

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. XI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 5

THE Acadia Athenæum.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Students of Acadia University.

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One copy per Year, \$ 1.00. Postage prepaid.

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The Sanctum

TO those of our friends who may not be familiar with the name and reputation of Eli Perkins we submit the following out of a large number of testimonials before us:—

UNION COLLEGE, N. Y.

LECTURE BUREAU, 44 EAST 76TH ST., BOSTON.

A large and cultivated audience composed of professors, students and the *elite* of the city welcomed the return of Melville D. Landon to his *Alma Mater*. Everyone was delighted with his humor and philosophy. The lecture was full of valuable instruction. Union College is proud of Eli Perkins, and endorses his lecture to *sister* colleges as the best lecture ever produced in the country.

COLLEGE LECTURE COMMITTEE.

ELI PERKINS (Melville D. Landon, A. M.) is to lecture in College Hall on the 26th inst. Mr. L. has a European as well as an American reputation, and has convulsed audiences on both sides of the Atlantic with his inimitable humor. Few lecturers are more eagerly sought for or can exhibit more flattering testimonials from Churches, Colleges and Y. M. C. A's. His 'Philosophy of Wit' is spoken of by the highest authorities as abounding in everything that can interest and delight an audience. He is regarded by many of his admirers as superior to Mark Twain in the keenness of his wit and soundness of his philosophy. He is said to have made 'the most effective answer to Ingersoll ever listened to' and has just the 'wonderful talent needed to wake up and interest a mixed audience.' 'In his new lecture, Eli will give a philosophical description of wit, humor, satire, irony and the pun, conundrum and the bull or blunder. He will illustrate how laughter can be produced by the dialects, by the anticlimax and the paradox. He will show how oratory and the gesture can produce laughter. He will give hundreds of laugh provoking illustrations of grammatical blunders. He will show how exaggerated stories produce laughter. He will show the fallacy of Ingersoll's argument based on ridicule. He will show the relation of Pathos and Humor, and separate Wit and Humor and show their relations.' Altogether he is the most comical, the most sage and the most profoundly original character that a Wolfville audience may expect to see for some time.

GRUMBLERS have always existed and in all probability they will continue to make themselves and others miserable until the end of

the chapter. To become a chronic grumbler does not usually demand a large amount of intellect; frequently the absence of this article is the characteristic of the fraternity. Grumblers are often to be pitied as the victims of disordered lives rather than deferred to as the possessors of accumulated stores of wisdom. They are never at a loss for an opportunity to growl, and if one is wanting they promptly provide it. If everything moves pleasantly they regard it as a personal slight, and feel grieved and injured accordingly, and straightway grumble because there is nothing to grumble at. This querulous class might be despised if they were not so numerous or treated with indifference if not so annoying. There is no place secure against their intrusion. Nearly every college can exhibit several well developed specimens who take pains to find fault and snarl and persistently exhibit the "whole diabolical catalogue of their unamiable qualities" at the expense of their fellow-students who usually have to endure the affliction with stoical calmness. The college journal is often honored by the covert attacks of these gentry who growl because it is not conducted after a fantastic ideal which lurks somewhere in the obscurity of their own imagination. They declare with many a significant gesture that when they sit in the editor's chair "things will be different." This may be true, but the *difference* will hardly be in the line of improvement, as whatever looks in that direction is viewed by the ordinary grumbler as a new and pressing cause for complaint. THE ATHENÆUM doubtless receives a due share of attention from the fault-finding class but strong in the favor and sympathy of its numerous friends it can afford to be magnanimous and treat with indifference the impertinent remarks of the literary tyro or the crude deliverances of the embryo critic.

WORKS of fiction are to be found in nearly every student's library. This

class of literature has its good as well as its evil effects. While it is folly to proscribe it entirely it is equally unwise to admit to favor what is useless or pernicious. The gold and dross should be separated; the creations of an acknowledged genius and the worthless productions of the sentimental penny-a-liner should not be placed in the same category. The man who prefers garbage to wholesome food has a vitiated taste, similarly the student who chooses the trashy dime-novels when Scott, Dickens and Thackeray are within his reach proves himself devoid of appreciation for authors, high literary merit, and wanting in taste for genuine works of art. But to him who selects his authors wisely, strives to comprehend the lessons they would teach, analyzes the motives of the different characters and endeavors to grasp the work as a whole—to him we say the novel is an educator. But while we would blame the indiscriminate novel reader we would pity the one who reads to excess. He surrounds himself with an atmosphere of unreality, which is in antagonism with the demands and responsibility of every-day life. "He gets so habituated to the landscapes of romance that in these only he luxuriates; and he turns from an article creative to an artificial one." He waits till the curtains are down to find a summer's dawn blushing beautifully on paper; and half-asleep near a smoking lamp at midnight he has in the same way a splendid sunset on the mountain. This is to exist in a medium which is artificial and visionary, to exclude from the mind original impression and cram it with the vagaries of the imagination."

JOSEPH COOK, the celebrated Boston lecturer, has come and gone. Arrangements were made by which he would have visited the 'Land of Evangeline' and have addressed the Faculty, students and friends of the college, but for *various reasons* all plans failed and many

persons were disappointed. His lectures in this province have been quite fully reported in our daily papers, and are, we understand, to be published in full in a leading American journal. In consideration of this it would be unnecessary for us to give reports of the lectures which we had the pleasure of hearing. But perhaps we might venture to give his definition of a modern wonder and also state what he believes are the Seven Modern Wonders. A modern wonder, he said, must be regarded as a conspiracy of events irresistible in their course, cosmopolitan in their extent, beneficial in their results, and of super-human origin. According to this definition he states the seven wonders as follows:—*First*, the speed of inter-communication. *Second*, the self-reformation of the Hermit Nations. *Third*, the Parallel Advance of Educational and Representative Institutions. *Fourth*, the Prospective Moral Alliance of all English Speaking People. *Fifth*, the triumph of Christianity in our own Century. *Sixth*, the current fulfilment of all Biblical Prophecies. *Seventh*, the Gradual Establishment of a Scientific Super-naturalism, that is, the Triumph of Christianity over all materialism.

SINCE the removal of the Theological Department of Acadia College to Toronto, the prevalent and natural impression, among the friends of the institution, has been that all traces of Theological instruction have gone with it. But this is not so. For, as in the past, in the President's Hall, at 9 a. m., on Saturdays, a homiletic class meets for an hour's instruction, under Prof. Kierstead, a graduate of Newton Theological Seminary. Here, in regular order, each member of the class is required to put on the blackboard a plan of a sermon which is criticised by the Professor and the other members of the class. Thus thoughts are interchanged and methods of sermonizing compared, an exercise which cannot fail to give mutual

benefit and improvement to those immediately concerned. Also lectures are delivered by the Professor as often as he sees fit, on the character and best methods of pastoral work. In this way, the ministerial students at Acadia receive instruction, which is of especial value, in that the greater number of them are compelled to preach during their vacations; and, moreover, there are always a number of such students, who, in consequence of age or financial difficulties, cannot afford, after graduating in arts, to take a course at a Theological Seminary. But even though students were not compelled to preach during their vacations, and were able, after graduation in arts, to take a Theological course, with the instruction received under Prof. Kierstead, they are only the better prepared to enter upon and prosecute such a course of study to beneficial and satisfactory results. Therefore, all who are looking towards the ministry will do well to avail themselves of the advantages offered in the homiletic class at Acadia.

WEDNESDAY, the 28th ult, was observed by the Baptists of the Dominion as a day of special prayer for Colleges. Accordingly meetings for that purpose were held in the afternoon and evening in Academy Hall. The teachers and students of Acadia College and affiliated institutions united to make these services interesting, though the inclemency of the weather prevented the village friends from participating. It is believed that the day was observed generally by churches of the denomination and friends of the institution. This movement we believe to be deeply significant. It may be taken not only as a recognition of the hand of God in the establishment of the various schools, but also as indications of the secret of their strength and perpetuity. The College is emphatically a religious institution, and on this continent, especially, an outgrowth of Christianity.

Many forgetting or ignoring this fact, are clamoring loudly for purely secular colleges. We do not purpose here to discuss the merits or demerits of these, but we do not hesitate to say that they should be founded on an independent basis and not at such an enormous cost as the sacrifice of religious principle. The shades of the sainted founders of our institutions might reasonably be expected to confront those who would dare appropriate for worldly use that educational machinery which has been sacredly dedicated to God and consecrated by the prayers and labors of devoted Christians of bygone days. The Day of Prayer will naturally be a day for reflection, and its continual observance cannot fail to be helpful in checking a tendency (as common in institutions as among men) namely that of forgetting the purposes of their being. If our institutions are of divine origin human means will be inadequate for their perpetuity. Differences of opinion exist among educationists as to the means which are to insure their success. Some seem to see their highest good in University consolidation; while others with less confidence in a scheme which forbodes the lessening of practical piety in our colleges make their future dependent on the granting or withholding of the Divine blessing. Consolidation, it is true, does not preclude the idea of piety, neither is it incompatible with the spirit of prayer, but it is no secret that large universities have proved, in many cases, hot-beds of rationalism and infidelity.

EDUCATION OUTSIDE THE CURRICULUM.

The student is often reminded that time is his capital, and it is true that his success depends both upon his natural abilities, and the proper economy of the time at his disposal. It is, therefore, possible that a person possessed of ordinary, or even inferior abilities, may, by constant and systematic study, accomplish more than another of superior mental powers, in conse-

quence of the latter being less regular and diligent in his work. However, the most industrious student may, and often does, fail to obtain all the culture and knowledge afforded by the college course and its associations. We believe that the aim of an arts course is, both by developing the student's faculties and furnishing him with useful knowledge, to prepare him for a more effective accomplishment of life's work. Now the question arises as to whether this can be more efficiently done by the student confining himself exclusively to the regular work of the course, or by dividing his time and energy between the subjects of the curriculum and other sources of culture and improvement? At first thought this may appear difficult to answer. But on careful consideration, to all rational and experienced minds, it must be clear, that there is a valuable and essential education beyond the range of the college course. In the literary societies sustained by the students, there is a culture not provided for in the curriculum. This we hold is of such importance that none can dispense with it, without seriously affecting their general culture and development. A man may acquire all the knowledge available in an arts course, yet if he cannot intelligently convey it to others, either in spoken or written language, his influence will be but insignificant in moulding and directing the mind of the masses. Now, the faculty of public speaking and that of writing are developed only by practice. In the college, essay writing forms an important part of the work, but the art of public speaking receives very little attention. However, for the latter a source of culture is available in the *Athenæum Society* where speeches on local and foreign topics are delivered, and the great problems of the past and present are discussed by all who are oratorically inclined. By beginning in the freshman year and continuing through the whole course, the student has quite an extensive practice in speaking, and doubtless develops accordingly. But neglecting this practice, when he graduates, he is, in respect to public speaking, about where he was when he entered college. Moreover, by paying due attention to the *Athenæum* the student not only cultivates the power of speech, but learns to transact public business properly, as this society is regulated and conducted on parliamentary principles,

But the *Reading Room* and the *Library*, also

claim a portion of the student's time. For, he may possess an extensive knowledge of the past—a knowledge of its languages and literatures, its mythology and philosophy, its institutions and laws, its colleges and universities, in short, a knowledge of the general development and civilization of humanity—yet being ignorant of the manner of life, the history, the literature, and the thought of the present, his education is but one-sided and incomplete. He needs to link the past with the present, and by blending and comparing them, to get a comprehensive and connected knowledge of both. Now, while the former is attainable in the college course, the latter is provided for in the *Reading Room* with its desks and tables strewn with papers and magazines of a high literary character, and in the *Library* with its shelves packed with books and its tables laden with reviews and other periodicals of a high order. Hence, from these considerations, it appears, that a student can ill afford to devote all his time and energy to the branches of the arts course, or waste in unnecessary amusement precious moments, that might be very profitably spent in *The Athenæum*, *Reading Room* or *Library*; and we, therefore, draw the attention of our fellow-students, thus inclined, to a serious consideration of these facts.

ENGLISH LAKES AND THE LAND OF BURNS.

Again has THE ATHENÆUM become indebted to Professor Jones for another of his interesting and instructive lectures. When he announced his subject—"the English lakes and the land of Burns," all present expected a rich treat, and the frequent bursts of applause, elicited by his descriptions of natural scenery or portraiture of the comic, testified that none were disappointed.

Owing to our limited space a mere outline of the lecture can be given and that but imperfectly. Let us accompany the Prof. from Oxford—that great and venerable seat of learning which has so largely contributed to make England an influential and mighty nation, affecting the very fountain head of her social and religious life—from this city of pinacles and groves—from gardens in which art and nature have striven in generous rivalry each to perfect and beautify the other—from avenues of trees which echo to the notes of the cuckoo—from domes and towers which have counted the

ages and braved the storms of centuries—from all this let us follow him to quiet beautiful Windermere. One could not meet with just such another vision as Windermere lake on a beautiful summer's morning. There is at once the double motion of lake and river—the gems of islands lying almost in clusters—below them it is all loveliness and beauty, above all majesty and grandeur—gentle promontories breaking all the banks into frequent bays, seldom without a cottage embosomed in trees—the whole landscape of a sylvan kind, so laden with woods that you see but here and there a wreath of smoke, and you seem to be gazing on the primeval forests.

From Windermere the traveller passes to the small town of Ambleside, noticing here the celebrated cottage called 'Dove Nest,' the abode for one summer of Mrs. Hemans, a poetess whose finely sensitive spirit trembled to the accents of prayer, and was purified under the descent of a divine afflatus. Between Ambleside and Grasmere lake, the road runs along the banks of the Rothay, and on the way is 'Rydal Mount,' the home for many years of Wordsworth, a lovely cottage-like building almost hidden by a profuseness of vines and roses. Past 'Rydal Mount,' past 'Rydal Hall,' in the park adjoining which is the beautiful cascade so admirably described by Wordsworth, past the Grasmere churchyard, beside the gushing Rothay and encircled by green mountains, in which under the yew trees' shade reposes the ashes of the great bard, past all this we course at last to a splendid terrace from which is obtained the best possible view of Grasmere lake:—

'O vale and lake, within your mountain's urn,
Smiling so tranquilly and set so deep.'

Between Grasmere and Keswick, the third of these English lakes, the mighty Helvellyn rears its lofty head 3118 feet above the level of the sea. Once on its summit what a wealth and extent of view lies before one—Saddleback and Skiddaw, Solway Firth and the mountains of Scotland, Esthwaite water and Morecombe Bay—for throughout the length and breadth of this vast and goodly prospect are the most magnificent groups of natural objects of which England can boast, and in the neighborhood of Keswick, it is said, it is impossible to move without meeting with scenery of the finest description. From here to Lodore, where is the famous waterfall

which Southey has immortalized in verse, the road skirts along Keswick lake and Derwentwater commanding a beautiful prospect of rock, wood and water.

Skiddaw, however, must not be passed unnoticed; but why attempt to describe the view from its lofty summit. The scene is unutterably grand—see before you sparkling in the sun what look like the isles of the Blest, each with beauties and golden splendors peculiarly its own. Surely such scenes are the thoughts of God—evermore speaking to us in the sublime, beautiful, and magnificent language of creation.

But now leaving such scenes of grandeur and sublimity, beauty and loveliness, the Professor carried us to historic Carlisle, thence northward to the town of Dumfries, and now we are in the land of Burns.

Here is to be seen the mausoleum of the great Scottish poet, whose great soul was ever the battle-ground of passion and virtue—who often was vanquished who oftener conquered—who sang as the birds sing, in notes spontaneous, melodious and free—who, as the ship in the tempest, battled with the most formidable discouragements which sunk his spirit in a stereotyped gloom—whose noble, richly freighted soul passed away under a cloud of sadness and despair. The great, generous, divine soul of the poet breaths its own spirit into all things, animate and inanimate. Thus it is that over the land of Burns, there hovers a mellow glory, and poet, philosopher, and statesman yield to the fascination, and acknowledge the supremacy of heaven-inspired genius.

From Dumfries we pass to the town of Ayr, the native place of Scotland's sweet singer. Here every object is full of interest—the 'Doon-bridge,' the 'Auld haunted Kirk,' the little thatched house at 'Alloway Mill,' and crowning all the hills of Carrick and the splendid monument erected on the banks of the Doon in memory of the great poet.

'Coila! thy vales are silent now,
He's gone who all thy beauties drew,
Go bind on thy majestic brow
The sweeping rosemary and rue;
And let the sorrow-shading yew
Hang o'er the grave where nature mourns,
And weep, sweet Coila, for I trow
You lost your brightest gem in Burns.'

METHOD.

At the present time when the curriculum of our college is crowded with studies, and not even the most indolent can afford to be idle, the means whereby the greatest amount of work may be accomplished forms a question of no small moment. While some persons have a natural aptitude for study and acquire knowledge with wonderful facility, there are others who find it a matter of extreme difficulty to master the daily assignments. Although with a few of these natural slowness is a bar to progress, yet the larger majority fail through ignorance of the proper manner of studying. They know *what* to study, but they know not *how*. The importance of method should be urged upon all such, not only as an auxiliary to success, but as a constituent thereof. Its usefulness is chiefly due to the fact that it enables the student to do more and better work in a given time than he otherwise could. It is necessary for all. If a postman, without regard to arrangement, should deliver his letters promiscuously, he would be obliged to traverse the same ground many times in a day, besides wasting time and causing a vast amount of trouble. Were the merchant ignorant of method he would be obliged to ransack his whole establishment in search of any article a customer might demand. So with every occupation or profession, so with societies and organizations of all kinds, so with study; and here it is most noticeable. The lives of the most diligent students exemplify this assertion. We wonder at the amount of brainwork accomplished by them; we read their lives with feelings akin to awe, forgetting that the secret of success in all departments of study and research often consists in the uniform arrangement of the hours and minutes. And can we do better than imitate their example? Each day has as many hours, each hour as many minutes for us as for them. We cannot afford to let these go to waste: it is our duty to improve them to the best of our ability. This can only be done by mapping out our time in a proper manner. In this way we will not only perform more work, but we will rid ourselves to a great extent of anxiety. There is nothing in the world more annoying than worry, which usually carries with it nervousness and irritability. By following a regular system in our daily life we free ourselves from this, not becom-

ming slow or dull but happy and contented. Method helps the memory, and tends to do away with habits of forgetfulness. It fosters ambitious tendencies leading to the fulfilment of the brightest and most lofty aspirations.

In the hurry and haste of to-day all time saving appliances are at a premium. Past experience and present necessity point with imperative significance to method as the means whereby the greatest and most satisfactory amount of work may be performed in the least possible time. Let us then of all things be methodical.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A POET AND NOVELIST.

Scott, Byron and Dickens form a trio of particular merit. Of Dickens, a recent number of the London *Times* speaks thus:—"Westminster Abbey is the peculiar resting place of English literary genius; and among all those whose sacred dust lies there, or whose names are recorded on the walls, very few are more worthy than Charles Dickens of such a home. Fewer still, we believe, will be regarded with more honor as time passes and his greatness grows upon us." Lord Byron shown in the region of poesy, and no better eulogy to his memory and ability can be found than in Macaulay's essay on this poetic genius of the first quarter of the 19th century. But both in the regions of poetry and prose does Walter Scott win laurels.

Granted that Dickens is the superior of Scott as a novelist, still we claim that the difference is rather one of kind than degree. Look, for instance, at what Sir Walter has done for Scottish history. Before his time, with the exception of the parts relating to Wallace, Bruce, Queen Mary and one or two others, it will not be far from the truth to say that Scotland did not know its own history. What was possessed was merely a confused mass of antiquarian relics. But passing among these remains, by his keen insight, patient research and wonderful genius, there has been such a shaking of dry bones that in his novels Old Scotia seems to live again. Those ghosts of dead warriors that hover around the well-fought fields he has caused to take form and taste again the wild delights of battle.

But on the other hand what relation does he

sustain to Byron, the third of this notable trio. In poetry Byron is said to excel; let us consider briefly this verdict. In description Byron is undoubtedly superior; but look at his meditations, his soliloquies. Everything is tainted, almost withered, by that egotistical morbidness which he seems unable, or unwilling, to conceal. Each stanza seems to say:—"I, Lord Byron, am here represented; a man hunted to death, hated and despised by all others, suffering untold agonies alone; estranged from my native land; loving none, loved by none, and hated by all." This is sufficient. Clearly with much that is good there is much that is nearly disgusting. Let us read some of Scott's description of Scottish scenery. 'With all the freshness of those highland hills, those nestling, half-hidden valleys, those clear crystal lakes depicting beneath their placid waters a second scene, this beauty of nature is presented to us without a tinge of personality. It is a description of natural scenery and that alone. It is partly in consideration of this feature of his poetry that his popularity as a poet was secured. Moreover he started on a new train of thought and adopted a new style of writing. He attempted to revive the chivalrous poetry of our earlier age, and in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' we have a romance of chivalry, the charm and natural flavor of whose verse, coupled with the interesting narrative, attract and invariably retain the attention of the appreciative reader. In his descriptions of battle he is equally successful. Seldom do we meet with finer imagery, or passages more striking and grand than those on the battle of Flodden in his second great poem 'Marmion.' For over two hundred lines and more, in describing that fatal day, the music of the numbers gives us one grand anthem, full-toned and harmonious, a long continued burst of melody.

A WATER LILY.

'O star on the heart of the river
O marvel of bloom and grace!
Did you fall straight down from Heaven,
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thought of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the golden city,
My fair and radiant one?'

'Nay, nay, I fell not out of Heaven,
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the blackness
Down in the dreary night.
From the verge of the silent river
I won my glory and grace;
White souls *fall* not, O! my poet;
They *rise* to the highest place.'

[Selected.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS EDITORS:—As the seventeenth volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica containing subjects between initial letters MOT—ORM has lately been placed upon the shelves of the College Library one naturally is anxious to know what is said about our own province. 'Twas a matter of surprise, I assure you, to find that the article on Nova Scotia was written by a gentleman (George Stewart, jun., Editor of the 'Chronicle,' Quebec) from a distant part of the Dominion. If reliableness is a feature worth striving after (and assuredly it is in a work of this character) then those persons residing in a country, provided they have the requisite literary ability, are surely more likely to be able to compile a trustworthy account of the geography, history, and trade relations of that country than one resident at a distance and who of necessity must obtain his information second-hand. This, I apprehend, will account for the numerous errors, particularly in the geographical description, which are found in the article. For instance in naming the islands, Boulardarie, between the Great and Little Bras d'Or Lakes, although the largest and most fertile, and having a population of 2000 is omitted altogether. But a more curious and certainly more misleading error is in the description of the Bras d'Or Lake itself. In naming the principal inlets it is omitted, but finds a place in the outline of the *fresh-water* lakes. It is evident that the term 'Lake' in Bras d'Or Lake has led our author to suppose that the body of water is fresh, whereas it has two channels of water connecting it with the Atlantic, one of which is at its narrowest part two miles in width. But this is not all in this connection. After describing it as 'an imprisoned sea, 50 miles long and of great depth,' we are

told that 'it expands into several streams.' As well say that the Mediterranean 'expands' into the Tiber. The relative volumes of the waters compared is about the same, and the absurdity just as palpable.

Before the railroad from Halifax to Windsor was thought of, a canal from the head of Bedford Basin to Cobequid Bay was projected. Some labor was actually performed, but the work was shortly abandoned. This has apparently misled the writer, for under the heading '*communication*' he says:—'There are two canals in the province, one from Halifax to Cobequid Bay, and the other the St. Peter's.' Railway mileage at the present time he places at 600, whereas 500 would be nearer the truth. It will be a matter of surprise to Nova Scotians to learn that wolves are to be found among the native wild animals. A comparison of different portions of the article reveals incongruities. For example:—'In 1881, the exports of mining produce amounted to \$676,878.' Under the caption of *geology* the statement is made that 'in 1882 the collieries produced 1,365,811 tons of coal, consumed principally in Quebec, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island and the United States.' Without taking into account gold production to the value of \$350,000 and the 42,135 tons of iron ore mined in the same year, the greater part of which was exported, and without speaking of the manganese and gypsum exports from Windsor and vicinity, it will be readily seen that 'the exports of mining produce' amount more nearly to a sum double that first mentioned. The difference of a year, 1881 in the one case and 1882 in the other, does not invalidate the comparison as our mining industries maintain a nearly uniform production.

It is not my purpose to point out all the mistakes as that would take too much space. I will, however, quote a couple of sentences from the historical sketch of the province by way of illustrating the author's style:—'But the French settlers who enjoyed privileges as neutrals, still embraced a considerable portion of the population, and, with their allies, the Indians, proved exceedingly troublesome to the English. They were finally expelled, and in 1758 a constitution was granted to Nova Scotia.' What relevancy the second member of the second sentence has to the first member it is difficult to determine.

The implication is that the granting of a constitution was dependent upon the expulsion of the French which is not historically true. (By the way, is this 'granting a constitution' anything more than the permission by the home government in 1858 to Nova Scotia to convene a 'House of Assembly?') As it is written the unity of the second sentence is destroyed.

That there is much in the article which is correct, and that it in a fair measure fulfils the object for which it is written does not justify the insertion of the above and similar errors.

Yours etc.,

TREV.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

The first lecture of the present term,—“Our indebtedness to the Past,” was delivered in Academy Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 23rd, by Rev. Dr. Day of Yarmouth.

The lecturer opened his remarks with a comparison between the young and old. Youth lives in hope; age in experience. Still manhood is to be preferred to boyhood, the present to the past, for who would be willing to exchange the knowledge of the former for the unquestioning faith of the latter? The ripe golden grains of the autumn are more glorious than the tender blades of the springtime. Disappointment sits enthroned on the threshold of the future, but the dove of hope is sent out from the brief to-day. We must strengthen ourselves by the past as well as the present. Most persons have a tendency to disregard the past, feeling themselves heirs thereto without study, and by this means they limit the horizon of their hope and cramp the freedom of their soul.

Each century bears peculiar treasures to the one succeeding. As former generations live in that of to-day so will we live by our influence in the ages to come.

1. We are indebted to the past for the *Development of the Social System*. The advance from barbarism to civilization in every country has been slow. First the pastoral condition leading gradually to the agricultural. Then as the various branches of civilization are furthered, trades come into existence. Next, what are commonly termed professions: the arts and sciences are cultivated, and all things tell of progress. As time goes

on, man becomes mutually dependent, and wars grow less and less frequent. Thus the treasures of the ages cluster around us at our birth.

2. We owe much to the past for *Progression in Forms of Government*. The first semblance of formulated government was the Patriarchal, in which each father ruled his own family until the members thereof were old enough to leave their old home and establish new ones for themselves. Next the Feudal system was introduced, which made each landowner supreme in his own domain. This again was followed by the Monarchical system tending to establish the supreme rule of the king. A limited monarchical dictatorship will be found eventually to be the best and most satisfactory form of government. With the political improvements, education and science have likewise advanced.

3. We owe the past for the *Treasury of Industrial Implements* which it has handed down. The labor and ingenuity of our forefathers are conferring priceless blessings upon us. Iron, the most important element amongst the instruments of production, is found to have been used amongst savage tribes in by-gone ages. As time went on, the amount of its usefulness increased. For the treasury of discoveries and inventions are we also under obligation to the past. Our barbarian ancestors were the parents of the arts. To them we owe many of the most useful discoveries, such as the means of producing fire, and the use to which it may be put. The productions of art are not much less numerous than those of nature. For the elevation of labor by thought we are indebted to many noble men whose names are little known or appreciated. Such, for example, were the inventors of the art of printing, which has proved itself the foe of despotism, the friend of wisdom.

4. For the gifts of *Poetry* and *History* do we owe the past. Poetry, one of the simplest forms of nature, is of extreme antiquity. Before Ovid or Virgil or Milton were thought of Moses sounded forth the praises of his maker in poetic strains. In the age of the hunters and shepherds we find its genial influence. For countless years it has lightened the weary walks of way-worn pilgrims on life's highway. History sends forth a stream of light, informing us of what preceded the present era, and as we read we feel ourselves to be living amidst the ruins of a by-gone world. It gives immortality to facts which

would otherwise vanish. By its means we commune with the great men of the earth, though they may have lived and died when earth was young.

5. Lastly, we are under obligation to the past for *Biographies* of the great and good. In reading these we are pressed forward to imitate their virtues. Knowledge will obey the call made upon her in whatever station of life and from the lives of departed heroes supply abundant examples of self-denial, usefulness, perseverance and energy. Should we not follow in their footsteps, and strive to be fellow-laborers with Peter and Paul?

In view of the benefits we have received be it ours to strive ever to wipe out the annals of crime, and help on the triumphs of right, that the blessings we have obtained may by us be transmitted to future generations. Sow now the seed and sow it well, and there will be no end to the golden crops which will spring therefrom.

The lecture was listened to throughout with the strictest attention, frequent outbursts of applause testifying to the worth of the lecture and the appreciation of the audience.

EXCERPTA.

We reap what we sow, but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow, and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.—*George Eliot*.

I will frame a work of fiction upon notorious fact so that anyone shall think he can do the same; shall labor and toil, attempting the same, and fail—such is the power of sequence and connection in writing.—*Horace: Ars Poetica*.

I am of opinion that Philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish.—*W.S. Landor*.

Our smiles and our tears are almost as transient as the lustre of the morning, and the shadows of the evening, and almost as frequently interchanged. Our passions form airy balloons—we know not how to direct them; and the very inflammable material that transports them often makes the bubble burst.—*Horace Walpole*.

He that opposes his own judgement against the current of the times ought to be backed with unanswerable truth; and he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the multitude of other men's opinions. 'Tis hard for a man to say all the world is mistaken but himself. But if it be so who can help it?—*DeFoe*.

What else than a natural and mighty palimpsest is the human brain? Such a palimpsest is my brain; such a palimpsest, O reader, is yours! Everlasting layers of ideas, images, feelings have fallen upon your brain softly as light. Each succession has seemed to bury all that went before. And yet, in reality, not one has been extinguished.—*Thomas De Quincy*.

The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship,) were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mecanique Celeste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories, with their results in his single head,—is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye. Let him who has eyes look through them, then he may be useful.—*Carlyle*.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. Good nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it when they find it.—*Addison*.

THE COLLEGE WORLD,

NEWTON Theological Seminary reports seven professors and fifty-four students.

THE heads of the departments in Latin and Mathematics of Edinburgh receive \$17,500 each.

MATERIALISM is on the wane. There is not a chair of Philosophy in Germany which now teaches this opponent of Christianity.

MRS. Fawcett, widow of the late blind post-master-general of Great Britain, is to be made president of Girton College.

THE Chicago Theological Seminary, to which Acadia has sent several of her graduates, reports sixty three students and a faculty of nine.

THE Harvard Faculty have proscribed football by a vote of 24 to 5. The college club is forbidden to engage in any more inter-collegiate games.

HALIFAX Medical College reports twelve students in the first year's course, fourteen in the second, three in the third, and one in the fourth year.

THE University of Heidelberg declined a gift of \$25,000 offered by an unknown benefactor on condition that women be allowed to enter the classes.

BOWDOIN College, in its 83rd catalogue quite recently issued, reports 113 in the literary department, 99 in the medical, and a faculty numbering 21 members.

THE Catalogue of Oberlin College reports 36 in the department of theology, 206 in the classical course, and 1314 students in all departments, including preparatory and musical schools.

Yale has lost another of her professors. Prof. Benjamin Silliman died at New Haven Jan. 14, aged 68 years. He graduated from Yale in 1833, and ever since has devoted himself to scientific pursuits.

MR. John Langdon Sibley for thirty years librarian at Harvard College has just completed the eightieth year of his life and the third volume of his biographical memoranda of Harvard Graduates. His health is now failing.

AT Princeton a new system of grading has been adopted. Each class is to be divided into six groups according to merit. Reports are to be issued twice a year, stating the student's general group number in each study. The rank of the student is however not made public.

THE Medical College in connection with McGill University is said to be in a very prosperous condition. The present Freshman class is the largest that has ever entered. The course is of four years duration, and in Anatomy their advantages are claimed to be unrivalled.

PRINCETON can now boast of a chair in Art, the course to consist of lectures on the history of art. Professor Allen Margand lectures on art in antiquity; Professor Prince of New York on the histories of various arts: President McCosh, Æsthetics, and Prof. Osborne on the anatomy of the facial expression.

AT a recent meeting of the governors of McGill University, W. H. Kerr, Q. C., the Dean of the Faculty was appointed to the Gaie chair in the Faculty of Law. This chair, founded last year, is the first endowed chair in this faculty, the endowment fund being \$25,000, the bequest of the late Mr. Justice Stewart.

AMONG the names mentioned for the enviable position of Principal of Edinburgh University are Lord Napier, formerly Governor of Madras; Lord Rayleigh, Professor of Physics at Cambridge; Professor William Thompson of Glasgow; Professor Masson of Edinburgh; Matthew Arnold, and Sir Theodore Martin.

IN a late calendar of Union College appear the names of their different presidents and professors since the founding of the College in 1779. Among these names are the following celebrities:—Jonathan Edwards, Laurence P. Hickok, Thomas Macaulay, Francis Wayland, Alonzo Potter, Will Gillespie and others. Last year's class numbered thirty-six, and their whole number of graduates since the founding of the institution was four thousand five hundred and fifty-seven.

○○ Locals. ○○

Eli Perkins.

St. Valentine.

'Only a little dot'.

'OBSERVER' next issue.

A Senior's favorite month?—May.

Boys look out for those *drum sticks!*

There are fifty students boarding in Chipman Hall.

Ad infinitum, to the end of time, is a Junior's expression for indefinite extension.

A movement is on foot to have monthly receptions for college students. Good!

'Going to reception to-night?' asked a Junior of his classmate. 'By no means' was the reply. 'I prefer taking my *two hours walk* this afternoon in the open air.'

A *theological fledgling* on being asked the text of a certain discourse innocently replied:—'Broad is the road that leads to death and thousands walk together there.'

'Will you be seated?' murmured a gallant Soph to his companion at the late reception. 'Thanks,' sighed ye peaceful Sem. and sweetly together they sat and devotedly *continued to sit*.

As the staple articles of diet are uncommonly cheap many of the students are perplexed as to the cause of the advance in the price of board. The only solution of the problem yet arrived at is the discovery of the Hot Water Dispepsia Cure.

'When I get to be a Senior I'll use my *influence* to have *The Athenæum* discontinued,' was the muttered remark of a spiteful Freshie the other day. A Soph standing near hinted that if *The Athenæum* would never die till then it would continue forever.

The attendance at the Seminary has recently been increased by one. Considerable anxiety prevails to know the sex. Curiosity, however may be gratified by a personal interview, *any day in the week*, as he—she—it stands in front of the building and is made of *snow*.

At the January meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society the following officers were appointed:—President, J. A. Ford; Vice President, F. H. Beals; Secretary, J. W. Brown; Treasurer, L. Gates; Executive Committee, J. W. Tingley, G. R. White, Miss Hattie Wallace. The sum of *thirty five* dollars was raised by the society in response to a call from the F. M. Board.

The Senior Class and the members of the Foot-ball Club were treated to a sumptuous supper in the dining hall a few evenings ago by their generous and popular fellow student, Mr. S. W. Cummings. After doing ample justice to all the good things provided, the boys retired to No. 6, where the 'golden hours' were delightfully spent in a 'feast of reason and flow of soul.'

They were Juniors. They sat in church the other morning, one with his face turned toward the sacred desk intently gazing on the pages of a bible which he held in his hand, the other where he could at a more favorable angle view the seats occupied by the fair sex. Reverently (?) No. 1 writes on the fly-leaf of the bible: 'Is Miss P. here?' 'No!' falters No. 2. 'Is Miss C. here?' 'No!' Further interrogations were cut short by the tones of the preacher, but they will doubtless be continued during many a long *walk*.