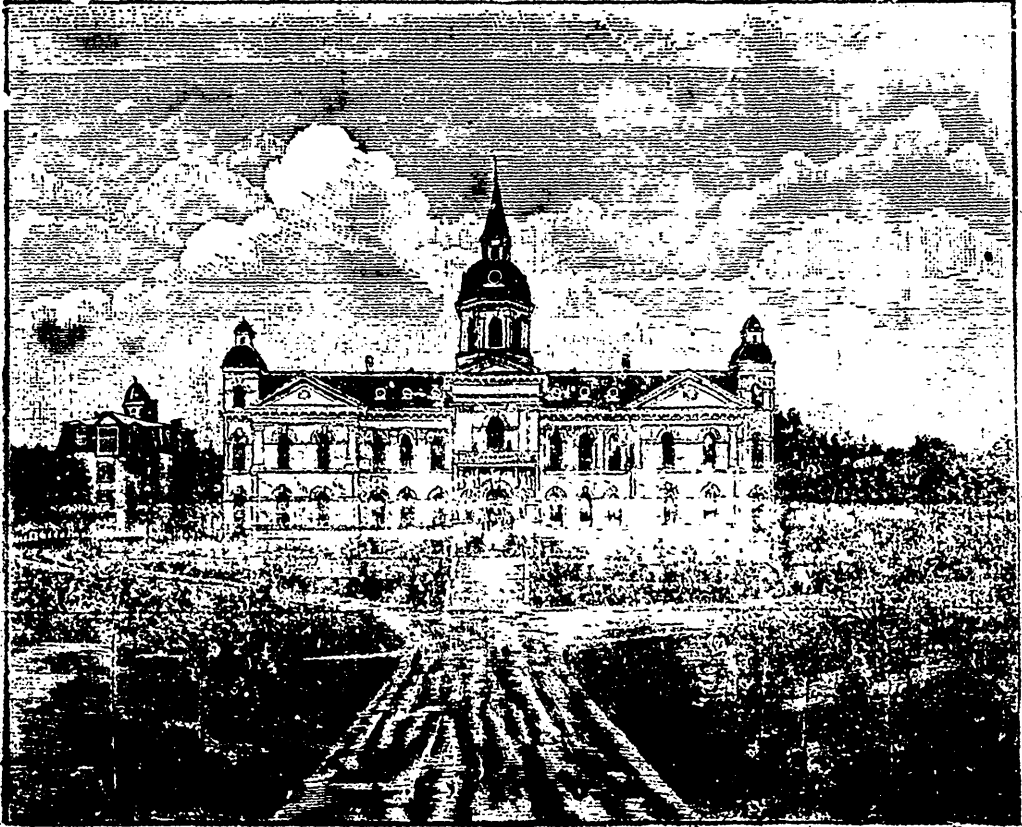


May, 1881.

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The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 7

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1881.

No. 8.

A STORM BY THE SEA.

We stood on the crest of a towering cliff,
Lashed by the huge Atlantic waves,
That onward drive with thundering roar
When loud and fierce the tempest raves;
And gazed afar o'er the boundless sea
Where huge waves gambelled fierce and free.
Thickly and fast the hurrying clouds
Roll madly across the darkened sky,
And thickly falls the briny rain,
On the wings of the tempest hurring by:
Most wierdly wild is the tempest's moan,
Most wildly wierd is the echoing groan.
Like an army vast with banners white,
The seas roll on in dread array;
Like trained batallions on they move,
As if nought their onward course could stay;
And we think of those on the mighty deep,
Where high the hungry surges leap.
On, grandly on, the billows roll
Against the adamantine rocks,
That back a creamy shower hurl,
And firm withstand the grinding shock:
Louder than thunder is the roar,
That rises from the sounding shore.
Huge crested breakers follow fast,
And roll along with deafening roar;
Driven before the howling blast
They loudly lash the resounding shore:
The creamy foam now upward springs,
And is borne away on the tempest's wings.
As we outward gaze o'er the surging sea,
And list to the tempest's booming roar,
We think of Him who its wrath could quell,
And say to the tempest—"Rage no more!"—
Who bade the raging sea—"Be still!"
And the boisterous waves obeyed His will.
KAYOSHK.

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF MILTON.

— A. C. C.

Owing to the eminence Milton occupies as a poet, the part he played in civil matters receives comparatively little notice. He was not what might be called a practical

politician; but he was nevertheless a prominent figure among great statesmen of a momentous epoch. We do not find him in the important councils, taking part in discussions and helping to administer the affairs of government; but we find him in seclusion performing the routine duties of his office, and "buckling on the controversial panoply" meeting the additional obligations attendant upon his great abilities and learning.

Three years before the opening of the Civil War he was travelling in Italy, and when about to visit Sicily and Greece the intelligence reached him of trouble at home; and he resolved to return and serve his country, not as a soldier, but as a scholar. It would seem from the way in which he was for a time employed that he might have completed his projected tour without loss to the cause which he espoused; but as he could not predict what course affairs would take, he preferred, in his passionate love of civil and religious liberty, to be on the ground prepared for any emergency.

The want of freedom in the use of the press for the discussion of public questions led Milton to write his first political tractate,—*Areopagitica*,—which Burke calls "the most magnificent of prose poems." The time was one of mental activity, notwithstanding the political commotion, and in the poet's view this augured well for the nation; so that he felt constrained to raise his voice against putting shackles upon thought and preventing progress thereby. This cogent plea failed of an immediate effect, but no doubt it hastened the freedom contended for, although the press of England did not become wholly free for

almost a century.

Upon the subversion of monarchy the centre of power was a Council of State. After the appointment of a committee for foreign affairs Milton was chosen Latin Secretary. The duties properly belonging to this office were not arduous; but Milton's scholarship and patriotism imposed upon him more difficult engagements. The number of foreign dispatches was small, and the letters of the Parliament and Protectors averaged only fourteen per year. Remembering the poet's boasted high intentions in a nobler sphere, some have reproached him for accepting such a position; but is it not to the poet's honor that with such a lofty ambition he could turn aside at the call of the oppressed, and spend eleven years within official walls? Politics meant to him the interests of the faithful nation to which he belonged, it meant the happiness and well-being of humanity; so that he did not consider that his poetical ambition exempted him from using his power against those who ruthlessly trampled on human freedom and destroyed the tranquility of three kingdoms.

The excellent domestic qualities of Charles I. and the nature of the kingly office had served to turn the attention of many from the king's public severity and unfaithfulness; and on this account there was demanded a vindication of the bloody act enacted in front of Whitehall Palace. Pursuant to the wish of the government, Milton prepared his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, wherein the arguments, as far as they relate to royalty, are directed against tyrannical rulers, and not against kings, as such. If the power entrusted to sovereignty were used with a view to the best interests of subjects, then there could be no stronger advocate for the rights of the king to be cherished and obeyed than this very man who has been called a regicide. His doctrine was that justice is no respecter of persons, and it should follow the king as well as the subject; so that if the former disregarded the right by which

he ruled, and were guilty of rapine, perfidy, and violence, he should be arraigned before its impartial bar and have meted out to him such punishment as his offences deserved. In the private excellencies of the king, Mr. Macaulay sees but poor compensation for his flagrant public wrongs; and while he disapproves of the execution of Charles, he finds ample ground upon which not only to justify the course pursued by Milton after the act had been committed, but he feels himself called upon to *applaud* that course.

The reactionary feeling consequent on beheading the sovereign found expression in a volume fraudulently purporting to be from the king's own hand, and aiming to awaken that sympathy which would produce resentment of what the Royalists called the Martyrdom of their beloved Ruler. The Republicans felt that a reply to this was imperatively demanded; and the task was entrusted to Milton who energetically exposed its falsehoods and sophistries.

The profligate Prince of Wales, wishing to vindicate his father's memory, and also clear the way for his own promotion to the English throne, secured the services of a learned Professor at Leyden on behalf of his cause. Salmasius' *Defensio Regia* was followed by Milton's *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*,—the former endeavoring to show that the sovereign power rests with the king naturally and by right, and that he is responsible to God alone; the latter holding to the original and unlimited sovereignty of the people. Milton was acknowledged victor; and out of wounded vanity at defeat his antagonist is said to have sought a secluded spot and prematurely died. There is one element of this much applauded defense, however, which all are agreed in pronouncing a decided blemish; and that is, the discourteous and abusive manner in which Milton treats Salmasius. Some degree of palliation is found, perhaps, in the fact that the times fostered this spirit, and that with many, contumely would have more weight than solid argument and

gentlemanly bearing; but it must be admitted that little is gained for any good cause, even at the time, by the use of ignoble means, and eventually it proves injurious to the party and stands to the discredit of its champion. In this famous controversy the combatants are ostensibly contending as the representatives of royalty and republicanism; but the interests at stake are often hidden by gross personalities. Possibly great men find too many apologists for their crooked ways.

At length the fondest hopes of the Commonwealth began to fade. Richard had not his father's skill to hold together the heterogeneous elements; and ere long Charles II. was called to the throne amid unprecedented pomp. To Milton the forebodings of renewed kingship gave much disquietude, and with a faint hope that even at the eleventh hour the threatened restoration might be prevented, he again took up his pen and warned his fellow-countrymen against receiving the yoke of bondage which he said was being prepared for them. As one writer remarks, "This treatise is sadly grand and its eloquence is full of tears." The second edition was overtaken by the Restoration, and the Latin Secretaryship was at an end.

Some have expressed deep regrets that John Milton should ever have spent those precious years in writing official dispatches and engaging in political squabbles. They consider that his transcendent powers lay dormant during the best portion of his life, whilst the duties of his office could have been discharged by one vastly inferior. They say we might have had another such poem as the *Paradise Lost* if this sublimest of men had not been drawn from the muse's bower. But after all there may be little occasion for these regrets. The poet had received a University training, he had spent five years of retirement in close study of classical literature, he had reaped the advantages of continental travel—all uniting to fit him for the work he purposed performing in the sphere of letters; but he had

not mingled with men and gained those experiences which alone could enable him to clothe his poem with human sympathies. He had lived largely in an ideal region; and although his former habit of seclusion remained by him after his appointment to public service, he was subjected to the buffets of his opponents, and was compelled to look out upon what was real and make a study of it. And in attempting to state for what portions of the *Paradise Lost* we are indebted to this political period of the poet's history, or what other portions received their coloring from the experiences of that time, one would be more likely to fall below than to overstate the truth. Then this episode of Milton's life was far from being a loss if we leave out of sight the fact that it was an essential part of his training. True it is that he had seen the failure of the hope which brightened the early days of the Commonwealth, that he had received the opprobrium of many, and that he became blind before his state labors closed; but while his efforts seemed at the time to have fallen to the ground, yet they were as seeds which sprang up again under more favorable conditions. Those principles of civil and religious liberty which form the very soul of his prose works have not been disseminated within any narrow area, but have found their way to distant nations and wrought a salutary influence wherever they have gone. "It is to be regretted," says Macaulay, "that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read." In these tractates there is discernible the same sublimity as stands forth upon the pages of his immortal epic.

After twenty years of civil service—the best years of his life,—now old and poor and blind, Milton still retains the ambition of earlier days. The fire so long pent up, and no doubt with difficulty repressed a thousand times amid irritating occupations, now bursts forth, and his *great* life-work begins. He emerges from the political corruptions and intrigues with "unsullied imagination and uncontaminated morals,"

with "chaste language and sweet temper," and ascends to the loftiest heights of poetry.

RYE.

JOTTINGS, ETC.

NOT SATISFIED.

On beginning a course of study that is to take your two letters down the alphabet, the period looks long; but *retrospectively*, how brief! As the years go what do they leave us? A little knowledge of the world's progress in action and thought, a little knowledge of ourselves and our capacities, a little power developed for study and original research, together with increased ability for continued and unwearyed efforts in the line of duty. But who finds himself satisfied? Our ideals recede, like "the circle bounding earth and skies." The goal set to-day promises contentment when reached, but attained, other objects farther on allure us.

MORAL WHITEWASH.

"I shall turn into another *Old Mortality*," as Guizot said. One of those beautiful afternoons in April we stood on an eminence from which can be seen four graveyards, or cemeteries for euphemism. Visiting the nearest, we deciphered inscriptions on antique looking, moss-covered stones. What virtues are ascribed to the departed—virtues of which no one believed they were the possessors while they lived. "Superstition no longer *deifies* the dead, but affection *angelizes* them." If moral whitewash is anywhere appropriate it is our grassy mounds. But the most eloquent tomb stones have the least to say. It would be well were we a little more lavish of good words while those whom we praise can hear us. More kind expressions scattered this side the grave would brighten life and bring no after-sorrow. A denizen of another planet upon the first view of ours would think the mystery of abounding sin solved on visiting the abodes of the dead. "It is not to be wondered at," Rogers says, that "there is so much evil above ground when there is so much good beneath

it." If those who "tread the globe" could only change places with those who "slumber in its bosom," what a Paradise our world would be!

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Four years ago a large company from the Institutinos visited Blomidon—that favorite resort—by steamer. One year ago, the evening closed in with a thunder storm; but it was calm upon the water. This year our cricketers went to play a match with the club of a sister College, and were beaten. A dozen or so crossed to the Cape in a boat, and were tossed about by the winds. Our Seminary friends drove around to the "look-off." A few of more staid, stayed within the precincts of Acadia. The *one* o'clock train left at *eleven* according to the holiday arrangements; and so we, ignorant of the change, were denied the promised pleasure of visiting King's College and surroundings. Not all frustrated plans prove misfortunes, however. This did not. We spent an hour or more with Dr. Cramp in his library; and a little longer time with Dr. Crawley. Dr. Cramp is feeble, and was at this time slightly indisposed. His has been a laborious and successful life. For the sixty-seventh time he is reading the Greek Testament, and was then at the eleventh of Revelation. For many years the first work of the day has been the reading of a portion from this book. His interest in us was manifested by enquiries as to our plans for the future. Dr. Crawley finds himself failing somewhat in bodily vigor, but his mental strength seems unabated. His characteristic modesty and warm heart set the student at ease. "How the years go!" he said on alluding to certain things suggested by meeting us. "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." It is good to come in contact with noble men like these. "The Bible is *the* book to be studied;" "That life is a failure which is not built upon and does not centre its hope in Christ:" such are the ideas which will arise on calling to mind these visits.

POETRY AND GOLD.

Years ago when we first read "Evangeline," and before we had seen the little Village of Grand Pre, and the vast meadows which stretch to the eastward, it seemed to our weak imagination that an additional interest would be awakened in the poem if one could only sit and read it near the Gaspereau's mouth where the English ships rode at anchor. So we gratify our youthful desire on one of those mornings during the breathing spell between final examination and Commencement Day. Near by men were industriously digging out old wells in search of the buried gold of the Acadian farmers. We were not averse to the search being rewarded just at this time, and so largely awarded, as to surfeit the seekers. But we came as we went—bankrupt. Does every place have its story of wrath buried by former inhabitants or by some practical "Captain Kidd?" Those who have a mania for seeking this kind of "hid treasure," usually die penniless and pitifully miserable.

"OF MAKING BOOKS THERE IS NO END."

Ours is pre-eminently a book-making age. It is estimated that over 5,000 new publications are issued in a year in England; and more than a million volumes are sent annually from the press of Germany. The publication of standard works in cheap form is not an unmixed good. The quantity of reading done tends to increase beyond what can be well digested. Robert Hall said of Dr. Kippis, "He piled so many books upon his head that his brains could not move." What in the world will the poor student do who lives 2000 years hence? If he aims to know a little about everything, he must abandon the hope of knowing everything about something, and *vice versa*. Think of twenty centuries of history to be read in addition to what brings us up to the present. And then the tendency with historians seems to be to go more minutely into details the later on they come. There will

have to be an ecumenical council for the purpose of winnowing the world's literature, so as to prevent men from growing frantic in sight of the Alpine Mountains of human learning they are supposed to scale. What a mammoth bon-fire the chaff would make! But until that council is held, every man must winnow for himself; or, better, let the wise get wiser heads to select for them. College libraries would be doing better service if young men were to a larger extent directed in their reading by those placed over them as instructors.

ATTENTION.

Alexander Hamilton, to whose fragrant memory a statute was recently erected at New York, was a man of wonderful intellectual power and marvelous versatility. To an intimate friend he once remarked: "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this; when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought." This agrees substantially with statements which come from many leading men in literary and scientific pursuits. It is Newton's "patient thought" paraphrased. Evidently the greater the number of objects which occupy the mind, the smaller the amount of energy that is applied to each; so that owing to lack of concentration there results neither enjoyment nor success. From that man who has attained such a degree of training as enables him to devote himself exclusively to some one subject for the time being, we may expect what will enrich the stores of knowledge and wisdom in the age in which he lives. To gain the power, known as *attention*, is one of the most important ends of a course of study; and it should be sought earnestly by those who hope to achieve anything through mental exertion.

RVE.

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This issue ends the seventh volume of of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM. The work, of editing such a journal has its pleasing and its unpleasing features. Whatever may be said by those friendly or unfriendly to us, we have endeavored during our connection with the ATHENÆUM to make it a success. The labor largely devolves upon a few; and sometimes, perhaps, complaints are made by those who forget that these few have also regular College work to perform. It is one thing to find fault, and quite another thing to do better ourselves under the same circumstances. Difficulties have arisen in the past on account of the manner in which the mechanical part of the work has at times been done; but it is manifestly unjust that those who prepare the "copy" should receive the blame. One thing is needed among the members of the society having this paper in charge, and that is—*greater unity*. Party feeling or petty prejudices, if any such things exist, should be rooted out; and if the

paper is to be continued, every one should feel a degree of responsibility resting upon him to do something in order to advance its interests, and not be pulling apart from those who are doing for it what they can. This advice, prompted by a desire for the prosperity of everything connected with our Institution, should be acted upon, in so far as it is worthy, by those who are to conduct the journal of our College during the coming year. It is with a sense of failure to do what we could like to have done for the ATHENÆUM, and what its character in former years demanded in order to sustain its reputation, that we leave the editorial sanctum. We trust the mantle may fall on far better men; and further that these may know what it is to have the hearty co-operation of their fellow-students,—for without this the enterprise had better be abandoned. We wish for those who leave the Hill with the expectation of returning, a pleasant vacation; and for those who have just gone out *not* to return, enjoyment and prosperity, whether, as students elsewhere or as active workers in the various walks of life. *Vive, Vale.*

COMMENCEMENT SEASON.

Anniversary week found Wolfville decked out in its best attire. On Monday morning strangers began to appear on the Hill giving the place a more lively aspect. Public examinations of the Academy and Seminary were held on Tuesday and the forenoon of Wednesday. The manner in which these were conducted was creditable alike to instructors and pupils. Wednesday afternoon was occupied with the Academy Exhibition which proceeded according to the appended programme.

Prayer—Rev. S. March.

1. PIANO Duet, Overture to Romeo and Juliet
..... Bellini.
Misses Crosby and Davidson.
2. ESSAY—Gold Lies Deep in the Mountains,
Claude W. Hamilton, Onslow.
3. ESSAY—Lord Macaulay,
Austen K. DeBlois, Wolfville.
4. PIANO SOLO—Mennetto,..... Schubert.
Miss Julia Clinch.

6. ESSAY—Economy of Time,
S. H. Cain, Yarmouth.
6. ESSAY—Capture of Quebec,
J. W. Tingley, Margaree, C. B.
7. PIANO DUET—Sonata in D.....Mozart.
Misses Ruhland and Ferris.
8. ESSAY—The Norman Conquest of England,
Mark B. Shaw, Berwick.
- 9 FRENCH ESSAY—Madame de Stael,
Miss Alice Fitch, Wolfville.
10. ESSAY—Lord Byron,
H. T. Ross, Margaree, C. B.
11. PIANO SOLO—Allegro.....Schurmann.
Miss Alice Hamilton, Grand Pre.
12. ESSAY—Our Heritage,
Miss Welthe Crosby, Ohio.
13. ESSAY—Ad Altiora,
Miss Mary Crosby, Beaver River.
14. PIANO DUET—Marche Militaire....Schubert.
Misses Masters and Snide.

This programme was carried out in a satisfactory manner. The different speakers acquitted themselves creditably and the music was, no doubt, excellent. Perhaps if there had been a little more variety, by way of introducing some vocal music and readings and recitations, many would have enjoyed it better; but as it was, the exhibition was everything that could be desired. Two young ladies, the Misses Crosby, whose essays were well received, having completed the prescribed course, were awarded diplomas. The matriculating class numbers twenty-three, of whom three are ladies.

On Wednesday evening a large audience assembled in College Hall to hear Dr. Schurman's lecture upon

"CARLYLE AS SEER."

With a few appropriate words, Mr. Longley, the President of the Alumni Association, introduced Professor Schurman to the audience. The following abstract will give some idea of the character of the lecture.

Nothing can be more significant of an age than the character of its hero. Were all other records and traditions of the French Revolution lost to us, we might ideally reproduce the society which bore and nourished it from the simple circumstances that when Voltaire came up to Paris, nobles disguised themselves as tavern waiters that they might serve him, ladies almost stifed him under roses, and princes vied with one another in doing him homage. And that Europe is struggling to recover from the sceptical blight of the 18th century is manifest from the kind of heroes it has since set up in succession to Rousseau, Voltaire and Diderot. A man who was active in reconstruction as the French were in destruction has been our British hero for the last 40 years. Pilgrimages to the

shrine of a martyred saint are not now customary, but pilgrimages to the habitation of a living Seer have been fashionable throughout the life time of our own and our fathers' generations. In my student days I once waited three hours in a drizzly rain before the old house numbered 5 in Cheyne Row, Chelsea and I had at least the pleasure of seeing the venerable Sage and receiving from him a friendly look of recognition which, though perhaps an insignificant matter, was precious to me at that time, and has now become hallowed in the pale moonlight of memory as a sacred personal reminiscence of the noblest piece of manhood that has turned up in these late ages of the world's history. The Seer Carlyle was the spiritual child of John Knox. But little dreamt Knox himself of such an offspring. He sowed the seed; the harvest was in the hands of God. It is with opinions, as with arts and sciences. The rude, stiff figures of the lions which after 3,000 years still watch over the gate of Mycenæ, must have seemed to the Greeks of the pre-Homeric period the masterpiece and the final consummation of the sculptor's art, but the æsthetic spirit which took this primitive embodiment passed restlessly through successive transformations till Phidias moulded it in Olympian Zeus and Praxiteles gave it a Cnidian Aphrodite. The great world spins forever "down the ringing grooves of change." It is startling, but yet essentially true, that the Presbyterianism of Knox held in solution the practical philosophy of Carlyle. It had, however, to be waked out of its dumb potentiality, —and this was the function of German philosophy and German literature. Scottish Religion and German Thought are the warp and woof of our Seer's spiritual life. The mutual adjustment of these two produced what he calls his 'conversion' or 'haphometric fire—baptism.' The first stage towards this new birth is scepticism. From out the starless night of his beclouded soul, there come multitudinous voices of horrid import and suggestion. May not this universe of ours, with its long-drawn spaces and countless eons of years, be but the abode of a fiend, whose thou art, and whom thou servest? And the poor groping soul passes from doubt to unbelief, from unbelief to despair, to cloud after cloud, enveloping its black Tartarean gloom. Atheism, scepticism together in his camp; poisonous draughts bringing inanition of will, torpor of intellect, and bitterness of heart and life.

But in absolute negation the soul of men

can never rest, has never rested and will never rest. Thorough going scepticism is eternally impossible. For as the philosophy of Hume, when developed to its logical issues turns out a speechless philosophy, which can say nothing in its own defence—which cannot even assert itself without denying itself—so the adherents of such a system must repudiate it, were they but consistent, and do practically repudiate it by defiantly continuing to live and to act as other men. Scepticism is not the final haven beyond the troublous sea of doubt and obstinate questioning; it is only the unavoidable line of shoals and quicksands through which the daring adventurer must pass in first setting out. Earnest pilgrims to the celestial city must ever face Doubting Castle and vanquish Giant Despair.

Carlyle's victory over absolute scepticism leads him to the stoical standpoint of grim fire-eyed defiance. Be the universe then what it may—the habitation of a God or of a Fiend—I shall meet it and defy it, for I at least am a man, and strong with the strength of manhood! The only valuable result of this first step is the new-born consciousness of the freedom and the perennial worth of man. The "conversion" will not be complete till indignation, defiance and withering scorn have in their turn vanished, and faith and hope and love clasp hands with reverence to encircle him forevermore. For this, as Carlyle finds, a "greater than Zeno was needed, and He too was sent." By him there is complete reconciliation. The *Everlasting No* was but the dusky herald of the celestial *Everlasting Yes*. Through the dark clouds of the soul, and even because of them, has sprung forth in rainbow splendour the promise of a brighter day. The earnest thinker feels at last that the universe is not a Pandemonium, where devils meet to play their hellish game, of which the powers are men, but a star-domed Temple of God with sun for centre-lamp and constellations for perpetual altar-fires. With this spiritual new birth begins the life of Carlyle as Seer. It is the function of the Seer to look through the shows and appearances of things to the things themselves—to gaze fixedly on existence till it disclose its minor meaning and significance. First of all, *what* in reality is this material universe by which we are encompassed and of which our bodily organization forms a part? To Mr. John Stuart Mill it was but the blank possibility of sensations; to his greater contemporary—our Seer—it was the living gar-

ment of God. It mirrors itself on his eye as the visible administration of the Deity. A Divine idea lies at the bottom of the universe, whence alone it has its reality and significance. The glorious rainbow of creation we all see, but so dull is human sight that only a few can pierce to the sterner sun that gilds the rainbow. This doctrine of Carlyle must be distinguished from Pantheism, with which it has been ignorantly identified. His text is not that spinozistic line of hope, "know God and Nature only are the same," but those very different words of Goethe, "Nature is the living garment of God." Nature is the *symbol* of God, its laws are the thoughts which the Divine creative Thought has built into things. If any one word can express the character of Carlyle's system, that word is "Transcendentalism." It is a philosophy which was first given to the world just one hundred years ago, in the great epoch-making book of Immanuel Kant, on the *Critique of pure reason*. It recognizes Spirit as the sole reality, and regards Nature as its objectivation, its sensuous perishable embodiments. In a universe at once so mysterious and so divine the becoming attitude of man is wonder. On this perhaps, "no one has laid so much emphasis as Carlyle since Plato close; his Academy by the Cephissus. According to Plato, wonder arises when the soul, which has come to this earthly life "trailing clouds of glory" from its "celestial home," recognizes for the first time in the objects of the material world dim, faint copies of the heavenly archetypes, which birth into these lower spheres has not wholly effaced from its recollections. Wonder springs forth, Carlyle might be supposed to say, when the mind becomes conscious of its own inability to comprehend the universe, and yet in spite of weakness, feels itself related to the Infinite Being from whom the universe proceeds. The man who cannot wonder, how learned soever he be, is but a "pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye." For our knowledge, if measured by God's creation, sinks into an infinitesimal fraction. What, for example, is your law of the convertibility of Forces, but an equation between unknown quantities which you suspect may be combined into a single aggregate of nescience? But if all true intellectual life culminate in wonder (and worship), it must be remembered that the chief end of man is not thought, but action. The

moral life, therefore, presents the chief problem to the Seer, and for a British Seer this problem was quite unavoidable. His nation is famed for its deeds, not its thoughts; it has lived deep in the actual, scarcely at all in the ideal, life. It has no Hegel, no Raphael, no Beethoven; but it has Shakespeare and Milton, Knox and Wesley, Watt and Stephenson, Drake and Nelson. The distinguishing mark of our literature is the moral and religious conception of duty. This was the light in which our greatest authors worked; it plays about Chaucer's pilgrims, it beats fiercely upon Hamlet and Macbeth, it shines in mellow glory through Wordsworth's Temple of Nature. And it is by his deep insight into the moral world that Carlyle shows himself, more than in any other way, a true Briton and an heir of Puritanism. He sees that man, with his little life, "reaches upwards high as Heaven, downward low] as Hell, and in his three score years of Time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully made." The moral law is, as it were, written on the soul of man by the finger of God himself. Carlyle has no patience with those who reduce human life to a piece of wooden mechanism, and who deny man any other motives than a love of pleasure, and a fear of pain. Against such a view of his moral nature, Carlyle has protested with fiery, burning words—and protested often, too, for he was the contemporary of Bentham, who first enunciated, as moral law, the principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" and of John Stuart Mill, who first proclaimed it under the name of Utilitarianism. Carlyle's criticisms have been a light to the wandering feet of many earnest students, and the Utilitarians have not forgiven him to this day, as Mr. Herbert Spencer's late attack only too clearly demonstrates. Carlyle's "Pig Philosophy" is perhaps, the best *reductio ad absurdum* refutation that has ever been opposed to Hedonism—to the Ethics which make pleasure the only good in life. In conception and execution it ranks among the choicest products of Swift and Rabelais, apart from whom it has, I suppose, never been equalled, Carlyle's religious teaching has been much censured by ignorant and undiscerning critics. On these no words need be wasted, for against stupidity, as it was written of old, the gods themselves are powerless. But since earnest, thoughtful men have also come to the attack, we

must discover what they at least find unsatisfactory. No doubt, a complete analysis of the phenomenon would show that the adverse criticism is founded on a variety of grounds; but I think it maybe asserted, without fear of misrepresentation, that most of the objections proceed from opposition to one particular doctrine. The notion of development, which has been used to explain so much in Cosmology and Biology, is applied by Carlyle to the sphere not only of mythology, but also of Religion; while the theologians, for the most part, yet hold with Lord Macaulay, that theology is a non progressive science. Nevertheless, Arnold, of Rugby, not to speak of Robertson, of Brighton, adopted the notion of development as a first principle in exegesis, and they were unconsciously anticipated more than a hundred years ago by the greatest thinker this continent has yet produced—I mean by Jonathan Edwards, in his *History of Redemption*. The conception which these great thinkers have adopted, tentatively, and with limitations, is systematically and unreservedly applied by Carlyle to the elucidation of all religious problems whatsoever. Christianity he regards as the mature fruit of the God-given seed that blossomed centuries before in a full blown Judaism. Nor will he contrast Christianity with all other religions in such a way as to imply that it *alone* is of God, he and they *entirely* of the devil. In the very fact of their existence he finds an argument against their total depravity. A bundle of mere errors could not hold together; it could never live: it could by no possibility become a moving force for millions of our fellow mortals. That is conceivable only if it have a soul of truth—a soul which no envelopment of error can utterly abolish or destroy. Heathenism, however, is but an alloy—an alloy, too, whose best constituent is of an inferior order. But Christianity in all its parts is genuine gold of the highest quality. It is, therefore, imperishable, though the forms in which it expresses itself are changeable and transitory. A primitive church is succeeded by a gorgeous catholicism—a form in which a man of Dante's acute intellect can rest in perfect contentment. Time advances: and Dante's interpretation of Christianity—Dante's symbol of eternal truth—shows itself an absurdity to the meanest of Luther's disciples. Though the truths embodied are unchangeable, the form or

fashion of embodiment is eternally changing. May we not, for example, look for a new Luther to deliver us from the soul-killing formalism into which our Protestantism is fast lapsing? Nay, is not the pen already superseding the pulpit, the writer taking the place of the preacher? Such questions Carlyle answers affirmatively. The full significance of the discovery of printing has, he believes, never yet been comprehended. For our fathers in the early centuries next to no spiritual teaching was conceivable except by means of spoken words. There were then no newspapers, no magazines, no books, nothing of that kind but a few laboriously written manuscripts. If a pious St. Francis of Assisi has felt in his own soul the splendor and the terror of that celestial mould, on which man's life is rooted with infinite significance, it is only by means of the spoken word that he can reveal to his contemporaries his insight into the deep things of God. But now all that is changed, and writers "are the real, effective church of a modern country."

This exaltation of the literary man is of German rather than English origin. If Carlyle in his philosophy of nature is a disciple of Goethe, and in his philosophy of morality a disciple of Kant he, in his philosophy of religion and literature a disciple of Fichte. True to his nature, Fichte regards the literary man as the priest and prophet of his generation,—his mission being to discern for himself and to make manifest to others the "Divine significance that lies in the being of every man and of everything." Borrowing this teaching of Fichte's Carlyle has introduced into English thought a view of literature of which the full import has, I believe, never yet been pointed out. For since the literary man has but to discover and to interpret the Divine idea of the world, and since, according to Carlyle there are for us only two manifestations of this idea—the one in the actual events of the past, the other in the soul of a living prophet, seer or poet,—there cannot be more than two distinct classes of literature, namely: *History*, which "unfolds the God-like," as manifested in the past, and *philosophico-religious poetry* which "unfolds the God-like" that encompasses us in the present. And the discerning student will find that Carlyle does not in practice recognize any other species of literature than these two, which he might have deduced from Fichte's

definition of the literary man. These alone are based on reality, as he conceives it, that is to say, on the manifestations of the Divine idea which lies at the bottom of the world. It is true that he has written of poets not coming under my category (as, e. g., Burns), but you will find that in such cases, it is the author's lives rather than the poetry which interests him. And poets of this class, if their lives contain no tragedy—no Titanic struggle with adverse powers, either within or without—are more commonly left unnoticed by Carlyle. He has left no word on Petrarca, on Moliere, or even on our own Chaucer, Shelley or Wordsworth. The same high regard for actuality leads him to disparage utterly our literature of novels. The meanest event in the past, which is all sacred because actual, impresses him more deeply than the highest "Calista that ever issued from story-teller's brain." He satirizes the fashionable novels as the Bibles of the Dandies, which no earnest man can read without falling into "magnetic sleep" or "delirium tremens." In expounding this abstruse subject, I have endeavored (1) to present to you a connected view of Carlyle's conception of the universe of Spirit and of Nature, and (2) to throw some light on the genesis of his system with regard to the sources whence it is derived. *First* of all, seems to me that no man has ever lived whose writings might be more easily ridiculed. Language, style, and manner are all foreign to us; and the masquerade in which the profoundest speculations are disguised is at first bewildering. Reptitions weary us; and one grows wrathful over a Silence whose praises are celebrated in never-ending speech. But, as we continue our study of Carlyle, we recognize that these are merely flaws in a truly noble and artistic style. *Secondly*, Carlyle's doctrine of heroworship is, in my opinion, a gross caricature of the admiration we cherish for great men, and the reverence we feel for good and noble men. The great man—be he the greatest—shall not have our worship, which is the right of God alone. The great man is, after all, no Deity, but like the rest of us, a mere bubble in the ocean of immensity, issuing for a moment from God and again returning to God. *Thirdly*, Carlyle's social and political theories are utterly impracticable. His ideal was an absolute Despotism under a strong and wise ruler. But the scheme is as Utopian as that government

by philosophers, which Plato delineated in the *Republic*; for no means have yet been devised for discovering the wise men. But Carlyle's political insight was much more profound than has yet been recognized. He discerned long ago what we now actually see, the tendency of modern society to divide itself into two classes,—on the one hand, Radicals, Communists, Nihilists and Paupers; on the other, Dandies, Mammon-worshippers and respectable "Gigmon." He predicted the catastrophe that would ensue when these negative and positive forces once came together—a catastrophe that has just passed through its first stage in St. Petersburg.

Carlyle's conception of literature, with all its nobleness, is yet narrow and insufficient. It is here that his deep-seated Puritanism is most glaringly apparent. But we have now learned gladly to welcome the poet who faithfully catches our passing moods of joy and sorrow, and fixes them in verse, though the product be no *Paradise Lost* or *Divine Commedia*, but simply a *Locksley Hall* or an *Ode to the Nightingale*.

Fifthly, Carlyle's account of the Christian Church, betrays, I venture to think, a misunderstanding regarding its appointed functions. The Church exists for the realization of that high ideal teaching that found its first expression in the sermon on the Mount. Its aim is to produce personal piety and practical benevolence—an aim which no combination of literary men, from the printer's devil up to the Heaven-inspired poet, will ever be able to accomplish.

One is astonished to find the learned and accomplished editor of the *By-stander* asserting that Carlyle's "philosophy is naught or worse than naught," because the doctrine of Hero-worship is untenable. Hero-worship has no more necessary connection with his philosophy, than Milton's *Tetrachordon* of divorce with *Comeus* or *Paradise Lost*. Carlyle's philosophical teaching is essentially noble. And the Divine Idea which he finds veiling itself by matter in the natural world, and revealing itself through the moral law in the spiritual world seems to me the truest exposition which philosophy has yet given of this mysterious universe, in which we find ourselves so mysteriously appearing and so mysteriously vanishing away. And Carlyle believed what he taught and acted on it. Indeed, I might say he was a theorist only

for the sake of practice. What he preached he made a part of his own life. And I shall say of him what he himself wrote of Goethe: "In the being and in the working of a faithful man, is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance), a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of Time; that triumphs over Time, and is, and will be, when Time shall be no more."

The lecture, of which the foregoing, gives an inadequate idea, was listened to throughout with the closest attention. It indicated deep research and masterly analysis; and some passages most appropriately received enthusiastic applause. Dr. Schürman is a strong man, and it is to be hoped that he will long be retained to labor on in his present sphere of activity.

On the following day came the

ANNIVERSARY OF THE COLLEGE.

As usual the day was very fine. In addition to the many who had already arrived, a special train came from Halifax, just in time for the day's proceedings, while from the country around carriages poured in from all directions. At eleven o'clock the procession formed and marched to the College Hall in the customary manner. That the Hall is not large enough was more apparent than on any former occasion. Galleries, aisles, and the standing room in the lobbies were all filled. After prayer by Rev. E. M. Saunders, the exercises proceeded according to the following order:
Prayer—E. M. Saunders.

MUSIC.

ORATIONS BY THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS.

The Voice of the Plebs.—H. H. Welton, Wolfville.
Education and the Ballot.—Frank Andrews, Wilmot.—Excused.

Evolution and Materialism.—A. J. Finco, Berwick.
MUSIC.

Addison as Social Reformer.—John Donaldson, Wolfville.

Ability, Natural and Acquired.—Sydney Welton, Kingston.

Trial by Ordeal.—Henry D. Bentley, Wolfville.
—Excused.

MUSIC.

The Reform Bill of 1832.—Edward D. Webber, Sackville.

Monumenta.—O. T. Daniels,—Lawrencetown.
MUSIC.

The Ideal Characters of George Eliot.—Edward R. Curry, Windsor.

A View of the Irish Question.—Wm. F. Parker, Dartmouth.

The Divine and Human in Greek Life.—Arthur C. Chute, Stewiacke.—Excused.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES. ADDRESSES.
NATIONAL ANTHEM. BENEDICTION.

On the platform sat the "grave and reverend Seigniors." Meeting the gaze of the "speakers of the day" was a sea of upturned faces—some smiling behind fluttering fans, some with anxious looks, some full of pride, some sage looking, some bewildered, but all, of course, attentive. "The orations were strong in thought, clear in expression, graceful in style, and forcible in utterance." In some such way as this are Commencement Orations generally spoken of when special comments are not made: This much may be added: the opinion is expressed on every hand that in matter and delivery they were excellent. The music was provided by a select choir from St. John and Frederickton; and was of a high order.

The degree of Bachelor in Arts was conferred upon those whose names appear above. It was expected last year that the class would number fifteen to graduate; and during the first term of the year just now closed it was but one less, but three others were obliged to leave before completing the course.

The President addressed these young men in weighty and well-chosen words. Dr. Sawyer is a man who performs most admirably everything to which he puts his hand. Never did we know him to give other than a *good* address, whether he had much, little, or no time for preparation. May he be long spared to Acadia College and the denomination! We subjoin a part of the Dr.'s remarks on this occasion.

Young gentlemen, it becomes incumbent upon me at this stage of the exercises to address you a few words of advice. I am always impressed with the conviction that no word which may be said now can make up for any imperfection in previous work. If the influence and example with which you have been familiar during the years you have been together in this institution, have produced no good effect, nothing can be done now to make amends for past deficiency. It is not without feelings of regret that we see members who have been together with us for the term, which is here brought to a close, about to retire from us to enter into other pursuits. I have but a single thought to which I need now call your attention. You have learned that all about you is under law. The great fact has been forced upon your observation, and as your knowledge widened and enlarged, your impression in view of this fact has become

more profound. You have learned that not only are these material bodies subject to law, but that the spirits which animate and guide them, are also subject to law. And while you have had in some sense, a feeling of freedom, yet in no sense is there freedom otherwise than in obedience to law. To do wrong, to act anything but the right, you are not free. You must act in accordance with right, for you can neither chuse the laws nor engage in an education that is not connected with good. You came amongst us from different quarters, ambitious boys, barely knowing what was before you, putting yourselves into the current to be borne whithersoever it directed you. Here you are, having undergone a change, hardly aware that this change has been taking place; yet it has come, and has brought added obligations, from which you cannot escape. I specify but two or three. In the first place I remind you of the obligation which is upon you to retain what you have acquired. I do not mean that every precise fact of history, that every precise fact of mathematics should be so retained that it could be recalled at any moment; but I mean that degree of intellectual culture, moral power, the sense of your responsibilities, with these you are under solemn obligation that they shall never grow less. I remind you of another obligation. If education means simply the development of this physical frame, and has no higher aim it is important. If, in addition to this, education means the development of these minds, that they may do the work assigned to them in the intellectual departments of life, it is a great work, but not sufficient, unless the work of education has been so carried on that the emotional nature will respond to the call of duty, our work has been vain, and if we have not given due prominence to this we have been false to our trust. I wish you to bear witness, that we have not forgotten this important part of the work we had to do, that we have striven by admonition and reproof, by directing your minds to proper studies, to strengthen and sharpen your moral preception. You are to treasure this sense of your obligation, to keep yourselves as thorough as you leave us, and to make yourselves more than you now are. We are convinced that there is not sufficient encouragement given to generous, liberal, thorough study, even by those in connection with our colleges. You may soon be placed in circumstances where you will find many temptations, that draw you from the paths of the

student. But it is only as you are faithful in keeping yourselves familiar with those methods of severe labor and wholesome discipline that you will grow to be true, methodical men. We have helped you to begin the work, you must finish it alone. Be in mind you are educated not for yourselves, but for others; for your friends, your country, the world. The past is repeated in the future. It is altogether probable that some of you will one day engage in the discussion of this never ending college question. You will have new ideas to present, new plans to propose. We ask you to do the best you can. We expect you to be true to your convictions; but we feel that the connection you have had with us has been such that your memories will never lose it. Our wishes have been for you, that you never will forget this institution; that when your hearts are inclined to turn backward to this hill, that the work in Acadia will still be going on, that there will be men to tell you you are welcome, and to cheer you as you visit the old scenes. Here, we bid you, God Speed.

Additional interest was added to the exercises by conferring the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. I. E. Bill, Rev. George Armstrong, and Rev. S. W. DeBlois—men known as firm and active friends of the College, as earnest students, and as faithful and successful workers in behalf of the spread of Christianity. These gentlemen acknowledged the honor thus conferred, in a brief and fitting manner. Rev. J. I. DeWolfville, and W. H. Robinson were made Masters in Arts in course.

Honor certificates were presented to A. C. Chute of the graduating class for an advanced course in Mental and Moral Philosophy; to W. H. Moore, of the Junior class, and O. C. S. Wallace, of the Sophomore class, for additional work in the classical department. The essay prize of \$20; competed for by the Sophomores, was divided between O. C. S. Wallace and J. R. Hutchinson.

It was announced by Dr. Rand, that Dr. Schurman offers a prize of \$20, to the first student of Acadia who shall pass the matriculation examination of London University (with a view to taking the B.A. de-

gree) not later than his Sophomore year. Dr. Rand expressed surprise that students do not avail themselves of obtaining degrees from London University, since it can be done without going outside of our own Province.

Col. Drayson on being called upon, gave an address which was well received. The address given by him to those about to go forth from College was sound and practical. The Colonel is a very pleasing speaker, and being a man who has seen much and studied much, and who has had experience as an instructor, what he says is of no trifling import.

THE ALUMNI DINNER

was largely attended. Speeches were made by Dr. Sawyer, Rev. E. M. Saunders, Dr. Rand, Dr. Allison, Mr. Sedgewick, President of the Alumni of Dalhousie College, Prof. McGregor, and others. There does not appear to be the least likelihood that Acadia will cease, from willingness for University Consolidation. The College is two firmly rooted in the affections of the people to be given up, and it is for the friends now to rally around her in this time of financial need and place her on a higher plane than she has ever yet occupied.

The Chair of Natural Science, vacated by the retirement of Prof. Kennedy, is offered to Dr. Blaikie, son of Rev. Dr. Blaikie, of Edinburgh. Dr. Barry has resigned the position so long held by him, and Mr. X. Z. Chipman takes his place as Treasurer of the College. On Friday morning Dr. Schurman left to spend a part of his vacation at Baltimore.

Thursday evening was taken up with the concert which proved a decided success. We subjoin the programme.

PART I.

- 1 SOLDIER'S CHORUS. *Faust.*
 2 DUET.—"When night comes o'er the plain." *Nelson.*
 Miss Knight and Mr. Harrington.
 3 SOLO.—"True till Death," *Gatty.*
 Dr. Daniel.

- 4 QUARTETTE.—"No evil shall befall thee." *Ell.*
The Misses Crothers and
the Misses Hartt.
- 5 SOLO.—"The Magnetic Waltz Song." *Arditt.*
Miss Richards.
- 6 CHORUS.—"The Alpine Echo." *Alleghantans.*
- 7 SOLO.—"Should he Upbraid?" *Bishop.*
Miss Prudie Hartt.

PART II.

- 1 CHORUS.—"Humpty Dumpty." *Coldcott*
- 2 DUET.—"Si la Stanchezza" *Il Trovatore.*
Miss Prudie Hartt and Dr. Daniel.
- 3 SOLO.—"Thy Voice is Near Me." *Wrighton.*
Mr. Harrington.
4. TRIO.—"Praise Ye," *Verdi.*
Miss Prudie Hartt, Dr. Daniel and Mr. Blois.
- 5 SOLO.—"The two Pictures." *Millard.*
Miss Richards.
- 6 DUET.
The Misses Crothers.
- 7 SOLO.—"Queen of the Night." *Torry*
Miss Ella Knight.
- 8 CHORUS.—"The Silver Stream," *Th' Michælis*
- 9 SOLO.—"Tis I." *Pineutt*
Miss Prudie Hartt.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

On Friday a return match was played between the Clubs of Kings and Acadia to the great defeat of the former. The game was very enthusiastic and was watched by many interested spectators. By Friday evening after most of the Eastern students had gone, Wolfville had a quieter appearance. The Hill looked dull from the buildings not being lighted up. Saturday morning large numbers went westward, and the village settled down to a lonesome summer. The Anniversary of '81 is rung out of the College Calendar. Another class of College boys has "died out of the classic halls into the great world; for what is death but change?" May time record for them brilliant victories won for the cause of truth!

THE JUNIOR EXPEDITION

The annual expedition was looked forward to by the Juniors with peculiar interest and anxiety. After some deliberation by the "Faculty," it was decided not to deprive us of this very important part of our course in Science.

Then followed the usual excitement, hurrying to and fro, packing of trunks, (not with clothes,) clanging of hammers, etc.

On Friday we embarked in the "J. E. Graham," eleven in all. Prof. Kennedy being unable to accompany us, we were favored with the company of Dr. Schurman, who, although unaccustomed to such excursions, seemed well able "to rough it," and added much to the pleasure of our expedition.

It being necessary to sail for Pereaux, we arrived at this place on Friday evening, when we enjoyed ourselves by visting Capt. Davidson; and also shared the hospitality of Mrs. Beech, who treated us to such dainties as the house afforded.

On Saturday morning we sailed from Pereaux, and endeavored to reach Parrsboro; but the fates were against us, and our craft being unable to sail, except with a strong tide and fair wind, (a peculiarity of her kind,) we were obliged to put back into Mill Creek, where we remained over Sunday. The rain of Saturday night and Sunday morning seemed to cast a gloom over our expedition. Some with downcast spirits turned a longing eye towards Wolfville. Encouraged by the fact that it was all in the interest of Science, we determined to advance.

The weather looking better, we sailed for Partridge Island, and arrived here Monday morning. Some visited Parrsboro, others searched the vicinity for specimens and climbed the Island and enjoyed the delightful sea breeze. On Monday evening we arrived at Two Islands. After searching the Islands, looking into the caverns, and admiring the arches, and geological structure of one of these Islands in particular, we took advantage of the calm water and delightful evening, and occupied our time in rowing, at which some of our number proved themselves experts.

We next visited Five Islands, and spent the 24th of May in Geologizing and robbing gull's nests. Although at this place speci-

mens were scarce, we felt that the beautiful scenery in this locality was sufficient to repay us for our trip. If we had now been sure of wind and tide favoring us, we might have visited the Joggins and other places of interest, but fearing that this might not be the case, we decided to return home, visiting Blomidon by the way. We arrived at Wolfville on Wednesday evening, after enjoying a very pleasant trip, and gathering a fair amount of specimens. We might here mention that for much of our pleasure we were indebted to our friend "Ike," of the vessel, whose movements and logical arguments were received with applause.

Index Rerum.

Ye old, familiar scenes—farewell!

Make the best of your vacation: come back hale, hearty, and hilarious.

The Cad who wears the hat sent him by a Seminarian, should have "*Jeh dien*" painted on it in a conspicuous place.

Queries.—Who will go up the flag-staff? How many spectators are absolutely necessary to make the ascent enjoyable, and what probable effect would the proximity of the Sem. have in such a case? How many students of average ability does it require to raise a ladder thirty feet long?

The jolly Junior who attempted to hoist the foresail of the clipper yacht, J. E. Graham, before it had been unfurled, and succeeded in elevating boom and all some feet up the mast ere his laudable attempt was discovered, showed his mastery of the situation by at once turning to a more congenial and customary occupation, and accordingly sung out for something to eat.

"How many are there of you?" asked a student from an upper window, who had been disturbed by some fellows beneath, "Three," replied a voice from below. "Divide that amongst you then," said the voice from above, as a bucket of water descended on those beneath.

The graduates and pupils of the Institution for the Blind, Halifax, gave a vocal and instrumental concert in College Hall, May 17th. It was excellent throughout, and was considered a treat by all who were present. Efforts are being made to provide for the education of this

class of unfortunate persons by direct taxation, as for common schools, and it is to be hoped these efforts will be successful.

"Memorials of Acadia College and Horton Academy for the Half Century, 1828-1878," is now out. It is a neat and pretty volume of 260 pages. No one interested in the history of the Institutions at Wolfville, and in the men who have gone out from them, should fail to secure it. The price is one dollar.

A paper is in circulation, addressed to the Presidents and other officers of the several Provincial Colleges, for the signatures of College graduates, requesting that measures be taken to bring about a general Convention of the different Alumni Associations for the purpose of discussing the advisability and feasibility of University Consolidation.

On the evening of the 13th ult., Rev. Dr. Hill, of Halifax, lectured in Academy Hall on "The Pulpit, the Platform, and the Press." The origin and growth of these agencies were traced; and their power most vividly portrayed. As would be expected, the lecturer was at his best when treating of the pulpit. It was a good, sound, sensible, practical lecture. After the presentation of "the inevitable vote of thanks," the Dr. alluded in a pleasing way to the three years he spent at Acadia, and in doing so paid a high compliment to the venerable Dr. Crawley. The names of several of the students of that time were mentioned; and a reference was made to the occasion when the lecturer himself with others set out the trees now forming the grove in the rear of the College.

Early Sunday morning, the 22nd ult., the Wolfvilians were disturbed by the raging of the fire-fiend. Three buildings were totally destroyed,—the building having the *Star* office and a Life Insurance office on the ground floor, and Temperance Hall above; the building formerly occupied by Knowles as a bookstore; and the small shop to the west. Adjoining structures were saved with difficulty. The fire began in the *Star* office, and nothing in this building was saved. Upon the \$3000 worth of property lost in all, there was but \$1000 insurance. Notwithstanding this disaster the *Star* shone on the following Wednesday, somewhat dimly or course through the smoke, but it showed itself as still existing, and we trust that under the management of our energetic and genial friend Steele, it will henceforth shine with unprecedented lustre. The catastrophe is said to have been the work of an incendiary; and if so, the fires till burn within the wretch's heart, with little hope of it ever being extinguished.

Visitors formerly acquainted with Wolfville would observe some recent improvements in the Village. The unsightly stone wall in front of the old cemetery has given place to an attractive iron fence. The "Bay View House" and surroundings have been so improved that our esteemed friends who resided there last year would scarcely know the place. A fine dwelling house, that is to rival Dr. Welton's is being built on the site adjoining Warden Barss's, on the west. A large skating rink is in process of erection near Mr. Munro's carriage shop. Fences, houses, barns, etc., have this season received more than their usual allowance of whitewash and paint.

Some of those who supplied themselves, last year, with Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*, are feeling sorry they hadn't waited a little longer. A new edition is announced, extending to 2,000 pages, and containing over 118,000 words. Dry your tears, boys; the one we've got is good enough. If a person waited till the best edition was out, he would die dictionaryless.

A Cricket match was played at Windsor, on the 24th of May, between the King's College club, and the eleven from Acadia, resulting in a victory for the former. The scores were small on both sides, owing to the superior bowling of Draper and Dickie of King's, and Welton and Shand of Acadia, together with the excellent fielding. Our cricketers returned well pleased with the courteous and friendly treatment they received from the students of King's.

Like the soldiers of Caligula upon the shores of Gaul, the Juniors have lately gathered unto themselves the spoils of conquered ocean. Blomidon mourns the loss of the glittering stones that beautified its base, and other beaches of the Basin have been ruthlessly carried off.

With what sanguine hearts the bold voyagers in the *Circe* sought historic Blomidon, armed with sledges and tack-hammers! How the sun shone and the water glittered as the swift boat swept on with a favoring breeze! With what light hearts and heavy heels they crawled slowly up over the loose rocks that came at times dancing so merrily down to the manifest discomfort of those in the rear! How spryly the double-back-acting porcupine left for his evening repast! How joyously and energetically the Dory leaked! How savagely the roystering breezes leaped down from the mountain, and tore the water into whirling spray! How refreshingly the cool salt water came in ceaseless sheets over the tearing boat and its jovial crew! Language fails to describe such pleasures and we leave it to the imagination.

Personals.

'70.—Egbert M. Chesley paid a visit to the College early in May.

'81.—L. B. Meek has left the ranks of students, and is now at Denver, Colorado, beginning to seek his fortune. If you amass millions, Meek, remember Acadia College; if the fates are unpropitious, come back and finish your course.

'79.—R. M. Hunt passed through Wolfville on the 25th ult., on his way from Newton. He is about leaving for England for the benefit of his health, and does not expect to continue his studies next year.

'82.—Arthur L. Calhoun, of the Junior Class has been considerably troubled with his eyes this year; and early in May he was obliged to give up study and is now being treated by Dr. Coleman, of St. John.

MARRIAGE.

At the home of the bride, on the morning of June 4th, by Rev. D. M. Welton, Ph. D., assisted by Rev. C. B. Welton, A. B., brothers of the groom, and by Rev. E. M. Kierstead, A. M., pastor at Windsor, Rev. Sydney Welton, A. B., of Kingston, N. S., to Miss Lucy M. Curry, adopted daughter and niece of Mark Curry, Esq., Windsor, N. S.

We wish our good friend Welton and his estimable lady a long life of "wedded bliss."

Acknowledgments.

Neil McLeod, M.A., \$2.00; Rev. I. Wallace, \$1.00; I. J. Skinner, \$1.00; J. N. Armstrong; L. S. Morse, A.M.; R. L. Weatherby, M.A., \$1.00; Burpee Witter, \$2.00; G. H. Wallace, \$2.00; Spurden Read; John McLaughlin, \$1.50; H. A. Spenser, A.B.; Benj. Rand, A.B., \$1.00; A. K. Barss, \$2.00; S. C. Parker; James Morse, A.B.; J. Lockhart; Miss E. J. Simpson; Fred. Johnston; Missionary Fund, 2.50; J. B. Calkin, M.A.; John Calhoun; F. H. Eaton, A.M.; C. B. Hodge, A.B., 75; Joseph Weston, \$1.50; J. W. Wallace, A.B., \$1.00; Rev. T. A. Higgins; J. D. Ellis; John R. Calhoun; B. W. Lockhart, A. B., Walter Simpson; Caldwell & Murray, \$3.00; Burpee Witter; Oatis Eaton; Emerson Reade; R. W. Dodge; Rev. C. Goodspeed, \$1.50; C. B. Healey, A.B., \$1.00; Dr. H. H. Read, \$1.00; I. B. Oakes, A.B., \$1.00; Rev. G. O. Gates, John March; J. R. Chute, M.D., \$1.00; Rev. T. W. Crawley, \$1.00; College Advt, \$1.00; R. H. Phillips; Miss Lucy Haley, \$1.00; Rev. E. P. Caldwell; Rufus Starr; W. P. Shaffner, A. B., J. P. Chapman; E. H. Howe; Flor. M. Chesley; Rev. George Weathers; Miss Lucy Strong; J. A. Cox, \$1.00; Rev. J. E. Hopper, \$0.50; F. H. Doull, \$2.00; Miss E. Archibald; E. J. Morse, A. B., E. L. King, \$1.50; Rev. Ed. Hickson.

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