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TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR

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Original Poetry.

THE POET'S DREAM.

Once when I was filled with sighing, mid earth's dreary
mazes lost,
From the deep, mysterious silence, o'er my spirit
tempest tost,

Softly fell a trance'd slumber; fell as from the heights
eternal
Ravishment of thought and feeling, ravishment of sight
supernal.

And my spirit was enkindled, as a ceaseless altar fire,
And strange chords of spherical music, bore my yearning
being higher.

And I saw with sight prophetic, burning vision of the
Seer,
Forward, backward through the cycle of life's swift
revolving sphere.

Saw with simple childlike wonder, visions of high
inspiration,
Unperceived by grosser senses, of a less refined creation.

And at last my form grew brighter, 'neath the rays of
my new sun,
Faintly past death's footsteps echoed, and immortal life
begun.

Now, no longer was I laden, with the heavy moving
years.
And no longer was my vision, dimmed with quickly
falling tears.

And my step was light and buoyant, with an undecaying
youth,
And I saw my Being traversing with God's eternal truth

All the mighty realms of fancy, and the latest fields of
time,
All thought's cells of silent labor, and the heights of
heaven sublime.

And my heart by discords aching, to the jarring clamor
slept,
And in higher homes ideal, by the hand of song was
swept.

And my trembling tongue made effort to transmit the
spirit's fire,
And my trembling hands ran wildly, o'er my lofty
sounding lyre.

But th' embodied sound flew swiftly, floated down on
winged speech,
And the nations stop to listen wheresoe'er its echoes
reach.

I had walked with man my brother, through the winding
ways of life,
I had mingled with the world, and felt its stern relent-
less strife

I had seen the rule of passion, felt the Despot's iron
sway,
Seen the hopes of souls concentrated, in the limits of a
day;

And the energies immortal wasted in the race for gold,
And the seething flames of Mammon, o'er the blasted
spirit rolled.

Seen the strained eye seek a beacon fame-fanned fires to
heaven roll,
Tidal waves of mad ambition dashing free from pole to
pole.

I had learned men's ways and manners, read his life's
mysterious tale,
Stood within the sacred silence of the soul's secretest
vale.

Oft had thrilled my heart with sadness for a burdened
brother's tears;
Oft had wept my plaintive dirges for his endless woes
and fears.

As a reed upon the mountain answered to the changing
wind,
Sensitive, my heart responded to the passions of the
mind.

Lo the dawn! life's mighty currents onward, onward
ever roll,
And this age of wild unreason rushes forward to its goal.

Break from swinging gates of orient changing waves of
living light,
And the burnished bars of sunlight falling on retreating
night.

And the lines of wide convergence meet in unity at last,
And the Symphonies eternal drown the discords of the
past.

Yet I trembled and exulted, for I felt the dreamer wise,
As I saw the glowing zenith, and new glories that would
rise.

And my vision was not ended on the dim horizon's verge,
Nor my plumed soul backward beaten by a mortal
refluent surge.

Lo! the world redeemed forever! franchised from long
bonds and fears,
Rung through paths of high progression up the mighty
round of years.

Love the song of Saint and Angel, sang the deep-voiced
stellar choir;
Love upon the glowing heavens burned in characters of
fire.

And the air was filled with music, throbbing from the
harps of Gold,
Melodies of the eternal through each heart responsive
rolled.

Oh thou glorious Age of Reason, crimson swathed
purified!
Art thou but a poet's vision? Answer thou the Crucified.

SKETCH FROM THE STUDENT'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

It was only a few evenings ago; the vision is still fresh in my mind. It was in the same room where often before the hard lot of the student had been proven. The slowly moving hours seemed moving doubly slow that evening. Books were piled in disorderly heaps and irregular rows on the table. Scratched and half-written papers lay scattered about profusely. The comfortable stove sang its best evening lay, as the greedy flame devoured the wood. The blind dropped and shut two students in, and a dark rainy night out. Work! work! work! O! hill of knowledge, thou art hard to climb! But never mind, think not of this, before us lies the hill. The night is dark and the air damp and it affects the system. The heat of the lamp too makes the head weak, and the eyes of the traveller long for rest. A few moments ease may invigorate a weary pedestrian, up the hill of literary difficulty. Thinking such things, and half-dissatisfied with the prospect of such a journey, your student fell asleep reclining upon his lounge, and soon what occupied his mind as thought became the source of a peculiar dream. Your student saw the hill of knowledge, and himself a weary traveller up its rugged steep. Two principal guides were given me for the journey. These guides had different offices assigned them by the company who managed the affairs along the road. The third guide (for there was one principal) we only saw occasionally, and then he addressed us in such terse language and betook himself away again so soon that we never knew much about the man. The moon shone clear on that night, for it appeared night, and the Hill was covered with hard stunted trees and great uneven rocks, and one could scarcely pick his way along and not fall and kill himself, or keep continually knocking his shins against the sharp projections. This scene seemed strange to me, and more so as I noticed that upon flat portions of these rocks were all sorts of strange figures and characters. As we entered upon this very discouraging road I broke silence with my guides, who had up to this time evinced very little sympathy for

me, not asking me once if I was tired; but on the contrary they seemed to think that I ought to travel as far in a day as they who had been over the road ever since they were children. Not being satisfied with this view of things I spoke thus to one of the guides (addressing them one at a time, for I straightway discovered that these guides had very little sympathy with each other).

Trav.: "Is not this road very tiresome and difficult for strangers?"

My guide smiled strangely and said: "Well it may be a little difficult to some."

Trav.: "I should like, sir, if you would halt a little and inform me some as to this road, not that I have not confidence in my guides, but I always like to know a little for myself about things that concern me, and I have noticed that you have said very little about the country in which we are, and I have almost thought that the expense of guides might be saved and the journey performed alone."

At this unexpected speech the guide looked very strangely, and I hardly knew whether I had given offence or not, but he replied,

Guide: "What you say is perhaps not altogether out of place. A guide is not for the purpose of making the way easy but merely to see that strangers in the way do not get lost. As to the strange characters you see upon the rocks, they appear very plain to me," said he, "for it is my duty to see that all the pilgrims who pass this way make out the meaning of them all. The inscriptions in Latin and Greek which you will see posted up all along the road will be explained by the guide just now gone from us a little."

Trav.: "No doubt it gives you much amusement to see the awkwardness of persons in interpreting them."

To this my guide smiled but made no answer. So I continued.

Trav.: "Do not many persons who are more weakly than others become sick and lose their health in the hardships of the way?"

Guide: "Yes, some do; but we cannot wait for them as there are some so well adapted to this particular part of the journey that they hurry us along, and we are instructed by the man you may have noticed a while ago to go as fast as we can and not ruin the travellers."

Trav.: "But would it not be well to give those who are not able to perform this journey so rapidly some time to look about them; perhaps some would like to examine other parts of the mountain, and would they not know as much of the place at the end of the journey as if they had been able to get the exact meaning of all the figures on these rocks?"

Guide: "Perhaps they might in some cases, but it is our object to perform the journey in the way prescribed."

I saw that it was useless to argue the case, and so prepared to do the best I could in the journey. I then turned to my other guide in hopes of some relief, and thought that more liberal discussion might be allowed. So I said, I should like, sir, to know what is the exact meaning of yonder Latin; I have been trying to ascertain the import of it, but have not succeeded as I should like.

I also informed him that my head was so confused by those uncouth characters on the rocks, that I really had no time to put further investigation on other things which I met continually in the way, and that frequently I had wished to turn aside from the regular path and observe some objects of great interest which presented themselves to me but had no time, and hence I considered my knowledge of the real nature of the Hill would be very small when we reached the top.

At this lengthy speech I noticed my guide was not pleased. He grew quite red and looked quite confused (making me feel quite awkward) and said, "Yes, I suppose some might take that view of the case. As to the meaning of the Latin you spoke of, it might have several meanings—as to which is best there are different opinions."

This as you see giving me no real information as to the meaning of the passage, I abandoned the point and desired the opinion of my guide as to the latter part of my speech. At this I saw he was more angry than ever, and I began to think that I should not get much credit for the way in which I was performing the journey; for it must be remembered that a strict record of each day's work was kept, and given to the principal I mentioned before, but being naturally independent and not caring much so as the journey was some way accomplished, I insisted on my guide's opinion, so he made reply:

Guide: "As to the characters on the rocks, said he, 'they are not of so much importance as the directions in Latin and Greek and you would do well to pay more attention to them. As we will have them to deal with all the way, of course we will have to go very fast. It is not well, or perhaps I should say it is an open question as to whether it is well to turn aside to observe other things on the way, or whether it is not best for travellers to think very little during the journey and ask very few questions, as they are supposed to know very little, and take for granted what the guides tell them. Of course I am not giving my opinion,' said he, 'but offer it as a suggestion. Some hold that it is time wasted when questions are asked.'"

All this my guide said looking very red and I felt very uncomfortable, but resolved to go aside and observe what I pleased,

but to ask very few questions. Some few lesser guides appeared in the way looking among the rocks for queer things that they found, some doing one thing and some another, but not much notice was taken of them and we travelled on in silence. We passed many chasms in the rocks and underwent many difficulties; and I awoke. Instead of the moon the lamp burned on the table. Instead of characters on rock they were on paper. Instead of the guide my room-mate sat at the table translating Greek. I smiled at the dream, yawned, and returned to my work.

WRITING AN ARTICLE.

YES, its all very fine for you who stand without the pale of the editorial sanctum to prate about the luxurious ease incident to those who have "nothing to do but write." But *wait*. Do you imagine that the poor scribbler's brain is one vast reservoir from which, by simply turning the stop-cocks, he can draw streams into any channel *ad libitum*? Do you think that his will stands simply as porter at the mental gateway, and has but to set the gate ajar in order that "the multitude may pass out?" The supply of mental pabulum must be inexhaustible, the balance of powers perfect, and all agencies playing in exquisite harmony, if, forsooth, those against whom you hurl your platitude, are in the felicitous state thus assigned them. Come not in judgment with this decision. Hold it in abeyance for a moment, while we get the case fairly before you. In the first place, ye who drive not the "gray goose quill," except "to scrawl a card," know nought of the groanings of an editor. Let us take a peep at him in his alcove. In obedience to some mysterious law of his nature, which we will not at present investigate, he always contrives to occupy two chairs and one side of a large table. Having got the second chair, left foot, knee, elbow and hand in a direct line of support under his massive (?) head, paper and pen "to starboard," he has struck his attitude. Now for the *mood*. He has seriously pre-determined that it shall be serious; and now, seriously endeavoring to fulfil said sober inclination to seriousness, he seriously gazes into vacancy, groping for the thought that is to bring him fame. He agonizes to wriggle such brain energy along down his arm and off the end of his pen as shall astound the outer world. He travails to give birth to that noble foetus which he feels sure moves in the matrix of his brain. All efforts prove ineffectual, however; and he begins to deem it a false conception.

Summoning memory to his aid, he bids her search narrowly for thoughts long laid by, that he may "refurbish and

parade them anew" for this especial occasion. This faithful servant of former years slowly threads her way among the mazy cerebral aisles, and is obliged to return with the unwelcome tidings,—“Lo, they have arisen.”

Calling on Imagination, he entreats her to scale the heights of the mind and penetrate the “Ether of Lights.” The only available returns brought in by this weary-winged explorer are some gaudy out-growths from the Hill of Fancy. Desperation seizes upon our aspiring friend. Fearing that the product of Memory’s zero by Imagination’s infinitesimal quantity will itself be zero, he wilts under the appalling surmise. Aqueous globules begin to stand out on his frowning brow. His lips protrude and recoil automatically, and his frame generally partakes of that nervous tremor indicative of an existing crisis. Suddenly, as if by electric light, his darkened visage brightens, heralding the approach of an idea; but, ah! that very glow carried a return ticket to despondency.—His fair vision was a trickster, and has vanished. “The thought that most thrills our existence is one which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.” An inherent sympathy for the afflicted vetoes autocratically, any disposition on our part to paint in full colors the *bizarre* commixture of dread, phrensy, and hopelessness now, alas! but too plainly legible on that once interesting face. He has reached the *ne plus ultra* of human aggregation, and a further description of his appearance would possibly savor of cruelty. He struggles, now in this direction, now in that for the pellucid gem that he faintly saw billowed to the surface, and as quickly submerged. Possessed of the desperation not infrequently born of temporary disaster, he resolves with zest to grasp the idea he would enbalm. The brain-sea surges again, and now a “flood of thoughts come o’er him,” unhappily as much mixed as the “*Cano Carmen* sipping a *cibus plena* rye of mater anser.” “It never rains but it pours.” He invokes the spirit of Eclecticism that, with her assistance, he may elicit from the confused mass a paragraph passably intelligible. Said spirit deigns to render aid. Increased heart-throbs salute her entrance upon the plains of thought, and the other powers yield obeisance. Rejecting the maimed, the halt, the blind, and marshalling in rank the stalwart, the keen, the heroic, she finally succeeds in presenting to the disconsolate soul such an array as can, in his estimation, go forth with surety of success to do deeds of valor in his behalf, and support the honor he has previously won. Nothing to do but write. Try it, I entreat of you, ye who who do it not, but who stand aloof with probe and scalpel anxious to dissect the

off-spring of those who *do*. Try it for two or three years on some of the intricate topics of our current age, and if, at the close of that period, you find that I have not herein written out a portion of your experience, send me a recipe for your methods of prose manufacture, and you will thereby assuredly “incur” the perpetual esteem of your pale and emaciated brother in letters.

SOLITUDO.

DREAMING.

DURING the still hours of night when sweet sleep seals the heavy eye, the thoughts free from the power of reason and led on by the subtle law of association, bring scenes up before the mind, and frame pictures in some way connected with the doings of the waking hours. These are often so strongly impressed that they remain fresh and vivid for many days. How swiftly these elfin thoughts glide through space, now we are carried back to the scenes of youth amongst the glad days of yore, and we see again the cheering faces of friends, long since past away. Then again we are carried through distant countries and varied climes, all in a few moments.

Things transpiring around us are taken up and wove into this weird play, and all is wondrous strange. Thus the active brain is at work never tiring in its unceasing toil.

But there are times when, though slumber does not close the eye, yet dreaminess falls on the mind, and visions float through the imagination. Then fitting fancy roams wild through varied regions of thought, sketching bright pictures and whispering speeches of witchery such as fairies tell in their woodland dance. Some incident gives the ground-work, the central figure is self, and all through it runs the golden thread of love. Thoughts fill the mind till gradually they shape themselves into a panorama of exceeding beauty and fascination, the pulse beats quick and strong, the countenance is lit up, and a thrill of pleasure passes through the heart as this grand scene is spread before the imagination.

In these pictures of more than earthly beauty all is happiness, all is joy, not one shadow of ill crosses the fair sketch. And thus they succeed each other till the dreamer is transported far away to the country of dreamland, encircled by its golden mist.

This state of the mind is of great benefit to the poet who owes most of his power to strong imagination and fine fancy by which he stirs the passion and this wily habit which draws on the idle dreamer deeper into its snares, is made by the poet to produce a work of delight.

The dreamer’s visits to dreamland makes life’s real noble work a drudgery. His

appetite is so pampered that he refuses to be satisfied with good wholesome food.

This dreaming is a species of intoxication. Mark how buoyant the spirits are, how light the step is, as there flits in the chambers of thought, glowing imagery of future glory and greatness; but mirage like this vanishes away ere he can reach it. So long has he dwelt beneath the enervating sway of this fair mistress, that he has not strength to contend in the race of life, or wrestle with the mighty realities about him. The truant thoughts roam abroad from the rule of will, passing from object to object like the gaudy butterfly flits from flower to flower. There is no concentration; all thought is so scattered that nothing is accomplished. See the river, confined within its banks, rushing along impetuously, carrying on its bosom great burdens and sweeping all obstacles from its way! But look at it now, diffused over a level plain, here and there a little sluggish stream wandering along, turned aside by every pebble.

So it is with the mind—gather all the energies together; call in the wandering thoughts,—put up the barriers of the will to hinder their rambling, and bring all to bear on any subject and it will be an irresistible power. How many go dreaming all the time, and only wake at last to find that life with all its treasure of golden opportunities for doing great and noble actions is gone forever!

A LEAP-YEAR POP.

MOON-LIGHT, everywhere. Silence, almost everywhere, except when a fair maiden, who instructs the youthful imagination how to shout, in a village not a hundred miles from Acadia, and a gallant youth, stand by the moony side of a sequestered hedge, and murmur soft zeros on the listening ear of night. They also fall upon the listening ear of a small boy, with cats-marked hands, who crouches on the shady side of the hedge.

It was the hour of sentiment, the stars sing again the old song of Eden, then hearts beat as half-a-dozen, and the small boy squeezed his sorest hand, and chuckled.

“Mr. F—” murmured the fair teacheress, as her delicate shoe tapped nervously on the top of a frozen edge of mud “when you were at Miss —’s school was there any one there, whom you—hem—entertained—hem—an affection for?” Mr. F—replied in the negative. “Well, is there—hem—any one in my school whom you, whom you love?” “Well, yes.” “Would you—hem—mind telling me who it—who it is?” Mr. F—Well, no, it’s, it’s,—hem—it’s you.” And all the lights of the empyrean sang again, and the small boy picked up his sinful feet and ran home to tell his maiden-sister, and his oldest cousin, and his aunt-in-law.

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The "Acadia Athenæum" is sent to subscribers at the exceedingly low price of Fifty Cents per year IN ADVANCE, postage pre-paid.

ANOTHER college year has almost passed away. Before we again greet our readers the closing exercises of the college will be over. We therefore, take this opportunity of inviting our friends and the public generally, to be present at our Anniversary on the first day of June next. The exercises in connection with the graduation of students are always of a highly interesting character; and we are sure that our present Senior Class will spare no pains to make the coming commencement as interesting and enjoyable an occasion as any in the past, so far as they are concerned. A large number of our readers are already acquainted with those occasions, and need not more than to be informed of the day, in order to insure their presence; but for the benefit of those who have not as yet enjoyed a visit to Horton, on one of these occasions, we might be pardoned for saying that, in our opinion, they will be amply repaid for coming. If nothing else, the pleasant scenery in and around this locality would be worth seeing for once, especially at this season of the year. Add to this the literary entertainment; and the opportunity of seeing the institutions and gaining some knowledge of their workings, and you cannot but consider a visit to

Horton at that time as both pleasant and profitable. We hope, then, to see a larger number than ever of the friends present on the approaching Anniversary day, and at the oral examinations in the Academic Departments. Come, and so far as you may be able, see what, at least one of the "Denominational Colleges" is doing for the advancement of sound culture in our Province.

SUCCESS in life depends mainly upon the efforts of each individual. We believe that to a greater extent than most of us have yet realized, "man is what he makes himself." Nature has given power to each person of ordinary capacity to excel in some department of industry; and it is only for him to find his true sphere, making use of the endowments he has, in order to insure success. Yet if any one thinks to succeed without patient, untiring effort, he makes a grand mistake. The biographies of great men bring before us, for the most part, great workers—men whose unconquerable wills have triumphed over the most adverse circumstances, or the most formidable obstacles. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that all great men were born great. True, some have shown extraordinary precocity of intellect at a very early age, but those are comparatively few; and we think that any one who takes the trouble to study the lives of eminent men will discover that they have, in most cases, reached their high position only after a prodigious amount of labor had been undergone. There is no high road to greatness. Although so many have worked their way up to positions of eminence in the various vocations of life, they have left no well-beaten path up which others may climb after them. Like ships on the ocean they leave no mark behind.

He who would be great, then, must start out for himself, wisely mark out his true course of action, set before him his goal of ambition, and bend all his energies and talents towards reaching that goal. To such an one there is little chance of failure. If he plods patiently along, success is sure. He must not be discouraged in not being able to leap into greatness, or gain the summit of the pinnacle of fame in one bound. Longfellow well says, that

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, whilst their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night?"

The want of industry causes ten failures where the want of talent causes one. It is not so much because men cannot succeed, but because they will not, that so many make shipwreck of life. We do not deny but that there is a great disparagement between different persons in regard to natural talent, but the most talented persons are not always the most successful. It does not unfrequently happen, that the brilliant are onstripped by the plodding in the long run.

Take courage then, young man; whatever be your calling, determine to be at the head of your profession, and set yourself with a fixed purpose to carry out this intention; and success is yours.

AN EVENING WITH THE ENGLISH POETS.

SELDOM have we enjoyed a richer intellectual feast than on Wednesday evening, the fifth inst., in listening to a lecture by Rev. R. F. Burns, D. D., of Halifax.

The Rev. Dr. took as his theme, "An evening with the British Poets;" and whilst he called up before us one after another of those God-gifted revellers in the domain of the imagination, we could not otherwise than enjoy the evening spent in their society. The lecturer began by saying that the revival in poetry was co-eval with, and in many respects similar to the reformation in religion. He proceeded in the outset to classify the poetry of England, dividing it into four periods, each marked by different peculiarities, and inaugurated successively by the illustrious names of Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Tennyson. He omitted dramatic poetry.

Chaucer, "the father of English Poetry" was represented as standing alone. He had no imitators, or followers of any note. His great work "The Canterbury Tales" was spoken of, and its beauties were shown forth.

Coming down to the Elizabethan age, the lecturer remarked that Spenser was to poetry what Rubens was to painting. His name was rendered immortal by the production of the *Fairy Queen*. He excelled chiefly in the descriptive.

Milton, the representative man of the next period, was said to be a Joseph among his brethren. The *Paradise Lost* was spoken of in the most laudatory terms, as the greatest of epics. The value of the poetry of Milton was shown to consist, not so much in what he says, as

in what he suggests. Numberless gleaners, not only in the field of poesy, but also in that of theology and philosophy have gathered rich sheaves from Milton's poetry.

Dryden was the representative man of the third period. His poetry contained many excellencies, but was also marred by many blemishes. Reference was next made to Pope, who "lisp'd in numbers," and afterward wrote so elegantly and precisely in the "Essay on Man," &c.—Thompson was said to stand yet on the pedestal of "The Seasons." Grey will continue to hold a place among the famous so long as his "Elegy" is read. Goldsmith still lives in his "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village." Cowper was spoken of as being the most original poet since Dryden.

The lecturer spoke at greater length concerning the poets of the present century. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Southey, Coleridge, Woodworth, and Hood, were all examined, and their excellencies and defects exhibited: but our space will not admit us to give even an outline of the remarks concerning them.

In closing, the lecturer dwelt quite lengthily on Tennyson, the great living poet. His mind was said to be decidedly poetical and original. The highest epiconiums were heaped on his works, especially his "In Memoriam." They were not only considered valuable for their high poetical merit, but almost equally so on account of the high moral tone which pervades them. Without seeming to wander from his subject or without wearying his hearers, the Rev. Dr. made several very happy digressions on moral and religious topics, suggested by passages in the works of the different poets, or by the characters of the poets themselves.

The lecture was throughout very fine. The language was chaste yet elegant, the delivery good, and we cannot but believe that all those who enjoyed that evening in such exalted society will be benefitted by what they have heard from the English Poets. Dr. Burns is a true large-hearted Scotchman, and accompanied with the remembrance of his entertaining and instructive lecture, we trust that each student will long remember his kind words of sympathy and advice, which, remembering his sacred calling, he occasionally, and very properly worked into the discussion of his subject.

THE FUTURE.

MEN are not content with the stores of knowledge supplied to them by the past; nor does the present, with all its activity and life, suffice to engross all their attention. They are constantly attempting to look forward into the future and interpret its vague and uncertain signs. Perhaps no class of persons is so much given to

this, for the most part, useless and also injurious habit as students. They are engaged in a work which is not exactly their life-work, but is preparatory to it, hence it is natural that they should ever be looking forward, and attempting to give the vague fancies which loom up before them, "a local habitation and a name." In this, we think, the student loses much. His time whilst at college is far too precious to be squandered on airy castle-building. Far better is it to perform faithfully the work of each day, as it passes, and leave the future until he comes to it.

Many a young man, having chosen his profession before coming to college at all, attempts while there to confine himself as much as possible to those studies which bear directly upon his future career, and work up the other branches merely enough to pass. The greater part of his college work becomes a distasteful drudgery, only under-gone in order to get through college and get his degree. The evil of this will be seen at a glance. Cultivation of a well-balanced mind, which is the great desideratum and necessity of success in any literary profession, is not gained by such a course of study, and never can be. Those students, who, in the majority of cases, have succeeded best in life, are the ones who, during their course of study applied themselves most vigorously to the mastering of the different subjects in the curriculum placed before them, regardless of the future.

We can have no certainty with regard to the future. We may peer dimly through and descry the faint outlines of things hidden almost entirely by the veil which is before us, but we do not well to take these things as realities, nor to build too much upon them. Rather let us live in the present waiting for the future to open up before us the path of duty for which nature and acquirements have fitted us.

AN APRIL EVENING.

WE stand upon the grassy slope just below the line of spruce. The sun has set an hour before and the dusk of early evening has changed to a deeper shade so that objects near at hand are barely discernable. The dull croak of frogs comes to us on the chill night air, seeming to render the silence more intense. Over the East the hovering night spreads ebony wings. A black ragged cloud has gathered above, reaching from the zenith half-way toward the waving line of the western hills. The remaining space is beautifully clear, not bright or dazzling, but quite calm and pure, a sea-like expanse. The portions of cloud that float within this space, seem like far away islands and peninsulas, with luminous straits and inlets, reminding

one of the abodes of the blessed in the vision of Mirza.

Strongly contrasted with this stand the hills beneath their waving outline clearly defined against this shining background. Between this far distant outline, and the spot where we stand all is black. The broad valley, with its endless diversity of field and forest and stream, which the peep o'day reveals, lies hopelessly hidden beneath the blackness, unrelieved, indefinable. Straining the gaze, we can just dubiously trace the outlines of the river, by the spectral gleams of its ebbing waters. Here and there are small lakes and pools, which have caught a dull leaden glimmer from the western sky, adding to the intensity of the gloom. Darker, deeper shades are sweeping on noiseless wings from the East. The light fades out of the sky. The contrast of lights and shades slowly blend in one sullen hue. Quiet lights begin to gleam afar, at the foot of the hills, the eye is caught by a glittering line of fire. The croaks from the neighboring pools cease. The breeze has died away. The night is here. Through the interlacing twigs we see the holy stars.

Correspondence.

CRYSTAL PALACE, GLASSVILLE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Since coming to reside in this locality, I have passed through some notable experiences, a relation of which it has occurred to me might not prove altogether uninteresting to some of our readers.

Glassville is a beautiful town, well laid out and finely situated on the shores of a sizable creek at the point where its accumulated waters mingle with those of the sea. It possesses several singular characteristics, distinguishing it from any other locality with which I am acquainted. The houses are not built of wood, as with you, but are mostly formed of a stone, of a singular vitreous quality, and also very brittle. Poor building material, you will say, but it is abundant and cheap and is quarried with facility near at hand. The scenery in the vicinity is exceptionally fine. I have beheld nothing even in old Acadia which surpasses it. The soil is unusually fertile and under the careful cultivation of a large class of sturdy yeomanry, produces abundant crops. A most singular and to me utterly unaccountable feature in connection with the place, is the peculiar properties of the atmosphere. It is deliciously balmy and clear, and gives to the erections of glass, to trees and rocks, and other natural features seen through its medium, that peculiar vividness of outline, which has been spoken of as solely characteristic of the atmosphere of Greece. But besides this it possesses, and here is the puzzle,

the marvellous and disagreeable quality of affecting prejudicially the moral disposition of those who breathe it for any length of time. A singular and almost universal irascibility of temper is marked among its results. Any peculiar infirmity of soul or intellect is intensified in this baleful air, and the eyes especially are so singularly affected that the individual sees with preternatural clearness and magnified vision, the imperfections of his neighbor, while his own remain hidden from him.

Formerly a fierce feud existed between the northern and southern quarters of the town; and many of the finest glass erections suffered severely from the assaults of the rabble population of each section. Somewhere in these turbulent times that old saw originated, to the effect, that "those who live in glass houses should'n't throw stones." I have taken up my quarters in what is known as the Crystal Palace, situated in the most bustling part of the town, and my window in the third flat overlooks the public square, where the citizens frequently congregate.

From this serene altitude, I am enabled to look down upon my neighbors, and have chanced to overhear several conversations and observe many little scenes, which peculiarly illustrate some of the characteristics of this people. A large class, I find, may be embraced under the terms, assentive and appellant, or in simpler phrase, those who indolently take all things for granted, and such as challenge every opinion that is presented to them. Let me describe to you one of the former class—a queer little fellow—my eye rests on him now as he stands talking with one of the opposite type. His voice is very low and mild, his syllables honeyed and soft. Now and then he raises a feeble protest against some assertion of his neighbor, but he is evidently being swept away by the torrent of the others' eager spirit, and his attitude is mainly one of assent. His appearance is that of one who seems to be ready to offer an apology for his very existence in the world. He has rarely, if ever, been known to give utterance to a single independent thought on any subject whatever. A stout assertion in an author or falling hot from living lips, is sufficient to reduce him to a state of abject quiescence. Indolent and fearful, he questions nothing. He seems to be entirely wanting in the element of independent self-assertion. As others think, so thinks he, for he has no thoughts of his own. He is of the assentive type, and from his frequent use of that weak monosyllable "*yes*" which indeed is typical of him, I have concluded to style him the "*incarnate affirmative*." Often in such natures there is found an element of deceit and slyness, and characters of this mild stamp, I learn, have wrought much mischief in Gassville.

His neighbor on the other hand, affords as strong a contrast to his meek-faced auditor as it is well possible to imagine. He is very apt to be an extremist in his views. At present he is urging most vehemently a project for a railroad to the moon, and his arguments rattle forth as hail. He is the victim of strong prejudices, forms most inexplicably deep dislikes, and equally inexplicable attachments. He is generally as stubborn as a mule, a notion seizes upon him, or he seizes upon a notion, or a reciprocal action occurs, and it would prove easier to turn a river from its course than to change his mind, as to any point which he has adopted, though the absurdity of his position is proven unmistakably. He is a bigot and clings with the grip of death to his creed, pronouncing dire anathemas upon all who differ from him. The thought that he can be in any possibility otherwise than infallible, does not occur, and some dire raps are needed to beat it into his head. These are some of the characteristics of the appellant stamp, wholesomely developed such natures become the strong ones of the earth, but nourished in this atmosphere, they become the most notorious mischief-brewers and dangerously bad members of the community. But I must pause here for the present.

OBERSINIUS BRITTLE.

Personals.

REV. E. C. SPINNEY, of the class of '68, has accepted a call to the Pleasant Street Church, Concord, N. H.

J. F. MORTON, of the class of '66, is Classical Professor in the New London (N. H.) Literary and Scientific Institution.

REV. C. H. CAREY, of the class of '58, President of the Richmond Institute, has forwarded to us a copy of the Historical Sketch of the Institute, which he has prepared at the request of the U. S. Commissioner of Education, to be placed among the Centennial documents.

PROF. CHARLES FRED HARTT, of the class of '60, who is at present engaged in a geological survey of Brazil, recently delivered a lecture on his work before the Emperor and the most distinguished of his subjects. At the close the Emperor took occasion to compliment the Professor on the ability and enthusiasm manifested in his subject.

REV. DR. CRAMP, has presented to the college a *fac-simile* copy of the first edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. It is an interesting volume as it reproduces all the peculiarities of the first edition. Dr. Cramp has also given to the College Library a copy of the Memoir

of Madame Feller, of the Grand Ligne Mission, which was compiled by himself.

Mention may also be made of the fact that not long since Hon. Judge McCully, placed in the Library a valuable collection of bound volumes of the Journals of the House of Assembly.

Items.

THE laboring classes—Freshmen and Sophomores and Juniors.

SUDDENLY.—On the afternoon of the 25th ult., prior to visiting the Sem, a respected member of the Sophomore Class died—*his moustache*.

REFLECTING chemist: "I thought that that phosphorous was to light when you put it in the water."

Observing Fresh. "So it did. I saw it light—light on the bottom."

It is said, probably without foundation, that a certain Soph. is so proper that when he arrives at Prof. Olney's favorite cuss-word, "*Bi-quadratic*," he actually blushes.

AN acute Fresh. remarks that the only difference between ancient Curtius and Clanjvin is: that when a deep place came in Rome the former leapt in on his war-steed, and when a deep place comes in Latin the latter jumps in with his "*pony*."

ANOTHER worthy has passed away.—Our lamented cattergrub is no longer among us, but considerably shorter. And so he has gone, another martyr to excess of apple-juice. One fine evening, as the sun was pulling down the curtains of the twilight, he forsook the pleasures of the world, gathered up his 16 feet and departed to the happy cabbage-garden.

"YOUNG ladies have the privilege of saying anything they please during leap-year," said Miss Tooty, eyeing Mr. X—out of the corner of her eyes, with a sweet look. His heart gave a bound, while he wondered if she was going to ask the question which he so long desired but feared to do. "Y-e-a-s." "And the young men must not refuse," said she. "No, no; how could they," sighed he. "Well then," said she, "will you—" He fell on his knees and said "Anything you ask, Tooty!" "Wait till I get through," said she, "will you take a walk on Saturday afternoons, and not hang around the Sem. so much?" and he walked.

Clippings.

A COMPULSORY education bill in Maine, U.S., provides both for clothing and educating destitute children.

THERE are enrolled in the public schools

of the United States 8,000,000 pupils. The average attendance is 4,500,000; the estimated population between the ages of six and sixteen is 10,500,000. Evidently our neighbours across the border, like ourselves, have still to grapple with the "education question."

A most valuable MS., bearing date 1750, has been discovered in the Azores. It refers to the colonization of the Northern part of America in the year 1500, by emigrants from Oporto, Averio, and the Island of Terceira. This important document will shortly be published and will throw great light, it is said, on the disputed question of the early discovery of America.

PROF. Olney, of Michigan University, is strictly in favor of Denominational Colleges. He thinks their slow development is an argument in their favor, and that it is not difficult to defend them on the score of economy; on the ground of the influence they exert in keeping alive a public sentiment among the masses in favor of higher education—on account of the work done, the number educated—on account of the closeness of contact and more intimate relations which exist in them between teachers and pupils, and hence of their power to mould and develop character.—*Ex.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

WE have received the amount of subscription from the following:—

T. H. B. Witter, J. W. Barss, Dr. Barss, Aaron Young, S. R. Sleep, J. S. McDonald, N. Strong, Loran Franklin, F. Brown, D. J. Harris, D. A. Munroe, C. Fritze, G. H. Wallace, Dr. McLatchey, Rev. J. Jones, A. B., J. L. Brown, Dr. Mulloney, Rev. S. W. DeBlois, A. M., Miss Maggie Thomas, J. A. Payzant, J. W. Hamilton, Augustus Freeman, A. B., Miss Brodie, Edward Johnson, D. O'Brine, Charles Fitch, Dr. Bowles, J. G. Patriquin, Miss May Pineo, Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D. D., Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., Prof. Frank Higgins, A. M., \$1.00, Prof. R. V. Jones, A. M., \$1.00, Prof. G. T. Kennedy, A. M., \$2.00, M. G. McLeod, Henry Lovet, E. D. King, A. B., George Fielding, Rev. J. Manning, A. B., G. B. Muir, F. M. Kelly, John Shafner, W. J. Shafner, Albert Hicks, H. H. Morse, J. D. Schurman, Henry Hamilton, Frank Stubbs.

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