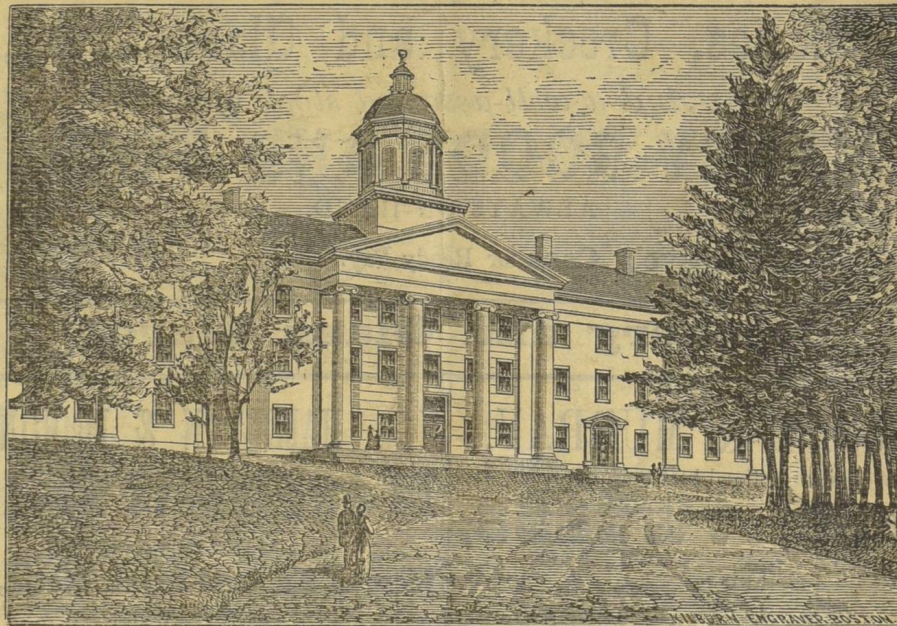


October, 1877.

Vcl. IV. No. 1.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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October, 1877.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 4.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., OCTOBER, 1877.

No 1.

On the Hill.

BY REV. A. J. LOCKHART.

I stood on the hill at morning
Ere the sun was in the sky;
The light wind kissed me on the cheek
As it was flitting by;
The turf was emerald 'neath my feet,
The east was a ruddy flame,
And the brown hare ran like a phantom fleet
Across my path as I came.

I stood on the hill at morning,—
I stood and looked below;—
I saw the silver-winding stream
Along the valley flow;
I saw the village windows fire
With flames from the rising sun,
And a golden future coming nigher,
And a glorious life begun.

I stood on the hill that morning
Watching the day-spring gleam;
My heart was perfect harmony,
My life was all a dream;—
No sombre clouds to meet my sight,
No trouble my heart to weigh;
Oh, why should a dreamer dream of night
At the very dawn of day?

Alas! for the heart is bitter
When it finds its dreams are vain;
When its prophecies are shown to be
The fruits of an idle brain;
Alas! when the light shall fade away,
And the cherished hope shall die;
When the gold of the cloud has turned to gray
In the overhanging sky.

I stood on the hill at morning,
And the yellow leaves were there;
The frosts had dyed the beeches
And the maples rustled bare;
My hopes were parted then and gone,
They were as last year's flowers;
And I was a sad and a weary one
Over the empty hours.

I stood on the hill at evening,
And the airs of heaven were keen;

The moon hung in the sparkling sky,
And not a cloud was seen;—
And the snow laid ghostly on the firs,
Which, when the wind did blow,
Nodded their dark tops to the stars,
And the dead that slept below.

But the dreams had flown forever,
And the night had deeper grown,
The haze from fancy's eye had passed;
The real lived alone;
The future looked not as it did
In the light of the morning flame;
But a field before my feet was spread
For work, and not for fame.

The olden gathers round me
With its dim familiar look;
It comes like the wind that rustles
The alders by the brook;
And the moon shines on the hill-side,
And the spring-morn breaks the same,
But they see no more the boy in his pride
In the light of the morning flame.

Macaulay and Westminster Abbey.

Thinking of the opposite tides of tendency that flow forever through the human breast, of the strange inconsistencies and contrarieties of the soul, and of the innumerable and diverse elements which make it up, my mind reverted to the deep desire of England's great historian—a sepulchre in Westminster Abbey.

“How, I said, is it possible, that to find repose amidst the dust, even of such heroes and dignitaries, could ever be such a glory-beaming goal for the aspiration of a man like Macaulay?” Yet I know not if such aspiration be inconsistent with the highest genius or unworthy a soul of profoundest emotion. To lie down with kings and prophets of a glorious past, to repose within the sanctuary of a nation's pride and love, to be united, even in the tomb with the dust inhabited by lofty souls of kindred power and excellence, might have no

attraction for the eyes of sordid ambition, but could scarcely fail of kindling the purer vision of a refined and sensitive soul. I can understand the passions of men whose ambition is confined rather to the present—whose aspirations are pent within the circle of a eulogy or a people's huzzah—who would give more to enjoy the intoxication of an hour's homage to himself living, than an immortal honor after death. Who can fail to see the difference between the Antony who comes brow-bound with the conqueror's laurels, leading captive kings in chains, with the oil of a great nation's oblation perfuming his triumphal car, and Milton, "old and blind and fallen on evil days," in poverty and under the ban of a powerful Government, looking forth with prophetic hopefulness to a future in which he should live forever among men, rescued from the general ruin of contemporary things and secured from decay in an ethereal temple built by his own hand. His is but a narrow mind that feverishly thirsts for present popularity, which is only warmed into heat by the gairish blaze of adulation, and which is only happy in imbibing the stimulant of praise—whether the result of impulse or judgment. However the Epicurean sentiment of Horace may be adapted to the happiness of man, no truly exalted soul responds to this,—

*Laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare.*

I do not seek to justify a man's love of fame for if it be a love purified from the dross of common clay it needs no justification. Nay more, it is the natural development of our divine nature the fairest fruit of our perfected manhood. There is no glory, no divinity, no heroism in death. To live is of God, and to live well is alone divine. I would rather live than die, and so man's yearnings for that life which breathes in the great world, an immortal essence, indestructible in proportion to the intensity and power of its truth, is wrought into the finest fibres of his being. The soul that cries for that immortality brought to light by Christ, cries with kindred instinct for man's kind remembrance. What man is there, who dying can say without a pang—let my memory perish, it matters not. Milton desired to live among men in his second and more enduring incar-

nation. So indeed might the great Apostle have felt without doing wrong to the divinity within him. Milton's view of that tinsel fame which engrosses vulgar minds, and many a mind which could hardly be named in such a broad genus, is nobly expressed in Christ's words in *Paradise Regained*.

*For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed !
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble who extol
Things vulgar and well weighed, scarce worth the praise.
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extolled;
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
If whom to be dispraised were no small praise,
His lot who dares be singularly good.*

Was it weakness in the soul of Macaulay that impelled him to aspire to a resting place in Westminster Abbey? If it was weakness, it was a noble one and incident to our highest nature. We do not judge man after the ascetic Christian standard of a middle age any more than we judge him by the theory of the Ancient Stoic. Luther may have cared less where they laid his bones than the simplest village rustic who asks a nook in the old church yard of his fathers where his dust may rest. It may be that Diogenes would not have preferred the most gorgeous sarcophagus to his tub. But though we may admire in the one the entire merging of mind and soul into the high spiritual realms of God so that the perishable clay was unseen in the splendour of the loftier vision; and in the other the philosophic will that achieved such a conquest over the human heart, we cannot less respect that human heart in its sympathy, that capacious mind; that genius so splendid and multiform, for its foible—if foible it be; nay, we would not have it otherwise.

I do not respect the man less—I honour the Briton more.

For this earth, mark you, contains no other place of Sepulture so grand in memories of the past, or hallowed by so many glorious patriotic reminiscences. The dead that lie there are England's—and Kings and Princes are proud to sleep where repose the relics of that genius which made a nation and a tongue classic and immortal.

In the vaults of the Escorial wrapped in

marble and dim in obscurity lie the Bourbon Kings of Spain—alone in their gloomy magnificence. No such exclusivism marks the resting place of England's Kings. There are the Statesmen who made her laws and wrought out of the confused elements of Government our inimitable Constitution—the charter and the guarantee of liberty. There too are her orators Burke, Pitt, and Fox, whose eloquence broke the sword of Napoleon, preserved inviolate the latest retreat of justice and liberty, and saved England from an armed despotism. Beside these lie the warriors and admirals, with all their honors thick upon them; men who “braved the battle and the breeze” in defence of King and country—men who bore the glorious old flag on Europe's best fought fields, and waved it triumphant in the crimson storm of Aboukir and Trafalgar, for Nelson and Wellington are there. And shall it be forgotten that dust no less noble has found fitting urn in the same stately pile; even of a great nation's Literati? Yonder is a marble statue of the world's greatest genius—Shakespeare—reminding us by the inscription carved thereon, that,

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that earth inherits shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

Such was the place and such were the associates that Macaulay coveted for his mortal slumber. And great indeed must that desire have been to be disproportioned to the glory of its object.

Dr. Lorimer's Lecture.

On Wednesday evening the Baptist Church was well filled by a large audience from Wolfville and the surrounding country, assembled to hear the celebrated Dr. Lorimer deliver a lecture on the “Organization of Daily Life.” The reverend lecturer spoke for two hours to an audience whose deep attention and frequent applause attested their interest and appreciation. We can only give a very brief outline of this eloquent address—an outline which can give no adequate idea of the living words as they fell from

the orator's lips. The lecture was introduced by a truly fine exordium, in which an analogy was drawn between morning, and the youth of life. There was a pensiveness about the morning which the poets had not spoken of—and so there was a pensiveness about youth—the period when life is shaped for lofty or ignoble ends.

In the organization of life, system is indispensable. Here there are two extremes. Some men pursue system, so far they become mere machines, automaton. By such mistake in religion men become ritualists, in learning pedants. On the other hand there are a class of free and easy fellows who despise all rule, and do what work they ever perform spasmodically—by spurts. The lecturer proposed to keep the golden mean, and avoid both Scylla and Charybdis. His first point was “The Foundation on which the principle of Order rests.”

It rested on the law of Order as manifested in the Divine works and Government. God was a Deity of infinite detail. Order and detail were shown in all the material world, in the realms of organic and inorganic life, and this order prevailed in the divine moral government likewise. The moral government of God was not in a fluid state, flux and unstable, but rigid and absolute. Shakespeare was cited as a true delineator of the inflexible laws which govern the moral nature of man. The passage was from Richard the Third, in which the ghosts of the murdered Clarence and others passed successively before the eyes of the sleeping King, with words of menace and prophecy; while to the sleeping Richmond they brought nothing but sweetest visions—illustrating thus the power of conscience. God also was exact in the moral as in the physical; these points illustrated from the Scriptures in the old economy, where all things were arranged with perfect exactitude, both in the matters of Religion and State. There was not only the precision as exemplified in the twelve tribes—the tabernacles, etc., but that shown in the moral law.

Pythagoras said, “Order is synonymous with Virtue;” Carlyle, that it is the great Evangelist; Southey, that it is the sanity of the mind. Hooker has discoursed with majestic eloquence

on the divine law. His dying words were that his eyes were fixed on the holy angels and their order. Schiller said order is the key-stone of Heaven's arch. And the Bigelow papers puts it quite forcibly thus :

" Unscrew that thing, and everything goes whizz,
A screw is loose in everything that is."

Order is intimately concerned with our peace and happiness, order in diet, in sleep, in study. The three great methods of acquiring knowledge, — Application. Study each particular branch at some particular hour each day. Successful men were all creatures of routine,—as the great merchants, Budget of Bristol, and Stewart of New York.

Order should be observed in Religion. Here the lecturer, in his happiest vein of humor, described the spasmodic Christian,—the revival Christian,—whose bill was unsettled with the milkman and butcher;—Christians who go to meeting when they like and stay home when they like; take the Lord's Supper when they like, and when they don't, refrain.

Sheridan was held up as an example of disorder in affairs of life, in a very telling set of illustrative anecdotes.

The lecturer's second division was, " Illustration of the principle of Order."

The necessity of models in daily life as well as in arts was illustrated. The following men were set before us as illustrious models and examples of order:—

Jonathan Edwards arranged in youth a system of rules to live by, in which was the daily prayer repeated for years, " Oh, Father, show me wherein I have erred to-day, that I may avoid the error to-morrow." A saying pregnant with wisdom, of another orderly man, was, " Make virtue a habit."

William Ellery Channing was systematic in study, which he pursued with quenchless ardor, spending all his available means for books, and going without even an overcoat in the winter for the sake of those books.

Rufus Choate habitually read a paragraph in Latin and Greek daily, thus acquiring an extensive vocabulary of words, and keeping his knowledge of the classics fresh.

Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Cobbett and Edward

Gibbon were also mentioned as examples of order and organization in life.

In illustrating the improvement of time, a story of Mahomet was related. Mahomet was carried away to the heavens, where he beheld the glories of the Lord, and took a journey through the regions of hell, where he saw the sorrows of the lost, and returned to the place whence he had set out, before the water was spilled from the vessel which had fallen from his hand in the moment of surprise at being taken away. A French chancellor wrote a work on jurisprudence in the fifteen minutes that intervened between the time of his ordering dinner and dining. An interesting story was told of Washington and his secretary, whose watch very nearly lost him his situation. An incident was also related of Napoleon. Napoleon speaks to one of his generals:—"The enemy are drawing out troops to surprise yonder position. It will take them just fifteen minutes to reach it. In fifteen minutes you can take it. It is the fifteen minutes that wins the battle."

Men of genius were mentioned who left nothing worthy behind them, *e. g.*, Benjamin Constant, the French philosopher,—nicknamed in Paris, Constant the Inconstant; Coleridge, whose works were like the shower of diamond dust, when, had he worked according to a rigid system his work might have been compared to the Kohinoor.

The third point was—"The Actualization of the Ordering of Life."

There were few great natural organizers. Frederick the Great may be mentioned as one, who organized an army seemingly in a country drained of resources and exhausted of men. Life should be organized religiously. For this the Bible is a sufficient rule. Those men are very shallow who forsake their Bible for Plato or Aristotle, or Socrates, or any of those old heathens.

Rules should be formulated reasonably and to suit your profession. Here the lecturer, in illustrating this point, spoke of a clergyman who, in certain hours set apart for study, would admit of no interruption on any consideration; and then eloquently spoke that great truth which many of the profession have forgotten,—that a

preacher of Christ was not called primarily to be a scholar, but to bind up the broken heart, etc. In discussing the question of sleep, interesting statistics were given of great men. Coke, the great lawyer, slept six hours out of the twenty-four. But no rule could be invariable in such a case. All physiologists were agreed that plenty of sleep was indispensable. Some men could get along with very little sleep. For example, Frederick the Great slept three hours, Humboldt four, Napoleon four.

The lecturer closed his oration with a few very impressive remarks on the improvement of time. Said Ruskin:—"An old man's soul can be saved, but an old man's life never can." Roger Bacon had made a bronze statue, and had placed it in his study, where he watched until worn out with his sleepless vigils for the words of wisdom which he expected to fall from its lips. At last he called his servant, and enjoining upon him strictly to wake him at the first syllable uttered by that brazen image, he fell asleep. Presently the solemn words, solemnly uttered, broke the stillness—"Time is!" The servant concluded, that he would not wake his master for such a trite remark. He listened. Suddenly again—"Time was!" He started, and as he was about putting forth his hands to wake his master, the voice cried—"Time is past!"

The sun dial at Oxford has these words on it: "Spent, but charged." A Roman Emperor said:—"A day has passed, and I have done no good thing."

Such were some of the vivid and original illustrations with which the great principle was embellished, and those illustrations delivered with dramatic power. Dr. Lorimer is an orator, not of the shoddy, sensational type, but one whose dignified utterance, graceful and temperate gesture, earnest, emotional nature, strong and often brilliant rhetoric, draws his auditors into the current of his thoughts, where they are borne onward with the most pleasurable sensations to the end. The subject, though not, perhaps, of very ample scope for the higher powers of the mind, was opened out with such a wealth and appropriateness of example and illustration all fused into the body of the thought, by the fire of his eloquence, that it impressed upon us the truth

that old subjects may be made new by one who has the genius of construction, and only by such an one.

In conclusion, we have only to say that the audience at Wolfville fairly represented the culture of the surrounding country. They were those who knew the man they were to hear, and appreciated him. Our thanks are due to Dr. Lorimer for his kindness in undertaking such a journey, and we hope that at some future time we shall have the pleasure of listening to him again in the same place.

Dr. Lorimer's Lecture in Halifax,

Delivered in the Academy of Music, Thursday evening, October 18th, 1877.

Hon. Dr. Parker presided, and in a neat speech introduced the Rev. Lecturer and announced the subject,

"LOST VIRTUES."

The lecturer first adverted to the "Lost Arts;" "few there are," he said, "who have not some knowledge of the wonderful facts which past ages present to us of the power and skill in Art possessed by nations of the olden time. The mechanical appliances of the Ancient Egyptians, by which were conveyed hundreds of miles across sandy deserts and placed in elevated positions, stones so huge that all the means of modern science cannot move them. The curious pottery, elaborate painting, wonderful pigments, finished statuary, and grand architecture of the past remain the wonder and despair of modern science. Cousin and Ruskin have mingled the good and true with the beautiful and useful; they are not the same, but co-ordinate. Art and Virtue are also joined in the fellowship of loss.

Man possesses an insatiable desire for the good and true, mingled all the way through history with dark deeds. Look at the lives of great men. Bacon, so great and yet so mean; look at the grand paintings by Turner, and contrast them with the picture of his real life.

(1.) *Truthfulness* comes first under the caption of the Lecture. There are some myths of a tribe that did not know what *lying* was,—it has never been found. Prester John is reported to have found such a people in Central Asia, but there is no such record. We must agree with Butler, in part at least, that "the race excels in solid lying." This is shown in the proneness to exaggerate and color. A young man borrows money promising to pay at a stated day, but wonderful things happen rather than paid payment. By reading the advertised statements

(Continued on Page 10.)

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., OCTR., 1877.

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QUICKLY, but pleasantly we believe, has the vacation passed, and in the meantime brought about its accustomed changes.

Again we greet the familiar faces of those whose genial companionship and courteous salutations have cheered our hearts, when in a state of despondency, occasioned by the many unwelcome reflections which are constantly forcing themselves upon the student's mind.

We also heartily welcome those, who, for the first time have visited our halls, and wish them unbounded success as they struggle manfully to conquer the difficulties which they must necessarily meet with. And while we encourage others, we are reminded, and forcibly too, of the obstructions the Editor has to surmount. His outlook is by no means pleasant. A confused and disconnected mass of ideas is presented to his mental vision, from which must be evolved a connected and readable article. How this may be done of course necessitates a certain amount of study and anxiety. But other things of equal

moment claim our careful attention. As we hold in prospect the several issues of our paper, and consider that it is regarded as an exponent of our institution, anxious thoughts are awakened.

Heretofore our hearts have been cheered by the kind words of encouragement coming from many of our readers. However, there is another species of encouragement, in the shape of *literary contributions*, which will find a warm reception.

Many of our old graduates could very materially aid us by employing a few of their spare moments on an article for the *ATHENÆUM*. We hope that spirit of loyalty which so animated them at one time in behalf of their Alma Mater and its best interests, has not been extinguished.

To those who have been our predecessors in the Editorial Chair, and under whose guidance our paper was so successfully carried on, we can only say, "We hope you will not forget us."

Items of interest from our friends, and supporters of the Institution, will be thankfully received.

From the experience we have gained in the past, and the generous support of our friends, we hope to make our paper a success. For it we claim not perfection, yet submit it to those who are interested in our welfare, and hope that when we shall have entered upon the more active duties of life, success may more abundantly crown the efforts of our successors, and prosperity attend our Alma Mater, under whose fostering care our literary culture has been conducted.

We shall studiously avoid anything that may have a tendency to breed discussion with other College Journals, knowing that the most of our readers have not the privilege of hearing the opposite side.

SUMMER has flown, and the fallen leaves are being scattered and driven by the autumn winds. Nature has donned her sombre robes. The sun seems to shine, not with the overwhelming splendor of summer, nor with the piercing glare of winter, but calmly, solemnly, as if he were reminding us of Summer past and stern Winter's approach. And, when he sinks behind the

mountains, it is not with the dazzling splendor of sunset in tropical climes, but with a softened glory that lights up the distant mountains and spreads a rich sheet of gold in the western sky.

We who have not been accustomed to look at mountains have a keen appreciation of the hills to be seen from Acadia, that seem like giants to us. We think of the noted bravery of the Highland Scotch,—we remember the daring resistance of the Welsh within their native mountains,—and we wonder whether or not we at Acadia shall gather the daring spirit and bold independence that mountains seem always to inspire.

Be that as it may, we have returned for the work of the College year. The vacation slipped away joyously, and we look back to it with pleasure. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, and though our books for the most part lay quietly on the shelf, we do not count the time lost, for we come back invigorated in body and mind, ready to perform the onerous duties of the coming year with ardor. Notwithstanding the general "hard times," all our number, with few exceptions, are on the ground; so that as the graduating class last year was small, and the matriculating class large, the College is well filled.

We now have the full staff of Professors in College. What we want is resolution and diligence on the part of the students. Let them have strict regard for the passing moments, for the scraps of time which seem so small, but are as precious as gold dust. We would not have them deprive themselves of suitable recreation, but during the time for study, let their whole mental force, to the exclusion of all trivial and irrelevant thoughts, be centred upon the task in hand. The power of concentration is the great secret of the student's success. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

THE Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces held its meetings for this year in Wolfville. This Convention has charge of the Missionary and educational interests of the denomination. The Governors of Acadia College report to it, and vacancies at the Board are filled by this body. At the meeting in August,

D. R. Eaton, Esq., A. F. Randolph, Esq., Avar Longley, Esq., M. P. P., B. H. Eaton, Esq., John R. Calhoun, Esq., M. P. P., of P. E. Island and T. H. Rand, D. C. L., Superintendent of Education in New Brunswick, were appointed Governors for a term of nine years, and Hon. Dr. Parker was re-elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge McCully.

As it will be fifty years next June since the N. S. Education Society was organized, which immediately, after its organization, proceeded to found an educational institution in Wolfville, which has developed into Acadia College, it was decided to hold special exercises in connection with the next anniversary of the College in honor of the semi-centennial. The Executive Committee of the College were instructed to make arrangements for this celebration. Rev. Dr. Crawley was invited to prepare a history of the rise and progress of the higher education in the Province of Nova Scotia in connection with the rise and progress of the Baptist denomination in the Province. Dr. Crawley's personal acquaintance with the principal facts of such a history, will give him great advantage in the preparation of such a paper, and we may expect from him a history of great interest and value. Rev. Dr. Cramp was also requested to prepare a paper containing a history of the revivals of religion in the institutions in Wolfville. This will be a congenial subject for Dr. Cramp, and he will prepare an interesting and useful paper.

The Governors made appropriations for the Library and Scientific Department and for repainting the interior of the new Boarding Hall, and for repainting and improving the halls of the College Building. The reports of the Agents engaged in raising the new Endowment Fund, were cheering; over one-third of the proposed sum has been subscribed and the prospect is good that the whole will be made up.

On the whole the Governors of the College enter on the fiftieth year of their work with most hopeful prospects, and we anticipate a deeply interesting and encouraging celebration at the close of the year.

Now!

How great import is contained in this short Anglo-Saxon word. It narrows down the boundaries of time, even to a moment, and there is nothing indefinite in its signification. When this word is employed in reference to time, we are compelled, as it were, to lay aside both past and future, and to confine ourselves to the present.

It seems to be the constitution of many natures, to be constantly reviewing the past, and, on looking upon their mistakes and failures alone, to complain with a mournful sigh, saying: "It might have been."

Others are continually looking far ahead, building air castles, making grand speculations and theories, and have in their minds a vague prospect of "a good time coming." Now, we should take a retrospective or a prospective view of life, only so far as it will assist us in governing our present course of action. When we review our previous history, and see how, by certain false steps or erroneous ideas, we failed to reach a desired end, we are led by these lessons to shun doubtful methods, and to take better precautions in our more immediate duties. Again, if we place before our minds some object to be gained, or end to be realized, this very looking ahead gives us zeal and inspiration in our present employments.

But life is too short, and time too precious, to be spent in lamenting past errors, or in making resolves for the future. Now is the only time given to us to use, and it is the imperative duty of each individual to improve the opportunities of the present. Every person, in his occupation, has certain engagements to meet and duties to perform; and if he attends to these at once, he is relieved of a considerable weight of responsibility, and is better fitted to grapple with other and harder obligations. Some persons keep continually putting off attending to the duties incumbent upon them, until, as they suppose, a more convenient season. But this convenient time never comes to them, and they are ever negligent of their own interests. Obligations which may be comparatively small now, if laid aside, will, in some future time, loom up before us like grim spectres, and will have assumed such

proportions that we shall neither be willing nor competent to overcome them. The brazier, if dissatisfied with a piece of work, may throw the metal into the furnace and have it recast. But not so can we re-fashion our actions, when once they are past, but they remain as though engraved in adamant. Now is the time for action! "Be wise to-day." Tardiness in fulfilling the commands of the general has often been the cause of a battle being lost. Neglecting to meet engagements at the proper time has led to the failure of many merchants. The student who omits to master a few points here and there, because they are difficult or do not suit his taste, will find many of these matters brought to his notice in the "Grand Review," and then it will be too late to attend to them. Everything around us appears to say, "*Tempus fugit*." It seems but a short time since the earth was being divested of its snowy mantle, and commenced to assume its livery of green. Spring, Summer and Autumn have hastened, one after the other, in rapid succession; and now the falling leaves, the mournfully sighing wind, and the stillness at times that may almost be felt, foretell once more the approach of Winter.

The boy, full of ambition and youthful aspirations, longs eagerly for the time to come, when he shall become a man, and be his own master and provider. But the time rushes on and he is surprised to find that life is very short; and when old, he will acknowledge that life, which appeared to be so long to him entering upon it, now seems to be only a dream.

"Time and tide wait for no man." Therefore let us improve the moments, and take up the duties lying in our several paths. Have we any aim in life? Do we set before our minds an ideal which we wish to imitate? Do we desire to accomplish some great undertaking? Then, we must commence now, and faithfully employ the means which are necessary for attaining these ends. The family motto of Doddridge was "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," "let us live while we live," and this should be our motto. By employing the present to the best advantage, we will live the most happily. Persons young in years are apt to imagine that their way of living now is of little consequence, because they are only prepar-

ing for life; but when they grow older, they will form correct habits, and take up their full responsibilities.

This is a mistake, for we are accountable now, for the way in which we employ our time, as much as we will be when older. This is an age of progress, and we can only keep up with it, by each day adding to our stock of knowledge, and using every means given us for improving our natures. The millenium has not come by any means, and there are still many hardships to be endured, and difficulties to be overcome. But we need not fear any of these, if we grapple with them as we meet them, and thus be ready for each new conflict. And at the close of our mortal career, we will be able to look back with satisfaction, and feel that we have not lived in vain.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—Act in the living present!
Heart within, and God our head!

Horton Collegiate Academy.

This institution commenced work, after the long vacation, on September 3. The staff of Teachers has undergone but little change since last year. Prof. Tufts has consented to retain the position of Principal, to the great satisfaction of all who have the good of the Academy at heart. We are glad to find him established, this year, in the new Academy building, where he can exercise more immediate oversight over the boarders than formerly. This arrangement, we are confident, must be highly satisfactory to the parents of the young men attending the School. Mr. Eaton, after two very successful years' service, as teacher and curator of the new dormitory, has removed to Harvard. His place has been taken by Mr. B. P. Shafner, A. B., of last year's graduating class. From the very satisfactory work done by Mr. Shafner heretofore, we feel confident that he will discharge the duties of his position with marked ability.

The Female Department of the Academy, under the efficient management of Miss Woodworth, is becoming every year more popular. Before the school opened this Autumn, the number of applications was in excess of the boarding

accommodation. A new building for the young ladies is one of the urgent needs of this department. We hope some generous friend of our institution will devote fifteen thousand dollars to this purpose. If he should, future generations will assuredly call him blessed.

The boarding arrangements in both departments of the School are, we learn, giving excellent satisfaction. The chronic grumbling of the student about the quantity and quality of his food bids fair to become a thing of the past.

The attendance of pupils is very encouraging. At this writing it is 93, but before we reach our patrons it will doubtless be over 100. Everything promises a prosperous year.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

You will allow me a small space in the ATHENÆUM to notice two or three things which must certainly strike the attention of every person. Last Winter a paper was drawn up and circulated among the students. It stated that the want of a gymnasium on the hill was sorely felt, and that those whose names were annexed would pay \$1 per year to defray the expenses. This was the plan—that the Governors of the College erect the building and furnish it with the necessary apparatus; that the money raised by the students yearly would defray the interest on the money necessary to erect the building, and the current expenses. It was hoped that sufficient means would be obtained to warrant the erection of a gymnasium. Every student on the Hill, (I know not of an exception) signed the paper. About \$40 were subscribed. This would meet the interest on \$500, and leave something for current expenses. The paper was presented to the President, but nothing has since been seen or heard of the wayfarer.

Last Summer, during the vacation, a considerable amount of money was expended on improvements and embellishments, such as walks, etc. Now we do not mean to say that these are not useful or pleasing to the taste, but we do wish to say that we consider a gymnasium more important. They could have been left in abeyance for a time if it had been necessary, and no one would have been the worse; but who will pretend to deny that a gymnasium is not a prime necessity.

Cricket is beneficial in strengthening and developing some parts of the physical man, but all do not care to play, nor can they afford the time necessary for them to derive the full advantages of the game. Moreover, it is impracticable for a greater part of

the College year. The same with ball-playing. The only thing remaining is the horribly monotonous, mind-weakening walk. Few care to go out into the rain, or slush, or driving snow, to take this kind of exercise. The consequences are evident to every thoughtful observer. The pale, sickly countenance; dyspepsia, with all its attendant evils; incapacity for study. The poor student blames himself, and is blamed for not making greater progress. The want of exercise, and the want of a proper place in which to take it, are the principal reasons why so many of our students graduate with broken constitutions.

We are advised to take exercise. We are told that it will help us to meet the storms of life, to go out into the storms of winter, into the pelting rain, into the slush and mire,—all for the sake of that monotonous walk. Surely these things may develop seeds of disease which, sooner or later, shall bear fruit. Our Professors assign us subjects connected with physical culture, on which we are requested to write. They tell us that exercise is incalculably important, both as regards our physical and moral natures. All see the necessity of it. The gymnasium will not be a burden on the hands of the Governors. If they choose, they can take the money which they may have on hand, and erect a building. It would be a good investment. The students will pay the interest and current expenses.

Then, in view of these considerations, let us have a gymnasium on the Hill, in which the student may develop *all* parts of his body, at *all* times of the year. Acadia needs men, men physically, men who shall go from her walls prepared to work for themselves and for her, because they are not enfeebled with diseased bodies. Man must cultivate his physical, as well as his social, mental, and moral constitution. Then, and only then, is he fully the design of his Creator.

Personal Touches.

J. GOODWIN, A. B., 1877, is preaching at Shelburne, Shelburne Co.

B. P. SHAFNER, A. B., 1877, is laboring successfully as a teacher in connection with the Academy.

I. C. ARCHIBALD, of present Senior Class, is teaching in Halifax.

F. F. FORBES, of present Junior Class, is employed in connection with the Fishery Commission, now in session at Halifax.

F. C. RAND, of present Junior Class, is studying law in St. John.

C. P. COBB, of Junior Class, is wielding the pen in Dartmouth.

(Continued from page 10.)

concerning certain hair restoratives you might wonder why any one should ever be bald or grey; and yet the very man who makes it or sells it, is bald. Pills are advertised as cure alls, and we might ask "why have graveyards at all?" but we know the man who makes the pills, as well as those who sell, and those who take them do not believe what is said of them. Even over the grave we find the same; one might well ask, judging from the epitaphs, "where are the sinners buried?" On many a tombstone the first two words are the most truthful—"Here lies." Ladies are not free from the evil, as the many superlatives in common use prove; nor are ministers, nor in fact any class or nation or age.

(2.) *Genuineness*.—To be what you seem, to seem what you are. The tendency of our time is to veneer. Shoddy is shown in more ways than in cloth making. The high horse is ridden by very many more than the Lyceum debater or stump orator. Mrs. Malaprop is not yet dead, indeed.

(3.) *Generousness*.—Some are very generous; but there are so many who know not the meaning of the term. Truly, it is one of the virtues. When President Lincoln had the small-pox he requested all the office-seekers to be sent for, as he had something he could give to each. A young man who had given a donation to the "Society for Finding the Lost Tribes of Israel," gave as the reason for so doing: "I have borrowed from all the Jews I know, and would like for others to be found." So, in many walks of life the benevolent actions of men rest upon a substratum of selfishness. If a rival is ascending the ladder, it is not necessary to pull him down; let us ascend as well. If imposed upon with a counterfeit bill, how many would tear it up? The lecturer traced the various steps taken by the ungenerous man until he ends in being revengeful or misanthropic. The seven stages of man were here recited with fine effect.

(4.) *Temperateness*.—This term does not refer merely to eating and drinking. It means control of the pulse, the passions, the desires. Mammon, the meanest god that fell from Heaven, and who wields so much power here, must be trampled upon. Gluttony is bad. Intemperance is worse. The drunkard is sometimes said to have only *one* vice; that one is so hideous as to obscure all others.

(5.) *Courageousness*.—Man is a fighting animal. But this means not only the courage which carry masses of men into difficulties, and face to face with death; but that determination which will look at evil, and say "evil," even against the world,—which will look into the face of wrong and say "wrong."

"Oh! who would not a champion be,
In this the lordlier chivalry?"

Our Exchanges.

The "Chrestomathean" comes to us with a very good little poem on Fate, and a sensible article on Professional Men. To the "Chrestomathean's" question as to the reason of its large circulation, we propound this principle for College papers: By as much as they decrease in size, they increase in value. However, a more sensible solution may be, that the well-filled humorous department is a tempting bait, — something like three pages being devoted to it.

The "Lawrence Collegian" is very interesting. It has devoted a department to story-telling, — a very necessary part of a paper in the present age. The articles were all very readable, which is saying something for College papers.

The "Colby Echo" has a short translation from Virgil, in dactylic hexameters, with the Caption, The Death of Palinurus.

The poem is well enough, but it is to be hoped that the genius of poets will cease to war with the genius of languages ere long. We would like for the writer of The Geological History of Religion to more fully express his reasons on two points. First, that the universality of religious sentiment and belief in man, is no evidence that religion is natural to man. Secondly, that the transition from Sun-worship to serpent-worship was easy, when it seems so unnatural. There seems to be no decadence of virtue in the "Colby Echo."

Locals.

EVEN though our Institution is situated in a locality, where everything contributes to the most healthful condition of the body, yet sickness has visited our halls and left its impress on the countenances of many. Fortunately, however, nothing of a very serious nature has occurred. Some, we are pleased to report, have entirely recovered and others are convalescent.

WE are pleased to note the fact that the members of our Literary Society have been infused with new zeal and a spirit of progress in behalf of the prosperity of this invaluable organization. The importance of using advantageously the privileges offered by this Institute must be a patent to each one. As the attendance is much larger this year than usual, we can safely predict success. The first meeting of the year was held Sept. 7th, when officers were elected and important business transacted. Let our motto be, in this, as well as in other things, which have for their object our improvement—"Acadia expects every student to do his duty."

The officers for first term are:—M. R. Tuttle, President; G. B. Healy, Vice-President; J. D. Wallace, Secretary; W. F. Andrews, Cor. Secretary; E. W. Sawyer, Treasurer; H. H. Welton, Critic.

UNDER the auspices of our Literary Society, the first Lecture of the regular course was delivered in the Baptist Meeting House of this place, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 17th., by the popular pulpit orator of Boston, Rev. Dr. Lorimer. Subject, "Organization of daily life." A second was also given by him, in Academy of Music, Halifax. Subject, "Lost Virtues." We cannot speak in too commendatory terms of the Lecturer's ability to please and to profit. Our testimony would be but a feeble addition to his great and growing reputation. Should circumstances permit we will gladly secure his services at some future day. We give short reports of his Lectures, from which a very inadequate idea of their beauties can be formed.

WRITE for the ATHENÆUM,
Write whatever you can,
Put your pen to your paper
And be an Editors' man.

Send the jokes of the table,
Send the jests of the street,
Send the various items,
You each may happen to meet.

Send the thoughts of the twilight,
The soul's own lecturing time—
And the hard won fruit of study,
Be it prose or rhyme.

Yes, write for the ATHENÆUM,
Write whatever you can,
Put your pen to your paper
And be an Editor's man.

PROFESSOR JONES, who has been absent from us a year, at Oxford, is again in our midst. We expect to be more than repaid for any loss we may have sustained during last year, through his sojourn in foreign parts, by the increased benefit which we may reap in the classical room in the years to come. Future classes, generations of students yet unmatri-
culated, will gather in unmixed advantages. Mingling with students as a student, has in no way unfitted the Professor to sympathize with students as a teacher. Probably some of the difficulties and discouragements which rear their horrid front in every student's path have represented themselves vividly before him. The atmosphere of the classical room will be, if possible more genial than ever.

THOSE of our readers who have spent any time at Acadia will doubtless glance over the locals in search of some report of Acadia Missionary Society. The efforts put forth by this organization with reference to the awakening of a missionary spirit among the students, have, in a large measure, been successful in the past. To this assertion even some in the foreign field at present, will testify. Its meetings are still held monthly. The exercises are varied, consisting of discussions on Missionary topics, Essays, Synopses, etc. The officers for the current year are as follows:—

E. P. Coldwell, *President*.
A. W. Armstrong, *Vice-President*.
G. B. Healy, *Secretary*.
C. K. Harrington, *Treasurer*.

OUR eyes sparkled and our hearts rose when we returned to the "Old Home on the Hill" and glanced at the improvements which had been made during our three month's breathing spell. We noticed a change as soon as our feet touched the College grounds. What before were narrow and crooked paths through the grass had been changed into raised walks, dry, smooth, and commodious. The amount of appreciation which is bestowed on these several intersecting roads, after a rain is something to encourage a philanthropist. On entering the building other improvements meet the eye. The halls have been repainted, restaired, and largely refloored, and possess such a fresh, neat look as has not hung over them for decades as far as we know. In the Academy Building, too, some improvements have been made, considerable paint and varnish having been applied to much advantage. Space, or rather want of space, prevents us from going into any detailed account.

Great improvements, too, are visible in the Seminary, to which department of our Institution we feel it our duty no less than our privilege to call frequent attention. We have not now in mind fresh paint on the shingles, nor new floors in the halls, nor new steps to the verandah. No, our mind rises now above such sordid themes. We refer to the new faces which smile at us from the windows, and laugh at us from the stoop, and haunt us night and day, old Olney taking a back seat for the nonce. 'Tis true that a cloud gathers on our brows as we scan the roll of the absent, the names of those whose paths may never more cross ours; but sunshine, or lamplight, takes its place when before us throng the faces which shall light up for us '77-'78. Indisputable proof of the improvements mentioned is found in the fact that the supply of one-cent stamps in the village post office lasted but one short month.

But the most striking proof of the above was afforded by the Reception, which is the subject of this local. It occurred a short time since, and was for the benefit of College students. The discussion in the Athenæum on the preceeding night, on our duty to our social natures, had turned the minds of all in the proper direction, and broken the ice in the hearts of those who usually care for none of those things. The aforesaid improvements added their gentle but resistless influence. Some whose feet had hitherto shunned to climb the Seminary steps, and who were considered proof against all tender emotions, yielded without a struggle, and might have been seen on the eventful evening with their brows relaxed, smiles playing across their cheeks, and looking as happy as a boy who has just had a present of a prize water-melon. If anyone still presumes to question our statement about improvements, we would recommend him to ask each of the students how he enjoyed himself, and if he can find us one who hadn't a "first class time," we will silently withdraw.

Funnyisms.

SUBJECT OF DEBATE.—"Whether will it be better for the world that Russia or Turkey should gain in the present war?"

Excited debater:—"What will be the advantage, Mr. President, of having the Turks driven out of Russia?" Cheers and cries of "Hear! hear!"

PROFESSOR (calling roll):—John Smith,

J. Smith:—Adsum.

Prof.:—Geo. Laird

G. Laird:—Hic.

Prof.:—Yes; you appear to have had some (adsum) too. *Clip.*

ONE of our boys who knows, says:—After all, a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in all the world. A perfect honey-comb, full of SELLS.—*Clip.*

SCRAP of Prep's letter to his ma:—I enjoy myself very well. They call those boys who hang around the halls and stairs at the Girls seny'ers. I fell down on the back step and Hurt me. While looking up at the windows to see who was throwing water at me. The Dr. wouldn't let me go home. I asked him the night after I came. I wept. I'm almost out of money. A Junior told me to tell you that I had been Robbed on the depot platform. My Chum chews gum, it got stuck in my Hair, one night. Good by.—*Clip.*

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