

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR

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## Original Poetry.

### THE OLD SAW-MILL.

In a quiet spot on a lonely road,  
Where the hum of life is still,  
Where the May-blossom thickly the spring  
has strewed,  
And the silent water for ages flowed,  
There stands the ancient mill.

Hushed is the cry of the busy wright,  
And the voice of the flying saw,  
Lonely and weird by day and night,  
'Neath the golden sun or the moonlight white,  
It touches the heart with awe.

O'er the crumbling mould of its rafters bare  
The clustering mosses wreath,  
And they quietly gather year by year,  
Like the grasses o'er our buried dear,  
And cover the death beneath.

And year by year as the seasons fly,  
And the warm sun wakes the spring,  
I visit the spot with a tearful eye,  
And gather the blossoms that whisper nigh  
In the silent song they sing.

For my heart is now like the ancient mill  
All marred by the hand of time,  
Like a shattered ruin it standeth still,  
While the light and shadow alternate fill  
From the morn of a golden prime.

When hope like the tooth of the flying steel  
Stayed not for the knots of care,  
And the mill-race of youth turned swift the  
wheel

Of a spirit that had not learned to feel  
The canker and mould and wear.

But now on the crumbling rafters bare  
Of the joys that are passed away,  
The mosses of memory cluster fair,  
And they silently gather year by year,  
And cover the sad decay.

### THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

GLANCING down the dim vista of  
memory, there come many pictures of  
the past floating through the mind. Some  
are sharp and well defined, others are  
clothed in the misty garments of forget-  
fulness. Some cause pain, and we turn  
away from them wishing that they might  
be blotted from the canvas of life. Others  
present glad colors, and we love to linger

round them drawing happiness from their  
beauty and freshness; so that many times  
when life seems dreary and the flame of  
hope burns dim in our hearts, sad with  
failures and discouragements, those happy  
scenes of the past glide into the weary  
soul, stealing away the present sadness  
and casting a flood of glad light upon our  
dark pathway, and we inspired by their  
memory take up the lightened burden of  
cares and go trustfully on.

Among many pictures of the past there  
is one strongly delineated on the canvas  
of memory—it is the old school house and  
around it cluster a group of memories that  
will never grow dim.

It is a little red building almost square,  
one story high, surrounded by a fence  
which bears marks of a frequent applica-  
tion of the axe and jack-knife, and  
worn by the constant chafing of the tilt-  
ing boards. The play-ground, rough with  
hillocks, and carpeted with short dusty  
grass worn here and there by the bases of  
ball-players, and marked by the whirling  
horse-shoe used in the place of the more  
classic quoit, brings up recollections of  
many hard contests over the foot-ball.  
In imagination we can feel the tingling  
touch of the snow ball upon our ear, and  
hear the loud cry of triumph, as the en-  
emy's fort yields to the snow artillery.  
No trees are around it, to cast their grate-  
ful shade on the group of hot and weary  
players during the sultry days of August,  
or to ward off the wintry blasts of March.  
Who ever thought of planting trees  
about such a place as the school house.  
At a short distance off we see the pond,  
surrounded by trees, where in the Summer  
we took practical lessons in the art of  
navigation, and whose glassy surface, in  
the winter, tempted the truant to enlarge  
his bumps of knowledge more expediti-  
ously than by plodding over dull books.

So much for the exterior and surround-  
ings, let us take a peep within. We step  
into this "thinking shop of the soul"  
through a door marked with many strange  
devices, the first movings of the artistic  
spirit in some young breast, whose imagi-  
nation crystalizes itself into those fantastic  
forms.

The ceiling is low and dusty, in the  
centre of which is a square black hole  
leading to the regions above. This is

termed the ventilator, a dark place filled  
with terrors for the young transgressors,  
and rife with plots against the ruling  
powers set on foot by the leaders in the  
opposition. At one end raised on a plat-  
form is the teacher's desk and chair, near  
which stands his sceptre a birch rod, fa-  
mous for its many educational powers  
"thrashing the seeds of knowledge into  
the stupids at the end opposite to their  
head." Behind the teacher's desk is  
the black-board flanked by the ball frame  
dark and fearful, inquisitionally used to  
draw forth the hidden mysteries of  
mathematics.

Around the room is run a long desk  
behind which are ranged benches, all car-  
ved and marked full of names, the only  
scroll of fame on which many of them  
will be handed down to posterity, and  
though the rule of birch was strict, the  
temptation to try a new jack-knife de-  
spite the consequences often prevailed. A  
ragged map or two, together with a stove  
but slightly acquainted with blackening,  
finishes the picture. No globe excepting  
a rosy apple confiscated to the public be-  
nefit, by some unhappy urchin whose  
cravings in an unguarded moment over-  
came his discretion.

Around this homely scene sweet memo-  
ries cling like the ever-green round the  
withered oak, hiding its deformity and  
giving it life and beauty. It loses all its  
deariness, when we think of it as filled  
with happy light-hearted children intent  
on study, or rushing out to play, filling  
the air with jubilant sonuds.

### PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

CHARLES READE in employing these  
words as a title for his famous novel,  
embodied therein a principle, related not  
alone to the special case of social evil  
which forms the purpose of his work, but  
one which is of world-wide application  
and universal value. In truth it requires  
no very extensive powers of observation  
or reflection to discover that a large pro-  
portion of the marring and disturbing  
influences which enter into the social  
relations of life, arise from the failure to  
observe in its spirit, this excellent precept,  
Put yourself in his place. Consider the



hosts of prejudices which warp and poison the minds of men, causing them to look with jaundiced vision upon their fellows. How many of these, like poisonous night begotten vapours rise from ignorance or misrepresentation. Hasty judgments thus formed, and distorted conclusions thus arrived at, could not stand for a moment before the full exercise of that liberal spirit, which finds expression in the caption of these remarks. Our individual life is touched at every point by the great life of humanity. This surging sea encircles us on every hand. Appeal after appeal comes from the dark depths of human want and distress, seeking to arouse to responsive echoes, the deep notes of sympathy and compassion in our common nature. And how may our natures attain to that unselfish and sympathetic attune, which shall lead us in the application of the broadest charity, to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and to weep with them that weep." The above maxim points out an all efficient method. These words indicate the formation of an invaluable habit of thought. In the carrying out of this precept is implied a mental process, involving the exercise of one of the most lordly attributes of the human mind, none other than that of the imagination.

This seems clear from the form of expression used. Put yourself in his place, must mean nothing more nor less than so taking into consideration the various circumstances in the case of others which render them fit subjects for our charity or forbearance, as to identify ourselves in a measure with their interests, thus enabling ourselves to arrive at just judgments and liberal conclusions. In all this it is evident that imagination must play an important part. We are used to think of this faculty as linked with lofty intellect and soaring into the empyrean of exalted thought, opening the portals of brighter worlds, and disclosing to gifted spirits the glories which are hidden from common ken. But while the broad realm of thought has been wondrously enriched by the matchless creations of this rare spirit, let us not think that this is her only sphere. Imagination may be linked with heart as well as with pure intellect, indeed have not her grandest achievements been effected in this quarter. May we not say, with all reverence, that in its divine perfectness it moved divinity in the fullness of infinite compassion to stand in the place of outcast man, and does it not exist as an essential element in every broadly sympathetic nature.

Look at the numerous institutions that flourish beneath every enlightened government, expressly for the amelioration of the condition of the poor and needy. Consider the great social reforms that

have taken place resulting in grand upliftings of the race, and has not imagination proved a mighty power to move those leading spirits who by these methods have moved the world, was it not the eye whereby they perceived the magnitude of existing wants, the power which acted upon as it was by the other forces of their strong natures, and acting thereupon in turn enabled them to grasp the broad requirements of their time to effect grand measures for the good of their fellow men, in a word to put themselves in the place of others. Here then is a principle, which if brought into the practical every day life of the great commonalty would have a tendency to smooth away those carpings and asperities which flash so readily from resentful natures, and render our every life an evangel of peace and good will to men. It comes into play in those numerous cases where one is aroused to sudden anger by the seemingly unjust actions of others, leading to the calm and judicious weighing of all the circumstances in the case, and the leaving of a broad and generous margin of allowance for imperfections and seeming incongruities. In the numberless cases that arise in real life, calling for our forbearance or presenting claims upon our sympathy, we shall find abundant room for utilizing the imaginative part of our natures by thus putting ourselves in the place of others.

### KNOW THYSELF.

In the various and engrossing affairs of our daily life, we are apt to overlook and neglect the study of our own natures, moral, mental, and physical. How far this is true in respect to our moral nature I will leave for the christian to decide. To diligently apply the mind to the investigation of science and the acquiring of knowledge is to cultivate the mental faculties, but to determine what profession is best adapted to our capacities we must study our mind, we must examine it as mineralogist would a mineral, or a botanist a plant. But to become acquainted with our physical nature it is necessary to study our physical organization.

Upon a knowledge of the laws relating to our different natures and obedience to them, depend our health and happiness. These laws are fixed and unchangeable and they cannot be obeyed unless they are understood. No man can become an architect unless he obeys the principles of architecture, nor can he obey them unless he studies and understands them. And thus it is with the laws of our physical nature. To obey them we must know them.

God has revealed to us his moral laws in the Bible. The physical laws are revealed through the study of our physical organization. But moral and physical

laws are equally divine and, therefore, should be equally obeyed.

Punishment is the penalty of disobedience. Our legislature enacts laws, and thousands of law books are published annually and sent into all parts of the country in order that the people may know and obey these laws. If they are violated the delinquent is punished, but *not always*: The disobedience of the moral law is followed by the punishment of the offender, but *not always*, for under certain conditions man may escape the punishment due to sin. But if man disregards and violates the laws of his physical nature, he himself must expiate the offence for he can in no way escape the penalty. Would a whole train of cars be entrusted to the care of an engineer who did not understand the working of the engine? Much less can an individual, without fully understanding himself, guide the frail vessel of humanity over the sea of life, through the winds of appetites and passions, over the tempest-tossed and roaring billows of fashion, clear of the rocks and shoals of ignorance. How many a fine and noble-hearted young man has been consigned to an early grave, drawn thither by his appetites and passions. How many a beautiful woman has left a vacant spot, torn from those whom she loved through the power of fashion!

I conceive that the principal reasons why the laws of health are violated are ignorance and the want of proper instruction at the right time. Before the young man and young woman leave the paternal roof, they should be made acquainted with the principles of physiology and hygiene, and should become conversant with the laws of health. Then will they be able to act, and act intelligently for themselves. They will then be armed with shield, helmet, breastplate, and greaves. Then, if at any time, knowledge is power. It is true that many will, in defiance of this knowledge yield themselves up, as devotees of fashion or worshippers of Bacchus; nevertheless, I believe a great amount of good may be accomplished by the method which I have suggested.

Health, strength, and length of life are regulated by immutable laws, and what we call the Providences of God are the evolutions of those laws. Is it not surprising that ignorance and superstition should exist in regard to this matter? To every other branch of knowledge attention is paid, but that knowledge, in which man's temporal welfare is most deeply concerned, is neglected, science, history, literature, and the fine arts are most assiduously studied, but that most wonderful mechanism of which the greatest of designers was the fashioner, in which we see a conclusive proof of the existence,



skill, knowledge, power, and wisdom of the Creator is understood only by a few. This complicated, mechanism is worthy of our attention. A knowledge of the functions of its organs would be as pleasant interesting and instructive as the knowledge of any other branch of science, if not much more so.

The study of this department of knowledge would dispel the clouds of ignorance and superstition which hover over the minds of many and raise men and women to a better and nobler way of living. It would materially lessen the amount of disease, suffering and premature death. If the study of the physiology and hygiene of our own organizations will enable us to avoid disease, then are we responsible for the suffering which we are compelled to endure through our violation of the laws of health. If one third of the diseases of the human family is hereditary, which is conclusively proved by statistics, how great is the responsibility of parents.

### ONE IDEA

I HAVE no doubt but that many of my aged, middle-aged and youthful readers,—for I trust I have some of each class—have spent pleasant afternoons in the course of some defunct rivulet and have been amused by viewing the various triangular, rectangular, quadrangular, globular, and spherical shape which the stones in the bed of that vanished rivulet have assumed, also have discovered some smooth round holes imbedded in the solid rock which look for all the world as if the Naiads had seriously intended running opposition to the pestle and mortar in the nearest village or were boring for some hidden treasure long buried in its rocky grave. They have been led to ask the question what made those curious indentures? If they will only take a sly glance at the bottom of this rocky basin they will discover the vile desperado in the shape of a smooth round stone which being propelled by the motion of the water has done the infamous deed. These wonderful excavations by mineralogists are denominated by the cognomen pot-holes.

Now if we should turn from the contemplation of one of these and the mode of its architecture and consider for a moment what it most resembles in this world of ideas, I do not hesitate in saying that it will be unscrupulously placed upon the shoulders of the man of *one idea*. He is certainly a moral pot-hole with a pebble in it, and as all the waters of the vast Atlantic cannot displace that pebble, so the thunder and lightning of eloquence, or the bursting of the flood gates of truth, or the still small voice of love cannot rout the pebble from the breast of the man of *one idea*; it only will tend to make its

revolutions more rapid, and to enlarge its resting place. He can see nothing save his one idea, and if he cannot find anything in the bible to support it, he will discard the bible rather than that. If the greater part of the descendants of Father Adam do not coincide with him they are at once termed "narrow minded," or as brainless as that anima with long ears whose mellifluous voice makes day hideous.

Man cannot live by bread alone, a variety of nutritious aliment is essentially necessary to his mortal existence. A sailor kept too long on hard tack and salt junk degenerates into scurvy; or a Sprig of the Ould Sod who lives to devour his elysian root, regardless of bread and meat grows up with puisne ocularity, a wry face, and curtailed of his fair proportions. It is precisely thus with the man who gormandizes his mind upon one idea, he becomes an ideal dyspeptic of the idiosyncratical species. A mind that gives itself up to one idea becomes essentially insane, always an extremist, which is ever a nuisance; and an extremist is never a man of a sound mind. As examples take the vegetarian, the ventilationist, many temperance reformers, book farmers and many others who give their whole time and attention to these and nothing more;—peruse all they can on the subject, poke it into every man's face, have no faith in any man who does not believe as they do, consider themselves martyrs only to the cause, when in fact they are suicides. If a person has a cause that he wishes to fail let him put it in the hands of the man of one idea, and its death is inevitable. Men know that he is not trustworthy. If he talks pleasantly they listen with indifference, if he scolds they hiss him, or applaud him as they would the vulgar feats of a clown in a travelling circus. We have only to learn that a man can see nothing but his pet-idea, and we shun him as we would a hydra-headed monster.

### ANTIQUITY.

LIKE a green isle in the sea, the present lies between the darkened past and hidden future. On it we live ever attended by hope, the fair, fascinating advocate of the morrow, scattering before us diamond-like promises to enhance our longing for days to come. On it we live refreshed by the experience and memories of the past, as by gales softly wafted from spicey lands, or as the soul exults at the distant strains of some well remembered, some long-wished for melody. The rich and varied treasures garnered in bygone hours become sacred in age. They are parts of the past fringed with the beauteous tints of time. In the twilight reverie there comes o'er

us like a flood the memory of bright hours made brighter by the fellowship of endeared companions; then we feel that

"There is a happiness in past regret,  
And echoes of the harshest sound are sweet."

Then all the past seems to gather close about us as the darkening tentlike sky in the shades of evening. Thus we forget the present and live with delight in time which memory alone preserves.

But these pensive, sometimes poetical remembrances of early years are only ripples on the water compared to the rushing mighty billow as it sweeps down the ages. Antiquity inspires us with sublime wonder and the deepest awe. It grasps with almost unyielding firmness the minds of men and exacts a weak obsequious homage. Religious customs and opinions sanctioned by the ages, engrafted more perfectly by each successive generation become a voice with imperative tones that challenge dispute. They assume gigantic and majestic proportions which never fail to impress most deeply. Relics of the earlier ages are eagerly sought after and highly prized, not for their intrinsic worth, but for the history they tell and the emotions they awaken. Ancient manuscripts containing the utterances of early genius are especially valued. To the lover of antiquity these are priceless jewels. Thus men are induced to the laudable search after the treasures and gems of antiquity. And those who have brought to light what was lost, and in a measure called the past from the tomb duly robed in its former raiment justly merit the gratitude of posterity. The results of such labors are of incalculable value. While we are careful that no false veneration for age leads us to accept error nor unjust depreciation to reject truth, we may ever profit richly alike from the wisdom and foolishness of our predecessors. Each is permitted to feel the truth in the words of Southey.

"My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
I live in long-past years;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears;  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with a humble mind."

OUR University Calendar for 1876 is now, we are informed, in the hands of the printer.

HARVARD University is about establishing a travelling scholarship, to be competed for by graduates.

THERE are one hundred and seventy-five names on the register of Horton Collegiate Academy this term.

THE citizens of Halifax have not as yet been able to agree upon a site for their contemplated music hall.



# Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1876.

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## CONTENTS:

The old Saw Mill, (Poetry).....	33
The old School House.....	33
Put yourself in His Place.....	33
Know Thyself.....	34
One Idea.....	35
Antiquity.....	35
Editorial.....	36
Obituary.....	37
An Intellectual Drudge.....	37
Exchanges.....	38
Parody, (Poetry).....	38
Personals.....	38
Locals.....	39
Items.....	39

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NOTWITHSTANDING very much has been written on the subject of education we think that it has not as yet been quite exhausted, and, since it is our all-absorbing theme as students, a series of articles under this heading, might not be out of place at this time, or without interest to our readers.

No subject which agitates this Dominion to-day is of so much importance as that of education. It ever has, and doubtless ever must, occupy to a very great extent the attention of statesmen and patriots, of every rank and position of society. The ablest minds have been engaged in promoting it. The pulpit, the platform and the press have all occasionally been called into the ranks to forward the cause of education.

Yet all has not been done. Whilst looking back over our history, it does indeed afford us pleasure and encouragement to observe the rapid progress that has been made in this department during the last few years; still there is room for great advancement.

And how important that this advancement should be made? How necessary that it should keep pace with the requirements of the age? Education has to do

with all the affairs of life. It not only ennobles every avocation in which man engages, but renders him valuable, we had almost said indispensable, assistance in each.

It aids him in the prosecution of his own affairs in fighting the battle of life for himself, and also makes him a better member of society. It is that, from the very nature of things, the foundation of all true progress in a country, since the more knowledge one possesses, the more he will be able to produce with his capital and labor.

We do not wish to be understood as depreciating the present school system which obtains in these provinces. We admire it in many particulars. It is perhaps second to none in the world. Still, however, we deem it far from perfect. Nor are we at all satisfied with our higher Institutions of learning. Now it *may* be as some assert, that the condition of our educational institutions, both common and higher schools, is all that can be expected in our present state of prosperity. We cannot see it thus. But suppose this were so, is that enough? We think not. Education being as before remarked the ground-work of all prosperity and progress, should ever be kept in the van. It should be looked upon as the cause, not the result of progress. Instead of improvements in our educational systems being the outgrowth of the financial and social advancement of the country, and brought about merely by the exigencies of the times, they should be established with the view of fostering and accelerating all financial and social as well as intellectual prosperity.

It seems to us that a radical defect lies just here, viz, in that men look at education as a kind of luxury which is very well to enjoy but may easily be dispensed with—as a something which indeed adorns society but which, if done away with, would leave it little or none the worse. Nothing can be more erroneous than such an idea as this. Could we eliminate all education from society, the social fabric would at once fall to the ground. Advancement would be no more; but on the contrary such a retrograde movement would be inaugurated as would soon carry us back to the "dark ages." Education is no superfluity; it is the great

necessity of the day. We often meet with the question, "is the world to progress so rapidly during the next half century as it has in the last?" We can see no reason why it should not. Perhaps such great triumphs as the invention of the steam-engine, or the telegraph may not be achieved again in the future history of the world, but who knows? Yet an almost endless number of improvements will be made.

One thing we do know, that if the progress of the human race in the next fifty years, or the next any number of years, is to be commensurate with that of the past, education must be the most important factor in producing this result, and this too, not only in what are considered to be the more important and higher classes of society, but equally so among the masses. It is an erroneous and fatal idea to suppose that *muscle* is the only requisite for success, even in those vocations which are carried on by manual labor. It is only the man of education that can work to advantage in any of these callings. Let it be borne in mind that we are not now contending for what is commonly understood as university education, although it can be shown that even this is very much to the advantage of its possessor, whatever may be his profession. We are speaking of education in the broader sense of that term, such, for instance as the agriculturist needs, in order that he may raise just as much from every acre of land as it is possible to produce from it. There are, perhaps, few respects in which our schools are more deficient than in this. Our people are to a very great extent a farming people. It is a recognized fact that scientific principles can, with great profit, be applied to the tilling of the soil; and yet, little, or no instruction is imparted on this subject at our schools. Nor do we have an institution at which young men may be trained expressly for this department. The result of this is lamentably evident. Our young men, finding the lands from which their fathers have secured a sustenance, exhausted, or, in some way or other, not so productive as formerly; and wanting the knowledge that would enable them to repair the damage which a lack of information has caused, become discouraged and disgusted with the occupation, and in



many cases leave their country. This, we think, is the chief reason for that unfortunate exodus of young men which is so deleterious to the best interests of these provinces.

WHY haven't we a gymnasium? This question is often propounded to us by students, when, as on stormy days, the weather forbids our taking out-door exercise. The only answer we can make is the laconic "Why?" The College Faculty manifest great interest in our intellectual culture, by making long assignments in classics, mathematics and the various other branches included in the curriculum; and thus cause us to burn that poetic liquid, termed the "midnight oil," in preparing ourselves for making a recitation on the following day. Nor are they wholly oblivious to our moral culture, for lectures on different phases of that subject from the formation of character down to such minor matters as toilet, neatness of dress, &c., are, as occasion may seem to require, delivered to the students and more or less appreciated by them. But alas for our physical culture! No provision whatever is made for it during the season when cricket or base-ball cannot be played. The only exercise available to students is walking, and that in the finest weather is very unsatisfactory, while often for several days at this time of year it is all but impracticable; and during the season of mud in the early part of spring and late in autumn, it is to say the least decidedly unpleasant. The result of all this is, that little exercise is indulged in by the students during half of the College year. Now we believe with Horace that "a sound mind in a sound body" is absolutely necessary to success in life, and hence the importance of making provision for the cultivation of the *physical* at College. We look back to-day to see where all those are who some four or five years ago began their course of study with us, or those whom we knew as being here before us, and we find that some who were possessed of fine intellects have gone down to the grave; others are being made the prey of some fatal disease, and others yet lack that physical energy which is so much wanted in all the avocations of life. We propose, then, as the remedy for this

undesirable state of affairs, that a gymnasium or some such institution be provided, as a place where in all seasons of the year, students may take regular, daily exercise. In laying this matter before our Faculty, or perhaps more properly before the Board of Governors, we think we ask for nothing but what is reasonable. We are not at all inclined to grumble or find fault with the existing state of things, but conceiving this to be a matter of the highest importance, we could not but call attention to it, hoping that those who have the oversight of the institutions here, will take the matter into serious consideration.

PART of our Subscribers have been prompt in forwarding their subscriptions, will the rest please be as thoughtful and send us their fifty cents as we are at present much in need of pecuniary assistance. While the amount of each subscriber is small, the aggregate of the several amounts will materially aid us.

We regret to learn that some of the numbers of the last two issues have failed to reach their destination. It is a query to us why it has so happened; we know not where the mistake is. We are confident that it has not been through any carelessness or negligence on our part.

#### OBITUARY.

It has become our painful duty to record the death of another one of our much beloved and highly respected students, Mr. A. J. Davidson, of Portaupique, Colchester Co. He matriculated with the present Senior Class, but in the first year of his Collegiate Course he laid the foundation of that lingering and deceitful disease—Consumption—which ultimately carried him to fairer mansions where pain and suffering are unknown. Mr Davidson won our tenderest affections, and also those of a very large circle of acquaintances, and we feel that we are called upon to sustain a severe loss. His motto was "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was an untiring student and prosecuted his studies with a zeal that was commendable, and when compelled to leave our ranks we felt sad that our *alma mater* was to be deprived of one of her most promising sons. As

a Christian he was upright, consistent and exemplary. His religious exercises were marked by a lofty tone of devotional feeling. He was of that class of professors who hold on their way and become stronger and stronger in the Lord. His genial piety burned like a steady fire within, radiating in both word, look and act, and spread a pleasurable halo of happiness upon all with whom he mingled.

His disease was long and lingering, but for some time after it had seized him as a victim he continued to prosecute his studies, hoping against hope that the direful disease would release him from its relentless grasp, and that he might still be restored to his wonted health and strength, and be able to enter with joy upon his long cherished plan to go at his Master's bidding to work in the vineyard, but "God's ways are not as our ways." With un murmuring trust he submitted to His will, and oft was heard to exclaim "Not my will but His be done."

He manifested great resignation during his sickness and truly his sick room was very like an ante-chamber of heaven. How often have surviving friends had heart-rending occasion to be silent at the grave of a departed friend and not open their lips in reference to the deceased, in consequence of the inconsistency of their walk in life; but this was not the case with our departed friend and brother. He took a deep interest in everything that pertained to the kingdom of God.

We tender our warmest sympathies to the bereaved mother and relatives of the departed.

#### AN INTELLECTUAL DRUDGE.

THE above term is frequently applied to those characters of the Grub Street type, unfortunate poetasters and book makers, who, having wedded themselves to literature have discovered in her a hard mistress, who has reduced them to poverty and rage. But it is not in this connection that the thought occurred to us, nor in that sense, wherein it might be applied to those who have become so engrossed in study as to have neither time nor interest for other pursuits, but rather to that class of students, who, through sheer indolence have lost the prize that was within their reach, and fallen behind to recruit the great army of stragglers and laggards and drones. Doubtless, characters of the same ilk are



found in connection with all the more active pursuits of life, but our experience has led us to observe them more particularly in connection with that little typical world, which is comprised within the four walls of a literary institution, and our observation thus far justifies us in the conclusion that among the most miserable of all slaves stands the intellectual drudge. The Grub-streeters aforementioned are working with all their poor wits for a living. The hard student, consumed with a burning thirst for knowledge, is perhaps allowing himself to be led to that fatal precipice where he meets with a fatal fall, or escapes alone with impaired health and a shattered constitution. But the position of such is creditable and praiseworthy compared with that of the one who lies supinely at the open gates of knowledge, and refuses to enter. "Much study is a weariness to the flesh" saith the Preacher, but the very thought of labor, seems to have been sufficient to scare these creatures into a pitiable state of chronic laziness. Sometimes aroused by an impulse that comes floating to them on the passing breeze, perchance, by a view of the hours and privileges squandered, or by the stirring example of one who with a genius for plodding, has far outstripped them in the race, they arouse to a spell of transitory action. But their efforts are as uncertain as those of a rudderless ship in a gale, and about as effectual, and shortly wearying of this extra expenditure of power, they push back into the landlocked harbors of indolence, and lie there in the stagnant waters, useless, rotting hulks. And they are drudges, most despicable drudges, despising themselves for their inertness, but without the moral strength to arouse to study and continued effort, unfitted for present duty, and becoming more and more unfitted for a life of true nobility and usefulness in the future. Back in the earlier days of preparation and foundation laying, they allowed the spirit of sloth to overcome them, and now there is ever present with them, the sense of the great mass of haggled, imperfect and unfinished work, hanging about their necks like a millstone, causing them to stumble and to sink deeper and still deeper at every stumble, in the quicksands of moral and intellectual debility. Finally, they become discouraged, despairing, or apathetic slaves to their work, instead of its proud conqueror; in fine drudges. When we remember that the presumption is that the habits of thought and work formed by the student in his college days will follow him through life, these facts assume an observable significance and magnitude. Every imaginable motive, the duty of the present, the voice of the oncoming future seems to be calling upon

us to act, steadily, persistently, "to fight it out all summer on the line" if need be, ever to be doing something. Sincerely then and with all heartiness let us respond to the worthy sentiment.

From laziness, and all manner of slothfulness, Good Lord deliver us.

### EXCHANGES.

It affords us great pleasure to welcome to our exchange list the *University Monthly*, published by the Undergraduates of the University of East Tennessee. Altho' not got up in such a tasty style as many of our exchanges, we have no hesitation in saying that except in this one particular it approaches nearer to our ideal of what a college paper should be than any other similar periodical with which we are acquainted. The columns of the December number are for the most part filled with matter of sterling value, not excepting the criticism on "Queen Mary," which though ably written, heaps more encomiums upon that drama than our taste would warrant us in doing.

Two excellent periodicals, the *College Journal* and *Oberlin Review*, have made their appearance in our reading room for the first time and make a valuable addition to that institution. The former is published by the students of the Western University of Pennsylvania, the latter by those of Oberlin College. Both of these but especially the *College Journal* present a very fine appearance. We have found by experience that each will repay a careful perusal.

We had intended to notice the *Dalhousie Gazette* some issues back, but our Exchange Column was crowded out then. The *Gazette* has been enlarged this year and considerably improved in appearance. The contents are good, but do not we think present a sufficient variety. The December number contains two long historical articles which are to be continued. We have no doubt but that those who read them all through will be well repaid for their pains, but we fear that their number will be small.

We also welcome to our exchange list and reading room the *McGill Gazette*, organ of the students of McGill College. We were not very favorably impressed with the copy we received. The article on the "Worthlessness of General Musical Criticism" is good and well written.

The *Tyro* for December, 1875, is on our table. We deem it a valuable exchange. It is a neat pamphlet of forty pages and well filled with readable matter.

### PARODY.

One morning in his unshook quills,  
A *Soph.* was dreaming of the hour  
When youths, unscathed by college ills,  
Were free from x's power.  
In dreams through ancient scenes he roamed,  
In dreams an ancient maiden wooed,  
In dreams his happy fate he heard,  
Then knew the joys that Poet's sing.—  
Nor felt the pain that fetters bring,  
Wild were his thoughts, but short of wing,  
As *Shanghai's* long-legged bird.  
An hour passed on, the *Soph.* awoke;  
That bright dream gone at last.  
He woke to hear his classmate's shriek,  
"There goes the bell,—the *Greek*—the *Greek*!"—  
He woke to curse the Grecian lore,  
And swear that classics were a bore,  
And shower "sacres" thick and fast,  
As rain-drops from the mountain cloud,  
And wild in accents fierce and loud,  
He raging eased his mind.  
"Work till the morn succeeds the night;  
Work till your senses wing their flight;  
Work but never get things right,  
But always go it blind."

Then his frightened room-mate saw  
The fearful look that then he wore,  
And then and there he loudly swore,  
"You might have waked me up before,  
Its no use now, I'll be too late,  
Just tell the prof. he needn't wait;  
Tell him I'm sick, my head's confused,  
Tell him I'd like to be excused"  
His room-mate said it should be done,  
Then saw in sleep his eyelids close  
Calmly as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

### Personals.

SILAS McVane, A. B. '65, who studied afterwards at Harvard and also in Germany, has lately been appointed Instructor in Political Economy and Governmental Science at Harvard University. We are pleased to congratulate him on his success.

REV. J. W. Bancroft, A. B. '71, we are informed, has resigned his charge of the Baptist Church at Windsor.

ALBERT Coldwell, A. M. '67, Instructor in Mathematics in Horton Collegiate Academy, will please accept our thanks for placing "Harper's Weekly" in the Reading Room during the present term.

E. M. CHESLEY, A. B., has our thanks for the January number of the "Phrenological Journal."

HOWARD Barss, A. B., of Liverpool, G. B., also has our thanks for a copy of the "London Illustrated News," which he has been forwarding to the Reading Room during the present collegiate year.

MR. E. A. FREEMAN of the present Freshman Class, we are very sorry to learn on account of ill health, will not be back to finish up his year.



## Items.

PROFESSOR (to interrupted Freshman). "Now Mr. S——, you may proceed; excuse me for interrupting you." Fresh. —"I would be very happy to excuse you altogether, Professor."

"E PLURIBUS UNUM," as the classical student observed, when he tenderly lifted a hair out of the butter.

WE received a note from one of our country postmasters a short time since to the following effect. "Mr. ———, to whom you sent the ACADIA ATHENÆUM has been refused."

## Locals.

THE Acadia Athenæum (Literary Society) held its first meeting on Friday evening, Jan. 14. The following gentlemen were elected to office:

Mr. M. W. Brown, President;  
 "H. J. Foshay, Vice-President;  
 "F. F. Forbes, Corresponding Sec'y;  
 "W. G. Clark, Recording Sec'y;  
 "F. Hobart, Treasurer;  
 "F. D. Crawley, Critic.

THE friends of Acadia at home and abroad will be deeply gratified to learn that the wave of revival influence prevailing so extensively elsewhere has reached us here. No gladder news than this, no stronger proof of the truest prosperity and advancement will be required, we are assured, by the many whose hopes and anxieties do centre so largely in those attending these Institutions. The usual religious meetings held among the students have of late been multiplied, the attendance largely increased, and the interest greatly deepened. At present a large number from each of the three Institutions are humbly rejoicing in the attainment of that higher wisdom which adorns and immeasurably enhances the value of every natural gift and acquirement. In view of facts of this nature ever coming to light in relation to men's spiritual interests, how can a devout inquirer doubt the efficacy of a vital faith? Doubtless the influences at present prevailing within these walls may be largely traced to the earnest intercessions of the friends without. There is ground for encouragement that prayer thus signally answered for many, may avail for others—for all.

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