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The Acadia Athenæum.

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WE MUST have money at once. Subscribers and advertisers will confer a great favor upon us by remitting the amount due at their very earliest convenience. Those who so promptly responded to our request last month, will please accept our thanks. We regret the Sec'y-Treas. found it necessary to enclose bills to those in arrears.

WE are in receipt of a copy of the "Twenty-ninth Annual Report of the Halifax Young Men's Christian Association," for which we tender our thanks.

In order that we may give our readers an account of the Anniversary Exercises, our May number as usual will not appear until June, when it will be issued as soon as possible.

WE regret it is necessary for us to keep some of the local sheets of our Province posted on so important a matter as our colleges. The Halifax Recorder appears to be much in need of informa-

tion. In an issue of that paper, last month, in referring to Dalhousie's great fortune, the Recorder disposes of the other colleges by remarking that they are too much of theological halls to attract students. In these days of general enlightenment there is no excuse for such pitiable ignorance on the part of the editors, who should first of all make it their duty to become thoroughly acquainted with the institutions of their country. Ignorance of the difference between a denominational college and a theological hall, and of the actual conditions of college affairs, should least of all be expected from journals which are always so ready to boast of their understanding of matters of public interest.

THE Anniversary concert, under the auspices of the Graduating Class, will take place this year as usual. Its nature has not, at the time of writing, been decided upon.* In an early part of the term, the Faculty passed a resolution disallowing the concert. The chief objection urged was, that it attracted too much attention from the real object of the Anniversary gatherings, and a general Alumni Reception was recommended as a substitute. There certainly is reason in this objection, and in others that were named. It is not necessary here to relate the arguments of the class, for they will once suggest themselves to all. We are firmly of the opinion, as stated in another column, that anything which would tend to weaken our June gatherings in any way should be considered with great caution. Perhaps it might be possible to introduce something partaking more of a literary character, but we believe a Reception would be open to many of the objections urged against the concert, and a multitude of others.

THE establishment of a Law School for Nova Scotia will be hailed with delight, not only by "legal minds," but by all who have an interest in the advancement of our country. The Province is placed under obligations to George Munro, Esq., of New York, Dalhousie's greatest friend, for "setting the ball rolling," and to a number of the leading

*See LOCALS.

judges and lawyers of Halifax, for gratuitously offering their services. Mr. Munro has endowed a chair of International and Constitutional Law, which has been accepted by R. C. Weldon, A. M., Ph. D., the able Mt. Allison professor. Among the remaining members of the Faculty, we are pleased to notice the name of Wallace Graham, A. M., Q. C., whose subject is Mercantile Law. Mr. Graham graduated at Acadia in 1867, was admitted to the bar in 1871, and has since worked himself up to a very prominent position in the Halifax bar.

Full particulars in reference to the school have not yet been given, but it has been decided, we believe, that the course shall extend over three years, and that degrees will be granted by the governing board of Dalhousie.

It is very generally known, no doubt, that our college work, as regards the three lower classes, closes this year the first of May. The change was announced last June, and was chiefly made, we believe, in order to accomodate one of our then professors, who had an appointment to fulfil during the month of May. Another reason has also been given. The Common School term commences at that time, and it would certainly be much more convenient for those who desire to teach, or are compelled by straitened circumstances to do so, to have their work completed before leaving. We have been led, however, to consider the change a retrograde movement. The number of teachers among us is comparatively small, and under the old arrangement there was nothing to prevent them from taking their schools. They could either return for examinations, or pass them the following year.

Viewing the matter in the light of the general well-being of the College, no one, we think, will receive the new plan with favor. Complaints about cramming a large amount of work into a few short months are to common to remain unheeded, and we accordingly find that the tendency now-a-days is to lengthen rather than shorten the collegiate year.

There is a peculiar disadvantage in the new departure. The graduating class will probably be the only students here at the Anniversary Exercises. The few others who may return will only stand in the relation of visitors as far as the exercises are concerned. The absence of the students at this the most interesting, and most pleasant period of the year, will doubtless appear to detract from

the interest of the closing exercises. Acadia is noted for her commencement season, and any move, which will at all tend to deaden the interest, should be received with disfavor. We feel assured that we are speaking not only from the standpoint of students, but also of the friends of the college generally.

Since the above was written, it has been reported that hereafter the year will be made its full length. We trust the report is well founded.

MANY friends of education of both political parties have demurred to the policy of the Canadian Government in respect to duties on books. They claim, that, even granting the general principles of Protection to be sound, books in their very nature and by reason of the present condition of this country, are exceptional commodities, and therefore should be kept, if possible, on the free list. In a colony like Canada, where educational progress and the diffusion of intelligence—necessary antecedents of a country great in literature, art, wealth and morals are limited by scarcity of means, they regard the taxation of books, which still further narrows the purchasing limit, as the very opposite of wise and just legislation.

In no instance, perhaps, has the burden pressed more heavily than in the case of colleges. For the most part, the efforts to provide for and facilitate the advantages of collegiate education, on the part of patrons, and the efforts to utilize these privileges, on the part of students, are hard persevering struggles. With no tax on books the former could not enrich the libraries as they would wish, or as the need requires; and the latter would have to do without many books which they eagerly desire, and for want of which they actually suffer. With the tax the limit of possibility, in both cases, is reduced by 15 or 20 per cent. Hence, it is not surprising that the exactions of Government should be considered onerous and unjust, and that legitimate means should be taken to have the grievance removed.

Last month there was an attempt made in that direction. Delegates from various colleges in the Dominion waited upon the Finance Minister with a memorial, setting forth the objections to the present duties, and comparing the policy of Canada with other countries.

The arguments urged were:—

1. A tax on books is a tax on knowledge, and violates all principles of national taxation, and is opposed by

every writer of eminence from Plato to Condorcet and from Condorcet to Mill.

2. That it is contrary to the first principles of protecting the Native Industries of Canada.

3. That from the Schedule hereto annexed marked (A) it will be seen to be contrary to the experience of all the most powerful and enlightened nations in the world.

4. That from the Schedule hereto annexed marked (B) it is utterly impossible for Canadian publishers to supply the wants of the country by Canadian reprints of foreign works.

From the Schedules referred to, it appears, that all the colonies except Canada admit books free, and that the same is true of all other countries except Bremen, Spain, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, and the United States. In the latter no duties are exacted from libraries, colleges, and public institutions.

In 1882 there were 69 Canadian books and 3 Canadian re-prints deposited, under copyright, in the Library of Parliament.

Since the presentation of this memorial, the Budget Speech has been delivered, in which appears the following Tariff change:—

Free.—Books, bound, printed, printed over seven years, or printed by any government or scientific association, not for trade.

As we interpret the above, the concession made is very slight, since most books are printed within the seven years prior to date of purchase.

We hope, however, that a wider meaning is intended than we have given, and that the wrenching of \$80,000 per annum from seekers after knowledge, will never again be repeated in Canadian history.

THE recent action of Columbia College, N. Y., in refusing to admit women into the regular classes with the young men has once more forced the question of co-education prominently upon the public notice. This action was taken in response to a petition signed by some 1400 persons asking that properly qualified women be admitted to the "lectures and examinations" of the University. The Trustees of the College considered that it was inexpedient to admit women to the same classes with young men, and urged inadequate means to found a school where they might be taught by a College faculty. Columbia is considered one of the richest Colleges in the United States, and this action on their part has been severely condemned by the friends and promoters of higher education of women in that country. Meantime the movement is going forward in other quarters, and the number of Colleges opening their doors to women is on the

increase. Among these may be mentioned Cornell, Oberlin, and Michigan Universities. "Another match factory started" is the somewhat significant comment of one of our exchanges representing a co-educational institution, on the establishment of the Mississippi University.

The question of higher education of women is a vital one we admit, but that educating the sexes together will solve it is doubtful. In so far as we recognize a difference in the natures, aims and pursuits of the two sexes we think they demand different systems of culture, different modes of training, and separate courses of instruction. We can hardly conceive of the possible advantages of a course of mental training in the dead languages and higher mathematics to a young woman. Such a course is enough to wither the spring of their emotional activities and unfit them for their legitimate spheres of action. But we must not be understood to oppose female education, rather we are in hearty sympathy with the movement; failing, however, to find in co-education the way out of the difficulties we think the key to the solution of this problem is found in the plan adopted by Harvard, patterned somewhat after the model of Girton College, Cambridge, England. About four years ago some interested friends with the approval of the College authorities at Harvard advanced the means by which young women who desired it might receive a separate course of instruction similar in kind to that laid down in the regular College curriculum. The plan has proved eminently successful throughout its tentative stages. Young women have freely taken advantage of the inducements to study here offered, and now the friends of what is known as the Harvard Annex, intend taking steps to place it on a more permanent basis. And in this as in many other respects, we make no doubt Harvard will pursue a policy worthy of imitation by Colleges less progressive than blatant in their pretensions in regard to the higher education of women.

Everything is education:—the trains of thought you are indulging this hour; the conversations, walks, and incidents of to-morrow. And so it ought to be; we may thank the world for its infinite means of impression and excitement, which keep our faculties awake and in action, while it is our important office to preside over that action and guide it to some divine result.—*John Foster.*

Poetry.

"CALLING THE HERD."

My love is fair as the morn
 And my love is blithe as the bird
 With her tresses of silken corn
 And her sweet voice calling the herd—
 Calling the herd from the pastures green
 With the silvery brook between.

Three stepping stones in a row—
 Too few for my love's fair feet—
 And upon them slippery mosses grow:
 She lingers with dalliance sweet
 Calling the herd from the pastures green
 With the babbling brook between

I found her there by the rill
 Between the hill and the meadow land,
 My love with the lily hand;
 But why did her voice grow still
 From calling the herd in the pastures green
 With the laughing brook between?

And the seeming blush on her cheek?—
 Was but the crimson of eventide
 Reflected there on the creek
 As we stood side by side
 Calling the herd from the pastures green
 With the tell-tale brook between.

Feb. 1883.

POETA.

The Latin quotation, *poeta nascitur, non fit*, states a principle which can justly be applied to the entire human race. The poet possesses by nature "the gift of song;" not otherwise all men are predisposed to proper avocations. Finding his true calling, the lawyer learns to brow-beat his witness, the artist acquires a skill in painting, and the sculptor develops a talent for cunning workmanship.

Happy for the human race, all men are differently constituted, and their minds bond to different affinities. What a noisy world this world would be, if all were carpenters! How wicked, but wealthy, if all were attorneys-at-law! If all were physicians, what an unhealthy atmosphere would prevail!

Thanks to the great Intelligence who doeth all things well, all occupations are distributed wisely, and upon the door of every profession is heard the continuous rap for admittance. The hand of Fate swings the poet as well as the painter, into his proper place.

Though "poets are a curious race," their rich and melodious songs raise our literature from the "Punch and Judy" sameness of prose. Like the waters that gurgled from the rock which Moses struck, poetry bubbles from the lives of the pure, and fainting souls drink it as eagerly as the famished israelites drank the mystic waters of the wilderness.

They who cast contempt upon the muse of poetry are devoid of literary taste. They never study the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Tennyson, or any of the Goliaths of verse. The lowest doggerel is the same to them as the glorious outburst of a warm and cultivated intellect. They fail to discriminate between the songs of the Muses and those worthless effusions in which the authors aim at rhyme, and gain it at the expense of beauty, common sense, fervency of thought and all the essentials of true poetry.

The poet's heart is an open book, and all who will may read it. The gods of love, beauty, hope and song flutter from his lips, and scatter broadcast over the world the benedictions of a human heart. The poetic imagination steals from the soul like a phantom, and soars among the stars. There is a rose with another name, and its fragrance is the poetry of our being.

Poetry leaps in wild, fantastic costume from every grand and beauteous thing. It is a lovely creature who walks through the earth with fairy sandals, pointing men to the gates of heaven. It is a crystal fountain, playing in the moonbeams; kissing the twilight and whispering to the stars. It is a thousand tuneful voices waving and swelling in the good and true. It is a morning star that casts a cheering light on "Death's dark river."

In the poet's life the passions play at pleasure, and are tinctured by his surroundings. Poverty may clutch his heartstrings, and bind him with the chains of despair. The shackles of disease may clog his footsteps. Friends may prove false and pierce him with the daggers of hate, and ruin sweep his pathway of every earthly treasure. Yet he is serene; there is an inner life that grows and expands and sweetens his existence. There are hidden fountains that bubble in his soul. There are bursts of song that float in melody through his being, unheard by other ears; and when the dread spectre presses the chalice of agony to his lips, he smiles, and pillowing his head on the soft bosom of some beautiful ideality, he calmly sinks to rest.

A PHASE OF STUDENT LIFE.

In every walk of life men are influenced by their surroundings. "Mountains make men," although a hackneyed phrase, expresses a universal principle—a principle applicable to the relation not only of physical, but also of intellectual conditions to the development of character. While it cannot be denied that in many cases, men have arisen who were superior to their environment, yet it must be admitted that the number is limited and comprises merely those who were native-born geniuses—men who have broadened the plane of possible experience for their successors.

In no case are the surroundings so intense as those in which a student is placed. Influences converge to him from every quarter. The marvels and wonders of past centuries are to him but commonplaces in the role of the ever-advancing march of science; but they appeal with no less mighty force to the youthful aspirant in moulding his decisions in regard to the burning and ever-recurring questions of life. Placed in such an observatory, where it is his to grasp the thoughts and longings of the present and to compare them with the noblest aspirations and the most potent lessons of the past, it is impossible that his character should not form with exceeding rapidity, and that the rhythm of his future career should not be largely determined by the influences of college life.

One question at least he will have forever settled—the existence of the unattainable. How delighted is the opinionative freshman—"how pleased at first the towering alps he tries"—as he enters the university, doubtful whether he can be taught anything, or at least confident that he will have attained the goal of all knowledge when he shall have received his degree! He knows the *fact* that the earth is round, but it has never occurred to him that the lapping of the placid water against the shores of his native land, is the greeting of another continent. But as his horizon enlarges, and snow-capped heights unknown to him raise their mystic summits, what changed feelings characterize his meditative moods! He has now made the astounding discovery that the present is not the only century, but that its grand and glorious achievements have only been gained by the toils and experiences of preceding ages. Perchance it has dawned upon him, as a meteor out of darkness, that all creeds are not contained within

the lids of his shorter, nor even of his longer, catechism, and that it will be necessary for him to shape his beliefs according to a less dogmatic basis. In fact, he has learned the salutary lesson that the bounds of knowledge are to him relatively infinite; and, although chagrined at the thought, his sadness is not unmingled with a degree of satisfaction that he has attained his present position. But to the real student such satisfaction is evanescent. Another glance at the heights above discovers golden laurels of which a monarch might be proud. With a leave-taking adieu to the many inviting avenues, he chooses that one which will be most likely to insure success.

But the vocation he adopts, and the feelings he entertains towards his contemporaries will depend largely upon the influences with which he has dallied during college life; for although the object of higher education is invariably to train the mind to comprehensive thought, and to divest it of the unbecoming yoke of bigotry, it is no less certain that this desirable end is often frustrated. The average graduate is too often a one-sided man. This one has noted each fact in the prescribed textbooks, and has made a good mark, but failing to acquire any taste for learning, he soon relinquishes his air-castles of brighter days in the future, and degenerates to his former illiteracy. Another acquires a passion for some hobby which renders his life no less useless than disgusting. Unlike the true devotee of pure science who, although to a certain extent secluded from the rest of the world, is ever rewarded with positive results, and who is ever mindful to hang out the beacon-light of truth to wrestling humanity; he is ever pursuing bubbles which elude his grasp and vanish into nothingness. These instances will serve to illustrate a diversity, the causes of which it were a toilsome task to investigate.

But the key to this problem will evidently be found in the tendencies of human nature which have failed to be counteracted. Students are often so confident as to what courses of study will be beneficial to them, while in fact they are only consulting their own likes and dislikes, that any overshadowing influence fails to affect them. It is thus necessary that the prevailing sentiment of a university should be marked and penetrating—so much so that it shall over-awe any disastrous results—even to the fatalism of "the marking system"—which might accrue from the necessary machinery. To maintain such a sentiment, it is to those who

guard the bulwarks of higher education to lend a deaf ear to the short-sighted utilitarian appeals of to-day, and to preserve to learning that dignity which is always attached to it when viewed as an end in itself. And if the student catches the inspiration of such a sentiment, it will be incomparable with a knowledge of the minutiae of any the most unquestionable course of study.

MESSALA.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 13.

Among the by-gones of your classic Hill, Messrs. Editors, there are more hallowed by pleasant memories and sacred associations than *the College woods*. Perhaps not one of the present students ever strolled beneath their shade. But in the days when some of your instructors were students, those groves were a frequent resort. By what sad mischance, or at whose vandallie fiat, the trees were cut down, it may be hard to tell; but like the pleasant garden over whose desert site the "youths of aday" now rush with heedless feet, eastward for mental and westward for physical pabulum,—and like the old College itself those shades have disappeared forever.

Going up the hill directly back of the College, by the farm road through the cultivated fields, you by-and-by come to a short descent, to a brook which meanders westward some distance before taking its northward course toward the Basin. Just before descending to the brook, you pass, on your left, the old French orchard, evidence of some long-forgotten habitation. Beyond the brook the rising ground is well wooded,—that is, it was in those days;—and in those woods is another brooklet, tumbling and babbling down the hill to join the one just mentioned. There, in the bed of that brook, overshadowed by evergreen trees, and surrounded by mossy banks, is the broad flat rock, bearing on its water-worn face the names of scores of students from the first days of Acadia's existence. Do you know it? And do the boys still cut their names and wear away their pocket knives? Probably not, since with the woods and moss and flowers, the romance is gone.

That wooded hill was loved by all students—by all at least who had hearts in sympathy with nature,—by all save perhaps a few sordid souls. Its winding, shady paths and quiet nooks were sacred

to David and Jonathan friendships. The thoughtful oftentimes resorted thither alone for meditation, and the devout to worship in Nature's temple.

But those leafy groves and grassy knolls have not only their sober and sentimental associations, but their lighter and even laughable memories as well. In those days the Academy boys were expected to "speak their pieces" or read compositions, in the Academy Hall, every week; and the College woods were a great place for the young orators to practice, and electrify the squirrels. It is to be feared the poor squirrels were sometimes more than electrified, when missiles more harmful than even *sesquipedalia verba* were hurled at their innocent heads. Boys will be boys, you know; but why will boys be cruel? It may well be believed, however, that the mention of the College woods will not recall to many of the old boys a single recollection of any act more regrettable, or more lastingly crooked in its effects, than tying knots in trees, to be seen years afterward when the trees were full twenty-five feet high.

What particular year it was whose record is marred by the recital that then the ruthless axe did its fell work on College Hill, cannot be ascertained from any of the historical sketches in the "Memorial Volume;" but perhaps some of the knowing ones of Wolfville can give your historical editor the information. The destruction is believed to have shortly followed another disastrous occurrence,—the famous Saxby gale;—and possibly there was some connection between the two disasters.

One of the class of '60 said to the writer the other day, that it seemed to him as if half the charm of his college life was swept away forever by the destruction of the college woods. "Beside all this," he went on to say, without any change of countenance or manner, and apparently very much in earnest, "there is no telling the loss science has sustained by this fearful blunder. Illness broke in (he went on to say) upon my college work one term, and I was informed that if I were prepared for an examination upon the neglected work at the opening of the next college year, I would be permitted to go forward with my class. I resolved to spend the summer vacation on the Hill, and give myself to solitary study. I spent most of the afternoons of that vacation in those pleasant groves. There in the cool shade and, beside the silvery brook, I translated *Ars Poetica*, *Antigone*, and *Agricola*, and turned some of the odes of Horace into English verse. I can almost call up at will

the aroma and sweetness of those woods, the play of sunlight and shadow, the crooning of the trees, and the musical chiming of the waters passing onward to the Basin. Although I knew those forest groves as well as any other student, it was a revelation to me to find growing there, in the late June and early July, quantities of the *Linnæa*, or hare-bell, often called the twin-flower. Great patches of open spaces were pink as a Horton sunset in spring, with these tiny, delicately scented blossoms. Often when there was not a leaf stirring, I noticed a movement of these plats of flowers. The bells would bend and shake violently, in spots covering an area of a foot or more in diameter, while in other portions of the bed they would be motionless. I observed this frequently, but although I did my best to discover the cause of the phenomenon, I was only puzzled for my pains."

"Late one still and hot afternoon, being concealed in a deep covert closebeside a bank of twin-flowers, I observed the agitation of the bells,—at first few in number, but presently on a grand scale, the motion being rapid and rhythmic. There was not a breath of air. The overcast sky and the lateness of the afternoon deepened the forest shade. I was able to get a horizontal view of the flowers, with the opposite bank of the brook for a close background. At once I felt quite sure that I could discern something in motion in the air just above the flowers—something transparent, pearly, like faint reflections in water. Holding a glass tumbler in my hand, (which I used for drinking from the brook), I suddenly placed it over a clump of blossoms in lively motion. There was an instant calm in all directions. I pressed the tumbler closely upon the firm sward beneath it, and although for a little the enclosed flowers moved, I was unable to see anything else within it. Placing a stone upon the tumbler I left it for the night.

"Creeping softly to the spot early the next morning, I saw a squirrel performing his unique antics in full view of the tumbler. Knowing that he was yet unaware of my presence, and remembering that Waldo Emerson declared that the antics of the squirrel always presupposed a spectator, I concluded that the spectator in this case was within the walls of the tumbler. It was no unfamiliar thought to me then, and it is a less unfamiliar one to me now, that the perceptions of the *ferox* or wild nature, are more subtle than ours; and Williams has lately shown on scientific grounds the high probability of insects being able to per-

ceive a whole world of actual existences lying without the range of our senses. I examined the glass from every point, but could see nothing. Cutting up the sward beneath it with a knife, I transferred both undisturbed to a plate, and carried the whole to my room in the college, where I vainly scanned it in every possible light. Putting the plate away in my bedroom, I happened to notice the reflection in the mirror, where I instantly discerned a motion of something in the tumbler. By means of the mirror (for I could see nothing by direct observation of the object), I began to study my capture. It was some time before I could detect any new motion. After a period of absolute quiet, I could see the faint outlines of two hyaline forms, seemingly far off and insubstantial, as the reflection of a reflection. One was erect, its head being an inch or more below the inside of the top of the inverted tumbler, and the other seemed to be leaning against a twin-flower bell. The slightest motion on my part caused the reflections to disappear at once and completely. Sad to say, in seeking to adjust the plate so as to secure a better position for it, I upset the tumbler, and all was lost.

"However warily I tried thereafter, I could not again, during the season, creep within reaching distance of those plats of hare-bells while in rhythmic motion. Of course, I kept my secret, and planned when leisure should be mine, at twin-flower season, to make fresh captures, and study these phenomena exhaustively. Judge of my feelings when, scientifically equipped, I visited Wolfville, and with beating heart pushed my way over the college hill the first week in July, to find only brush and stumps, where once flourished those evergreen woods. Hare-bells and doyards (?) had gone. Although I have watched beside these flowers in many other places since, I have never detected even a sign of the presence of these mysterious creatures. The destruction of those charming woods, full of sacred associations, has undoubtedly postponed, perhaps for centuries, the solution of a problem as old, at least, as the Greeks. It is too bad altogether."

Don't you say so too, editors and readers of the ATHENÆUM?

A dandy is a clothes-wearing man, a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress.—*Carlyle*.

POPE-ISMS.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

That character in conversation which commonly passes for agreeable is made up of civility and falsehood.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Our passions are like convulsion-fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

It is with narrow soul'd people as with narrow-neck'd bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

The world is a thing we must of necessity either laugh at or be angry at: if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they say we are ill-natured.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

To buy books as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults as having overcome them that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

Correspondence.

"THE MARKING SYSTEM."

MESSRS. EDITORS,—My attention having been attracted to a communication on the above subject which appeared in the March number of your paper, with your permission I will ask the indulgence of your readers to a brief continuation of the discussion begun by Nemesis.

To use the language of Nemesis, "it is one thing to admit an error and quite another thing to reform it," but it must be patent to all that Nemesis has neither proved the existence of the error nor proposed a plan for reforming what he conceives to be wrong.

By regarding the marking system as an end in itself he misleads himself and his readers by a misconception of the use and purpose of the system against which he contends. This system is a means to an end, a mere instrument for the accomplishment of a purpose. Under it, the "main end of study" remains the same as without it, and the only question is whether the end is furthered by the means employed. Nor is there anything in the nature of the system to debar the student from attaining the ideal heights of student ambition which Nemesis pictures. On the contrary, the confessed results are all in the line of stimulus and incentive, and if the motive of making a good mark be deemed "paltry" by some, it can only be in the sense that any one part of a piece of mechanism may be comparatively unimportant to other parts, or to the purpose to be accomplished by all.

It is true that a man under the marking system, without proper judgment or self-control, may make high marks his sole end of study, but if so, does experience show that he is injured by it? It is by no means a general rule that the student who stands well at college fails to make the same success in life, and the occasional instances of this kind are but the exceptions which proves the almost universal rule that the good student makes the successful man. Even if this rule be excepted to (which can hardly be), it only shows that the system is open to abuse, when such use is made of it, and what system is not? That a good thing may be abused, is a poor argument against it.

The assertion of Nemesis that the marking system implies "lower aims" is not borne out by facts nor experience. If to excel be a lower aim, then such an assertion is entitled to weight. If, as

Nemesis is "convinced," the marking system is "inconsistent with the true ends of education," (a conviction which is not sustained by his reasoning) what would he substitute for it? Would he abolish recitations because their "end is to recite rather than to learn?" If Nemesis would define some of the terms he uses and generalize less, we might have a more intelligible idea of his meaning.

The gist of the matter is here. It is indispensably necessary in any college, that some means of determining the relative worth of scholarship should be used, and the choice lies between competitive examinations, and such examinations used in connection with a system of recording the standing of students as judged by their weekly or monthly work. To say that as men are called up in class the fatal pencil is balanced to catch and record the slightest slip in each individual recitation, show that Nemesis neither understands the principle nor application of the system he is contending against.

As a strong plea for the marking system might be mentioned the necessity which it involves of daily work on the part of the student, and the avoidance of that bane of the examination system, cramming. The habits of study, formed by the necessity of doing at least *some* work each day, are in marked contrast with those engendered in Institutions where no record either of attendance or scholarship is kept, where the student is his own master as to how and when he will work, and as a consequence in six weeks, or less, at the end of the term, does the session's work for his examinations. This argument applies with peculiar force now that by the increased efficiency of our schools and academies, the average age of the college student is much less than formerly, and he requires more than ever to be guided and directed in his work.

Perfection cannot be claimed for the marking system as such, still less can it be predicated of the system of terminal examinations as a fair test, but the writer claims that at Acadia both are applied in such a way as to produce the best possible results and give satisfaction to those who, recognizing the evils of both systems, have thus sought to apply them. At Acadia College, instead of proceeding on the principle of choosing the less of what Nemesis would call two "necessary evils," the more judicious and salutary course has been taken of adopting both, so modified and administered as to be practically robbed of most of their attendant evils. As the result of this combination

the marking system exists at Acadia in its least objectionable form, and instead of carping at what is so far superior to the systems obtaining in many other of our colleges, those enjoying the advantages which this system affords should congratulate themselves on their position.

As an evil attendant on the marking system, Nemesis cites the "comparative unimportance of the terminal examinations." But any student who has experienced the operation of the examining system used alone, will agree with me that this is at worst a blessing in disguise—if indeed it is fair to call it an "evil" at all. Nemesis objects that he has only two hours in which—by a written examination—he is to make a mark, between which, and his term standing in any particular subject, his average is to be determined. Let us see the justice of this complaint. First let the writer premise that his experience of searching and comprehensive examination papers at Acadia College and elsewhere, precludes his accepting Nemesis' estimate, that in two hours, only a twenty-fifth part of the term's work can be covered. Now, at Harvard, for instance, a three hours written examination covers the whole term's work in any of the numerous courses on her curriculum, and by the result the student must stand or fall. But as Nemesis can only accomplish in two hours a twenty-fifth part of what he would like to do, he would claim of an indulgent Faculty the privilege of an examination *fifty* hours long, in order to test his knowledge of the subject in hand. If he would claim this as his due under the present system at Acadia where the term marks count for half the student's standing, we must conclude that were he at Harvard or any other Institution where all depends on the final examination, he would consider himself unfairly treated if he were not allowed an examination of at least eight days!

At the close of his communication, the argument of your correspondent proves its own *Nemesis*, for he concludes by recommending a very questionable form of applying the system which he has all along been condemning namely, the supplementing of the written examinations, by an oral one. If, as he argues, this would diminish the evil of written examinations, *a fortiori* does the marking system, for it is merely an oral examination systematized and extended over a greater period of time so as to operate with the least possible injustice.

On this point it is noticeable that while at the beginning of his last paragraph Nemesis bewails

the diminished importance of the terminal examinations, before he concludes, he devises a "feasible plan" whereby to mitigate *their* evils. If Nemesis does not belong to the "Root and Branch" persuasion, he is certainly very inconsistent.

I have carefully read the letter of Nemesis to find some arguments against the marking system, and to learn what he would put in its place if it were swept away. In the absence of anything of the kind, I am forced to the conclusion that the communication in question must be the outcome of that lowest form of iconoclasm which, acting on the assumption "whatever is, is wrong," blindly cries out against a good thing without an intelligent idea of what it decries, still less of a better thing to substitute for what it would destroy.

I have written at length, Messrs. Editors, and, I fear, have trespassed on your valuable space. If so, my only excuse will be my desire that a subject of such practical importance to all interested in collegiate education, should have some discussion now that Nemesis has opened the way by this attack on the marking system. GRAD.

RICHMOND LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In my last letter to you I endeavored to write somewhat of the attractions in and around Richmond. But not with scenery and places of historic connection does its interest cease, for when the eye has wearied of wandering over landscapes and the imagination has tired of chasing visions from one scene to another, one can then indulge his tastes by resorting whence the celebrated colored orator and preacher, John Jasper, pours eloquently and defiantly forth his views as embodied in his famous lecture, "De sun do move and de earf am square."

Doubtless the name of this man is unfamiliar to many of you, but in the United States and even beyond the seas, Jasper enjoys unquestionable notoriety. It is chiefly on account of his "Sun Theory" that his name has been made known, although he is said to possess the elements of a true orator.

Being opposed to many things which would aid in elevating his race, particularly to the training of young men for the ministry, his position in the colored race is somewhat analogous to that class in the white race called *fogies*.

His theory of the sun moving about the earth and other crude astronomical views are based on

an extremely limited translation of the Scriptures. All attempts to enlighten him on the subject either through books or by argument, have proved futile, and he remains immovable as the hills.

To give you some idea of the man and his system of reasoning, you may accompany me to his church on a Sabbath afternoon when his sermon on the Sun is to be repeated, it may be at the expense of a party of students or persons wishing to hear him, and sometimes the members of the Legislature in session enliven their wits by a smack of Jasperean Logic.

From what you now know of the man you may expect to see and hear in his church what you would not in the other churches of this city.

As we enter, the "breddren" assembled are singing one of their old time *shouts*. Soon Jasper sweeps up the aisle with the air of the Grand Turk and is met at the desk by one who assists in removing his cloak, when he advances and bows, the singing at once ceasing. As a text he chooses "The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name," Exod xv. He then rambles about in Old Testament History, speaking of everything but the sun, for about two hours, when he arrives at one of his strongholds,—the instance of the sun standing still at the command of Joshua. No quicker do the spirits of the sophomores rise in the announcement of an *indisposed professor* than did our weary souls when the speaker announced that he had arrived at the place we had been looking for. The whole force of his eloquence and logic is now brought to bear. A list of varying computations as to the relative distance of the earth from the sun is produced and attacked in the following manner: "Now, how de name of God dem dar men know how far de earf am from de sun I dun' know. Where de tape line come from to measure it an' what de man stand on after he gits up de fust hundred miles, I dun' know. How dem dar men can stand it to go up to de sun, I dun' know."

Of the sun moving he says, "A thing must be gwine or it can't stop; de sun must been gwine or de Lord neber tell it to stop: If a waggon is gwine out dar and stop, it must have been gwine or it neber stop."

His argument in favor of the earth being square is presented in the following manner: "Did you ebor hear ob a round thing habin' corners? Now, filosofers say de earf am round, de Lord say from de four corners of de earf, darfor de earf am square."

Each point is received by bursts of laughter from the congregation, which on this occasion is composed largely of white people. One beauty of his theory is, conciseness, for in about one half hour he has explained his views to the satisfaction of all present.

But it is not here that we see the best of Mr. Jasper, but during the delivery of a gospel sermon.

Then at times, with the perspiration rolling from his brow, with wild gestures and swaying of the body he rises in a discription to heights, attractive and beautiful, though inelegantly expressed. It is from this uncultured power which he at times displays that the appellation orator is connected with his name. Hoping that this may be for your edification, I close my account of a man wonderful in many ways. E. A. C.

Locals.

209 students have been in attendance at the three Institutions since the Christmas vacation. Seminarirans number 82.

The Seniors have the subjects for their graduating orations, and as a necessary consequence the library has grown thin.

Students will please remember to pay their subscriptions before going home. It is rather surprising that some are a year or two in arrears.

An unusual number of students have made application this year for Honors in the various departments, mathematics being of course excepted.

Extract from a diary:—"Stole from—an N. T. H.—for some books of mine he took." Yes, verily, "necessity is the mother of invention."

Prof.—"Why do you drop the multiples of differentials in differentiating?" Freshie.—"Because they are infinitely less than nothing and therefore of no value!"

A certain Freshman should remember that it is not necessary to exhaust the world's news in a synopsis intended to form *parç* of an hour's meeting.

14 Cads attended their last reception, which has accordingly been represented by the following proportion:—

CADS.	SEMS.	CADS.	SEMS.
14	: 56	:: 1	: 4

A violin craze seized Chipman Hall last month, and as a result, the students have among their number in the boarding-house some six fiddlers. The want of a piano has been strongly felt. It might be suggested here that there is a time for

everything, fiddling and studying included. Owners of musical instruments should bear this in mind.

A free lecture under the auspices of the Athenæum was delivered by Rev. Dr. Patterson, of New Glasgow, in Academy Hall, Friday evening, March 9th. The subject—"The Stone Age of the Micmacs"—was illustrated by a large number and variety of Indian relics. The venerable Silas T. Rand was present, and gave by request a pleasing and instructive address after the lecture. The short notice given probably explains the smallness of the audience.

The officers of the cricket club for the present term are as follows:

President.....	I. W. Corey
Vice do.....	J. S. Lockbart.
Secretary-Treas.....	F. F. Eaton.
Captain.....	F. S. Clinch.
Managing Committee....	{ C. O. Tupper. S. W. Cummings. H. A. Lovett.

The fact that the term closes the first of May this year will limit Spring play to the month of April, and probably prevent any matches. Perhaps, however, it would be possible to arrange a graduates' match for June 8th. It is quite certain that eleven under-graduates could be mustered—willing to engage in such a match.

The officers of the Athenæum for the present term are as follows:—

President.....	H. K. Welton.
Vice President.....	F. R. Haley.
Corresponding Secretary....	H. S. Freeman.
Recording Secretary.....	G. E. A. Whitman.
Treasurer.....	J. W. Tingley.
Executive Committee.....	{ A. L. Powell. H. A. Longley. S. W. Cummings. H. B. Ellis. F. H. Beals.

The Athenæum meetings have been "few and far between" so far this term. Band-nights at the rink, lectures, and other entertainments, all of which seem to be peculiarly adapted to Friday evening, have conspired either to prevent the meetings altogether, or to keep many away. Some of the students do not seem to realize, or do not care, what opportunities they allow to pass unheeded. The debating society is of too great importance to be neglected. It is to be deplored that no arrangements have been made for a public entertainment this year. Students who were here some four or five years ago cannot fail to regret that no move has been made in this matter.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.—The Athenæum resolved itself into a Mock Parliament, on Friday evening, April 7th. The bill before the House was a "Maritime Union Act," the object of which was to unite the Parliaments of the Maritime Provinces into one. Whitman was Premier without office, Bradshaw, Attorney-General, Rogers, Provincial Secretary,

Hutchinson, Commissioner of Works and Mines. The leading guns of the Opposition were Williams (Leader), Wallace, Kelly, Armstrong, and Corey. The bill was introduced by the Premier, and the discussion was admirably sustained throughout. Eloquence, sarcasm, wit, want of words, and withering personalities, were all well represented in the different speeches. It was quite evident from the results of voting on amendments introduced in the early part of the debate that the Government had a fair working majority, although it was just as certain that the majority was not to be depended upon. About eleven o'clock members of each party began to pack the house with their supporters. At midnight amid the greatest excitement the roll was called, tremendous party cheering greeting the vote of each doubtful man. The result—22 ayes; 19 nos—elicited prolonged cheering from Government supporters.

Many college societies have adopted the parliamentary form of debate exclusively, and we do not hesitate to affirm that if this example be followed by the Athenæum, the meetings will prove much more interesting and be far more generally attended.

ANNIVERSARY CONCERT.—'83—Since the editorial reference to the concert was written, the Graduating Class has been enabled to make its announcement. HERR PIECZONKA, a celebrated Polish composer and pianist and the KEMPA LADIES' ORCHESTRA (eight pieces) of London, England, assisted by a FINE SOPRANO, are to perform in Halifax about the first of June, and through Messrs. S. Sichel & Sons of that city, it has been so arranged that a concert is to be given in College Hall, on the evening of Anniversary day. Each member of the combination has a musical reputation of the highest order, and the people may reasonably expect a rare treat. The members of the class consider themselves very fortunate in being able to procure musicians of so high an order, and they feel confident that their efforts will be fully appreciated by visitors and the Wolfville people.

All who wish to spend a thoroughly enjoyable day should come to WOLFVILLE ON JUNE 7TH. The Graduating Exercises, at 11 o'clock, a. m., the Alumni Dinner at 2 p. m., and this grand concert at 8 p. m., and the other attractions of the season cannot fail to attract a larger number than ever.

PERSONALS.

Rev. E. C. Spinney, D. D., '68, of Burlington, Iowa, made his Alma Mater a short visit in the early part of last month.

A. J. Denton, '79, has resigned the Principalship of the Kentville Academy, having received an appointment as a Financial Agent of the College.

John and Harry March are both studying medicine. John is still at the University of Michigan, and Harry intends going at the opening of the fall term.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

J. W. Spurden, \$2.00; L. C. Layton; A. W. Jordan; Miss Annie Delap; C. D. Rand, A. B.; A. J. P'ineo, A. B.; E. C. Whitman; Gurdon Locke; Rev. C. Haverstock; C. S. McLearn, \$3.00; Rhodes, Curry & Co., \$2.00; A. W.

Armstrong, A. B.; Judge Steadman, \$2.50; W. C. Bill, \$2.00; M. B. Shaw; T. H. Rand, D. C. L.; Rev. F. D. Crawley, A. B., \$2.00; William Alwood, \$2.50; W. C. Archibald; Mrs. S. E. Gerow, \$3.00; L. P. Churchill, \$3.50.

Birth.

West Newton, Mass., March 17, '83, the wife of W. A. Spinney, '71, of a son.

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