the great bond of sympathy everywhere existing. It is by this bond that man is encouraged to inquire into the economy of the universe for cause and effect, not satisfied to accept conclusions without a regular course of reasoning. This search into things hidden or obscure is not mere aimless curiosity, but characteristic of every normal

human intellect as a divinely emanated essence. The mere knowledge of unexplained facts is by no means calculated to satisfy a thinking soul which grasps eagerly every form of truth and beauty, the possession of which may assimilate it to the Great Ideal. These God-evolved aspirations for a closer relationship and a more perfect knowledge of himself were never planted in the human soul without corresponding means being provided, whereby they might, in a measure, be gratified. Into all the works of his hand, the Creator has entered largely, and to man He has given the power of extracting from everything around him already existing truths, but has reserved exclusively for himself the grand prerogative creation. So, as far as it is compatible with His will and as far as the finite mind is capable of conception, man finds open to him various sources of knowledge. In the accumulation of this soul-wealth he is not a mere passive recipient, but an active agent.

The senses are the principal channels through which a knowledge of external things is communicated, and by the working of the finer powers within all information thus obtained may be improved and expanded. Hence it follows that observation is a prime source of knowledge. Facts acquired by careful observation form the foundation on which the mind builds a more subtle structure by the process of reasoning. The construction is like the chiseling of a statue, the intellect working as the sculptor on the rough material thus presented, bringing out in full relief by its fine and powerful strokes the perfect form hidden in the hitherto unwieldy mass. So that neither the senses nor the mind can work independent of each other. Take as illustration the case in which a person, from birth deprived of the senses of sight and hearing afterwards becomes possessed of them. We find that his knowledge of the external world is very crude and imperfect, and his ideas of right and wrong not less so. On the other hand where the senses are perfect, but the intellect clouded, no outward circumstances can yield when not subjected to the order and classification of an active and well disciplined mind. It becomes therefore a part of man's duty to exercise each separate function of the mind and render profitable all acquisitions by storing them

in a mind whose retention will guard its treasures with fidelity.

In pursuit of education we are apt to give an undue prominence to books, and thus depend too much on others and neglect our own resources. Not that their worth is to be ignored by any means. We are, without doubt, deeply indebted to the literature of the present and of past ages, still, books are not creative powers in any sense, but merely helps, instruments superadded to those with which the wise pre-vision of nature has equipped us. The writer of the first book, not inspired, had to depend on his own observation and experience for material, so we see they do not furnish an original fountain of information. But to an earnest thinker who works upon a solid basis they are valuable helps. Taken otherwise, their mission is short lived, affording only such pleasure as is drawn from them at the time of perusal.

Bacon says of studies, they perfect nature and are perfected by experience, for they teach not their own use but that there is a wisdom without and above them won by observation. Histories, he says, make men wise, poets witty, mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, *moral* grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. But they must have a reliable foundation on which to establish their wisdom, subtlety and gravity, capacity for deep soundings, and a disciplined mind from which to draw a line of argument. When he used the term man he did not mean a mere moving machine who accepts as natural sequences all conclusions presented to him, but a rational and responsible being holding deep converse with the works of the universe.

Another means of entering into the region of life's possibilities is through the power of intuition—the quick moteless eye of the soul—which recognizes immediately the divine fitness of things. Knowledge thus obtained, acting on that already possessed, is the origin of the laws which govern the moral nature, and which, if observed, educate and invigorate the faculties and capacitate us for receiving and understanding loftier truths, and fits us better for the performance of the higher duties which invariably follow the faithful fulfilment of the lower.

"I reach a duty, if I do it not
I never see another, but if done
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

So be the duty high as angel's flight
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise
E'en from its ashes, duty is infinite
Receding as the skies."

It is by this inward consciousness and its vague prophetic vision that we are enabled to stand on the threshold of the meaning of eternity and immortality. It extracts from the unrevealed mysteries of life the inward soul at which their outward semblance vaguely hints. It is the occasional glimpse of the great unknown, vouchsafed to a finite vision, the outreaching of time and space by a time-bound soul grasping at infinity.

Man knows by the native power of the mind which is so formed as to originate these ideas, that he was created for a supreme end, but what that end is to be he has no power of determining by his own unaided reason. This knowledge has been conveyed to him through divine revelation, and in receiving it he has become more responsible for what he is or what he shall be.

Many of the teachings of intuition are confirmed by revelation, and many truths are pointed out to us and gain great prominence and significance which would otherwise be passed over as of little moment or remain entirely unnoticed. The great revealed truth of the soul's deathlessness is wonderfully pleasing to the insatiable human mind. Addison likens the soul in its relation to its Creator to one of those mathematical lines which may draw nearer to another for all eternity without any possibility of touching it. In teaching the brotherhood of all mankind, it points out unmistakably to each his duties and obligations, and makes philanthropy a common cause. It is often distasteful to arrogant human nature to acknowledge the chain of unity where it binds to a mutual inheritance, a soul breathing in the high realm of culture, and one existing in gross darkness, but where the need is greatest the claim is strongest, and the more imperative becomes the duty of the higher, because of his superior power of discerning the distance between them to extend the hand of brotherhood and raise the lower nearer his own. This is taught not only by precept but by example, and we find in the divine

philanthropist the ideal man is ever striving to realize. But even after he has attained to the highest degree possible here, and has drawn from every available source, truths which to him seem ponderous and abstract, he has but learned the alphabet of the unknown language.

He cannot grasp the grand colossal words of the yet sealed book. The most he can know of any thing, is but the starting point of a higher life, for no vision, however prophetic, can pierce far enough into futurity to behold and understand the things "we shall know hereafter." But when eternity shall open with a full revelation of ineffable things, when he awakens in the likeness so long desired, and in possession of the secrets of life and death; then will man's search and thirst for knowledge cease. Until then he will have his days of blind groping in the dark brightened by moments of high communion, when he strives in vain to realize intangibilities, after which, he acknowledges with a sense of defeat,

"Behold! we know not anything."

Thoughts on the Life and Poetry of Keats.

AMONG the minor poets of England, and she boasts of not a few, Keats takes a foremost place. Considering the humbleness of his birth, the tenderness of his constitution, the shortness of his life, the imaginative quality of his poetry, and the fierce unfeeling criticism to which it was subjected, his name is radiant with a lustre brighter than that which encircles the brow of any of the young poets of England, excepting, perhaps, that of Shelley. There is a mournful, tragic interest, surrounding his life which lends a peculiar charm to his poetry.

Born in 1795, losing his father at the age of 9 years, he was sent by his mother to school at Enfield, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with the son of the schoolmaster—Charles Cowden Clarke, famed in that by no means narrow realm of Shakspearean scholarship. It often happens that the school-boy adumbrates the man. Keats, as a boy, was a strange compound of resoluteness and sensibility, and impressed his companions with a sense of his power. At the age of 15, he was taken from school and apprenticed to a surgeon of Edmonton.

Up to this time, Keats gave no evidence of the future Poet whose brilliant career was so soon to be cut short by death's ruthless hand. But when we consider the susceptibility which appears in his poems to all forms of beauty, the spontaneous flow and the luxuriant variegation of language and metaphor, which they exhibit, it would seem he only needed a small impulse to make him a poet. This was given by his celebrated friend in lending him a volume of the *Fairie Queen*. Stranger than the lyre of Orpheus, the poetry of Spenser transformed the young surgeon into a great poet. Chapman's Homer strangely captivated him, and he would pour over it all night long sometimes shouting aloud in exultation. His profession was anything but congenial to him, which after mastering, he left. A garland from Appollo had more charms for him than all the well earned honors sparingly given by Æsculapins. In 1818, Keats published his first poem of any length, the *Eudymion*. There have probably been few poems in the whole range of literature upon which critical malignity has lavished more unfeeling abuse than upon that of the sensitive but aspiring friend of Leigh Hunt and Cowden Clarke. It survived its critics, however, and is now recognized, in spite of its faults, as one of the beautiful poems in English literature. The motives that swayed the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* in their indiscriminate abuse of the *Endymion* is due to motives, other than those that arose from the defects they perceived in the young poet's work. Keats humble origin, profession, and his connection with Leigh Hunt, Haydon, Hazlitt, and others, to whom the above Tory journals were in opposition, clearly points to the aristocratic spite and the dishonest partisanship of Gifford and Terry. Yet Wm. Gifford forgot the time when he was a cobbler, and Terry, when he was an actor. "Ye cannot soar where he is sitting now."

We cannot now enter into the question as to the effect of these criticisms on the health of the poet. Byron by a jeer, of such as he alone was capable, Shelley by a noble and touching elegy on the death of his friend, started what Rossetti calls "one of the romances of literature," that these attacks hastened his death. With a mind so aspiring, an imagination so acute, and especially

with a temperament so sensitive, these bitter criticisms probably affected him more than his noble biographer (Richard Moncton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton) and his English Editor, W. M. Rossetti, are willing to admit, and more than Keats himself was aware of. Yet on this point, the latter's testimony is clear and unmistakable; "I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, or to anything in existence, but the Eternal Being, the principle of beauty, and the memory of great men. I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison, beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could inflict. I think I shall be among the English poets after my death."

The old English Reviews were not the only monopolists of the attempt in this case deservedly unsuccessful to break the poets on the wheel of violent literary criticism. Christopher North would clip the wings of the aspiring sons of the Muses when they came within his reach; yet the otherwise genial Professor was sometimes as prodigal of praise as of censure. Sitting on the throne, his enduring talents have erected, Maccaulay would summon the young poets before his tribunal to receive their sentence; yet Maccaulay himself profoundly bowed to Calliope's latest son.

And there is an American poet, short-lived like Keats, yet otherwise how different! whose character at once pleases and puzzles, attracts and repels us, and who seemed strangely to delight in flaying alive the minor poets who aspire to a position which he himself was jealous and successful in holding. We already have anticipated the name. He was Poe—Edgar Allen Poe.

Something soon occurred which told Keats that what he had to do must be done quickly. In 1828 his younger brother, whom he dearly loved, expired; and the affectionate and constant attendance of the poet hastened his rapidly approaching end. And it is strange that, with the echo of the footsteps of the inevitable Conqueror meeting him as the Monster approached him from the dark corridors of the unknown, and the odors that seem to step in replace the senses of the voyager, drifting toward the shore of the mysterious other World, enveloping him, he could compose those beautiful poems that were written during the last two years of his life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1877.

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SOME of our Subscribers seem to be laboring under a misapprehension in regard to the financial methods adopted by the "ATHENÆUM."

We wish it distinctly understood, that the editors of the paper have nothing to do with its money interests. That department is under the control of the managing committee, and all subscriptions should be sent to the secretary of that committee. During the present term letters have been mailed to those on our list who have received and kept our paper, but have failed to remit that which our modesty forbids us to mention. Some people would sooner meet a runaway comet than a dun. We respect their repugnance if it springs from a spirit that would be in debt to no one. But should we shun that which reminds of undischarged obligations.

It is to us a source of great satisfaction that our patrons have so generally and generously forwarded the "needful," and we are willing to hope that the few who thus far have neglected to cash our claim, have been thus remiss through some misunderstanding, rather than from any wrong intention in the matter.

The plan adopted to obtain subscribers was to send copies of our sheet to a large number of probable persons, expecting them as a matter of custom to return the paper if they did not want it. We do not think any reasonable man would object to this mode of procedure.

It may be safely asserted of most College Journals, our own among the number, that they do not pay expenses. We do not say this for the sake of grumbling, or to elicit sympathy, but to make known facts. Our work is one of benevolence, and we do not begrudge paying, so far as our funds will admit, for an opportunity to engage in it. Students who devote ten hours a day to earnest exhaustive study, are not able to summon much energy for "articles" written outside of that time. In this remark, we are not endeavoring to cloak our defects, or shirk the responsibility that inevitably rests upon those who step into print. Our object, whether we have attained it or not, has been to furnish the friends of the Institution with a monthly sketch of local affairs at "Acadia," interspersed with some literary productions.

AND now, after years of patient waiting, the answer has come to the much-vexed question: "Why are not the students 'invited out' more?" And when we put in "more," we evidently don't mean to say that the young men here are not "invited out" at all. There are some firesides to which we are often welcomed, there are some friends whose kindness we will ever remember with pleasure. But it is a fact too well known to need mention that as a general thing we are entirely shut off from all society, save that which we enjoy among ourselves on the Hill. "Why is this thus?" has been the dark conundrum of the past. But now, as we said, the secret has been divulged. "We don't sit straight and still enough, but tilt back and twist about in our chairs, to the detriment alike of chairs and carpet." Probably, too, we lean our heads against the paper, leave mud-tracks in the halls, and perpetrate many other like improprieties, which of course are not known among those who move in the highly refined circles which adorn the villages of this region,—not to be too specific.

So this is the long-sought solution of the problem. We are awkward, ergo, we must keep to our cells and our books till we gain more social polish. We can't swim, but on no consideration must we "go near the water" till we learn how. Anyone who has got as far as *Barbara* in *Whately* must see that. If a young man, driven by the spirit of learning out of the backwoods, comes here with his backwoods roughness and awkwardness and bashfulness, let him cultivate the acquaintance of Olney, Hadley, Harkness, Blair, and gentlemen of that stamp, and turn his back resolutely upon evening parties, etc., till he feels that with an easy, refined manner and a ready tongue, he can take his place among the knights of the drawing-room. Let him not intrude among those polished, high-bred spirits, who will be shocked by his unsociety-like habits and awkward manners—and especially by the way in which he uses up the chairs and carpets. Nor let the many who hail from the more favored localities, from the rich and easy-going towns of the west, or the poor and proper villages farther east, and who fondly dream that they know a thing or two in etiquette, entertain the idea that the society in which they have been accustomed to move, possesses any of the true notions of decorum and refined intercourse which are extant in these parts; but let them, too, shun the walks of social life, till some true conception of propriety dawns upon them.

But, seriously, on the other hand, is this a time for intellectual, moral, responsible beings to fritter away their attention on chairs and carpets, when great questions for discussion, and mighty subjects for contemplation stand in every man's path, and knock at every man's door; when the human mind is being swayed by new and powerful principles; when nations are being hurled against each other in stern encounter, and the fates of Empires are hanging in the balance? This, too, is the day of sympathy for students, and advance in education. Throughout the three Provinces all good Baptists are waking up to the tune of \$100,000; from every part of the land comes the token of interest and the word of encouragement. From Shippegan to Cape Sable, from Scataro to Passamaquoddy Bay, sounds the denominational watchery, "Progress," spiritual, social and educational. And is this a time to mourn over loose

chair rungs, and point dolefully to holes in the carpet? Truth is still "locked in deadly struggle" with error—the burly arms of ignorance, still parry the deft thrusts of learning. The fort must be held and new fields must be won, and young men, pointed by the finger of Providence, are coming from the lumber camps of New Brunswick, the potatoe fields of Prince Edward Island, the fertile valleys of the western counties, and the bleak fishing grounds of the east, to join the hosts of progress. They bring to the ranks muscle and brain, and strong-souled resolve, but they want training and culture, intellectual and social. The large-hearted and whole-souled of the land, with their hands in their pockets and a blessing on their lips, stand up and cry "God speed you." And is this a time to examine marks on the plaster, and lament over mud-prints on the hall floors? Is the tide of advancement to be dammed back by carpets and wall paper? Are the hosts of truth to be discomfited with chair rungs and sofa legs, as when in the case of the first Gracchus, the reformers were subdued with the fragments of shattered benches, and the champion of the people's rights was laid low by the fatal stool? No, but they may be hindered and sent the weaker to the conflict.

Intellectual training we find in the halls of Acadia, physical development we may obtain on our cricket field or in our prospective gymnasium, but for the cultivation and improvement of our social natures, we are dependent, to some extent, on those within the circle of whose dwellings we are thrown for nine months of the year. Let not those to whom has been entrusted the privilege of helping equip some of the volunteers for the great conflict of life, be kept back from its enjoyment by the creak of crazy chairs, and the flap of dusty carpets.

OWING to the fact that the Secretary is unexpectedly absent at the time of going to press, we are unable to obtain the usual list of Acknowledgments for publication in this issue. Asking the patience of those who have paid in during the past month, we will endeavour to make all right in June Number.

Correspondence.

IN consequence of the warm and sometimes bitter discussions which, in some cases productive of good, in others evil, take place at intervals between the Champions of science and classics respectively, the following short report of a meeting held in connection with the Catholic University College, may be of some interest to the readers of the Athenæum :

Cardinal Manning presided yesterday evening at the annual meeting of the hierarchy in connection with this institution. there being present Monsignor Capel (Rector of the college), the Bishops of Clifton and Salford, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, K.G., and many of the professors and students.

The Rector's report stated that the institution now possessed all the necessary elements for the faculties of arts, science, and law, and that it was hoped it would soon be made a university. 73 students had passed through it, and at the close of the passed year there were 41 in residence, among whom were representatives of some of the oldest Catholic families in the kingdom. The finances of the college were in a satisfactory state, and its friends had every reason to believe that it was now securely planted in the land. Professor Barff's discovery of a process whereby to prevent the corrosion of iron—made in the college laboratory—should be mentioned as reflecting honor on the institution.

An inaugural address was then delivered by Professor Barff, in which he insisted on the prominence which should be allotted to natural sciences in a sound system of education, at the same time deprecating anything approaching to an exclusion of classical studies.

The Duke of Norfolk, being invited by the Chairman to address the assembly, congratulated Monsignor Capel on the success of his labors, saying that the College offered to the Catholic clergy of England such a chance of acquiring knowledge as they had never had before.

The Marquis of Ripon looked forward to a long career of utility for the institution. The discovery made by professor Barff, which was calculated to confer the greatest possible benefit on the commercial and industrial classes of the country, shed much lustre on the college. Alluding to the controversy now raging between the older studies and those connected with science, he considered it satisfactory that there they were animated by the true university spirit which looked upon all branches of knowledge, not as rivals determined to extinguish one another, but as rivals engaged in a contest as to which should prove

most conducive to the cultivation of the human intellect and confer most benefit upon mankind. Theology, he was glad to see, formed part of the college curriculum, for upon that the foundation of all knowledge worth having must be laid.

After some remarks from the Bishop of Clifton, Cardinal Manning, having explained why the meeting was held at so late an hour, said he would not venture to determine whether classics or mathematics were the more effective in the formation and training of the intellect. The study of classical literature tended to increase the fertility, while it did not fail to cultivate the accuracy, of the mind. It not only imparted great fertility to the intellect, but included in itself the severest processes of logic, that supreme and transcendent science of the government of the intellect. The results produced by the different training imparted at our two oldest universities could not be better illustrated than by the work of those eminent men, Dr. Whewell and Dr. Newman. Alluding to the words that had fallen from the Marquis of Ripon as to the Catholic religion serving as the proper foundation for science, he felt confident that the confusions, oppositions, and conflicts at present seen between science and morals, when men were found to deny the existence of the soul and of God Himself, could never have happened so long as those three great regions of intellect, of life, and of light were kept in their unity and harmony—the science of God, the science of man, and the science of the world.

MESSRS EDITORS.—

On every hand are to be seen indications of the approaching vacation. The general topics of conversation are, with those interested in their work, "how close are the examinations," and "how well prepared do you feel;" while the careless are wont to exclaim, "Hurrah for the coming holidays."

But let me state my object in addressing you, for I feel that your space must be limited, and I will receive no thanks for a long-spun letter.

Some months or more ago, a petition was in circulation to the effect that a certain reasonable tax, sufficient to meet the interest on the money expended, would be paid by the students, if the College authorities will erect for our convenience a gymnasium. Has that petition ever been presented? and if not, why not? The importance of this matter cannot fail to impress itself upon the minds of all students. Bodily exercise is a neces-

sity, and opportunities for obtaining it in the winter season are so confined, and of such an uncomfortable nature, that with many it degenerates into a mere farce. Now is the time to move in this matter, in order that the building may be erected and everything in readiness for cultivating the physical along with the mental, on our return next year. It is very natural that at this season students should trouble themselves but little concerning this matter, for as I write, the summer wind brings to my ear such exclamations as "Well hit!" and "Run away!" Cricketers and base-ballists will understand these phrases, and to others I would say that they are not so pugilistic as they sound, yet when the snow covers the ground, and the *cool* north wind is *gently* blowing, the general wish is that some other method of obtaining exercise was possible, except by means of the monotonous tramp.

I sincerely hope that this matter will be deemed worthy of consideration, and a way devised by which this institution may be provided with this essential assistant to our studies.

Z.

A Glance Inward.

It is not a little surprising how much more people generally know of others than of themselves. Some are so thoroughly acquainted with the disposition of their neighbors that at any time they are prepared to fully describe every blemish, weakness, fault and failing which they have; and yet those same persons often appear very deficient in a complete knowledge of themselves. Now this ought not to be. If there is anyone in the world of whom I cannot afford to be ignorant it is myself. We may succeed very well in this world without knowing all the weak and strong points in the character of each individual in our neighbourhood, but we cannot succeed in life without knowing ourselves.

It therefore becomes each individual to thoroughly examine himself; to carefully analyze his own character, and closely compare the results of his examination with the standard of a perfect man. He should microscopically examine each element which in combination with all the others makes up that wonderful whole—the human mind. Are there any strongly developed principles, mark

them well, and carefully consider to what they would lead if cultivated and encouraged. These are the shapings of divinity. Perhaps some will say it is all very well to theorize, but what is the reason for all this? Why should one make such a search into his own heart, and look so carefully at every moral quality which he possesses?

We will try and answer such proper questions: 1st.—We start with the axiom (and nobody will ask me to prove an axiom, no, not even our Mathematical Prof.) that every man has a mission in this world, he is here for some purpose, for some particular purpose. He was placed here as one in that infinite number which go to make up the complement, and carry out to the last jot and tittle, the grand and glorious plan of the infinite Creator. Still further, this mission is no mean one. He who is in any way connected with the working out of the great purposes of God has no insignificant duty to discharge. It is then by virtue of the fact that God—who laid the foundations of the earth of old, and built upon these foundations such a noble super-structure as a home for man—has put us in this home that he might reveal to all created intelligence some of the great thoughts dwelling in the bosom of the Almighty, and also advance his own glory that each individual concerned in this should carefully and candidly examine himself.

Each person while standing on the threshold of life, before coming into actual contact with its realities, would do well to ask himself the question, Why am I here? God has made me; He makes nothing in vain, therefore He has made me for some purpose. Any person who will thus examine himself, will not have much difficulty in discovering that he is better calculated for some things in life than others. The young man whose pleasure is in cultivating the soil, tilling the land, scattering in spring time the seed, and in autumn gathering in the golden harvest, and who has done it with skill and profit from youth to manhood, feeling all this time none of the stirrings of greatness within us, no ardent desires to mount the Bema and harangue his countrymen on the agitating questions of the day, would be unwise to forsake his occupation for literary pursuits, for no other motive than simply because some other man has succeeded in intellectual pursuits. There is

something more needed in the mind than the successful life of an acquaintance, before one should sacrifice any pursuit in life, for the sake of following something else.

Again, the man who feels that deepest in his heart is the word of God and love for Him, who revealed his word to him, and that he cannot live without making known to his fellow men those great truths which are stirring his own soul, his mission is evidently to preach the Gospel; and it matters not how humble the berth, or how difficult the way to obtain the necessary preparation for his great life work, if he give himself, soul and body to it, he will both succeed in his preparation and in his work, because he is following the voice of duty, and the voice of duty is the voice of God. There is everything in patient persistent effort. The man who folds his arms because he has found his sphere, will none the less fail. Fine broad cloth, white cravat and ministerial airs is not preaching the gospel or saving souls.

It is therefore very evident, that in order to succeed in life, we must know what is our mission, and faithfully discharge it. This necessitates our knowing ourselves. Any amount of knowledge which we may possess of others won't explain to us what we are to do in life. Secondly, we must know ourselves in order to know *how* to live. After having settled the question as to what we shall be in life, it is very necessary to understand the conditions of life.

There are certain laws which demand strict obedience, and the violation of such will precipitate the most brilliant genius into disgrace and ruin. There are duties which parents owe to children, Statesmen to their Country, Ministers to their people, and all men to God, which must be discharged in order to secure success in life. Space will not permit to enumerate all of these, but we will hastily glance at one and close this article, that is the law of self-sacrifice, so clearly taught in God's word, and so forcibly illustrated in the life of the Lord Jesus. Before he could be of great and lasting good to those whom he loved, it was necessary that he give himself, so it has ever been in the history of great men they have accomplished great things for their Country just in proportion as they have sacrificed selfish interests.

Things about Home.

DON'T cram.

"WHO has my eel?"

Now get up your coddling papers.

CRAMINATION times have come.

"THE saddest of the year."

SMELT-FISHING in the Gaspereaux was popular among some of the students last month. Reasonable takes reported.

A SOPH. being required to distinguish between the primary and secondary meanings of a term took as an example, "taste," and said that taste was "used in its primary sense with regard to anything sweet, and in its secondary with reference to something sour." Sensation.

THE Juniors are growing profane. We heard one of the most devout of them mention something the other day as "that blamed affair." He must have been "standing in the way of Freshmen." Sophs. take warning.

IN our personal notices of John Wallace, A. B., and W. H. Robinson, A. B., in our last, the words "preaching" and "practising" were in some mysterious manner transposed. It was purely accidental.

ABOUT this time we may see the embryo teacher packing up his trunk, wiping his eyes, and starting off in search of some unoccupied school-house. Now, too, the average Academy boy uses his newly gained arithmetic to calculate the days, hours and minutes which must pass ere the iron horse will be bearing him beyond the hills to the "old place at home."

Mr. X., translating Laelius hesitates at the phrase *non queo dicere*.

Prof.—"Well, what does that mean?"

Mr. X., who has omitted to look up *queo*—"I can't tell."

Prof.—"That's right, go on."

And that Soph. chuckles, wonders what the Prof. thought he said, and goes on.

ANOTHER base-ball club has been formed, the "E. B. B. C.," E. standing for Eclectic. A match was played on the 28th ult., between Eclectic and Academy, the latter coming off the field victorious. The scores were 23, 15.

But then the Eclectic was only ten days old, and the other club had been at the bat several seasons. There may be another match this month.

A SENIOR surprised his "purp" the other night by pausing in the second stanza of a protracted snore, and exclaiming "Yes, sir, there are things in the science of etymology which would make the sternest hearts tremble." But when his purp had whooped in his ear, patted him "kindly but firmly" on the back, and bumped his head thoughtfully against the head board he decided to "let 'em tremble," and completed the stanza.

As predicted in our last, President Dart, of King's College, delivered his lecture upon "The Times of Johnson" on the 13th ult. Carrying us back in imagination a hundred years, to the reign of good, old, simple-hearted "Farmer George," he sketched for us in turn the educational, social and religious condition of England at that period. The President, in concluding his interesting lecture, compared the days of Johnson with our own, and showed what an immense advance has been made all along the line of intellectual, social and moral improvement, during the past century. After singing "God save the Queen," the audience retired.

MAYING was very popular during April. The delicate hued flowers which "blooms amid the snows" early raised its sweet lips to the caress of the warm spring wind; and every afternoon, as regularly as the old bell struck the hour of four, young men and maidens might be seen wandering off over the hills in different directions in search of this one flower that awakens universal interest. The hair-bell and the violet, the white stars that shine amid the wood-moss in June, the plant that lifts its golden petals beside the salt sea wave, just beyond the reach of the waters, and the creamy lilies of the lakes have their respective admirers, who love to seek them in their own peculiar haunts; but the hearts of all, who have any touch of "beauty in their soul," gather kindly around this little stranger of the May. What we are coming to is this; why cannot we have a Maying party, if the season is not too far advanced? Receptions are A. I. as far as they go, but when the warm weather comes, and the voice of the graybird is heard on the hills, we long for something more romantic and picturesque. Such a proceeding would not be without precedent in College history. Seniors, as they occasionally suffer the hard lines of study to fade away from their thoughtful brows, while they sit at the evening window at this retrospective time of their course, love to hand down the tradition of such a gay and festive occasion in the long, long ago; and an unwonted

tremor steals into their voice, and an unwonted dampness gathers in their eye as they live over these golden hours of the pleasant past. And as we "sit at their feet" and listen to their suggestive accents, our hearts grow warm within us, till we arise and murmur, "we'll all go off together." All who are in favor of this motion will indicate it by the usual sign.

What's in our Exchanges.

THE following parody, from the "College Clippings" of the *Packer Quarterly*, will be appreciated by us as the days of trouble draw nigh:

"Cram, cram, cram,
Psychology, Ethics, and Greek,
And I would that my head could hold
What my tongue must be able to speak.

"Oh, well for the Honor man,
That he studied from day to day!
Oh, well for the plodding chap,
That he never 'cheeked' his way!

"And the midnight oil burns on,
My body is longing for bed,
But, oh, for the lectures I never heard
And the books I never read.

"Cram, cram, cram
Psychology, Ethics, and Greek
But I would I could sink into dreamless sleep,
To awake in the midst of next week."

THE *Neoterian*, of Lawrence University, Wisconsin, is before us. We like the general tone and get-up of the paper. Prominent among the articles of the present issue, is a communication on the scarcity of pure air at Lawrence, in the lecture rooms, etc. Two columns are devoted to a lamentation over the impure state of the atmosphere concluded by a plaintive appeal to the authorities for a little variety in the form of fresh air, "just one breath." As the writer appears sincere in this matter we would humbly offer a suggestion. If you want air, take it, don't ask for it. Air is common property, in both senses of the phrase. Every man and every woman has a right to all that he or she can breathe, and there is plenty for all. Stand up, suffering brothers and sisters, stretch forth your hands and fling wide open the idle windows and the sweet, fresh air, laden with all the pleasant perfumes of the spring, rich in the life-preserving, health-giving, mind-quickening oxygen, will pour in. Try it on, and see. If the windows are stuck from long disuse, take an afternoon, a hammer, and a chisel and make them move, or else pass a hat round the class and then put your foot through five or six

panes. We have in remembrance the words of Spurgeon, in the close country church: "Will every gentleman beside a window please smash a pane or too." And the crash that came was grand. When we want air we don't ask for it, we rise up and take it, and no man makes us afraid.

PHYSICAL Culture is having more than its usual share of patronage in our Exchanges, this year. Month after month as we come back to our table we find essays, editorials, poems, etc., admonishing the student to be diligent in the cultivation of his physical system, while strange to say, any endeavor to induce him to diligently improve his mind seems out of the question. The *Oberlin Review* contains the latest on the subject in the form of an article by Prof. White. The Prof. draws a dark picture of the physical condition of students in the States. He says, "that the majority of our students graduate with less vigorous health than they entered, that many sink utterly and perish by the way and that others are permanently invalidated occasion but a mild surprise." Now, whether it be on account of our salubrious climate, or our splendid grounds for exercise, or the breezy hills to wander over, or the fact that we don't cram, one thing is certain, the lives of our graduates and undergraduates are cast in much pleasanter places than those of the "majority of our students" across the border. If straws show which way the wind blows, the following sentence by the Prof., who is apparently in advance of the general public in his ideas on the value of exercise, will reveal the light esteem in which physical recreation is held by the rank and file of the people, and account for the statement above. Speaking of gymnastic training, he observes: "The restlessness, the uneasiness, which prevent the best use of time, and which seek relief in lounging, are largely dispelled. Instead of being scattered through the day, breaking up many hours, but a single half hour is consumed by the exercise, and the remainder of the day can be given to uninterrupted work: etc." Suffering Sophomores, *half an hour!* no wonder, if we are to infer anything from the above of the idea of the average American on gymnastics, that the graduates are dropping into the grave. The only wonder is that the colleges are not turned into hospitals, the cricket fields into burying grounds. From two to two and a half hours per diem is the allotted time for exercise here, and we believe, in the other Provincial Colleges, nor do we find it a whit too long. With the exception of that half hour allusion, however, the Prof's remarks are sensible and sound, and worthy of being put into practice. We commend them to the attention of our students, and to those interested in "that gymnasium."

Funnyisms?

SENIOR.—"The President was speaking, and a deaf man was listening to him."—*Ex.*

JUNIOR TEACHER.—"Give the common form of the verb."

PREP.—"I love."

TEACHER.—"The emphatic form?"

PREP. (Hesitating) "—I—I—I love *you*." (general howl from class).—*Ex.*

"THE single scull race," exclaimed the old lady as she laid the morning paper. "My gracious! I didn't know there were a race of men with double skulls."—*Clip.*

DR. in Chemistry Class, to Junior.—"Well, Mr. ——— what do we get from iodine?" "We get, a—ah sometimes we get idiotic acid!" "Um! have you been taking some of it?"—*Ex.*

ALTERED times. "Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy days," says a distinguished author, "as to be punished by sitting between two girls." Ah! the force of education. In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.—*Ex.*

THE following shows how barren of good results the best of teaching may sometimes be:—

A teacher gave this definition of a point to his class: "A point has position without length, breadth, or thickness." Sometime afterwards at an examination the above definition was called for, when a bright little fellow rose in his place and with the utmost confidence repeated: "A point is a physician without health, strength, or sickness."—*Ex.*

READ and be wise! A philosophical Freshman recently struck a balance, as he termed it. His lady correspondents, two in number, seemed too many. Expenses for postage were accumulating. Valentine's Day was approaching when he should feel obliged to purchase at least two Valentines, at a cost of ten cents or more each. Some determined step must be taken. What did he do? Did he appoint a commission of fifteen who should decide which one he should drop? No; he struck a balance in the following manner:

Miss L.	Miss R.
Wealth=3	Wealth=2
Beauty=4	Beauty=1
Amiability=1	Amiability=4
—	—
8	7

8 to 7. Miss R. was counted out.—*Collegian.*

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