

Prof. A. E. Coldwell

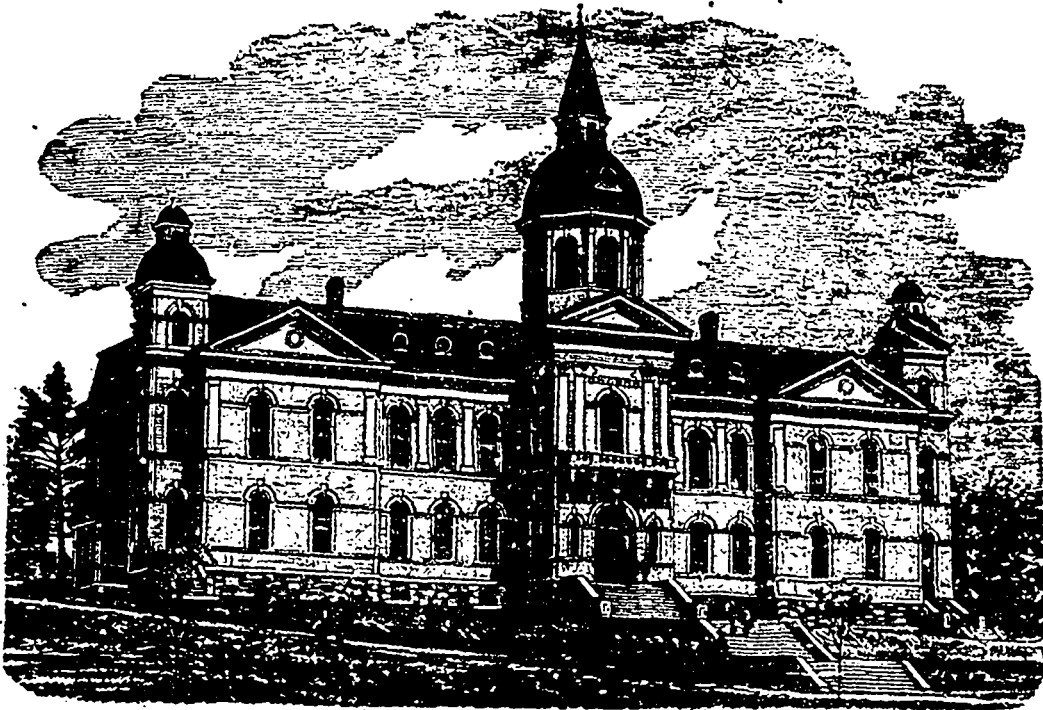
ACADIA ATHENAEUM

◀ Prodesse quam Conspici. ▶

VOL. XII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1886.

No. 8.



◆ THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE. ◆

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. XII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1886.

No. 8.

THE Acadia Athenæum.

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the Students of Acadia University.

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Upon all other subjects address the Editors of the Acadia
Athenæum.

→* The Sanctum. *←

WHEN the management of the ATHENÆUM was committed to us, our feelings, as expressed in the first number were those of mingled hope and fear; and now that our connection with it closes we have to confess to a like complexity of feelings, the most prominent of which are those of relief and sorrow. The relief comes from being set free from a thankless and difficult task, the sorrow from being compelled to leave the work in a certain sense incomplete. Having undertaken the work at the request of the society, and having done what we could under the circumstances, we have no apologies to make; for if the paper has not been conducted to the satisfaction of our patrons or subscribers, our stars, and not ourselves, must bear the blame. And if the paper has been successfully conducted we claim no favor; for so many have contributed to make it a success, that should all receive

their due share of the merit, the amount falling to each would not be worth mentioning. We have had faithful associates. Not a jar, sufficiently heavy to knock the quill from behind the chief editor's ears, has been felt in the sanctum. Reference has already been made to the improved mechanical appearance of the ATHENÆUM, resulting from the employment of James Bowes & Sons as printers, through the agency of our worthy predecessors. The same company has been employed this year, and has given complete satisfaction. The students have contributed liberally to its columns, so that, with the exception of one article and a few pieces of poetry, the work has all been done by them. This is as it should be; for it is only by working in its interests that the body of students can be made to realize that the paper belongs, not to two or three individuals who are so unfortunate as to be chosen editors, but to the institution. Bye-laws relating to the government of the ATHENÆUM have also been made, which will also tend to bring it in closer relationship with the students' society. These are all, we trust, indications of the future prosperity of the paper. Somewhat hopefully, therefore, we commit the destinies of the ATHENÆUM to our successors, whose names, which may be found by reference to the local column, are an additional guarantee of its future success.

ONE more year has ended at Acadia. One more class goes out to exert some influence in that scene of mighty convulsions—the world. We will hope that for the credit of the individual members of the class and the College which has had such a large share in making them what they are, that that influence will be one worthy of true manhood.

No one realizes more keenly than the student, as he approaches the end of his course, that the four years spent in College life is not a time to be dreamed away. The same lament is generally heard from those

who have not done that hard, earnest work, which their own self-respect tells them should have been done,—“Oh that I could have those four years again, what a different man I would be.” But even the man who has found this out to his satisfaction, may not have spent his time in vain; for the recognition of this fact often spurs up that inherent pride which will cause the future to be spent in a very different way. But woe to the man who can lounge through his course with only a pass standing and still feel not one iota of regret as he closes it up. The probabilities are that he will go through life on a pass mark, and if he ever attains a happier state it will be on a 4-5 standing. It is not necessary for a man to loaf to enjoy his college life, in fact, loafing is the one thing that will make him disgusted with his work and with himself; for perhaps the greatest pleasure, that can be derived during a course, is from that feeling of intellectual growth, that continual grasping of something new, which no less than a physical growth gives its reward of strength with each successive effort. It is not to be wondered at, that he who has completed his course and leaves his *alma mater* should feel regret. True, the cynically inclined will say it is only a passing sentiment. But life is, after all, made largely of sentiments and when these sentiments are of the nature of gratitude and respect for the characters of others, from whose lives one's own has been strengthened, they will not die even in the busiest struggle for existence. College associations will ever form a golden nexus between a boyhood and a fully developed manhood.

HARVARD has won for herself the name of being the least conservative university on either side of the Atlantic. She is continually breaking some long established custom, or introducing an entirely new feature. Whether these changes and innovations are for the best, remains to be seen. Some of them seem to have, at least, the merit of plausibility, while others are open to the gravest questioning. The latest concerns the spiritual welfare of the institution, being the adoption of a system whereby five “College Preachers” are to be associated in turn with a professor whose work is to look after the spiritual interests of the students. These preachers are to be appointed yearly and each is to spend a portion of the year at the university.

Reform or innovation, in the same direction, is needed at Acadia. Strange though it may seem, the students are sadly in need of pastoral care; and at present there seems to be no one to do the work. It is no uncommon occurrence for a student to spend four or five years in connection with the institution without receiving a formal religious call. In every other particular the religious advantages are superior; but there is weakness at this point. The professors are overworked without this additional burden, and it ought not to be expected of them. Besides, it seems desirable that the man who preaches to the students should, from personal contact, be thoroughly acquainted with their needs. But it can hardly be expected that the pastor of the village church, without any remuneration, should do the work. At any rate he does not do it; and the fact was never brought so prominently to our notice as when, on the occasion of the exercises held in connection with the death of our lamented brother T. H. Porter, Dr. Higgins made the statement that he had not made the acquaintance of Mr. Porter though he had been a student at the college some three years. The idea of importing men to do this work is fraught with difficulties here as at Harvard, but that it needs doing, there is no doubt.

THE past year has been one of the most, if not the most successful in the history of Acadia, as may be shown from a statement of a few facts. The number of students is the largest ever in attendance. The class of '86 numbers two more than any ever graduated and the lower classes are correspondingly large. Thus, it will be seen that, as far as numbers are concerned, the year has been a success, and that the outlook is bright.

But there are other features to be taken into consideration in measuring the success of the year; and of these the amount of work done ranks high. The chief object for which the student attends college is to study. This object, during the past year, by most of the students, has been attained. There have been just enough of those, who seem not to have found out what they were made for, and who are least at home in their study, to be an example to the rest. That purposeless prodigy, the partial student, we are glad to say, is also rare. The regular work has been done with commendable zest, and quite a number have

taken honors; so that, on the whole, time, we believe, will tell that the year has been marked by good honest work.

Good order may be mentioned as another condition of success, and here again the scale turns on the right side. True, some questionable tricks have been played, as will always happen in a college community, but they have invariably been the work of some mean spirits who have had neither the consent nor approval of the body of students. It would be difficult to find a self-governing body of young men maintaining better order than the sixty who have boarded in Chipman Hall during the past year. Very little friction has been felt between the students and the Faculty; and when this has occurred, it is only charity to say that it has been caused by misunderstanding, rather than by disobedient wilfulness on the one hand, or by wilful disobedience on the other.

But the spiritual condition of her students has always been considered of first importance by the friends of Acadia; and it would be misleading to decide on the success of the past year without reckoning with this important factor. The record on this point is far above the average. A spiritual awakening far surpassing in depth and intensity anything of the kind enjoyed for a number of years, has been experienced. As a result, or rather, perhaps, as one of the causes of this revival may be mentioned the organization of "The Student Band of Workers," a society, as signified by its name, consisting of a number of students who spend the sabbath, in visiting and holding religious meetings among the destitute in the vicinity of the college. A radius of some eight or ten miles affords ample opportunity for the talents of the "workers," and the results have been such that any statement of the year's progress in which they are left out, would be imperfect. It ought to be said that the leading spirit in this movement has been Mrs. Irene Fitch, a lady who began the work alone some three years ago, and who, in its interests, has utilized the talents of the students in a manner most creditable to herself as well as most beneficial to the community and to the students themselves.

REFERENCE was made at the beginning of the year to the unfavorable financial standing of the Athenæum Society. We are pleased to be able to

report that the debts and expenses have all been paid, with the exception of part of the printer's bill. This has been owing chiefly to the generosity of our lecturers who have given their services free of charge. Some of our subscribers have been prompt in remitting, but there are still a large number from whom we have not heard. As there are some two hundred dollars due us from subscribers, it cannot be that the printer shall have to wait long for his pay. Mr. J. B. Morgan, Fredericton, N. B., has charge of the business until the commencement of the next college year.

THOUGHT AND LITERATURE.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* was not formed in a day. Success in Literature necessitates thought. The relative preminence of literary works may be referred in large measure to the amount and quality of thought bestowed thereon. Even the sparkling productions of the poet are not always the effervescing of an instantaneous mental combination. They are rather the outgrowth of weary, brain-benumbing hours of toil. Outside the realm of poetry the rule is universal. The written results of transitory excitement may tickle the fancy of a moment's multitude, may pander to the passing passion of the times, but present popularity is never an index to lasting success. The rootless shrub, the unfed fire, soon must die, so the production which reflects not earnest meditation.

Analysis is a main element of permanence. Whatever end is to be accomplished, the line of argument, even though indirect, must be logical. Confusion here is fatal, for disunity produces discord as well as perplexity in the mind of the reader. Its presence effectually precludes the attainment of a lasting existence. Now the very terms analysis, reasoning, logical plan, imply careful and studied thought. Hence in this department the essentiality of thought to permanence is exemplified. To this may be added the recognized idea that lack of arrangement, though tending ever to suggest, does not always involve careless and uncritical research.

Symmetry is a second element of success. A work whose sentences, subjects, and divisions are not in some degree proportional, cannot withstand the critical examination of a lengthened period of years. Such a harmony of parts is secured through weighing and

balancing, trimming and adjusting. But such processes are impossible without large measure of thought; hence our primary statement is again proved.

Strength of expression may be fairly taken as a third element of endurance. A work, though possessing merit in respect of analysis and symmetry, if lacking in force of diction, will soon be thrown aside. Failure in this regard renders it inadequate to the demands of a patronizing public. This is eminently true in every age of advanced criticism. Now it must be admitted that in some instances productions are formed with small degree of previous meditation, which are notable for strength and even grandeur of expression. These are, however, but the exceptions, and of infrequent occurrence. In the main, primary suggestions are lacking in requisite potency, and study alone evolves the form containing the full embodiment of the idea. That is to say, our proposition here also holds good.

The validity of the law is thus seen by reference to analysis, symmetry, and strength. A combination of these elements, when obedient to the dominances of truth, ensures in all cases a permanent existence. Every uniform and essential law of the particulars becomes now a general governing principle. Meditation, study, careful thought, have been shown necessary to the existence of an analytical, symmetrical, and forcible production. But such a production is possessed of the qualities of permanence and will live. Its life must therefore be dependant in great degree on the amount of thought bestowed upon its evolution. This is no idle theory, but a fact which experience will unfold to the mind of the most sceptical. Here is a literary genius, whose free and prolific pen traverses the pages with enviable ease and rapidity. His writings are admired, his name praised. His star is one of primal lustre in the literary firmament. Ere a century has passed he and his works are forgotten. The star was but a comet, and has been forever lost to human vision in the infinitude of space.

By young writers these facts are worthy of attention. The object of ambition is too often a round of transitory plaudits. The elements of an enduring fame, the essentials which will brave all unjust criticism throughout the ages, are neglected, while the influence of a momentary inspiration is largely depended on, by injudicious writers. To-day's literature reveals far too much of surface work. The spirit of

the times is most clearly reflected in the writing of the times. Beyond the fashionable brilliancy, demanded by existent popular feeling, we may trace the dawning light of an era pure and true, in which the mysteries of thought will be fully explored by the nobler, deeper action of trained and developed judgment.

A. K. D&B.

TO THE CLASS OF '86.

My class-mates, as to-day we tread
The threshold of another life,
I hear the living and the dead
Loud calling to the great world's strife.
I see a thousand helpless hands
Stretched out imploringly for aid,
A cross for each amidst life's sands,
A crown that nevermore shall fade.

The bugle-note of duty calls;
Henceforth our pleasant ways divide.
Upon my peace it harshly falls,
Because it tears you from my side.
But that which jars upon my ears,
Is music to the many, who,
In suffering, solitude, and tears,
And moral darkness, wait for you.

Go, active feet, and in your haste
Chase shadows from the mourner's door,
As from my own in days now past,
You drove them to return no more.
Go, merry hearts, and with your mirth
Raise dooping spirits by the way,
As often from the dust of earth,
You've lifted mine and made it gay.

Go, noble, grandly-gifted souls;
Thoughts of thy mission, I confess,
My selfish spirit half controls,
And makes the grief at parting less.
Four years of kindred toil and aims
Have made us brothers more than blood;
But virtue asks that special claims
Yield to demands of general good.

Good-bye! the calls are louder still;
The hands more wildly stretch for aid.
Above the bustle of the Hill
I hear and see the signals made.
As He in Whom we trust has done,
Likewise your lives for others give;
Thus may the fadeless crown be won—
Thus dying may you hope to live.

F. H. B.

June 3rd, 1886.

ANNIVERSARY.

The anniversary exercises of Acadia College and affiliated institutions commenced on Wednesday afternoon, June 2nd. Below will be found a brief account of the exercises of the three institutions:—

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

The public Exercises of Horton Academy took place in Assembly Hall, June 2nd. On the platform were Principal Tufts and E. W. Sawyer, B. A., representing the teaching staff, and a number of visiting worthies. The following programme was very successfully rendered:—

PRAYER.

1. Music. Piano Solo, "Lustful Overture," Miss L. E. Andrews.
2. Essay. "The Spanish Armada," Arthur Barnaby, Bridgewater.
- *3. Essay. "Historic Rivers," Byron Bentley, Sheffield's Mills.
- *4. Essay. "Ambition," Edward Borden, Truro.
- *5. Essay. "Social Advance," H. C. Borden, Grand Pre.
6. Music. Solo, "Calling the Cows," Miss Annie Brown.
- *7. Essay. "Japan," Douglas Duncanson, Falmouth.
- *8. Essay. "The Conquest of Gaul," Chas. B. Freeman, Canning.
- *9. Essay. "The Value of Time," Lobarron Jones, Indian Town, N. B.
10. Essay. "Aerial Navigation," A. C. Kempton, Chester
11. Music. Duett, "The Happy Hunter," Misses Vaughan and Brown.
12. Essay. "The Congo Valley," A. T. Kempton, Upper Canard.
13. Essay. "Australia," L. D. McCart, Lower Economy.
- *14. Essay. "Success," Arthur McLatchy, Grand Pre.
15. Essay. "Aims in Life," J. L. Masters, Church street, Cornwallis.
16. Music. Trio, "Wake not Dreaming Maiden," Misses Brown, Hill and Benjamin.
17. Essay. "Intellectual Conquests," F. S. Messenger, Paradise.
- *18. Essay. "Ancient Methods of Warfare," Lester Raymond, Beaver River.
19. Essay. "Advantage of Education," W. B. Wallace, Granville.
20. Essay. "Ruins," Miss Bessie Payzant, Wolfville.
21. Music. Piano Solo, "Selected," Miss Buttrick.

*Excused.

The matriculating class of 1886 are, Arthur C. Barnaby, Bridgewater; Byron H. Bentley, Sheffield's Mills; Edward H. Borden, Truro; H. C. Borden, Grand Pre; Henry J. Cook, Bridgewater; Frank Condon, Halifax; Douglas Duncanson, Falmouth; Charles B. Freeman, Canning; T. T. Higgins, Wolfville; Lebarron Jones, Indian town, N. B.; A. C. Kempton, Chester; A. T. Kempton, Upper Canard; Henry T. Knapp, Sackville, N. B.; E. E. Locke, Cape Wolfe, P. E. I.; L. D. McCart, Lower Economy; Arthur C. McLatchy, Grand Pre; D. H. McQuarrie,

Mabou, C. B.; J. L. Masters, Church street, Cornwallis; F. S. Messenger, Paradise; Miss Bessie Payzant, Wolfville; H. Lester Raymond, Beaver River; W. B. Wallace, Granville; Henry Walker, Truro. Selected Studies.—Arthur Murchie, St. Stephen; Gideon Prescott, Sussex.

ACADIA SEMINARY.

The usual closing exercises of Acadia Seminary, took place in College Hall on Wednesday evening, June 2nd. Few, who have never had the pleasure of attending these exercises, or of examining the workings of this institution, can estimate its worth as a moral, religious, and intellectual trainer. Under the excellent management of Miss Graves, assisted by an efficient staff of teachers, the seminary is meeting with marked and increasing success. Those who have daughters and wish to give them a liberal education would do well to inform themselves in regard to the advantages offered here before sending them elsewhere.

During the past year, one of the staff, Mme. Constance Bauer, has devoted a considerable portion of her time in giving instruction in German and French to quite a number of the College and Academy students, her amiability and excellency and proficiency as a teacher of these languages, have won for her the esteem and friendship of all who have been fortunate enough to receive instruction from her hands.

The graduating class numbers five, all of whom took part in the closing exercises. The following programme was carried out:—

Processional.... "Sydenham March,".....*Bartholomew*.
Misses Lovitt, Clarke, Brown.

PRAYER.

1. Piano duett, Sonata in D.....*Diabelli*.
Misses Henderson and Black.
2. Essay with Salutatory. Lessons from Portia.....
Grace A. Porter, Ohio, Yarmouth.
3. Vocal solo. "Light of the World,".....*Pinsuli*.
Mary LeBrown.
4. Essay. "Grecian Life,".....
Hannah Frizzle, Brook Village, C. B.
5. Piano solo. "Rondo Capriccioso,".....*Mendelssohn*.
Catherine A. Porter.
6. Essay. "Trifles Light as Air,".....
Edith E. Chipman, Wolfville.
7. Vocal Solo. "Gaily Chant the Summer Birds," *DePina*.
Ermine D. Day.
8. Essay. "Day unto Day uttereth Speech,".....
Mary E. MacDonald, Fiacetown, P. E. I.
8. Piano solo. "Troisimo Ballade,".....*Chopin*.
Harriet M. Eaton.
10. Vocal duett. "Back to her Mountains,".....*Verdi*.
Misses Vaughan and Brown.
11. Essay with Valedictory. "Silent Force,".....
Amelia E. Chipman, Wolfville.
Presentation of Diplomas. Addresses.
God Save the Queen.

The essays were well delivered and bore evidence that they were carefully and thoughtfully prepared.

Opportunity was offered to all to visit the Art gallery, and certainly the time spent in doing so was well repaid. The paintings did credit to those who performed the work, and showed unmistakable signs of careful training in that department.

CONVOCAATION.

THE exercises of Acadia College were held on the morning of June 3rd. The morning was not one of those sunny, calm June mornings, which with few exceptions, have lent their charms to the quiet little village on the anniversary of the college in each successive year; but although cloudy and somewhat windy, the Assembly Hall was filled to overflowing, and universal interest was shown in the exercises, which seldom prevails in an audience so large and crowded. The programme for the morning was as follows:—

Music. Prayer.

ORATIONS BY MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.

- The Elements of Immortality in a Literary Work. Charles H. Day, Yarmouth, N. S.
 The Spaniard in America. Foster F. Eaton, Parrsboro', N. S.
 The Characteristics of Oratory. Frank H. Knapp, Sackville, N. B.
 The Bible and Civilization. John W. Brown, Grafton, N. S.
 Law and Morality. Walter V. Higgins, Wolfville, N. S.
 VOCAL SOLO—*To a mind worn and weary—Fosti.* Miss Hitchens.
 John Foster—the Essayist. Mark B. Shaw, Berwick, N. S.
 The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time. Irving S. Balcom, Paradise, N. S.
 Practical Science and Pure Science. Vernon F. Masters, Cornwallis, N. S.
 The Influence of the Crusades on Civilization. Austen K. DeBlois, Wolfville, N. S.
 The Press—its Possibilities for Good, its Limitations. Harry H. Hall, Penobscuis, N. B.
 VOCAL TRIO—*Sanctus et Benedictus, Op. 29, Marzo.* Misses Hitchens, Vaughan and Brown.
 The Parliamentary Franchise. Harry A. Lovitt, Kentville, N. S.
 Labor and Capital. Hibbert B. Smith, Brookfield, Queens, N. S.
 The World's Holocaust. M. Blanche Bishop, Greenwich, N. S.
 The Element of Morality in Education. Frank H. Beals, Inglisville, N. S.
 The Development of Modern Socialism. Wm. B. Hutchinson, Great Village, N. S.
 PIANO SOLO—*Huitieme Polonoise, Op. 53, Chopin.* Miss Buttrick.
 Presentation of Honor Certificates. Conferring of Degrees.
 National Anthem. Benediction.

At the close of these exercises first class Honor Certificates were awarded as follows:

Senior Class. W. B. Hutchinsin, in History and Moral Philosophy; H. A. Lovett in History and Classics.

Junior. I. W. Porter in Political Economy and History; G. E. A. Whitman, in Political Economy. (*Spairing*) *Sophomore.* W. H. Jenkins in Classics.

Freshman. C. H. McIntyre in Mathematics.

In addition to the degree of Bachelor of Arts conferred upon the fifteen members of the graduating class, the following Honorary Degrees were conferred:

D. D. Rev. S. T. Rand, *D. C. L.*

D. D. Rev. Joseph McLeod.

D. C. L. Judge Johnston.

Ph. D. Prof. R. V. Jones.

M. A. Albert C. Smith.

Dr. McLeod and Judge Johnston thanked the body which had conferred on each an honor, in words suitable to the occasion and flavored by that humor which is so necessary at such a time. Dr. McLeod, representing the Free Baptists of New Brunswick, spoke with fervor of their sympathy and desire for union with the other portion of the great Baptist body. When Dr. Jones arose to thank the senate and governors, the hearty cheer of every student and the ringing applause of the audience showed there was but one opinion on the part of all,—approbation and congratulations for our esteemed professor and better our ever kind friend. Dr. Jones presented his thanks in words which will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of hearing a true man speak so truly. After the National Anthem and the Benediction, the audience dispersed.

CONCERT AND CONVERSAZIONE.

This entertainment was given in the evening under the auspices of the Associated Alumni of the College. A comfortable audience were seated in the Hall, and were entertained by music furnished by the *Haydn Club* of Halifax, and by a literary feast. The Library and Museum were thrown open and were visited by large numbers during a half-hour's intermission. The evening was a pleasant one and the audience left apparently well pleased.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

THE students were all delighted with the visit of Rev. W. B. Hinson, Pastor of the Moncton Baptist Church, N. B., who was their lecturer for the month of May. His subject as announced, was 'Moses.' He treated his theme by drawing lessons from the most prominent points of the Hebrew prophet's life. The lecture was no apology for the acts and writings of Moses; no further argument was assumed as needed for their truthfulness and grandeur than their own recital. The lecture abounded in chaste and beautiful figures which could not tire, and apt hits at society foibles which convulsed the audience with laughter. The *dude* and *rake* received no quarter, and the so-called *society woman* would have been more at ease had she stayed at home.

Mr. Hinson's opening words were striking,—“when Pharaoh's daughter lifted Moses from the bosom of the Nile, she lifted Egypt's direct curse, and Israel's greatest blessing, and all Egyptian and Israelitish history would have been other than it now is, had the young voyageur been drowned in the sluggish tide.” In the character of the Hebrew general the lecturer found the chief points of all earth's great deliverers. The typical Moses is a far-sighted, strong-handed, and withal a silent man, who speaks slowly and solemnly, but whose lips when once unlocked send forth sentences that are battles and revolutions. He is an *Ætæna* silent long, but speaking with an awful emphasis when at last the silence dies. And like all still men he can be stern, stern to face the angry mutterings of the hungry and thirsty host, to check lawlessness and rebuke familiarity, and hurl upon his enemies thunderbolts of power to terrify and annihilate.

He is an all-round man, this Moses. He can keep sheep, he can organize armies, he can brave the wrath of kings, he can strike down an Egyptian in hot anger, appeal to his brother with pathetic pleading, and talk to Israel's God.

Pharaoh commanded the death of the Hebrew children, but Moses, who was to be the stern conqueror of Pharaoh's race, alone was spared. 'Tis ever thus, people guard well their Babylonish wall, and the enemy marches in triumphantly by the drained Euphrates. Never mind the babes of Bethlehem, Herod! 'Tis the Christ you should kill, if you would save your life.

It is in accordance with the 'eternal fitness' of things that Moses should leave the sumptuous palace for the lonely hill-sides of Midian. The coming deliverer needs breadth of vision, the rosy freshness of the morning, the fiery glow of twilight, the everlasting hills, the rush of air that has a desert for its playground, the environment befitting an uncrowned king. 'All great men are lonely.' The smaller hills are surrounded by their fellows, the mountain lifts itself up into the heights. And this loneliness tests a man, for loneliness is full of thought, and full of beauty too, and man will never know the strength of his own soul, the possibilities of his own life, the grandeur of existence, nor the wealth of nature, until he stands alone.

The lecturer drew beautiful lessons for all men, from the burning, unconsuming bush that Moses saw in Midian. Mrs. Browning was quoted,—

'Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every crimson bush aflame with God.
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round and eat blackberries.'

And truly his eyes are faulty who sees a Godless bush. For God is in the maple when its red buds glow with a crimson flush ere bursting into leaf. In the apple tree, as it wears its pink raiment in honour of Spring wedding Summer, while a thousand birds from the leafy bowers give marriage songs grander than those of mortals. In all these fair sights we feel the presence and behold the glory of a God.

'There are no trifles,' God is as much in the acorn as in the oak, in the birch-mast as in a forest, and the lowest, poorest beggar has a soul as meet for heaven as the lordly millionaire.

When Moses demanded of Pharaoh the release of his people, the proud king replies, 'Who is the Lord?' And bye and bye when the Red Sea's glassy walls fall flat; when the eddies whirl o'er Egypt's braves, and the foam of the waters fleck the horse's flanks, when the waters roar and rush, mingled with shriek and curse of Egypt's soldiery, then that question finds a terrific answer. And always, Pharaoh and the Wrong sink in Red Sea waves, while Moses and the Right stand on the shore and sing.

Was Moses' life a success? We must admit that it looked much like what the majority call defeat. For it was not given him to cross the Jordan, and see the walled cities fall, and enjoy the rich fruitage of the Promised Land. Mr. Hinson here made a touching

allusion to the recent death of a fellow-student, he said,—Moses, whose renown had terrified the nations, had to wrap his mantle about him and gaze o'er the the land of which he had thought by day and dreamed by night, gaze on it, as gazed your classmate Porter, down the phantom years during which he had hoped to be good and great, gazed lovingly and long, and then passed away.

And so the end drew near for the patriarch prophet. He had watched fierce conflicts whereon the fate of Israel and his own existence hinged, had seen the the flesh of Miriam tinge with leprosy, and the life of Aaron ebb away. All his ancient comrades were dead. He had fasted and prayed. He had besought and denounced. He had scourged Egypt and conquered himself. He had seen so many graves that of all the strong men who marched with him from Egypt, he was one of the three who remained to tell the story. And listening to his last charge to the people who had listened to his words so long, we hear him tell how God, as punishment for their idolatry, would heap mischief upon them, and spend his arrows upon them—How he would burn them with hunger, and devour with burning heat, how by sword without and terror within, he should destroy them. As he told all this we almost fancy the old Hebrew longed to hurry up Nebo's side, and go to sleep in the lap of earth before the deluge came.

And so he rested, 'And no man knoweth of his supulchre unto this day.' And as England in massive St. Paul's buried her great Duke with an Empire's lamentation; or as half a million people followed Grant to his burial with admiring sadness—sad because he had gone,—admiration because he went so grandly,—thus let the nation of Moses' own making mourn for their leader thirty days.

The above disjointed quotation inadequately set forth the main points of the lecture, all the wealth of detail must be heard that the whole should be appreciated.

For the hour and forty-five minutes in which he spoke, Mr. Hinson held the closest attention of his audience, occasionally interrupted, when some apt turn of thought or thrilling period called forth storms of applause.

Mr. Hinson has the sympathy and admiration of all the students who met him on the Hill and heard him speak, and should he ever in the future favor them with another visit, he will be cordially welcomed.

EXCHANGES.

THE *King's College Record* is troubled because no exchange column appeared in the *ATHENÆUM* for April. Further explanation seems unnecessary as in the same issue we referred to the fact that it was unavoidably crowded out. We thank the *Record* for the interest which it takes in our welfare, but at the same time would like to suggest for its serious consideration the old proverb, "Charity begins, &c."

THE May number of the *Beacon* is full of interesting matter. Its editorials are among the best on our list. The article "An old Topic Renewed," is a brief but admirable review of the age and man that combined to produce the *Spectator*. We quote the following on the character of Addison:—"To rise above the age in which one lives is a proof alike of genius, of steadfast adherence to principle, and of sublime faith. His rare talents for satire and ridicule were ever used in a spirit of deepest kindness, and were tempered with a tender compassion for all that was weak, and a profound reverence for all that was sublime. None feared him; all loved him; and partizan hate oven did honour to the spotless integrity of his character, 'with malice toward none, with charity for all,' he accomplished a transformation in the manners and morals of his age, beyond his most sanguine hopes or his wildest dreams."

WE notice, with regret, a growing tendency on the part of the *Acadian* to manifest a patriarchial interest in Hill affairs. The editor essays to dictate to the president of the literary society the manner in which he should present the society's thanks to its lecturers, to advise the Faculty of the college concerning a series of concerts, to be able to discern a likeness between the students' feelings and the weather, and last, but by no means least, to charge the *ACADIA ATHENÆUM* with plagiarism. Until the last charge was made, we thought, for the sake of peace, to let the fellow alone, in fact, we had thought of recommending him as a candidate for membership in the Faculty; but we think further forbearance ceases to be a virtue. We claim the right of thanking our lecturers as we please; and should the editor of the *Acadian* choose to attend our lectures, he shall have as usual a complimentary ticket, but if he cannot possibly honor us with his presence, we grant him as willingly a standing excuse. As to the charge of plagiarism, we plead not guilty. The gentlemen who reported Prof. Roberts' lecture assures us that he would not demean himself by copying the *Acadian*, and that he did not read its report until after his own appeared in print. Had this "invisible we," who not only sets himself up as the censor of our conduct, but who also adds to this offence the outrage of base slander, any knowledge

whatever of college matters, had he ever had even the advantages of the common school, we might endure his weekly twaddle; but, since, with the exception of a profound look, he has none of the requisites of an editor, we must ask of him the only boon in his power to grant, namely, silence. For, whether these paragraphs, which are devoted to us, are from his own fertile brain, or the smuggled productions of a college sneak, they are equally unappreciated and contemptible.

THE JUNIOR EXPEDITION.

THE afternoon of Tuesday, May 25th, saw the members of the Junior Class busily engaged in packing food, bedding, hammers, &c., in divers boxes and valises which were soon being hurried to the wharf where lay the schooner "Bella Barry" ready to receive them. Even if it had not been known for some considerable time that the Juniors were making preparations for a Geological expedition, a looker-on probably now, when he saw the various articles safely stowed away and the boys themselves on board, would have formed no other opinion; when he saw Prof. Coldwell take his station on deck and prepare to enjoy times to the best of his ability, he probably could have thought nothing else; but when the schooner spread her canvas before a fair breeze and Wolfville began to recede, his last doubt would have been swept away. To have then come to any other conclusion would have been an impossibility.

Hearts light and voices full of glee were then on board. Three hearty cheers were given from the wharf and returned from the vessel. Everything added to the novelty and by night Capt. Maplebeck was scudding by dusky Blomidon, while still duskier Split became visible over the bow. We "turned in"; but who could have foretold the amount of "turning out" which would take place that night? Who could have dreamt of next morning's contrast? In the evening, joyful countenances and heavy stomachs; in the morning, sad faces and light stomachs. Some have attempted a description of sea-sickness. My courage falters at the thought. Be it enough to say that experience has furnished me three reasons for calling it the 'don't care' sickness; first, if you are on deck, you don't care whether it rains or shines; second, if you are below, you don't care whether you are lying on the floor or in a berth; third, wherever you are you don't care whether you live or die.

A favorable breeze springing up shortly after breakfast, we landed at Victoria wharf about noon on Wednesday. The afternoon was spent in getting specimens of various sorts. Those of *stilbite* were the best.

Early Thursday morning the "Bella Barry" was again cutting the water, pointing toward the Isle Haute, which was reached about 10 a. m. Here we were to make our second call. Having landed and ascended the ship road, we soon arrived at the house of Capt. Card, the keeper of the lighthouse. A desire to ascend to the top of the lighthouse being expressed and Capt. Card being at the time in some other part of the island, one of the ladies kindly offered to conduct us thither. Up, up, up, turning this way and turning that, till the sight of six large reflectors each carrying its lamp, and all fixed upon a perpendicular bar, told us that the top had been gained. The manner in which the lights were made to revolve was at once explained to us, and such information was given as from time to time was desired. In reference to the keeping of the lighthouse it can be said, that Capt. Card deserves the highest praise. The reflectors ever dazzling bright; the glass panes of the lantern were noticeably clean; the machinery was well oiled; in a word, everything which should be done was done. One thing more remained before leaving— to collect some gulls' eggs. Some of the steep cliffs were soon descended, the eggs procured, the vessel reached, and we were again sailing, this time to stop at the South Joggins Coal Mines.

A curse upon that vessel for her pitching and tumbling, her rolling and rocking, that afternoon! A blessing upon her for the way in which she landed us Friday morning at the South Joggins wharf! To the mines, but first to the agent, Mr. McNotton at once showed his good disposition by conducting us to the shaft and providing means for our descent. Mr. Burke, the manager is to lead us. Into the boxes, light your little coffee pot lanterns lower your heads and ride away, ride away, juniors shall go, leaving the light of day, all in a row. Rattle on, rumble on, downward we go, bottom here, out of ear, five hundred feet low. In such a way we descended about 1380 feet on an incline, making with the horizontal an angle of 15½ degrees. I shall forbear to state the idea I had before entertained of a coal mine. But here it was little more, or little less than a system of main tracks and branch tracks, up grades and down grades, and all the others kinds of tracks and grades, under ground. We were conducted through some of the principal passages, made acquainted with many of the rules of mining, showed the thickness of the seams, &c., till at last we were gliding up with an ease apparently as great as that with which we descended. Friday afternoon was occupied in gathering fossils along the beach. Specimens of the *lepidodendron*, *calamite*, *asigillari*, &c., were gathered, the fossil trees inspected, the strata examined, and once more we were ready to start not to stop until Blomidon had been reached.

A day's slow sailing, a foggy night, a day's calm, and a brisk wind at last enabled us to run into West Bay on Sunday evening, where we anchored for the

night. Next day Blomidon and Partridge Island were visited. Some good specimens of *amethyst*, *agate*, *dog-tooth spar*, *selenite*, &c., were found. After spending another night in West Bay we started on Tuesday morning for Wolfville, arriving there about 10.30 a. m. The process of unshipping being gone through with, we left the "Bella Barry" feeling satisfied with everything and ready to tell the coming juniors to make an attempt to have a junior expedition.

SOPHOMORING.

The following brief account of the Sophomore celebration has been handed us by a member of the class:—

Every hour of June 3rd was usefully employed by the Soph's. As incipient Juniors they next day wandered listlessly about, with heavy eye but light breast, thinking of the toils of the past. For weeks preparations had been progressing. On the eventful night under the scientific leadership of the "Duke," otherwise known as Mr. Wellington H. Jenkins, we issued with guns, torches, lanterns, &c. We sallied forth, surprised and disappointed the Sems, and took our way to the god of Mathematics. He was not in uniform, so spoke a few philosophical sentences in answer to the address of Mr. C. W. Eaton, from his post behind the window. Dr. Jones well repaid our visit by his eloquent words. Right about face, for our honored Professor of English, who rose to the occasion, as did also the man of science, Prof. Coldwell. Each, notwithstanding the outrageous hour, spoke in his own happy manner. The Sem, however, was our objective point. We now proposed to make up for all early disappointments. Salute after salute rang out, Chinese lanterns gleamed, hither and thither lurid torches ghastly glared, till their light was swallowed up in the blaze of saturated oil casks. Rockets shot into the heavens, burst over the Sem, and presented a sight hardly less beautiful than the faces dimly discernible within. The voice of song floated high into the early morning air, and at last came the climax of the evening, the burial of Edward Olney, who, notwithstanding that he has been laid on the shelf for two months, is still fresh in our memories. Dimly through the sombre shadows of the trees might be seen the pall-bearers, well led by the official who performed the last rites—Mr. A. E. Shaw. Mounting the stand, smoothing his brow and casting his eyes towards heaven (the East) he delivered a burial oration, extracts of which are as follows: Thus perisheth the pest of the earth. The tyrant who yesterday imposed his relentless task, who yesterday laid his lash of a hundred strings on the backs of his tumbling devotees, to-day is dust. If it is true that every heart knoweth its own sorrow, it follows that each must know its own gladness also, and I think if I should voice the feelings of each who surrounds the urn containing thy ashes, O Olney, I should send to heaven one

glad burst of song. Thou hast received thy just reward; the smoke of thy renown which soothes my very nostril is as grateful as ever was the costliest incense, which fanned the cheek of Egypt's loved queen. The thud of the spade which speaks of a resting place for thee is as sweet a solace as the groan of the prison door, as swung open by the turnkey it admits into almost a new resurrection the prisoner, perhaps unjustly condemned to lie for years amid the horrors of a dungeon.

Farewell Olney; to the shades of darkness, to the realms of night, to the regions of Pluto, we commend thee! What prayers have ascended from those in pursuit of thee. How hopes have been blasted! how the golden dream of imagination which has reared its aerial chambers in the breast of some son given scholar, has been recklessly, utterly dashed to the ground upon looking into thy countenance, where nothing is except hours of midnight darkness, whose presence nothing is felt except the cold, clammy hand of the chilling dew of morn. Thy ashes are livid with curses, are drenched with tears, are now sifting in death. Farewell grief, farewell woe, and come the eternal agonies of the Plutonian shades of thee departed Olney. None regret thee except the sod of all that is implacable, upon whose brow sits the scowl of immortal hate, whose breast is the home of chastisement, whose locks are glowering black forests threatening destruction, between the ligaments of whose hands are seen double-barrelled parallelograms far more terrible than their loaded hyden, or fifty black-tongued gonugones. Wander hopelessly in search of rest when naught exists but unrest, disorder, and destruction, O Olney!

Take up thy abode in the Plutonian mansions where gnawing want and murderous war waive their banners terrible. May the green grass which shall cover thee hide the scars which thou hast caused. May thy name pass in utter oblivion even as thy ashes scatter before the blast thou king of iniquities, thou prince of evils!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

J. F. Longley, \$2; Rev. G. W. Carey, \$5; S. E. Gourley, \$1; L. P. Churchill, \$3; Geo. E. Day, \$1.50; E. C. Whitman, 1; Prof. W. Elder, \$1; Miss M. E. Graves, \$1; C. O. Tupper, \$1; J. M. Smith, \$2; S. W. Cummings, \$1; T. E. Corning, \$1; J. B. Hall, \$1; O. H. Haverstock, \$1; Wm. Millen, \$2; Western Book and News Co., \$3.50; A. McIntyre, \$1; T. S. E. Freeman, \$1; R. Prat, \$3.50; L. Ruggles, \$1; Jos. S. Lockhart, \$1; Wm. Wallace, \$1; G. O. Gates, \$1; Mrs. A. H. Walker, \$1; G. H. Wallace, \$1.75; G. V. Rand, \$3.50; Caldwell & Murray, \$6; C. H. Borden, \$2.50; Dr. Bowles, \$1; E. M. Snide, \$4; A. T. Morse, \$1; Burpee Witter, \$6; E. M. Saunders, \$1; Clifford Shand, \$1; J. W. Manning, \$1; T. F. Hoben, 50 cts.; J. B. Calkin, \$1; G. H. Robertson, \$1.

CHIPMAN HALL.

ANOTHER year has passed and the hearty voices of the "boys" are no longer heard in Chipman Hall. All of us felt as we turned our backs on the scene of our studies, that the year just passed had been one of the most pleasant that we ever enjoyed on the Hill. Before leaving, the students wishing again to express their appreciation of the kindness shown to them during the year by Mr. and Mrs. Keddy, met in the dining hall at 7 o'clock, on the evening before closing and presented this lady and gentleman with part of a silver tea service. One need but look on each expressive face to know the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Keddy are held by the students.

The following is an outline of Mr. C. H. Day's address of presentation on behalf of the students.

Mr. and Mrs. Keddy :—

It is with varied feelings that we meet to-night to present you with this token of our regard. We do not wish you to look on this as a mere formal repetition of what has occurred at the close of each college year, but as an expression of personal friendship existing between you and each one of the students. Friendship is tested by time and trial, and I feel certain that I am expressing the feelings of all present when I say that you have never failed us in any time of need. Those of us who have been so fortunate as to be sick have revelled in all the dainties that would tempt the appetite of the most confirmed dyspeptic; in fact your prompt attention to such cases, has, I am afraid, induced some of us to play the invalid.

Mrs. Keddy, could anyone take the place of a mother in a student's heart, I am sure you are that one. Have we ever felt discouraged, lonely or homesick, your pleasant rooms have always invited us there. Have we ever been in trouble and sickness,

your kind solicitude and ready sympathy have helped us to overcome and forget them. Have we ever felt the keen pangs of hunger at the midnight hour, after long hours of violent study, we have never found the pantry port holes shut against us, and for these and many more kindnesses we wish to express to you our sincere and heart-felt gratitude.

Mr. Keddy, you are one of the boys! We look on you as one who sympathizes with us in every good word and work, and I verily believe that if we were to raise an insurrection against any existing tyranny, you would willingly lead us on to victory; however that may be, we feel a greater nearness to you than to almost any other gentleman of the faculty. We have enjoyed your society and appreciated your ready willingness to assist us. Your kindness, we may never be able individually to return, but we feel sure that whatever may happen to us in the future, we will never forget you.

Some of us are about to leave "Old Acadia" forever, and in that thought there is sadness, for we have enjoyed much here, but amid the many pleasant memories that come floating back to us from the past four years, those connected with Chipman Hall and our life here, are among the most pleasant. We will soon be scattered, but memory will carry with us much we would not and could not forget.

And now accept this gift, looking on it not according to its intrinsic value, for that would never express the true worth of our feelings toward you, but let it be the reminder of a friendship above all valuation. The classes come and go, and new forces will appear on the Hill, but the greatest favor that you can bestow on us is that you will not forget the boys of "'86."

Mr. Keddy then replied in fitting words expressing his great pleasure and appreciation of the students' kindness and wishing them every success.

We may just add that we hope Mr. and Mrs. Keddy will long continue to bless Chipman Hall with their presence.

LOCALS.

Conversazione !

Anniversary week !!

The upper fifteen !!!

A SEEDY looking crowd—returned juniors.

A LONG needed improvement is at hand in the shape of a lamp post on College Hill.

THE rooms in Chipman Hall are pretty generally taken for next year.

THE Athenæum Society has employed Mr. J. B. Morgan as its agent. He is authorized to collect all debts for the paper and to solicit subscriptions.

THE choir of the village church deserve the thanks of the students for the able manner in which they have performed their part of the services during the past year.

THE College will re-open Oct. 1st. A larger number of students than ever are expected. Now is the time for all to do their share towards filling the halls of Acadia.

THE rhetorical exercises of the Sophomore class took place in Assembly Hall, on May 20th. Some of the parts were excellently rendered, but the selections in several instances were unhappy.

THE oldest inhabitant has been heard to remark that there were in Wolfville, during Anniversary week, more white-wash, fruit-blossoms, good clothes and brains than ever before. This is an age of progress.

QUITE recently a student, in a hurried manner, entered a classmate's room exclaiming, Charlie wh— but at the sight of a Prof. the sentence died on his lips. Soon however, he recovered his equilibrium and with a little more calmness, *grin* again to inquire where that book was.

ACCORDING to the byo-laws recently adopted, the officers of the paper are elected at the close of the College year. For the ensuing term they are as follows :

Chief Editors, J. B. Morgan and I. W. Porter.

Asst. Editors, A. E. Shaw, C. W. Eaton, and H. W. McKenna.

Sec. Treas., H. L. Day.

Our genial and enterprising friend, A. M. Hoare, of the Western News and Book Co., who has so long and successfully supplied us with books, stationery, etc., has, we regret to learn concluded to remove his place of business to the city of Halifax. We wish him a successful career in his new location. He is followed by our best wishes and the hearty good will of all.

THE CENTURY

for 1885-86.

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

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Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are :

THE WAR PAPERS BY GENERAL GRANT AND OTHERS.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civ. War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. HOWELLS,

MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Howell's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston and others; Papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments,— "Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

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The publishers of *Grip* are making extensive improvements for 1886. The old cover is to be discarded, and the journal will hereafter comprise 12 pages, and be printed on heavy toned and calendered paper,—every number being so artistically executed as to compare favorably with the best papers of the kind on the continent. The adverts. will be compressed and more systematically arranged; while similar improvements will be made as to the letter-press. A new and handsome design will adorn the title page; while the Cartoons will certainly not suffer from extensive improvements in the artistic department.

The price of *Grip* will hereafter be \$3 a year, which is lower than that of any paper of its kind in America,—most of them selling for \$5. Single numbers of *Grip* will be 10 cents.

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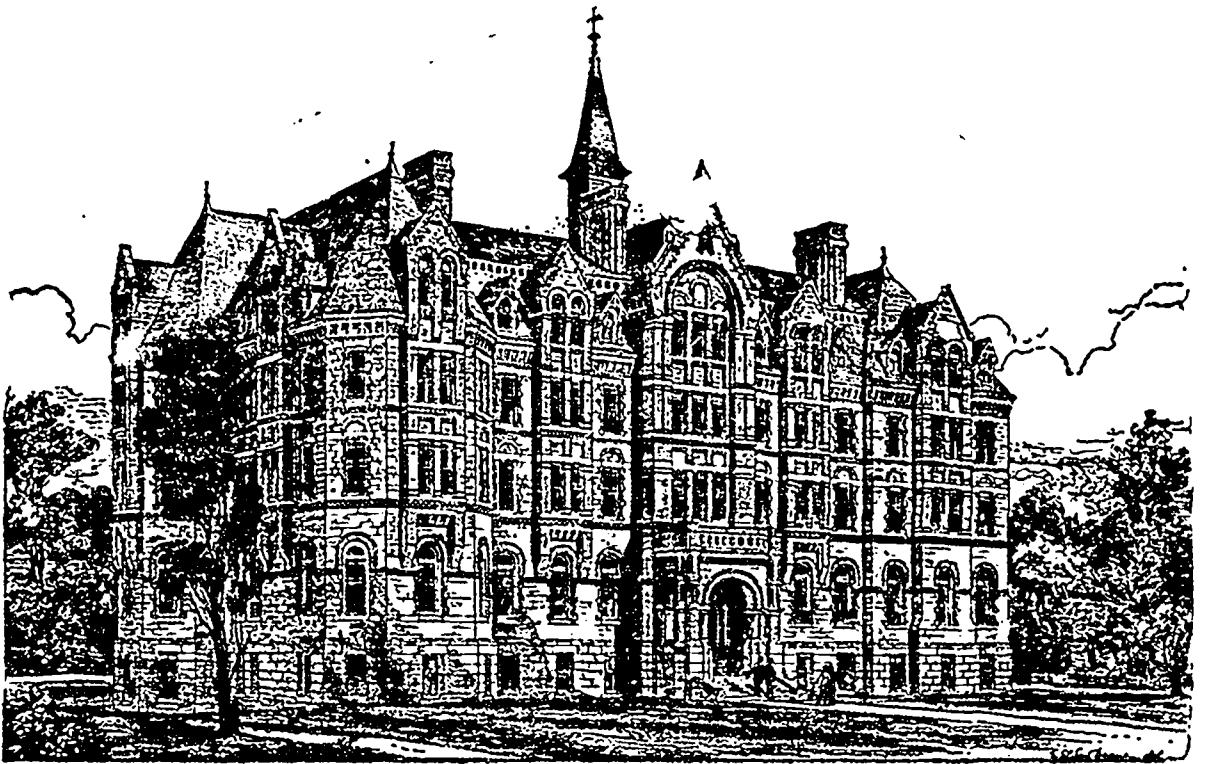
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