

# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUS QUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 5.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1878.

No. 2<sup>3</sup>

## ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRE.

The sky was red that night in young December,  
And not from sunset, for the sun was down,  
But all the air, with flame and flying ember,  
Seemed blazing, from the windows of the town.

The long-loved walls, the pillars, stately showing,  
Crumbled beneath the fingers of the flame  
At morning break, when pale the east was glow-  
ing—

Her ashes, and her memory, and her name.

She is not lost, and oft in mood reflective,

She stands an honored temple to us still;

Her shining walls as precious, though subjective,  
As those which erst looked grandly from the  
Hill.

She is ours yet, our own, our loved, our cherished;

Tho' ruin's blazing foot her halls has crossed  
We cannot think within us, "She has perished;"  
All that she was she is, and naught is lost.

She is ours yet, as ere that twilight flaming;

We see her rising with her olden mein,  
A place upon the Hillside ever claiming,  
Though prouder walls may cast a fairer sheen.

She is ours yet; the new may win affection,

For love is like the loaves of Galilee;  
But on the quiet heights of retrospection,  
She stands immortal, home of memory.

## REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 3.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO LONDON.

In England and on the continent, rail-carriages are not constructed precisely after the American pattern. Every car is divided into three or four cross-sections, each having sitting accommodation for eight or ten persons who sit *vis-a-vis*, and the entrances to these sections are at or along the side of the car.

The rate of speed, at least in England, is greater than that generally made in this country. Some of the express trains go about a mile a minute, which is as near flying as can be, carrier pigeons being able to do little more.

In passing over a well ballasted road—a road on which there is little rocking or swinging to the car—one becomes perhaps unaware of the amazing speed with which he is driven along, and does not consequently feel much concern for his safety; but let him once stand by a crossing and witness the same speed as the train passes, and he almost resolves never to enter the cars again. In fact, he can hardly be said to *see* the train at all. When its approach is announced he lifts his eyes to behold, but scarcely has he done so than it is already passed. He hears a noise, and feels the pressure of the suddenly disturbed air against his face; but the impetuous something that passes before him is too terribly swift in its motion to permit more than a momentary glance at its quickly vanishing form. He is assured, however, that he has seen what is called the lightning express.

I do not believe in driving cars at a rate that puts human life in jeopardy; but if people are to be killed in them at all, it is perhaps better to do it so instantaneously and thoroughly that they can never know what hurt them.

In no place that I have travelled by rail have I felt so safe as in Germany, where the roads are well constructed and most efficiently and carefully managed, where the rate of speed seldom exceeds thirty miles per hour, it being often considerably less, and where



catastrophes consequently are of very seldom occurrence.

The road from Liverpool to London—a distance of about 200 miles—runs through one of the finest parts of England; although of England as a whole, it may be said that it is a great garden.

It is not much exaggeration to say that, as compared with it, the best cultivated parts of Nova Scotia, as Cornwallis, or the Annapolis Valley, seem not unlike portions of partially reclaimed wilderness. Every square foot of soil under cultivation is made to do its utmost in producing, so that England, though a small place comparatively, yet does much towards feeding its own population.

There is in England, at the present time, a growing feeling in favor of the repeal of the law of primogeniture, the effect of which is to keep the land of the country in the hands of comparatively few.

Many think that it would be better for the country as a whole, if the land of the kingdom were subjected to a process of sub-division, and the number of land-owners correspondingly multiplied. There can be no doubt this would bring greater prosperity and contentment to many of the agricultural peasantry; but it is not so clear that the same amount of land would hereby be made to produce more than it does now. In France, where the law obliges the father to divide equally among his sons the land he leaves to them, it appears that for the same amount of acreage the produce is less than in England. This holds true more particularly of such articles as beef, butter and cheese, for the production of which a considerable acreage is required—more, at least, than is offered in many parts of France, where the farms have been so divided and sub-divided from generation to generation, that now they consist only of narrow strips of land not more than eight or ten rods wide, in which sheep and oxen can be pastured or fattened only on the smallest scale. In the farming districts of England, fat oxen may sometimes be seen feeding in fields in which the grass is almost up to their bellies; in this country

it would perhaps be thought that they had broken into the mowing, but there it is the normal state of things and creates no surprise.

In these provinces, however, it cannot be said that farms are too small. In the majority of cases, if farmers owned less land, or attempted to cultivate less, they would reap a larger profit from their labor. Many of them seem to be land-poor, as the saying goes,—poor from the very effort of keeping it fenced.

The ever-changing scenery which passes like a panorama before the eye as the cars roll along towards London, is very beautiful. One can never tire of beholding it. The disfigurement of pole-fences, so common in these more wooden parts of the world, is never seen; but neatly trimmed thorn hedges take their place. Trees also largely serve the purpose of ornamentation, and to this end are variously disposed,—standing in some places wide apart, in solitary beauty; in others, in long straight rows, or sweeping in graceful curves around the base of a hill or the bend of a river; in yet others, in clumps of less or greater size upon the more commanding elevations,—the green fields coming cleanly up to them on every side. I have observed, too, that the very brooks are not always allowed to flow sprawling about in every direction, but are made to go where irrigation is most needed, and are transformed here and there into artificial ponds and cascades.

Well, it was through a country thus highly cultivated and beautiful, and thickly dotted with villages and manufacturing towns, that I took my first ride by rail in England, finding myself at its termination in

LONDON.

And with what words shall I attempt a description of this mighty city—mightier even than Nineveh or Babylon of old? “I have often amused myself,” says Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, “with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to a consideration of some one



particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done on change; a dramatic enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns. But the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." "If you wish," he adds, "to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists."

About a hundred years have passed since Boswell wrote these words, and if London at that time was immense in "the multiplicity of human habitations," how much more immense is it now, with its habitations more than doubled as compared with their number then!

Two hundred years ago the population was less than 500,000, which is little more than its present rate of increase every ten years.

If on a map of London one point of a pair of compasses were placed at Charing cross, the other point removed ten miles distant, and a circle described, said circle would about define the district over which the jurisdiction of the London metropolitan police extends. The number of human beings found in this district must now exceed four millions,—a population greater perhaps than that of all Canada, or than that of the three largest cities of Europe, namely, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, combined.

Halifax has a population of about 40,000, and covers considerable area. A city fifteen times the size of Halifax would be large—larger than any on this continent but one, namely, New York; but a hundred Halifaxes would not make one London.

It requires in fact some effort of imagination to grasp the idea of London's size and population. Just think of a single street as long as from Wolfville to Windsor, not indeed called throughout by the same name, but running substantially in the same direction, and continuously and magnificently built up all the way! Outlying districts which were formerly separated from London by miles of open field, are now covered with streets and houses, including many fine squares. Of such, mention might be made of Pancras, anciently a lonely hamlet, one mile distant from Holborn Bars, and often called *Pancras-in-the-fields*. Less than one hundred years ago, its population numberless than six hundred. Now it has a circumference of 18 miles, with a population of 200,000. In Domesday book, Westminster is styled a village with fifty holders of land, and a "pennage for a hundred hogs." The present city, with the adjacent districts, called the liberties of Westminster, has a population of 300,000 persons. The district north of Hyde Park, one or two hundred years ago an open field, but now chiefly inhabited by merchants, bankers, and lawyers, has been styled by Thackeray, "the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia, the most respectable district in the habitable globe! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day. Over yonder road by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, what a rush of civilization and order flows now! what armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks and chambers, and counting houses! what regiments of nursery maids and pretty infantry; what peaceful processions of policemen; what light broughams, and what gay carriages; what swarms of busy apprentices and artificers riding on omnibus roofs, pass daily and hourly!"

If as many people as would equal the population of Nova Scotia should migrate from London to other parts of the world, there would be no very *perceptible* diminu-



tion of the number remaining at home. I have myself seen the spectacle—the sublime spectacle I might say—of perhaps two hundred thousand persons massed together along the banks of the Thames on the day of the University boat race; but whilst this monster gathering was witnessing the contest between Oxford and Cambridge, the streets of the great city which had sent it forth seemed as thronged as ever, and its multifarious activities to proceed as if nothing were occurring outside.

There are not a few thoroughfares in London where human beings press and jostle each other at a fearful rate. Notably among these is that of the southern angle of the Bank of England.

This is the great money centre of London, and, I might say, of the world. The daily stock and banking operations which are transacted here are felt throughout both hemispheres. A large proportion of the travel by omnibuses and other vehicles between east and west London passes at this point. Six great streets converge here—discharge here their swollen currents of human life, so that it swells and surges and eddies as if would sweep away the massive walls of the channels which confine it.

I have often wondered what would be the emotions of a lad who had been reared in some quiet country place, should he be put down suddenly on this spot. Methinks he would, first of all, feel concerned for his personal safety, lest he should be squeezed or trodden to death. Then, having composed himself, he would probably marvel how so many people could each follow the thread of his own business without mistaking that of somebody else for it.

### GENIUS.

“Genius is that faculty of the mind which calls forth and combines ideas with great rapidity and vivacity, and with an intuitive perception of their congruity or incongruity.” Such is the definition given by a deep thinker and profound scholar. Though from so high

an authority as Dr. Good, yet we are led in part to call in question its correctness. Genius seems rather a quick and intense direction of any or of all the faculties, than being itself a distinctive faculty. “By faculty is meant any particular part of our constitution, through which we become affected by the various qualities and relations of beings (or things) around us.” Regarding genius as a faculty, it will follow, as all men have not genius, that one man may have an entire faculty which another has not. From this, it would appear that there are “qualities and relations of beings around us,” by which some are not only unaffected, but are destitute of all susceptibility of being affected thereby. The actual impression and the *higher degree* belong to the man of genius only.

The addition of a single faculty, as we think, would make a man more than human; so the abstraction of a faculty would make him less than man. Take away, for example, the power of conscience, and he would no longer rank among human beings. Let but a faculty become latent and inoperative, and how does it press the individual to the confines of a class for which we have no name. To this view analogy lends its aid. To an already existing substance, add another element, and the resulting compound is wholly different from the original.

Genius is an inspiration of nature, placing its possessor on an eminence which seems to reach ends without means. That it is less a distinct faculty than a quick concentrative power, appears by comparing it with the imagination. The latter coincides with the former in its ready originating power and vivacity; but whilst the one quickly perceives the congruity or incongruity of ideas, the other does not. In such a perception the exercise of judgment is implied. To imagination, then, add the element of intuitive judgment, and the result is genius. This resultant presupposes and necessitates the prompt, exact use of every faculty. All will no doubt admit this as true of the loftier genius. Extended vision and vast compre-



hension is implied in such perception of congruity or incongruity.

This power, or faculty, if the term be admissible, is a kind of "Tutelary, guiding, inspiring divinity;" it is an omniscience. To the possessor it gives wings, and he soars away as the bird of Jove, beyond the range of common flight. Being of "the broad and sweeping wing," he must pursue his way alone. He is a gleaming meteor; a startling comet; among inferior, a superior god. He is a revelator. He stands on a pedestal and seizes the truth after which thousands have long reached in vain.

With this especial gift conferred on the select few, how may it be used to elevate and bless mankind! He who has it throws open a door in many a dark and bewildering alley, and light enters. The man of genius has access to sources of solace or of suffering sealed up to others. To the hungry and thirsty spirit he may present ambrosial food and the sweetest nectar. Sounds unmusical to the multitude may be to him symphonious as the chiming of the spheres. What to some is but sterility and deformity, is to him luxuriance and loveliness.

"His eye in a fine phrensy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven;"

and his enraptured spirit revels in scenes where angels love to dwell. The ground on which he treads, the fields through which he roams, the vital air he breathes, the clouds that float above, all, *all* are vocal to his listening ear. When lifting his eyes to the celestial orbs, he communes with the stars, and the language of men, yea, of angels would not express the delightful emotions of his soul. Though he tends his flock by night, his spirit will not be repressed. He will travel through the unmeasured fields of ether, he will converse with the stars, he will "tell their numbers," he will "call them by their names." A Ferguson tosses from him the incumbent pressure, rends his bands asunder, bursts from his enclosure, goes forth into the illimitable, celestial ubiquity. Though denied the light of heaven, a Milton pursues

his way through the trackless universe, and views sights before unseen. To minds thus endowed belongs a universal language, whose alphabet is of neither Phœnician nor Grecian origin.

Such a mind is familiar with the vast, the grand, the sublime, and the beautiful. It holds converse with heaven's thunder and the ocean's roar; and "lays its hand upon the ocean's mane" with the ease of a long habitude.

"Not a breeze  
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
Fresh pleasure."

If, as expressed in the language of Sharon Turner, there is in man "a surpassing mixture of perfections and deformities, the most brilliant splendor with the darkest shade," with what emphasis may this be said of many men of genius. How vast their power for good or evil—to bless or to curse. The extremes of their influence who can measure? Such extremes are found in a Hume and a Nelson, in a Milton and a Byron, in a Descartes and a Foster, in a Diderot and a Lyttleton.

"Take one example to our purpose quite,"  
of a mind gloriously endowed with this high gift of Heaven, but terribly perverted—

"A man of rank, and of capacious soul  
Who riches had, and fame beyond desire.

\* \* \* \* \*  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;  
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;  
All that was hated, all that was dear;  
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man;  
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves;  
Then smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much,  
And praised; \* \* \* \* \*  
And kings to do him honor took delight.  
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame,  
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,  
He died. He died of what? Of wretchedness.

"Proof this beyond all lingering of doubt,  
That not with natural or mental wealth  
Is God delighted, or his peace secured;  
That not in natural or mental wealth,  
Is human happiness or grandeur found."



# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF

## ACADIA UNIVERSITY

### EDITORS.

C. K. HARRINGTON, '79. A. J. DENTON, '79.  
B. F. SIMPSON, '80. A. C. CHUTE, '81.

### MANAGING COMMITTEE.

S. N. BENTLY. F. ANDREWS.  
G. W. COX, *Sec.-Treas.*

Terms: 50 Cts. in Advance, Postage prepaid.

Communications should be handed to the Editors, or addressed to the "Editors of THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM."

### CONTENTS.—DECEMBER, 1878.

On the Anniversary of the Fire (Poem).....	25
Reminiscences of European Study and Travel—No. 3. 25	25
Genius.....	28
Editorials.....	29
Dr. Allison's Lecture.....	31
The New Buildings.....	32
A Visit to Mount Auburn.....	32
Junior Orations (Programme).....	34
Mosaics.....	34
Exchanges.....	34
Things around Home.....	35
Personals.....	36
Acknowledgments.....	36

To all our subscribers we wish a Merry Merry Christmas and a Happy Happy New Year. You can make the Editors' by sending along your subscription.

We regret that a typographical error occurred in our last issue, in the announcement of Prof. Kennedy's marriage. Instead of Emma, daughter of John D. Longley, read Emma, daughter of John D. Longard.

We make some extracts from *The Tyro* concerning Dr. Fyfe. The Institute at Woodstock has suffered a great loss; and not only the Institute but the Baptists of the Dominion, and the cause of higher education. After dwelling on his strength of character, intellect, and will, on his wonderful promptness in decision and his unhesitating self-reliance in action, on his strong common sense, Prof. Wells goes on to say: "But the crowning excellence of Dr. Fyfe's character

is to be found in the lofty principles and motives which ruled his life. His moral nature was eminently pure and noble. All these strong qualities of mind and will were subordinated to the highest aim a human being can set before him, the aim to do *right* and to do *good*." "His was the high-toned Christianity which refuses to do homage in the temple of custom, or to creep along on the low level of expediency." "Let us thank God the influence of the character we have sketched is not ended. It will never end. The waves, ever widening in their sweep, cannot be lost even in the ocean of the great future. Meanwhile, if asked to name three features in the character of the honored dead, which seem to me most worthy of imitation by the students who loved him, I would answer, his simple trust in God, his strong love of TRUTH, and his fearless determination to do RIGHT. And these three are one."

Let us, fellow students of Acadia, if we wish to make life a true success, strive to attain to the nobleness of such a life.

WE thought of delaying the December number of the ATHENÆUM until after the Junior Exhibition, but on more mature consideration concluded to have it out as near the 15th as possible. This will prevent our readers, receiving an account of said Exhibition. The affair will no doubt be a success—especially the rhetorical part. Reading, selection, thought, writing, erasures, interlining, and re-writing, accompanied with room pacing, head scratching, self disgust, and paper conflagrations, are all over. In the hours of sleep some now see sights equal to those DeQuincey saw, while one or two behold their names emblazoned upon the roll of fame. The compositions have received the last touches, and their authors are in the midst of gesture and bodily contortions. The voice of a young Demosthenes is heard in many a room, and the hill-top is the resort of the more aspiring, who, with the stars as auditors, pour forth in preparatory declamations. The result of all will be seen and felt on Friday evening, the 19th of December.



High are our expectations! Over the hills of memory come trooping up the closing words of a Sophomore oration, delivered some years ago by one of Acadia's graduates. These have an unusual significance at this time. "With such glorious achievements of the past before us, with such auspicious omens of the future cheering us, may we not confidentially hope—aye! rest assured that the slumbering germs of an oratory, yet in embryo, will ere long burst forth in such thunder tones as will startle from their sepulchral gloom the ashes of Cicero, and cause the affrighted shade of Demosthenes to stand in wonder, lost before the stupendous majesty of modern eloquence."

A most remarkable thing occurred in the Academy building on the evening of December 2d. The Canadian Twins cease to be a curiosity, the invention of the phonograph becomes a very humdrum affair, when we turn attention to this Academic phenomenon. A most remarkable thing,—silence. There wasn't a door slamming, or a fiddle scraping, or a small Academy boy singing "Home sweet Home, I long for to go." All was still. And yet there was no one present to rejoice in this noiselessness, no weary brain wrestling with the Higher Calculus, to which this hush would have been a joy while it lasted, no harassed cognitive faculty coming off second best from a skirmish with the Ego and NonEgo, the object-object and the subject-object, which this interval of quietude would have returned with fresh vigor to the conflict. The cause of all which is not difficult to be ascertained. Any one having occasion to enter the main portal to the College shanty on that said 2d of December, might have espied a notice to the effect that it would be in order for the students to assemble after supper on the site of the old Acadia, to institute certain exercises celebrative of the fire. An effigy of the burned building was prepared, and when the evening meal was satisfactorily disposed of, this miniature college was borne in due solemnity to the appointed place, followed by a funeral

train of students. One individual of an abnormally *grave* turn of mind devoted himself to tolling the bell as the cortege passed along. The interior of the College being duly fitted up with combustible material, a match was applied, and as the flames burst through the roof and lit up the surrounding scenery, a shout went up from the throng. The three Institutions were present. After marching around the fire, the students reformed in group, and called upon Dr. Welton, Mr. Coldwell, Mr. Robinson, and others, for short addresses. Mr. Coldwell, in the course of his remarks, alluding to the difference between our present circumstances and those in which we stood a year ago, moved that a vote of thanks be made by the students to the friends to whose generosity we owe the fine buildings which have taken the place of the one that went up in the fire. This was seconded, and heartily carried, and three stirring cheers ascended for the friends of Acadia. After cheering for Old and New Acadia, for the Faculty, etc., we called to mind the days that come no more, as we lifted up our voices and sang "Auld Lang Syne," "God save the Queen," and three for Lorne and Louise ended the proceedings. And thus we learn why such a strange hush reigned through the Academy on that memorable evening.

#### DR. ALLISON'S LECTURE.

The second lecture of our monthly course was delivered in the Vestry of the Baptist Church, on Friday evening of November 22d, by David Allison, LL.D., Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and late President of Mount Allison College; subject, John Stuart Mill. The lecture throughout was interesting and instructive. First we were treated to a description of Mr. Mill's early life, and of the influences under which his peculiar manner of thinking was developed, and his peculiar belief conceived. The lecturer, though by no means a Millite, was nevertheless willing—sensibly we think—to concede credit to Mr. Mill for that part



of his work which has been really beneficial, and which tended to the development of a fuller truth. While the wild and venturesome mind of Mill seems often to have led beyond the limits of what we receive as demonstrated truth, yet his acute mind, and keen logic had the effect of exposing many errors in the metaphysics of his time; and when truth is evolved and properly demonstrated, the lecturer sees no reason for not accepting it from Mill as well as from any other source. The reference made to Mr. Mill's moderation of his views on the trade question, called forth considerable applause from some *unruly* students, and made us feel that if he did come nearer the truth at least on some points in his more mature days, we could forgive some of his other blunders, especially when we consider the almost irresistible influence of early education on the human mind.

We shall not soon forget the interesting lecture; much less the kind remarks of the lecturer concerning our Professors, ourselves, and our Institution.

#### THE NEW BUILDINGS.

The new Ladies' Seminary partly occupies the site of the old College Building. It occupies some ground further to the east, and faces west. The building consists of a basement and three flats, these making the height nearly 60 ft. The roof is mansard, and the *dome* is on it but does not add much to the beauty. A very fine view may be had from this building. Grand Pre stretches far away in the distance, while Minas Basin may be seen to be bounded by the Cobequid mountains. To the west, the Cornwallis valley, with thickly dotted homesteads and pleasant villages, stretches till the view is lost by reason of the distance. More romantic than all, more dear to the student, and to the reader of Evangeline, are the North Mountains and Blomidon, "where the sea-fogs pitch their tents."

The basement contains kitchen, dining room, laundry, drying room, pantry, china

room, store rooms, and servants rooms. The ground floor, which is entered by a front and a rear entrance, contains six parlors and eight bedrooms. The Principal's rooms are in the north-west corner, and consist of parlor and sleeping rooms with closets. Some of these parlors—the corner ones—have two bedrooms off of each. In others, folding doors shut off the bedroom. On this flat also we find a music room, and the reception room, 24.6x17, which can be enlarged by drawing back the folding doors which separate the music room from the reception room.

On the second flat are seven parlors and eight bedrooms. Some of these rooms have no separate sleeping apartments. On the east side of the building on this flat are three music rooms and two bath rooms. The third flat is precisely the same as the second, thus making twenty parlors in the building. The halls, which are spacious, run the length of the building, terminating in stairways at each end. These are well ventilated by the tremendous flues. The outside work is mostly finished, and the first coat of paint has been put on. The size of the building is 90x45. The young ladies of the Baptist denomination especially and of all denominations in general, will find here a pleasant and comfortable place for study, for the new Seminary has been well constructed. We admire the pluck of the young ladies who have resolved in the past to prosecute their studies in the old Seminary. They have waited long enough for a suitable building, and we are heartily glad that there is a sure prospect for them of obtaining one at last.

#### A VISIT TO MOUNT AUBURN.

Early on a given morning we hailed a passing car, and started for Mount Auburn, a place about which we had heard so much that tended to awaken curiosity.

The drive from Boston, although short, was full of interest to a stranger. We passed the time-honored Harvard, the oldest, wealthiest, and perhaps the most warmly supported institution of education in Amer-



ica. It was in the house of the President of this University that the first printing press of America was set up, in the year 1639, where it remained for several years. A little further, and we pass the old elm, the sole remaining scion of the forest that formerly covered Cambridge, and under which Washington, the petted ideal of a warrior and statesman by all New Englanders, first took command of the Continentals. In the distance we saw the dwelling of Longfellow—which a school-boy of Acadia gazes at with mingled pleasure and curiosity, as the shelter of a venerable poet, and the author of the (to us) beloved poem, *Evangeline*—surrounded by its thick-growing lilac groves. As we proceed, we pass substantial cottages, with tastefully arranged surroundings, with beautiful lawns, and overshadowed walks, all of which, though full of interest and capable of gratifying the æsthetic mind, did not detract one iota from the full enjoyment of the scene, which, as we stood in the gateway of that renowned old burying-ground, presented itself before us. It was a beautiful, fine morning, the sun was yet making his apparent march toward the zenith. A faint breeze was passing through the foliage, the birds in the tree-tops sang their merry chirp, unmindful of our presence. Everything appeared to welcome and enliven. More like a paradise did it appear to us than a receptacle for the remains of mortals. As we stepped within the entrance, we were compelled to pause and admire the flower beds artistically arranged on either side of the walks, and drawing in long draughts of the air, redolent of the blooming creations all around.

We entered one of the many walks which lay before us, and as we strolled along beneath the tall, branching elms, new scenes of interest constantly presented themselves. Here was an old moss-covered church, with the green ivy clinging to its sides, within which were statues of some of the good old *patres patriæ*, whom the Americans delight to revere and honor. I may remark here, *en passant*, that scarcely any feature of American

character is more quickly detected by a stranger than this, their almost reverential regard for those who suffered in the struggle for liberty. A monument is one of the first objects seen as you sail up Boston harbor; and throughout the city, in every public resort, in almost every public building, there is some testimonial for spent genius or by-gone endeavors. A little beyond, and a beautiful monument, or it may be a small lake almost hidden by the growth of shrubbery, would draw forth fresh expressions of wonder and delight from us. At length, after having almost tired of expressing admiration for individual objects, we ascend the old tower, from which we may take an entire view of this Eden of New England. Through the thick branches we may discern in the distance the boundary; one hundred and thirty acres are inclosed. In every direction we see monuments, like ghosts, rising from the ground, and *then* perhaps we first feel that we are surrounded by the remains of those who, but a short time ago, were moving to and fro, ambitious and zealous like ourselves. How solemn then did the whole scene appear. What a change came over us! A minute ago we were almost boisterous in our admiration of nature and art; we now are standing awed and speechless. What before appeared created for enjoyment, an enclosure set apart in which nature and art vied with each other to elicit the more praise from the beholder, *now* appeared as a vast city of the dead, a teacher and reminder of the moral lesson so frequently brought to our notice, namely, that we all must die.

But we must not weary the reader with a longer continuance of the thoughts, the beauty and solemnity of the place naturally aroused. Suffice it to add, we left the old burying-ground soon after descending from our elevated position, carrying away with us a happy remembrance of our visit, and a strong inclination to re-visit the place, should opportunity ever admit.

Canada is happy—but she is for-Lorne.—*Exchange.*



## JUNIOR ORATIONS.

The following is the programme for the Junior Exhibition, Thursday Evening, Dec. 19th :

VOLUNTARY.  
PRAYER.  
MUSIC.

Music—Its Power and uses.	Walter Barss, Wolfville.
Discoveries in Africa.	* S. N. Bentley, Wilmot.
English Literature at the Opening of the Nineteenth Century.	Everett W. Sawyer, Wolfville.
The Economic Phase of Education.	Edward J. Morse, Paradise.
	MUSIC.
Canadian Literature.	John E. Armstrong, Granville Ferry.
Conditions of Prosperity.	G. J. C. White, St. John, N. B.
Sir Walter Raleigh.	* Howard Chambers, Halifax.
True Social Culture.	Caleb R. B. Dodge, Middleton.
Athens in the age of Pericles.	Clarence E. Griffin, Cornwallis.
	MUSIC.
The Inheritance of Genius.	B. F. Simpson, Bay View, P. E. I.
The Fall of Wolsey.	* Richmond Shafner, Williamston.
The Study of Literature.	G. Wilbert Cox, Stewia Lake.
Socialism.	George E. Croscup, Granville Ferry.
	MUSIC—VICTORIA.

\* Excused.

## Mosaics.

It is a most mortifying reflection for any man to consider *what he has done*, compared with *what he might have done*.—JOHNSON.

There needs not a great soul to make a hero ; there needs a God-created soul which will be true to its origin ; that will be a great soul.—CARLYLE.

It is the happiness of man that he has the power of increasing his talents, and enlarging the sphere of intellect, by diligence and application.—COLLYER.

How many rays of thought, precious rays ! emanating immediately from the Deity upon the mind, are extinguished by the noxious vapours of stagnated life.—ZIMMERMAN.

It is wonderful how even the casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them, and yield to subserve a design which they may, in their first apparent tendency, threaten to frustrate.—FOSTER.

When reason, by the assistance of grace, has prevailed over and outgrown the encroachments of sense, the delights of sensuality are to such a one but as a hobby-horse would be to a councillor of state, or as tasteless as a bundle of hay to a hungry lion.—SOUTH.

## Our Exchanges.

The first number of *The Tyro* has reached us—designed as a “Memorial sheet to lay lovingly upon the tomb of our honored dead”—Dr. Fyfe. It is indeed a loving and grateful tribute from Associate Principal, from sorrowing wife and reverent and loving students. We tender them our deepest sympathies.

The confidence and self-complacency of *The Dalhousie Gazette* in its own success and that of the College is quite perceptible in the first number. It contains a very long address by Prof. DeMill. Only the half of the address is inserted. It has good reason to congratulate the Freshmen and the College as a whole on the appointment of Dr. Bayne as Prof. of Chemistry. Improvements have been made in regard to class-rooms and apparatus.

*The Collegian and Neoterian* has a good article on declamation under the heading of Oratory. What is the matter with the Freshmen? Surely they do trouble you. But keep cool. They will gradually find their place, as all Freshmen do. The second issue is better than the first.

*The McGill Gazette* is true to the traditions of its past career, viz., a supreme interest in Games Amusements and Gymnastic Exercises. It contains a readable article on “Education.” Where is your second issue?

We like poetry. 'Tis the gift of Genius. But “The Wanderer” in the *Argosy* is reformed iambic pentameter run mad. Take this for a sample of unbounded license:

“Would we could bury him too deep to hear  
The voice of the final trump;  
But who can escape  
The judgment? None. The all-seeing eye  
Pierces through every pore of universal matter.”

The *Argosy* has two articles against social customs. We hardly know whether the writer of “Salutary Reform” was jesting or not.

To no exchange do we turn with greater pleasure than to the *Canada School Journal*. The Nov. No. contains an excellent article on Goldwin Smith, and “What is Cram” and “Natural Science as a part of School Education” will repay a second perusal. It is replete with information for Trustees and Teachers—just the paper they want. Sample copies are sent free to Teachers and Trustees. The subscription price is only \$1.00 a year.



## Things Around Home.

Shoot that horrible, contemptible whistling.

Examinations have commenced. Cramming—well, we won't say anything about that.

F. F. Forbes will please accept our thanks for the papers sent. 'Tis characteristic of the *man*.

Thanksgiving Day was a holiday for the students. They were very thankful for it, no doubt.

Hon. J. S. McDonald has built a tenement house in the rear of the Academy Boarding House. It looks very well.

For the information of all persons interested, we make the announcement that C. E. —, of the Junior class, is *not* married.

Prof. in Hist.—“Are there any instances of this protection of sanctuary in heathen lands?” Senior—“Yes, among the Jews.”

It was reported one day just before dinner that we were to have goose. A Senior hearing it, exclaimed, “I like the brisket, I want the brisket.”

Why are the ladies in the Seminary kissing one another, an emblem of Christianity? They are doing unto each other what they would men should do unto them.

The Sophomores have had Hill's Rhetoric instead of Blair's this term. It is about time that so old a work, although its oldness is not in itself a fault, was superseded.

A Sophomore thinks if John the Baptist, while in the wilderness, ate the kind of “Locus's” we get in the Mathematical Room, that the poor man must have almost starved to death.

Prof. in Hist.—“Why did the Germans whitewash the gables of their boundaries?” Mr. R.—“On the same principle that people whitewash their houses before Anniversary and Association times.”

Classical Prof.—“Mr. C., will you distinguish between *primus*, *primo*, and *primum*? I will not ask you to desynonymize this time, as there seems to be some misunderstanding about that term.”

This is the question now among the Freshmen concerning one of their number, who ran off with the wreck of the goose from the dining table, “Whether he ate it or turned into it.” He makes an awful noise now.

Acadia numbers more students than ever before, although the *College* is but a shed.

Freshmen.....	30
Sophomores.....	17
Juniors.....	13
Seniors.....	13
	<hr/>
	73

The Freshmen challenged the remaining classes to a match at foot-ball. 14 Freshmen were selected, and 13 were obtained from the other classes. The game was warmly contested on the Campus, on Wednesday, 4th Dec. The Freshmen won the game handsomely. Mr. A. E. Eaton deserves credit for his skilful playing, and Mr. Troop made a splendid goal. They won three touch-downs and one goal. Mr. R. G. Haley was the best player on the field.

The first open Athenæum of the term took place on the 29th ult. J. G. A. Belyea delivered a speech on “Loyalty to our Motherland.” He made some very good points. Mr. Belyea's manner adds a peculiar charm to whatever he has to say. Mr. A. E. Eaton gave a reading from Tennyson, entitled “Dora,” which was well rendered. C. K. Harrington read a paper on “How we went to see the Marquis.” G. O. Forsyth's description of the Junior expedition was good, but too long. Messrs. Bentley and Chute's readings gave good satisfaction. The evening's entertainment was pronounced a success.

The next morning after Dr. Allison delivered his lecture on “John Stuart Mill,” an Academician who did not attend asked who John Stuart Mill was. Such an ex-



hibition of ignorance is tolerable, if there were no means at hand of remedying the defect, but when students sit in their rooms when a lecture is being delivered by one of the chief educationists of the Province, on one of the greatest men of the 19th century, at their very doors, for the trifling admission fee of 10 cents—then there is no excuse for such lamentable ignorance. It is said that quite a number of the Academicians are pursuing this course. We hope it is not so. Education is a wider thing than Greek roots and Latin declensions.

Again we call the attention of the proper authorities of Wolfville (if there are any) to that pig-sty at Mud Bridge. Now it is well known that Mud Bridge is a notoriously muddy place, and furthermore, that there is only one side-walk. The pig-sty is situated right alongside of this side-walk; in fact, the railing of the bridge forms a part of the fence around the sty, which extends almost half-way of the bridge. In order to cross this well-named bridge, the pedestrian, whether man, woman or child, must pass along the side next to the pig-sty, where the nostrils, if they have not been seared with a red hot iron, will be so offended with the noxious effluvia that the traveller will hesitate about travelling that road again. Now if the Road Commissioners will only provide a side-walk on the other side of the road, we will gladly take that side. Moreover, it will be helping the man who owns the sty—oh, what a dirty, disreputable sty it is! What an insult to any woman—what an insult to the public.

### Personals.

[We desire to make the PERSONAL column a success. Will friends please send us as many items as they can?]

'55.—Rev. Isaiah Wallace, after pursuing a somewhat erratic course, has again taken up his abode under the shades of his *Alma Mater*, as pastor of the Second Horton Church, Gaspereaux, N. S. Mr. W. is one of the most successful pastors in the Baptist denomination in these Provinces.

'58.—Robert L. Weatherbe has been promoted to a judgeship in the Supreme Court of N. S. Judge Weatherbe will thus close a successful career at the bar, and enter upon a promising one on the bench.

'60.—James E. Wells has been appointed Principal of the Canadian Literary Institute in the room of Rev. Dr. Fyfe, deceased. Mr. Wells has for several years very successfully filled the position of Classical Prof. in the above named institution.

'62.—Rev. J. E. Hopper, having on account of ill health resigned a successful pastorate in the North Western States, is now associate editor of *The Christian Visitor*, St. John, N. B.

'71.—Rev. W. H. Warren, after taking a rest for the Summer on account of his health, has taken charge of the Baptist Church at Bridgetown, N. S.

'75.—W. G. Parsons is Principal of the Academy at Guysboro, N. S.

'75.—G. E. Good is pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Sackville, N. B.

'76.—D. H. Simpson, E. W. Kelly, and F. D. Crawley are studying Theology at Newton Centre, Mass.

'78.—W. O. Wright is teaching at Hillsborough, N. B., in his native county. Mr. Wright is the *right* kind of a man for such work. We wish him every success.

### Acknowledgments.

Sidney Locke, Fred Dimock, John Shafner, Rev. S. B. Kempton A.M., George G. Sanderson A.B. \$1.00, E. C. Whitman, Miss Sara Firth, Prof. J. F. Tufts A.M., Mrs. T. H. Randall, A. W. Cogswell, Miss Kate Miller, S. N. Daniels, Miss Minnie Perry, H. M. Chambers, Rev. James Meadows \$1.00, William Lloyd \$2.00, Amasa Fiske A. B., P. J. Hogg, Clifford Locke, Edwin Locke, Colin Ringer, Jacob Locke, John Gerow \$1.00, Chipman Parker \$1.00, Fred L. Shafner, G. W. Boggs, H. S. Chase, Miss Florence A. Whiton, W. H. Moore, Dr. H. W. Rand, Mrs. Edwin DeWolfe, Mrs. Blair, H. H. Morse, J. E. Armstrong, G. J. C. White.