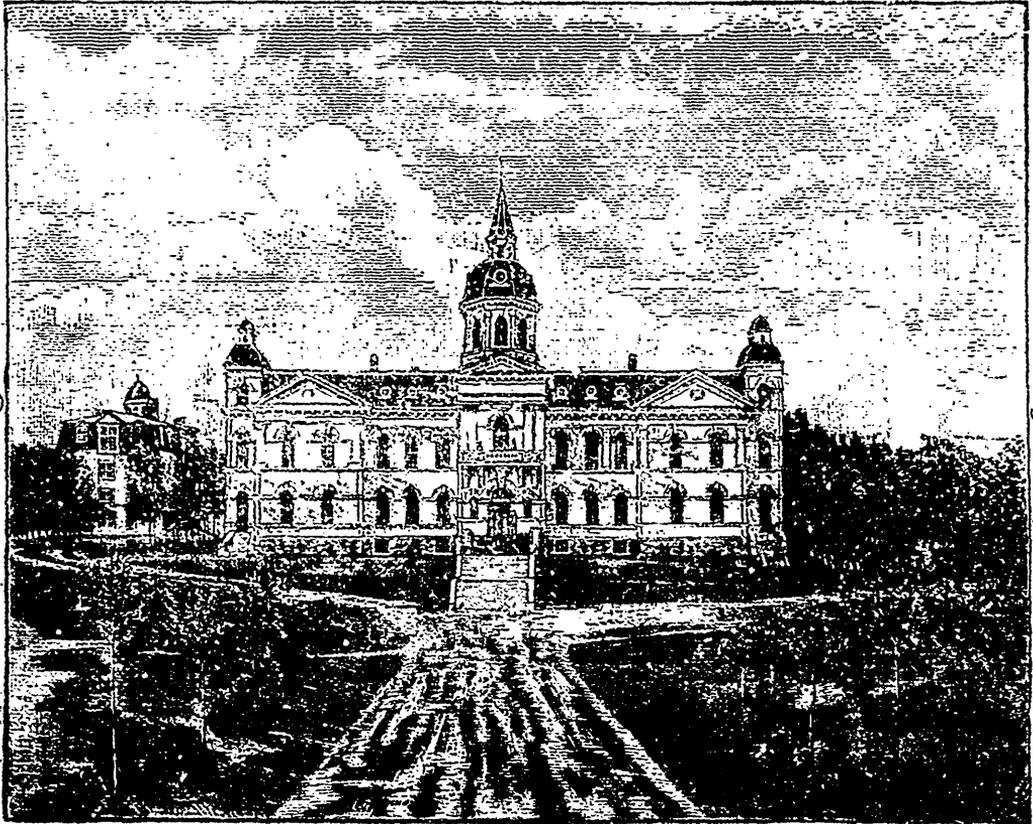


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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGATUR.

VOL. 7

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1880

NO 2

IN MEMORIAM.

FINLAY D. MARTIN, CLASS OF 1884.

I saw a bark upon the wide life-sea
Glide smoothly onward in the golden morn;
Soft favoring winds blew ever cheerily,
And calm the waves so oft by tempest torn.
The bark bore precious freight, - a Christ-
bought soul,
A heart that felt keen grief for human sin,
A purpose pressing toward that God-like goal—
From death to life immortal man to win.
But as I looked I saw a crested wave,
Huge, black, resistless, moving toward the
bark;
Who sat therein no earthly power could save;
His hour, alas! had come!—the sky grew dark.
The wave rolled on, and roared: the clouds
dropped tears;
From stricken hearts a mighty wail arose,
Which pierced the sobbing air, and, 'yond the
sphere,
Reached Him who wept and died for human
woes.
At His command came angels, like the two
Who said, "The Lord is risen. Why seek ye
them
The living 'mong the dead?" To mortal view
Unseen that throng, though bringing peace
to men.
A light ineffable bathed sea and sky,
And voices sang, as when the Lord was born;
They sang of life and heaven, that they who die
In Christ but haste to greet eternal morn.
And as they sing the clouds divide; the skies
Roll back their purple veil; the woful moan
Is changed to joyful song, for mortal eyes,
By faith made strong, behold th' eternal
throne.
And him whom blood-washed throngs surround;
And there in shining garments glist'ning
white,
Walks he whose light paled here, but who has
found,
Beyond the stars, the Fount of fadeless light.

OMEGA.

"THE COURSE OF TIME."

This is a didactic poem of real excellence. It indicates a fertile mind and is redolent of the spirit of piety. The warm reception with which it met from the public, testifies to the talents of its lamented author.

Robert Pollok was born at Muirhouse, about eleven miles from Glasgow, in the year 1798. His early advantages for receiving education were good. As a student he was diligent and precocious. At the age of twenty-two, after five years study, he received from the University of Glasgow the A.M. degree; and under Dr. Dick, of that University, he spent five years more in completing a theological course. Then he became familiar with those great and glorious principles, truths, and doctrines with which *The Course of Time* so richly abounds. His first sermon, preached in the city of Glasgow, contained parts which were awfully grand, as every one acquainted with his power would expect; and the impression it made was most profound. Over work had so reduced his physical strength, that the fatigue occasioned by this effort immediately prostrated him. From this illness he only partially recovered, and he afterwards preached but three times. Change of scene and climate, the best medical treatment, and the assiduities of friends all proved unavailing. He died at the early age of twenty-nine—a victim of intense application. Premature deaths of promising men from a like cause are not unfrequent; and yet many go and many will go to the same excess.

The subject of the poem upon which Mr. Pollok's literary reputation rests, occupied

his mind when he was but fifteen years of age. While a student of divinity he wrote three Sabbath School Tales, two of which relate to events of great interest in the history of Scotland. The three works were subsequently published in one volume, entitled *Tales of the Covenanters*. Just before he received his license to preach, *The Course of Time* was finished. Upon the recommendation of Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, who recognized in the poem great poetic power, it was published by Mr. Blackwood. It was received by many with high approval, but was enthusiastically lauded by the *English Eclectic Review*, and thus the way was opened for its eager reception. It was welcomed by many who would not read the religious literature of the time on account of its dryness and insipidity. In 1857 an illustrated edition of the work appeared, this being its twenty-first edition. The argument of the poem may thus be briefly stated.

A spirit from one of the numerous worlds of immensity, at the close of a happy probation, is pursuing his joyous way to the heavenly mansions. The abode of the lost presents itself to his now greatly enlarged vision. He hears sighs that ever sigh and groans that ever groan. On arriving at the world of perfected virtue he meets two happy sons of Paradise who welcome him home; and he inquires of them the meaning of the wretchedness he has just witnessed. Being unable to answer his questions fully, they conduct him to a Bard who once lived on Earth, and he replies by relating the history of Man from the Creation to the final judgment—embracing an account of the fall, the provision made for man's recovery, the treatment of this provision, and the results of happiness and woe which followed.

The poem is composed of ten books, with an average of eight hundred and fifty-five lines. For the most part it is absorbingly interesting. If occasionally the interest flags, it is only for a short time. There is cause for surprise that the work is not

more generally read and more widely known. The Christian spirit which pervades it is its highest commendation. That it is neglected by the literary world is perhaps not so much to be wondered at; but it should have a place in the library of every lover of evangelical truth and sublime religious poetry. If it were read in place of many of those poems which are so much talked of, and with which everybody thinks he must become acquainted, the result would be a more refined pleasure and much greater profit. It is very evident that the author's mind was imbued with *Paradise Lost*, for he often follows Milton to the verge of direct imitation.

Being vulnerable in some points as the best works must ever be, *The Course of Time* was sharply assailed by carping critics. But it must be remembered that it received no revision. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" were thrown off with a glowing pen, and then the author passed away. What to some may serve to give a keen edge to unfriendly criticism, may to others enhance the merit of the work. Want of rigid adherence to pagan models instead of being looked upon as a defect would by many be accepted as a meritorious feature. It is to be regretted that the poem had not undergone a revision, but as it stands we may predict for it a higher place in the literature of the future than is accorded to it in the literature of our own time. "It has the relish of a cluster from the promised land; and is an earnest of millennial poetry. It breathes out balmy air, like breezes of the celestial City. It echoes thrilling music, as if from sainted choirs above, harping round the Throne. This poet drank not at pagan wells; but at the crystal spring where stood and drew the gifted seers and bards of Judah, there he quaffed deep and long the living waters. . . . To himself may be applied with as much justice as to the renowned Poet of whom they are written, his own words:—"

The Bard, by God's own hand anointed, who,
To Virtues' all-delighting harmony,

His numbers tuned: who, from the fount of truth,

Poured melody, and beauty poured, and love,
In holy streams, into the human heart,

And, from the height of lofty argument,
Who, "justified the ways of God to man,"

And sung what still he sings, approved in heaven.

Bk. ix. 501-508.

Rye.

A. B. C.

MUSINGS, &c.

I.

The Christian has a day of cessation from toil; so has the village pedagogue; and that day, like the Christian, he usually devotes to relaxation and his own peculiar pleasures. After impressing, mentally and physically, a number of urchins for five days of the week, how we shall spend the sixth is never a problem of difficult solution. If the day is fine, the solution most frequently presents itself to me in the form of *trout*—ideal two-pounders, bringing to my ears music of shady brooks. Trudging along the dusty road for a mile or two, with enough worms in my pocket to terrify every female in the neighborhood, in each snowy cloud that rests upon the hilly horizon or creeps up the sky, lurk promises of trout. Each group of thoughtless youngsters enjoying their first experience of the world's ups and downs on the road-side teeter, or swinging from the tops of fragrant young junipers seem to me so many dangling trout. At last a field of hummocks is reached, such as those among which we used to play, making a world of a six-acre lot, and peopling it with bright childish fancies. Oh, Grassy Mounds! we escape from the enchantments of youth only to find you graves hiding forever childhood and childhood's dreams. Down over the bank, near the brook, is a thick clump of ferns. Dyed brown by the early frosts they emit a pleasing odour. So Nature when dying wears her sweetest smile. The setting sun presents the liveliest hues. The parting spirit grows heavenly as it nears the Evermore.

A lazy walk along the grassy path, under the sombre trees, across a log that bridges a muddy pool—the paradise of tad-poles—brings me to the brook. Here the broad valley that stretches away for miles before me suddenly contracts, and through the narrow opening formed by the hills the stream breaks. It does not tumble tumultuously over the rocks as if glad to get away. The friendly hills have made it a soft bed over which it ripples with many a murmur of sorrow, reluctant to leave its old guardians. A mill once stood here; but, impatient at the hindrance, the giddy brook rising in anger swept it away. Of the old dam, a part still stands, and, like a man in his second childhood, seems to smile in its decay upon the beautiful children of the forest bending over it on either side. Here my first cast is made. None but a true lover of angling can have any conception of the pleasurable feelings that fill the breast at this moment. In what other situation will a man so ardently long for a bite! True, to the angler, when returning from a long day's tramp, the prospect of a succession of bites is pleasing; but now *one* bite is valued more than a thousand. For the hungry man each morsel while it tickles his palate carries with it the certainty that the succeeding bite will not be quite so agreeable. But under these circumstances each bite, yea the veriest nibble, intensifies one's fishy appetite to an alarming extent. There!—a quick jerk, a slow steady pull, an excited grabbing of—Bah! *an eel!* Not many casts are necessary to show that the day is too bright for pool fishing. On such a day the trout are to be found in the *quick water*. Streams are continually changing their level. Over each slope the water flows in a rough-and-tumble fashion, each ripple striving to outstrip its fellow and making a very respectable noise in the attempt. At the foot of this shallow, where it enters the deeper water, an eddy is formed. Here the trout love to lie on bright days. On I go then, wading at times, at times lying

upon the grassy bank, fishing the quick water and adding continually to my stock of trout. A brook is much like a school-boy on a fine Monday morning, with the recollection of Saturday's sport fresh in mind,—never going straight on with a definite purpose, but lingering by the way, running round corners, moving slowly along in the shady places, skipping over the stones, until finally it settles down to grind out its hard task in the mill. This brook is particularly erratic. It zig-zags through the pretty valley without any apparent reason whatever, unless it be conscious of the charms of the spot. Here it goes far out of the course that any sensible stream would have followed, to play hide-and-seek with the bubbles among the roots of an ancient beech; there it runs plump into the hill, but now to carry away the sand thrown up by some bubbling spring. This stream has been a useful one in its time. All the broad fields about us owe their existence to its industry. For ages it has washed down the fine deposits from the mountains yonder; and changing its course continually, has, instead of cleansing the face of the plain, plastered it over with a coating of rich mud. But its working days have ceased; and, like an aged spendthrift, it is now consuming the accumulations of former years.

II.

TEACHING—ITS PLACE.

The dignity and moral responsibility of the teaching profession is a theme upon which many, from time immemorial, have been expressing themselves. Although not a topic admitting of any controversy, it is one, it would seem, which requires to be constantly kept before us and impressed upon our minds. To many it has become one of those subjects which from frequent repetition fail to awaken any response. We look for the repetition as a matter of course and would be surprised should it stop. Silence on this subject would act on us much in the same way as the stopping of the mill on the sleeping miller,—we would

rouse ourselves and ask "what is the riator?"

The lofty aims and functions of the profession are willingly conceded by all; yet practically, there is, in this utilitarian age, a disposition on the part of many entering its ranks to degrade it to an intermediate position between the college course, or the common school training, and the profession of their choice. By such the teaching profession is regarded as a temporary makeshift, a stepping stone to something higher, a means to an end.

It is easy to understand how under certain circumstances a young man with his heart set on something else as his life-work, should see in teaching a ready expedient for securing money to enable him to pursue the studies necessary for his chosen vocation. But it is easy to see also how such a practice largely indulged in would be prejudicial to the interests of the teacher's profession, and eminently so to our schools.

In the first place, a person teaching under these conditions would not stop to think of natural adaptation as a pre-requisite. In the choice of his own profession he would undoubtedly consider this; but why should it be a consideration in his temporary employment? To him the latter is but a financial venture in which the profits, small though they may be, are sure.

Again, in teaching, as in any other occupation, a love for the profession and an absorbing interest in the work are most essential elements of success. These characteristics in the teacher are the more to be desired since the absence of them is fraught with such fatal consequences to our schools.

Now it would be unreasonable in the extreme to expect from a person making the profession subservient to another the zealous enthusiasm and energy of him who has chosen teaching for his life-work. In this respect our schools are open to the influence of the hireling as well as those of the true shepherd.

Provided he has brains enough to get a

license, there is nothing to keep out of our schools men who look upon teaching as mere drudgery, and who, in performing the duties of the profession, long for the day when with full pockets they can go forth to their selected fields of labor where at least their sympathies will be in what they do.

Thus it is possible for some of our schools to be presided over by instructors in whom natural unfitness may be added to inexperience and listlessness with negligence to natural disqualifications.

Perhaps this may seem an extreme case and as such may be objected to. Be this as it may, the fact remains that such a case is possible; and doubtless it will be easy for many to call up instances which, to a certain extent at least, justify the above remarks.

To debar from the profession those by whom it is utilized in this way might seem unreasonable, perhaps impossible. Yet might not fair play to the profession proper and regard for the well-being of our schools, in justice demand such an exclusion?

Surely a profession next in utility and moral grandeur to that of the ministry of the Gospel seeks only its due when it asks for men in whom are combined all those qualities essential to the proper discharge of its functions. Will the teaching profession have more than its due when its ranks contain only those in whom natural qualifications are combined with the enthusiasm of the true teacher? Will it have more than its due when it is composed of men who have a jealous desire to exalt their profession and a determination to do their utmost to advance the educational interests of the country?

We want more *educators* and fewer lesson hearers; more teachers who will give all their time, labor and zeal to their work and fewer of those whose mechanical routine and too apparent indifference must militate against the best interests of our schools.

Anything tending to such a change would undoubtedly be a boon to education in Nova Scotia.

F.

THE MEETING OF THE BANTAMS.

Two young Bantam roosters one calm August night
Shook out their tail-feathers, and plumed for a fight.
Their spurs were still tender, but clattered quite well
When rubbed hard together. With true game-cock yell
Each spluttered and fluttered, and skipped all around,
And kicked up the gravel, and tore up the ground.
They glared at each other, and walked to and fro
And lookeduffy and "fluffy" as a crazy old crow.
"You're a thief!" shouted one. You stole my fat worm.
Don't deny't. In your crop I can now see it squirm."
But the other young game cock, with eyes flashing fire,
Shrieked loudly and wildly, "You're a liar! a liar!"
"You're another!" cried number One fiercely and quick,
"I've a mind your proud speckled tail-feathers to kick."
Screams number Two, "You're a contemptible 'blow."
Go down to the bad place! Go down, sir! Go, go!"
"If you don't bring that worm back in forty-eight hours,"
Cried number One hoarsely, "by all the black powers,
By Judas, by hokey, by jiminy-jee,
I'll smash you, I'll smash you. You'll see, sir, you'll see!"
And thus for ten minutes these roosters went on,
Till their muscles were limp, and their breath was all gone.
Then panting defiance, each turns on his heel,
Strutting feebly away; though still able to feel
That he's shown to the world he is no common chicken,
But able to give any game-cock "a licken."
And after I'd witnessed this "battle of squirt,"
In which each was much frightened, but neither was hurt,
"These roosters are just like some humans, I guess,
Says I. And undoubtedly 'tis so. Yes, yes!

OMEGA.

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It is gratifying to know that there are so many boarders at Acadia Seminary, but that there are not so many as there should be will at once appear when we say that the building is not filled. For some time the denomination felt the need of a large and commodious structure solely for the purpose of female education; and when the old College was destroyed and efforts began to be put forth for the purpose of getting funds to erect a new College, the claims made upon the denomination for a new Ladies' Seminary were strongly urged. There is every reason for satisfaction and congratulation at the result. The alleged want has been met in the completion of a suitable building, well equipped in all particulars; and a good staff of teachers has been provided, so that excellent opportunities are now offered to young ladies seeking a liberal education. Why, then, are there so many vacant rooms in the Seminary? Is it not largely because of indif-

ference on the part of parents about giving their *daughters* educational advantages as well as their *sons*? There are towns and villages in this and the adjoining Province where wealthy Baptist families are numerous, which have not a single representative at the Seminary toward whose erection they so liberally contributed. It appears to us, if we may be allowed to venture an opinion, that one of the most pressing duties devolving upon those in the denomination who have daughters, is to give them the advantages of mental training now placed within easy reach, and thereby receive ample returns for all their contributions. If the value of education were adequately felt the Seminary which now adorns the Hill would not be large enough to accommodate the numbers who would seek admittance. Perhaps we have not got at the cause of there not being more in it than there are at present; but one thing is sure and that is, there is some obstacle in the way, and whatever it may be it should be sought out and removed as soon as possible.

In our local column reference is made to a lecture delivered before our Society by one "Prof." Tripp. He came to us with testimonials of the highest order from many of the most prominent educationists and statesmen in America. His lectures were recommended for their excellence as oratorical, as literary, and as intellectual efforts, and also for their great historical worth. In fact it would not be easy to speak more highly for any productions than some of these testimonials spoke of "Prof." Tripp's lectures. After making no inconsiderable discount, the least we could have expected from him would have been a lecture of average value; but this he did not give us. Oratory, forsooth! Why the man has not the ghost of a qualification of an orator. How in the world is it that he carries such flaming testimonials? Is this "Prof." Tripp and are the testimonials genuine? Whatever the facts may be in the case, there is little doubt but what many

men of note too readily give their names to be used as a means of gain by such as are unworthy of that patronage from the public which they thereby secure. It seems sometimes as though our language had been ransacked for words conveying the highest praise, without regard to fitness or truth. By this means a reasonably credulous public is greatly wronged; and the language even of leading men, must henceforth be taken at a discount. There are enough unworthy individuals who get their living from the stores of honest people upon *their own* story, without having an additional number wandering over the land and receiving what they do not deserve and would not receive but for the confidence placed in the man by whom they are so highly spoken of.

Before leaving, "Prof." Tripp intimated his willingness to take a *trip* "down here" at some future time to deliver other lectures of his series, provided we would wish his services again. If by some process of metamorphoses he is so changed as to become able to produce lectures which approach within "a few thousand miles" of the representations given of his present series, we would indeed be delighted to have him again in our midst, but as long as he remains *in statu quo* we will not mourn though long separated from him by many leagues.

SHOULD students dispose of their text books as soon as they get through with them in College? This is a question of more importance than a mere glance discovers. There are circumstances, no doubt, which render it almost necessary for some students to sell them as they lay them aside, but probably in the majority of cases, it is wholly a matter of choice. Some few books, of course, may just as well be disposed of, as the owners are not likely ever to have time or occasion to look into them again; and what these may be will differ with different persons according to their intended employment. It would seem that by those who look for-

ward to the teaching profession, most if not all of their College text books should be retained. It appears strange that any one who has gone through Olney's Algebra, for instance, and who purposes teaching, should be willing to part with a work so comprehensive and so thorough. So of any good treatise on Rhetoric, Political Economy, Mental Philosophy, or any well edited classic. Few students would pretend to say that they have outgrown the works they have laid aside; and even supposing they have completely mastered them, this is not a sufficient reason for letting them pass into other hands. If the design of the book is mental training solely, it may be kept with profit for future intellectual gymnastics; and if it is simply a magazine of knowledge, it should be kept for future reference, for, unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately after all, we do not retain everything we learn. There is no doubt but what some of the studies pursued in College might be very profitably continued after graduation, no matter what might be the character of the subsequent employment. After all, many subjects are just entered upon in College, and they would surely repay further investigation. Though other volumes must of course be taken up for study, the old text books, like old companions, would prove themselves to be friends that may occasionally be interrogated to advantage.

IN the November number of the ATHENÆUM it was our sad duty to chronicle the demise of a fellow-student and brother, Frank W. Morse. While our hearts are heavy and sorrowful, death visits us again and snatches away from our ranks, Mr. F. D. Martin of Belfast, P. E. I. Mr. Martin came to the College the First of October and joined the Freshman class. To all human appearance, at that time, his health was good and he was as likely to live as any among us. After a few weeks, however, he experienced an attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, and in spite of the best nursing

and medical attention his strength gradually but surely diminished, until Sabbath morning, November 21st, he breathed his last. His brother and sister were present, by whom the remains were accompanied to the Island for burial. The President of the College, Professors and students assembled at the house in College costume, and united in a short but appropriate Service, which was conducted by Dr. Sawyer, at the close of which they proceeded to the Station. The corpse was carried by pall bearers selected from the Freshman class. The College bell tolled mournfully as the procession advanced.

At 9 o'clock, the students assembled in President's Hall for the usual devotional exercises, when President Sawyer improved the occasion by remarks which were calculated to stir our hearts, and which cannot soon be forgotten by those who heard him. After prayers the College exercises were suspended for the day.

Mr. Martin, though here but a short time, endeared himself to all who were favored with his acquaintance. The deep gloom cast over the Institution by his death shows how greatly he was beloved. He came here to prepare for the Gospel ministry, a work which evidently lay near his heart. He convinced all that his ability and piety were of a high order. How singular are the Providences of the Almighty, "His judgments are unsearchable and his ways past finding out."

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF IT?

This is a question often heard asked among students respecting some branch of study with which they are employed. The inquiry is a natural and so a proper one, if made in a proper way. It springs primarily from an aversion to consuming energy upon what does not subserve some worthy end. But the manner of asking, so far from indicating an enquiring mind, oftentimes displays prejudice against the study arising from not having begun it aright and

prosecuted it with honest application, or from a misconception of its value. Whenever any new subject is taken up, it is very desirable first to get as clear a knowledge as possible of what its design is. The interest felt and the success achieved therein, depend to a considerable extent upon securing this as a basis or central idea. Studies which to many are mere drudgery, would in most cases be interesting were their value understood at the outset and kept before the mind. Thereby a goal would be erected, and a prize would be presented that would arouse the student to earnest endeavors. The want of special aptitude for any particular topic would not then be sufficient of itself to cause him to abandon it for something better suited to his taste and ability.

But though the design of a study may be well known, it may be denied that its accomplishment justifies the expenditure of the time and effort which it involves. Some would use this energy upon what, in their estimation, gives more valuable returns. One student makes the acquisition of knowledge the grand object and judges of the worth of studies accordingly. Another looks forward to a profession, and attaches little importance to what he thinks has not a direct bearing upon that profession whatever it may be. Both form their judgments from too low a standard. While laboring to become an encyclopaedia the student should also strive to train himself to correct modes of thinking, and to acquire ability to grapple successfully with the great and important problems constantly presented to men's minds for solution. Hence the studies eminently adapted to develop mental power demand attention whether they add much or little to the stock of practical knowledge. No one is to be measured by the facts he has treasured up. Force of thought is a higher test, and the humble peasant may in this respect far surpass him who has at his command vast stores of erudition.

The wants and imperfections of men ne-

cessitate preparation for special pursuits. As long as the curse pronounced upon the ground at Adam's disobedience remains, so long must what the Germans call *The Bread and Butter Sciences* have a prominent place in every sound system of education. While disease is abroad, and contentions arise and ignorance prevails, and immorality holds sway, persons must be fitted for the vocations which these circumstances require. Yet professional training must now be considered an end; for if it is, the nobility of the spiritual nature is lost sight of, utility is limited to material interest alone, and mind is made the servant of the body. He who in preparation and in practice disregards all claims excepting those immediately resulting from his calling, dwarfs his noblest powers, closes against himself the most delightful fields of human action, and transforms himself into an instrument for public use—only asking in return the doubtful good of worldly advancement. Even supposing the design of education is simply to fit men to perform the certain round of duties peculiar to the spheres of activity they may select, yet there are many studies which confer indirect benefits that cannot well be dispensed with by those who hope for success. Those most distinguished in the several pursuits have had liberal culture withall.

No man's sphere, however, is limited by the boundary line of professional duties, nor has any man a right to attempt to act as though he were an intellectual being and nothing more. There is a social side and a moral side to his nature, and these must receive a large share of his regard if he would attain the end of true education—a rounded manhood. They have a right conception of what utility in education is, who practically recognize the fact that man is made up of different parts, and endeavor to build on all sides and rear a structure incomplete in no particular. They have a right apprehension of what it is, who, while they seek preparation for meeting the de-

mands society will make upon them as social, intellectual, and moral beings, ever keep in view the all-embracing fact that man is most emphatically an end unto himself.

When the student enters College he should do so aiming faithfully to accomplish the prescribed work in all departments. It is well that he finds the course of study marked out for him, because at an early stage of his training he is not prepared to decide what should occupy his attention. A degree of culture is an essential qualification for forming a wise decision and it is usually judicious to advance according to the directions of those who control educational work. Opposition and complaint generally issue in loss without attendant gain. As few have a mind like Bacon, so there are few in whom it is not presumption to agitate reform of a College curriculum.

RVE.

Exchange Notes.

The *Harvard Register* is an illustrated college paper, which at once impresses us with its force and massiveness: (if such a word may be allowed.) It must be read with peculiar pleasure by graduates of Harvard, for it is a treasury of valuable information concerning the past and present of that University, and contains articles of great merit contributed by gentlemen of ripened scholarship, as well as others by less experienced pens. The October number contains a short article by Arthur Wentworth Eaton, son of Wm. Eaton, Esq., of Kirtville, entitled "Education in Nova Scotia." Mr. Eaton compliments our *Alma Mater*.

The *Wittenberger* is strong and pleasing. Its articles show life and mental acumen. The paper is thoroughly wide awake. In the October number we find an article on Macaulay. Thomas Babington, M. seems to be the favorite this year for biographical study. Several journals have furnished articles upon the prodigy.

The *Beacon* is not the worst or weakest college paper which we receive; neither is it what we would expect of a paper published by the students of a Boston University. In the Exchange column we find the statement that college journals "are in general insipid sheets, straining terribly after something humorous, which they

rarely attain, or asserting with all the assurance that a bold originality would warrant, dogmatic platitudes." This sapient remark is illustrated in the pages of the *Beacon*, especially by the attempted witticisms, the most of which remind us of that line of Horace; which is so often quoted: *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*.

The *Emory Mirror* is one of the few college journals that have not adopted the magazine form. It is an attractive paper, and contains articles of merit.

The September number of the *King's College Record* is too poetical by half, more than quarter of the entire space being given to the Muses. Poetry is good, but if poetry has lost its *finis*, it is not fit for a college paper. "Religious garbling" is sensible.

The publishers of the *Sackville Argosy* show the best kind of good sense in having it printed upon a superior quality of paper. Much depends upon the external appearance of a college journal. The contents of the *Argosy* are creditable. We welcome the renewal of its visits.

The *College Rambler*, which comes from Jacksonville, Ill., is indeed a "unique journal," as a letter in its last issue asserts. We think that the literary editor must have been sick while the October number was preparing; but those who prepared "locals," and used the scissors were evidently hearty and willing to work.

The *Simpsonian* comes singing. The college has been in shadows for some time, but with the opening of this term, bright prospects appear. A troublesome debt has been brought under control, and the number of students has increased fifty per cent. The September number of the paper contains interesting matter. "In the Necropolis" possesses real beauty, There are too many threadbare jokes in the "Wise and Otherwise" column.

The *Colby Echo* is a college paper and especially a *Colby* paper. We get more than glimpses of life at Colby as we read its pages, and feel that we are almost acquainted with some of the good natured souls who are described by "One (or Two) of the Boys." The *Echo's* jokes are good and fresh. Some "phunny phellow" must have wandered to Waterville. *Happy Echo!* We learn that some changes have been made in the affairs of the college, upon which the students are congratulating themselves. Instructors in the departments of History and Elocution have been secured, and the terms have been rearranged. Heretofore there has been a short

summer vacation, work continuing through July; and the long vacation occurring in the winter, in order that those who wished to teach might do so. Hereafter the year of study will end the last of June, and an increase of time in the winter will make up for the loss of July. We are sorry to learn that the Freshman class is smaller than usual, and hope that it may be increased during the year.

The *Kansas Review* is excellent. There is a certain off-hand indifference to literary elegance in most of the articles, which is supposed to be characteristic of the West. An article on "Skepticism in Colleges" is given first place in the paper. It is the voice of Liberalism approving Christianity but condemning creeds. It is not a logical effusion; but if age is venerable, we ought to venerate nearly every sentence, for seventh-rate preachers and papers have been saying these same weak things until they have become trite. "Growth" is good, possessing the merit of brevity as well as real excellence. In the September number the "Personals" fill seven columns. This department is peculiar, there being in it a jolly familiarity quite uncommon. The October number of this paper has also come to hand. "The Last Statue of Lycius" is a five-column poem whose merit justifies its length. Among the "Locals" we find a work of genius which will delight our Seniors:—

"We know not if we know we know,
We know not if we be;
Then surely we can never know
About Psychology."

The *Haverfordian* comes from Pennsylvania. It is printed on heavy, tinted paper, and is attractive to the eye. Of course the first issue of the year must contain a touching appeal to students and graduates for articles, and promises of what the editors will endeavor to do. What a pity the whole world expects the managers of a college paper to pay no attention to its interests! If only the people knew better it would be unnecessary to assure them once a year that we will do our best. *Haverford College* is prosperous. This we learn from the college organ and rejoice, for upon the prosperity of colleges depend large interests, and this fact thoughtful men are understanding more and more. In the paper we find the following gem which takes hold of our heart:—

"Through all the pestering scenes of life,
Each brother has his special need;
Some need religion, some a wife,
A dog, or a velocipede;—
And many on this earthly ball,
To keep them them straight should have
them all."

Other exchanges have been received, and will be noticed in subsequent issues. When looking over the exchange columns of our exchanges we are sometimes amused at the diversity of opinion prevailing there. From one excellent paper we learn that a certain college is an advanced institution, that its advantages are superior, and that its journal is first class; from another we hear that the same college is an indifferent public school, that its organ is contemptible, and that the young men are ignoble and effeminate. That time honored channel in which great minds run must be wide this year.

Voices from the Hill.

A Merry Christmas!

What about *the Memorial Volume*?

Where is the College calendar for '79-'80?

"Hank's" brother "Fred" has joined the Sophomores.

Professor Schurman is an enthusiastic lecturer. Under him the Department of English is looking up finely.

Query? When a young B.A. fresh from the halls of learning hangs up, in a conspicuous place, his degree in a relative's dry goods store, what does he advertise? The store, himself, or his Alma Mater?

In spite of the *Calif*-remarks the Burlington *Hawkeye* echoed by the *Star* man, we say, "Three cheers for those caps!" Yes *four* cheers for 'em.

The best lecture delivered before our Literary Society this-session was given by Mr. E. M. Chesley ('70), on the evening of the 19th ult. His subject, "Universal Order," was treated in a dignified and scholarly way. The lecture was not a compilation, but bore the impress of original thought. We have not space for the *resume* we intended to present.

On Monday evening, November 8th, Professor Tripp, of Boston, delivered the last of his series of lectures before the Ath enæum, in Academy Hall, on Napoleon III. He found it somewhat difficult to present what he was pleased to designate but a

fragment of his structure in a perfectly satisfactory manner, as three lectures instead of one were necessary to the "symmetry of the edifice." The audience was large. The lecture was a *production* and listened to throughout.

On Saturday evening, November 6th, the Rev. W. F. Armstrong, who recently returned from seven years missionary labor in India, gave a Stereopticon Exhibition in College Hall. Colored views were presented of Temples, Mosques, Tombs, Palaces, Natural Scenery, and modes of travel in the East. Each view was accompanied with necessary explanations and appropriate remarks. The Exhibition was entertaining and instructive.

In a few days the students of the different departments will be scattered. We hope all may enjoy the vacation season, and return to the longer session of the year well prepared for work. Let those who have been working faithfully make it really a time of recreation. We embrace this opportunity of wishing the Hill friends and all our readers *The compliments of the Season*.

Acadia Seminary is in a flourishing condition. There are twenty-three lady boarders in attendance and a number of others enjoy the grand opportunity of day pupils. We regret very much that the attendance is not larger. The Seminary building is no doubt the finest in every respect in the three Provinces, and the teaching staff all that could be desired. It is capable of accommodating at least seventy ladies. We sincerely hope the time is near when it will be filled to overflowing. Most surely we are not actuated by selfishness in these remarks. Indeed we forget ourselves in the exceeding greatness of our liberality and desire to see the fond hopes of the denomination in regard to this department realized.

The Juniors are now busily engaged in arranging for their Exhibition which is assigned to the evening of December 16th,

in College Hall. The last few weeks have been occupied by them in preparing their orations to be delivered on that occasion. They have spent much time in the College library, since receiving their subjects, in the examination of ancient encyclopedias and other tomes of lore. No doubt we will be reminded on the occasion that "All great minds run in the same channel."

The "Pierian Society" gave a creditable entertainment in College Hall, on Friday evening the 3d inst. It consisted of vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitations, dialogues and essays. The programme was well prepared and successfully carried out. That "sermon" appeared to be greatly enjoyed, but we very seriously question the propriety of such a burlesque. The exhibition given by the ladies of this Society last year secured for them a good audience on this occasion, and the reputation of the Society was sustained. The proceeds—amounting to about \$15.00—are to go into the Library Fund as formerly.

Personals.

'78. M. R. Tuttle has charge of the first department of the school at Port Hawkesbury.

'80. E. W. Sawyer is now teaching at Port Williams; we are favored with, and appreciate his weekly visits.

'80. C. E. Griffin is teaching at Ohio, Yarmouth Co.

'80. G. W. Cox has the first department of the school in Upper Stewiacke.

'82. G. R. Chute teaches at Forest Glen, Colchester Co.

'79. It is with pleasure we notice the promotion of Mr. G. B. Healey, who, after an extended examination, has been admitted to the Bar of Iowa. Since leaving us, Mr. H. has been applying himself earnestly to the study of Law—a subject for which he always had a love, and in which he gave promise of success. We copy the following from *The Sioux City Daily Journal* of November 24th: "G. B. Healey, who has been admitted to the Bar of the district court, after an examination by a committee of legal men, has been a diligent student in the law office of Chase & Taylor for the past year. Mr. Healey brings with him to the practice of

law, careful business habits and untiring perseverance that will ensure him success in his profession." We wish Mr. H. the success reasonably predicted.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE STUDENTS OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY ON THE DEATH OF F. D. MARTIN.

Whereas, Death has removed from our midst our much esteemed friend and brother, F. D. Martin,

And Whereas, We feel that we have sustained a great loss by the premature death of our fellow-student,

Therefore Resolved, That we hereby express our deep regret for the loss of our brother, whose excellent qualities and Christian character endeared him to us all, and that we also tender to the bereaved family and friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathies in their deep affliction and sorrow.

Further Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the ACADIA ATHENÆUM and that a copy containing the same be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

On behalf of the students of Acadia University,

GEO. H. SIMPSON,
F. M. KELLY,
F. L. SHAFFNER, } Committee.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Carlyle's present trouble is insomnia.

Mr. Moody's sermons are translated into Arabic.

Mr. Gladstone's "Homer and the Homeric age" is now so scarce that four guineas are asked by the dealers for its three volumes.

Joseph Cook is taking advantage of his present visit to England to arrange for the publication of his letters there.

The English Bible Revisors at their last (sixty-fifth) session, finished Job and carried Proverbs as far as Chap. XII.

A new novel, by Lord Beaconsfield, entitled *Endymion*, has just been published by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

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