

ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR

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Original Poetry.

A LIGHT ACROSS THE RIVER.

"There's a light across the river!"
So a little maiden said,
As without upon the darkness
Quick she gazed, but not with dread.

Christmas eve it was; and over
Moorland, meadow, lake and glen,
Now was thrown a snowy mantle
Waiting for the spring again.

Not yet from behind the mountain
Had walked forth the queen of night,
Sprinkling earth, as when she shineth
With her soft and silv'ry light.

And now overhead the stern clouds
Gathered; threat'ning from afar,
Soon to bring the angry tempest,
As when terrors fond hopes mar.

Forth she walked into the darkness,
And the distant river's roar
Gently came and quickly vanished
Like the wave upon the shore.

"There's a light across the river!"
So the little maiden said,
And her wavy, golden ringlets
Hung in tresses from her head.

Then she thought of weary, lone ones
Those whose ways were once more bright,
Having now no light to cheer them
Through the darkness of the night.

Vain ambition's power had lured them
Far from safety's path to tread:
Walking upon grounds forbidden
Now they're dying or are dead.

Then her heart yearned for the wand'ers
Even now 't were not too late,
Like Brangeline's for Gabriel
Exiled by imperious fate.

And as out upon the darkness
Of that night the maiden stood,
Watching but the faintest glimmering
As of garments rolled in blood.

Are there many, many lone ones
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
Watching, waiting, softly praying,
"Let thy brightness fall on me."

Look up! lone and weary wand'rer
Bowed by suffering, care and woe,
For thee are prepared green pastures
Where pure waters gently flow.

There set free from sin and sorrow
Shall thy spirit find sweet rest,
Where no light thou'lt need to guide thee
In the mansions of the blest.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE.

THE glorious sun had already passed the meridian, and was gradually lessening the distance between himself and the gentle undulated horizon, when a dear friend and myself, weary of the continuous din, and clamorous tumult of Boston's crowded thoroughfares, directed our steps to the far-famed Public Gardens. A short stroll brought us in view of the justly-celebrated Common, while farther to the west, through the intervening foliage, we could catch faint glimpses of the sweet beauties of the Garden. The air seemed pure and rural,—its peculiar quality giving to all objects, the utmost clarity. Such purity of atmosphere was, however, the natural and healthful consequent of an electrical storm, that occurred the previous evening, but which had now so far passed away, as that no other evidence of it was seen than this rare and opaline day. The sun had cleared every stain out of the sky. The blue vault of heaven was not dim and low, as is frequently the case, but curved and deep, as if on this particular day it shook off all the incumbrances which on previous occasion had lowered and flattered it, and sprang back to the arch and symmetry of a dome.

In transport we gazed upon the panoramic scene that lay before us, than which no fairer spot glistens in the sunlight or nestles under arching elms. Especially noticeable on the virescent esplanade, were the cleanly and well-decorated paths and avenues, now branching outward in true mathematical angularity, and again gracefully entwining themselves about gently receding slopes, or gliding in the curve of beauty around the brinks of artificial waters. While, in resplendent arborescence, the symmetrical elms (the pride of New England) towered loftily above us.—elms, indeed, which are as much a part of her beauty, as the columns of the Parthenon were the glory of its architecture.

Adown one of the solidly asphaltumed and elegantly bordered walks we leisurely rambled, witnessing, as we passed, the waters of a large fountain darting high in air, yet gracefully curling downward again in meek obedience to nature's universal law. Crossing a neat little

street we enter the portals of the Garden. If the common is beautiful this, in truth, is superlatively so. Whatever artistic skill can afford in embellishing is here lavishly expended. Art say, of a truth, be said to have assisted Nature in the production of the richest and most gorgeous scenery, by effecting regularity and precision, interspersed with pleasing monotony-relieving variations. The enclosure is oblong rather than square, and level rather than undulating, being intersected in every direction by gaily decorated walks, and studded with statues as are the "infinite meadows of the sky," with the ever enduring jewels of night. We pause before a finely chiselled bronze statue of Edward Everett—America's most polished orator. No man can gaze upon that statue and not be convinced of the greatness of its prototype. The arched brow, noble forehead and thinly carved lips are indicative of exalted ideas, a powerful intellect, and unswerving decision. What wonder that America shed bitter yet unavailing tears over the grave of her departed oratorical hero; and that this testimonial of respect and love was raised by the unanimous wish of a great nation to the memory of her dearly cherished son! A little farther to the west, sits, in comely posture on a stately steed, Washington, the Father of American liberty. This, of all objects is most likely to excite mingled sensations of sublimity grandeur and beauty in the minds of beholders. Scenes of old revolutionary story rush with lightning rapidity into the mind of one as he stands gazing upon the perfect image of a hero who, for a time, nobly endured sufficient afflictions, and with calmness suffered sufficient reverses to thrice crush the spirits of leaders of other armies who have ever been more than willing to arrogate to themselves a higher position in regard of all that pertains to true heroism and praiseworthy patriotism. We refrain from touching the chords of love that hold in fond embrace the memory of George Washington in the hearts of the American people. "Decision flashed upon his counsels." "His fame is eternity; his residence, creation."

Reverting to the scenery in the Garden we next direct our attention to the stately

bridge, which seems to span with easy stride the peaceful lakelet below. Solidity is, to some extent, a characteristic of this specimen of architectural skill, yet beauty—unmarred beauty is decidedly its leading feature. The style is suspension. The four shapely granite towers that rise in strict uniformity at opposite extremities of the structure, are elegantly fashioned and embossed with exquisitely traced fantastical images and striking representations in bold relief. The sides of the bridge present, in beautiful array, all the intricacy of plan and delicacy of construction that could, with propriety, be adapted to the end for which it is designed.

The prospect from this arch is pleasing and pretty. The mirror-faced pool below is encircled with a granitic margin, elegantly curved and polished, while on the glassy surface of the water float the sylph-like forms of numerous swans. These gliding about peacefully and easily seem, nevertheless, to be conscious of their graces and charms, nay, even to look down with an air of contempt and disdain, upon the less beautified aquatic birds that chance to float rather close to their *Swanic* majesties. Stationed upon the bridge, we have also an unlimited view of the Garden, and of the greater portion of the elm-studded Common. These now are being rapidly thronged with the gay, the fashionable, and the business portion of the citizens. Some of the *elite* whom we observe sitting beneath the umbrageous trees of the common are probably discoursing, with Yankee rapidity and zest, the general topics of the day; while others, fiddled upon by the fingers of joy, with great eclat promenade the shady avenues, lisping sweeter cadences than politics *ever* knew. From the bridge we pass back slowly toward the Common, on which a band of musicians are now discoursing sweetest lays. The tender strains falling upon the ear from the distant hill have a tendency to lull the mind into a kind of satisfied languid quiescence; but when the roar of the drum and the shrill clear voice of the bugle join in with the softer notes of the more delicate instruments, they well forth unitedly glorious reverberating symphonies, swelling round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, that call up the liveliest and purest emotions of the soul, and weave in its exalted realm the fabrics of consummate bliss.

Reluctantly we continue our walk toward the spot at which we entered this little Eden, and, arriving there, turn to review, perhaps for the last time, the beautiful scenery we have traversed. The sun is just setting,—“burning the threshold of the night.” His fiery rays, darting across the western horizon, spread long shadows of the leafy trees upon the grassy lawns. The flowers in meek-

ness bend their gentle heads as the flame of the great lamp for a moment flickers and struggles dying, yet dying, struggles. The very air now seems permeated with fragrance ambrosial; and with widely-expanded hearts we imbibed the soul-comforting, heart-refreshing spirit with which it seemed pregnant. But we leave the enchanting ground. Another day has come and gone, and lurid twilight following rapidly, yet stealthily, in its train, begins to usher in the gloom of night.

GENIUS *versus* LABOR.

We think that it will not be overstepping the bounds of reason or propriety, when we assert our opinion, that the world is indebted but in a very small degree to the achievements of unpremeditated Genius. The ideas entertained by a large class of individuals as to the exact value and extent of that unnamable Apollo, are somewhat chaotic, and certainly not to be defined. It bears a prestige and a character undeserved; its very name suggests some transcendent quality. At its mention, one thinks of a mighty talisman, at whose command hidden wonders were revealed; of an “open sesame” to inner secret caverns, where gems of infinite value glitter; of the Philosopher’s stone turning pale leaden lumps into glittering massy gold. This fanciful idea of that technical term is certainly intruding upon the ideal. Yet there is another extreme. Those who maintain a universal equality of innate power, that dame Nature bestows her gifts with impartial hand, are perhaps, as far removed from a just conception in an opposite direction. We may hold more tenable ground in an intermediate position. Let us take away the idea of mighty problems solved without effort; of leaping into fame by means of a self-acting propeller, and substitute a proper proportion of rigorous, assiduous toil. Then call the result by any name you please. By such a union of culture and *ingenium*, we may easily account for almost every seeming prodigy of nature or transcendent power of intellect. It is sad to reflect how much of this soul vitality lies unknown and unsought, mouldering and decaying in its bud, because it has not come into contact with the nerving, amplifying forces of culture and education; because the hard hands of toil, which can alone render forces effective, have neither been allowed to fashion it into symmetry, nor to utilize it.

Earth has her countless gems hidden in deep unfathomable mines, Ocean her pearls buried in soundless caverns, yet not more effectually are they concealed, than those uncultivated gems of talent which perish for lack of nurturing care.

There are Hampdens and guiltless Cromwells, whom the world needs to lead the van of another social revolution; Wilberforces, whose tones renewing all the eloquence of yore, should penetrate the damps and darkness of moral and intellectual slavery; Miltons, who might mark and impress our nineteenth century Literature with the rugged grandeur of the past. But the

“Hands that the rod of Empire might have swung,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,”

have never learned to wield the pen or the golden tongue of speech. Seldom do we see the flame burst forth uncalled. External influences mould, educate and direct. Cromwell, the hero of Carlyle, was only drawn from his retreat where he directed his plough, by the exigencies of the times, to be the central mind of Europe. From such a stand-point as we take, the secret of intellectual excellence is not undiscernable. The biographies of men who have fought and won, and our own experience, throws a ray of light upon it. In the centre of that galaxy where the subtle perception, vivid imagination, capacity of thought and fertility of invention shine so conspicuously, appears one with steadier radiance than any, which we may denominate—Application—Industry. We hear that a certain person was never very brilliant, but an indefatigable worker; another one learned almost by intuition. One is called talented, the other dull. But heights are accessible to the dauntless climber, to which the irregular efforts of showy brilliancy cannot attain; the loftiest pinnacle of enduring fame is open to the patient plodder, above the highest flight of eagle pinions. Give us, then, the faculty of noble, God-like action, the spirit that beholds in toil a necessity of life; whose sweetest rest is motion; the energy which gropes in darkened cells for light, and all sweating, wields the pick-axe in the deep mines of Truth, both in the day of hurrying activity, and amid the silence of a sleeping world.

It is a wise and universal law that labour is a necessity to health. Without it the mind, however richly endowed, is

“A spot of dull stagnation without light,”
“A still salt pool locked in with bars of sand.”

Indeed it may well be doubted whether that mind can claim the quality of native force and capacity, unless it is possessed of that indwelling fundamental principle. Thoughts, inventions, discoveries, are not cast like drift wood upon the strand of the great mind-ocean; they were generated amid the labourings and throbbings of every soul-pulse aroused, and kindled into a burning intensity of action. Every trophy, torn from the mysteries of the Unknown, has been bought by long years of travail, at times so agonizing,

that overwhelmed by the shapes and creations herself had invoked from the vast overshadowing Arcana, Reason has fallen from her throne. It is only in such pangs of parturition as these, that the living impersonation of the soul is evolved—the incarnation of those thoughts and truths under whose influence the “thoughts of men are widened,” and the progressive world bounds forward with increased velocity. Let us then remember that idleness is death; that the pathway to mental greatness is paved with granite, and not strewn with roses, that if we would grasp the far-off craggy summits which ambition views, and which may be attained, we we must regard life not as “idle ore,” but as

“Iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use.”

Take courage, ye workers, who have been, and are still toiling onward—though oft weary, gathering new strength as moments fly. We alone are happy. In the language of Carlyle we would exclaim:—“Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labour is life. Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity, the sacred band of immortals.”

CRITICISM.

The most useless and unprofitable piece of machinery in the social engine of the nineteenth century is the average critic. A competent and just one is almost as rare a commodity as a great genius; an impartial one, as an impartial historian. Mind-power and culture by no means presuppose proficiency in the art of criticism. Hence great men have made miserable failures in attempting to analyse and refine. For instance, Goldsmith's comment on the works of Milton, —“There is no force in his reasonings, no eloquence in his style, and no taste in his compositions.” Critical works unperverted by passion, occupy an important position in our nineteenth century literature; some of them indeed find a niche in the fair temple of English classics. The writings of Macaulay, Carlyle, Macintosh, and the most of Jeffrey's, will live as educators and models of good taste. Such critiques are valuable for service rendered in exposing platitudes thinly venerated, denouncing errors and falsities, disinguiting the paste from the diamond. But in no department is there greater opportunity for perversion. To a large extent it has become the channel for misanthropic spleen, a means of vent-

ing the spite of personal, national and sectarian prejudice. Not only does it afford an opportunity for the escape of the fumes of *little minds*, even the great thus spit out their venomous poison. What more malignant and uncalled for than the unprovoked attack of Edgar A. Poe upon his rival poet Longfellow. Although his bitterness turned to gall the sweets of no mouth but his own in that one case, we know that many an aspiring genius has been crushed in its first fearful and modest endeavor, by the harsh and bitter sarcasm of towering egotism. Indirectly through this the young poet Chatterton committed suicide. Byron was assailed by Jeffrey with cutting ridicule and personal insult. Tennyson was silenced ten years by the clamors of a set whose names will not outlive their own century. As a rule, the more merit the work possesses, the more unjust and contemptible is the criticism of the jaundiced mind, whose most congenial pursuit consists in trying to crowd merit out of sight, and snapping at the heels of superiority. The common run of critics, like prairie dogs, go in droves. Too insignificant to be more than occasionally noticed, too feeble to do serious harm, they only hazard a yelp under some foreign patronage. If by chance one grows so bold as to send out an isolated bark, at the casual rebuke of an acknowledged leader he sneaks out of sight.

We have not space to notice farther the different kinds of critics. But the newspaper critic occupies quite a prominent seat in this school, and especially so of college sheets. There, some one with the venerable majesty of a few years' growth, assumes the dictatorial chair, and sits in judgment on the presuming rivals yet *in embryo*. But the irrepressible laughter will burst forth as the disarrangement of powdered locks disclose the long ears. Let us remember then that true nobility is the last at picking flaws; that this blatant criticism is a sure sign of weakness; that he who arrogates to himself a false and unbecoming dignity is but sping an ass; and that men can afford to smile at the peevish petulance of snarling curs.

GOOD NATURE.

Be good natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint, no powders, cosmetics are superfluous for it, rouge cannot improve its cheeks, no lily white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty that is skin deep, for when you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted man or woman it is not the shape of the features you really

see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye. You see that nameless something that animates all these, and leaves upon the mind a sense of gratified fascination. You see an indescribable embodiment of a heart felt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of all external appearances, and defies all the critical rules of the aesthetic.

Cultivate “good nature.” It is better than “apples of gold set in pictures of silver,” for gold will take to itself wings and fly away, silver will tarnish in time; and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good nature never loses its worth, never abandons its possessor, never loses its hold on the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion, always in season. Everybody admires it; it never grows stale; it costs little to acquire and nothing to keep; yet it is beyond diamond in its worth to its owners, and can never be stolen or lost.

Surely this is a jewel that merits a search, and when found merits a protection.

Possess yourself of it, young woman. No talisman will find you so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible of the other sex.

TELESCOPE FUND.

At the suggestion of Prof. Elder, who then filled the chair of Natural Science in Acadia College, the Class of 1871 undertook to raise funds for the purchase of a Telescope for the Institution.

At a concert held on the evening of the Anniversary of 1871, under the superintendance of Mr. S. J. Neily, \$135.00 was realized.

An agreement was entered into by the members of the Class, twelve in number, to pay four dollars quarterly for two years,—the money to be deposited in the People's Bank as it came in.

Prof. Elder having left Acadia College the year after, and the chair of Natural Science having been vacant until this year, the matter has not been pushed forward as rapidly as was intended. One hundred and fifty dollars has, however, been paid in by the members of the class, though from three of the twelve nothing has been received, and only one has paid the full amount.

A friend of the College generously donated \$130.00 towards this object, so that with interest received the whole amount drawing interest, June, 1874, was \$441.00.

It is hoped that those who have not paid the amount promised will remember their obligation, so that steps may soon be taken towards the purchase of the instrument.

A. COHON.

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EDITORS.

W. G. PARSONS, F. D. CRAWLEY,
FRANK RAND, B. W. LOCKHART.

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

J. G. SCHURMAN, J. O. REDDEN,
H. FOSHAY, SIDNEY WELTON,
G. E. GOOD, Secty.

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THE *Dalhousie Gazette* does not appear to be at all pleased with the refusal of the Governors of Acadia and Mount Allison Colleges to discuss with the Governors of Dalhousie, the advisability of founding a central University for Nova Scotia. It gives vent to its displeasure in the following terms:—

"From Acadia and Mount Allison replies were received, very polite truly, but couched in the most chilling negative. We had, indeed, scarcely expected anything else, but our contempt for the display of narrow sectarian spite and bigotry is none the less on that account. Of course any other reply to the invitation was not to be hoped for. To possess a little College under one's own thumb, with a patent theologico-arts curriculum, adapted to the wants of fledgling ministers; to rear the bantlings of the Church in an atmosphere free from the remotest taint of unorthodoxy; to mingle disquisitions upon the true meaning of the terms 'pre-destination' and 'election,' or concerning the right interpretation of *baptizain*, with the other, and (in their estimation) less important work of a regular Arts curriculum; and last, but not least, to draw from the Provincial Treasury \$1400 per annum—all these are advantages too important to be sacrificed without a struggle."

The above words speak for themselves. The spirit that dictated them is too obvious to be misunderstood. And if they were not calculated to mislead the uninformed, we should not think it worth our while to notice them. But the charges insinuated are as false as the spirit they breathe is contemptible. It is not a little surprising that the Governors of Dalhousie asked for a conference which they did not expect to obtain. They could not surely have had much else to do, when they engaged in so fruitless an effort—an effort which they knew at the time would be fruitless. There are those, however, who think differently. Many believe that they really desired the authorities of the other colleges to treat with them, not so much from the benefit they wished to confer, as from that they hoped to receive. Instances have before occurred of weak and inefficient colleges seeking to better their condition and prospects by allying themselves in some way or other to superior institutions. Time was when Acadia would have been glad to unite with the other religious bodies of the Province in establishing on an equitable basis a central University. But the privilege was virtually denied them. With the recollection fresh in their minds of the treatment they received, when, for example, a person of eminent scholarship and rare teaching qualifications was considered ineligible to a Professorship in Dalhousie, simply because he was a Baptist; and in view of the progress they have made on the line of a broader and more liberal policy—a policy which other colleges have since been pleased to adopt, and sometimes with an air of boasting which would seek to confirm the impression that it is original with them,—in view of all this, it is doubtful if ever again they will be in a position to consider this question. Certain it is, they will not readily consent to play the part of a satellite, revolving around Dalhousie. To say the least, their regard for the order which prevails in the great system of things forbids it.

The *Gazette* is pleased to stigmatize Acadia as a *sectarian* and *denominational* college. We are free to admit that it is denominational in the sense of having a Board of Governors composed of persons belonging to the same religious persua-

sion. But it is not sectarian. No religious tests are imposed. Students of all religious beliefs are equally welcome. Its Governors would doubtless refuse to employ as a teacher a man of known heterodox views. They would hardly go as far as the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who asks, in his defense of the orthodoxy of one of the Dalhousie Professors, "what difference does it make what a Professor's Theological opinions are, so long as he is highly qualified to teach the branch or branches entrusted to him?" Many persons think it makes a great deal of difference, and would much prefer to place their sons under instructors not only intellectually proficient but "sound in the faith" as well.

To say nothing of public morals, and of the great religious principles by which all Christian countries are more or less influenced, it remains yet to be demonstrated that education itself is not as safe under denominational as under state control. Not a few of those who declaim against denominational colleges only thereby proclaim their ignorance of the whole question. We are sorry to see the friends of Dalhousie exhibit so much distress over the denominational element which predominates in its control. We consider this no reproach at all. We are only desirous of calling things by their right names, and cannot help pitying the affectation which persists in putting forward as a Provincial University that which the more sensible people know very well is simply a Presbyterian College.

The charge insinuated by the *Gazette* against Acadia that its curriculum is a "patent theologico-arts" one, is simply false. The Theological course is entirely separate from the regular arts course. Students pursuing the latter have nothing to do with the former—are not permitted or advised to engage in Theological studies till the regular arts course is completed. The result is that each course receives at the proper time its appropriate share of attention; and the product is neither "bantlings" nor "fledglings," but strong and symmetrically developed men—men capable of showing in "the right interpretation of *baptizein*" that they left the pin-feather state long ago.

It comes with a very ill grace from Dalhousie to speak of withdrawing the

Provincial grant of \$1400 from the "various denominational colleges," when it is remembered that it is as denominational as any one of them, and has besides adroitly appropriated the lion's share of property bequeathed equally to the different religious bodies of the Province. When, however, all the colleges of the Province are treated alike in this respect, Acadia will not complain.

In conclusion, we would kindly advise Dalhousie to pursue a less pretentious, and therefore less ridiculous line of conduct. It will be necessary for it to raise its standard of matriculation, and add 12 months of solid study to its regular course before it equals Acadia in these respects. With so low a status it can hardly hope to attract to its portals the more ambitious youth of the county, if it even succeeds in holding those it now has. When it has attained to something like equality with the other institutions of the Province, it will be time to propose itself as the nucleus of a Provincial University.

TRUE NOBILITY.

There is perhaps no principle existing in the nature of man, stronger than that which produces a desire to become renowned among his fellows. It manifests itself in the young, the middle-aged, and the aged, and lasts in most cases as long as life itself. All the aims and acts of life empty themselves into this one broad deep stream of ambition which bears us on noislessly though surely to fame or ignominy. The mind drifts into this as soon as we begin to associate with others, and the desire of self-aggrandizement grows as we deal with men. A child, for instance, will play contentedly enough with his companions, provided the toys they use in the sport are his, and he is acknowledged by the rest to be the author of the sport; but should this be called in question, either the game must stop or go on without him. This is the form the disposition first takes, and the manner in which it first manifests itself. As age advances it becomes less apparent, but with hidden strength lurks more subtly and determinedly behind a breast-work of policy. As universal as is this desire to become noble, and notwithstanding so many have made it the study of their lives, yet there is nothing concerning which men have made greater or more frequent mistakes, and no standard has been so rarely attained as that of true nobility, and yet it is within the reach

of all. The fact that so few men are deserving of the epithet noble, is because of the mistaken ideas that men have, as to what that quality really is: and perhaps upon the whole it is easier to say what it is not, than what it is. It certainly does not consist in praise gained at the expense of others; and yet this is the almost universal result of the unrestrained indulgence of this ambition. Self takes the place of all else in his mind, who continually thinks of himself, and instead of advancing, as he in his insane state thinks, towards the standard of true nobility, he is drifting off to join that deluded multitude, which every truly noble man must pity. The man who allows greed for anything to become the ruling principle of his mind, not only deprives himself of that most pleasing of all pleasures, which is derived from making others enjoy themselves, but will in the end himself defeat the very object for which he has rendered himself so justly contemptible.

It is a common expression that "every Yankee owns all America;" so it might be said of him who makes self the centre of all his actions. He owns everything he sees; he envies every one the slightest success; he is the sole proprietor of even the bounties of providence, and thinks he has been unjustly robbed that others might have either money, wit or health. If another is praised it makes him miserable. He thinks the attention of all should be paid to the immortal *ego*: and he imagines that everybody is continually thinking of him. He goes out upon the street: his clothes must be just so, and his hair combed in the most popular style. He walks in just such a gait as he conceives to be most suitable for a man in his position. Of course everyone is looking at him; for could any spend their time to more profit than contemplating the man as he passes, who at some future time is to set the nations in commotion. Of course he is not quite decided as to the way in which this is to be accomplished, but one thing is evident enough, it will be done! for does not that piece of paper he holds in his hand contain items of the most vital import? Of course it does. He is always thinking of some great matter; and if you should ask him a question, he either does not hear you or by a peculiar snuff, and a few more accompanying and equally graceful movements, and sounds such as "Hum" "Ho" "Ha." "Don't you know that?"—he turns his gentlemanly and amiable back towards you and walks off with noble bearing. Of course he could have easily answered the question; but he had really no time to talk of such matters. All one can do in that case is to say, "Now you are beauty!" It does not occur to him that true nobility consists, not in arrogance toward

others, but in working for the good of those about us, and in doing what we know to be right; not thinking and holding ourselves above caring what others think concerning us. A disposition to crowd one's neighbours off the track is seen every where, but manifests itself in small villages more particularly. Yet there is some excuse to be made for that. Such villages generally contain a few great folks, who do not care to live as those around them, nor even as they themselves once did; and this of course creates some emulation among the lesser lights of the village, who look at each other over their cold shoulders; and if anyone is getting on too fast, of course he has a right to be brought down to his proper level by any one who can do it. A celebrated American wit says that "the man that can't get along without elbowing his neighbours is a limited cuss any-way." We are inclined to think he is right. Certainly this is no way to become either good or great. Principles of a higher tone than cringing to please supposed superiors, a striving to slight supposed inferiors mark the man of true nobility. There is a principle within—a something in the heart that lifts the man of sense and virtue above ill gotten gain, or unmerited position. A sense of true nobility must come from within; it does not exist in the external world. Envy and jealousy have no place in the broad mind of a real man. He is loved, honored, and respected by those who know him; and when old his gray hairs are indeed "a crown of glory." Man is not an ape, although the two animals do sometimes resemble each other in certain outward manifestations, neither was it intended that he should live by devouring his fellow. While the ignorant rich look with scorn or indifference upon the poor, they, if rich in honesty and virtue, stand exalted upon a moral pedestal far above the hypocrisy and low-lived envy, that sometimes characterizes the learned and so called great, and pity those from whose eyes *ego* shuts out even the light of common sense. Remember then that "a man's a man for a' that, and for a' that, and for twice a' that;" and learn to be truly wise, and noble, by fearing God, honoring the Queen, and minding your own business.

A PLEA FOR WOMAN.

THE demand for the highest mental training which can be furnished to woman, is one of the irrepressible things of this century. There is a great contrast in this respect, between the present generation and the last. The women of the last were content with sitting at home, doing a great amount of needle-work, tending to household duties &c.; their

descendants on the other hand, are knocking at the doors of our colleges. The signs of the times are, that woman will soon take an intellectual position, distinct it may be, but in no wise inferior to man.

It is high time that parents were alive to the facts of the case. At the common schools boys and girls have an equal chance. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, are the heritage of them both. But after the period of school life is over, for the most part how different the case. Whatever money can be spared is devoted to the education of the boys, and the girls may fare as best they can. The son if he wishes an education is sent to an academy. Here he remains, it may be for a period of two years, obtaining thorough instruction in the English branches, and a solid foundation for a college course. He then enters college, pursuing his studies for four years, enjoying the advantages of class-room lectures, reading-room, debating societies, association with his fellow students—coming in contact as he does with gifted individuals of all shades of character, the sons both of rich and poor, upon the same common level—together with all the other various aids to the development of the mind attainable in such a place; graduates an accomplished scholar, and is ready now to enter upon the more active duties which devolve upon every individual, and to act well his part in the great drama of life.

What meanwhile of his sisters chance? What has she been doing? Debarred from further intellectual progress, she enters society, where an unmeaning round of visits, parties etc., engross her time. She thus wears away a monotonous life, in aimless listless relaxing modes of both physical and intellectual abilities until about eighteen, when having taken a few music lessons and had a smattering of French, she is supposed to have completed her education, just as her brother is beginning his college course. During this period, many are desirous of breaking the chains of ignorance which surround them, and of enjoying the advantages of a higher education, but all to no purpose.

It is not pleaded that provision should be made for the liberal education of every woman, or that all should be thoroughly educated. It is not the case with men. We do not find institutions of learning for all men, they are restricted to the favored few. Neither do we find that in every family, all the sons are sent away to school.

It is only those who have the capacity, as well as the desire who go. The circumstances and turn of mind of each individual by himself, shows upon whom lies this privilege and responsibility. Thus it should be no more so, nor no

loss, in the case of every girl as well as boy.

Here may arise, the common place saying, that the true theatre of woman is the management of the household: and the stereotyped jokes about marrying and maternal duties, may be repeated. It may be asked of what use is mathematics, or French and German &c., to woman in the proper performance of these duties? Will a course of study at a boarding school add to the refinement, the delicacy and grace, the dignity and elevation of character, so essential to the ideal of womanhood? Will not such an education, especially the co-education of the sexes, give a masculine tone, and produce what is termed strong mindedness? If such an education were afforded would it not be left unused, and consequently would there not be a loss, in the expenditure of so much time, money and toil in the obtaining of it? Is it true that there is a demand for the more liberal education of woman?

In reply to the first we would ask if a knowledge of these branches would cause woman to neglect her household duties, and lessen her interest in them; how does ignorance conduce to the better management of them?

Care and solicitude for these things are not dependent upon ignorance. The chances are that the educated woman would conduct her household better than the illiterate. The proper development of the mind, heart and soul, could not but enable her to discharge better those duties, to which the Creator has appointed her.

The sense of mental superiority, an acquaintance with and an interest in general literature, the reading of the best authors, would relieve the monotony of her daily life, and enable her to hold converse with the educated. In the pursuit of a liberal education, although a rigorous training is obtainable by the proper study of all the branches of learning, we find many studies, such as French, German, Botany and English literature, peculiarly appropriate to the occupancy of woman's mind, and to the elevation of all her womanly qualities. Literature and history, would widen her range of sympathies. Music and drawing are beneficial not merely as accomplishments, but as intellectual arts. In classical studies, we have the most perfect training in the study of language. Genuine aesthetic culture has a refining influence which could ill be spared. The unfolding and informing of all the faculties, gives a knowledge of the powers of mind in possession of each individual, which cannot but be beneficial in the highest degree.

In regard to the co-education of the sexes, on which so much is said nowadays, we find that wherever it has been

tried it has as a rule proved successful, that the point of honor raised both as regard words and actions, as well as the general moral sentiment, is higher where the sexes mingle in their education, than where they do not; that the character of the one is refined, while the mind of the other is being deepened. A masculine tone, and strong mindedness, are far from being the fruit of womanly liberal culture, but are the outgrowth of the very contrary. Education has no connection whatever with these things. It is in the superficially educated, or in those who scarcely possess any at all, that they are exhibited. Helplessness, and the want of a thoroughly sound education of which so many are deprived the advantages, are not graces; but self reliance, energy, fortitude, are noble qualities in either sex.

If the delicacy and grace of womanhood are endangered by an education obtained at boarding schools in which, while the mind is being cultivated, the matronly supervision, the home comforts and tranquillities so suited and necessary to the gentler sex, are, at the same time, thrown around the instructed: they are surely imperilled, to a greater degree, by an inefficient education or by an entire lack of one.

As respects the desideratum of such a liberal education, and the use to be made of it, we would reply:—That the object of all true education is mental and moral discipline,—that its practical use to every individual is to have the intellectual and moral faculties so enlarged and strengthened, as to be able to think clearly, to have good sound judgment and the power to decide rightly. Cultivation does for woman what it does for man, intensifies every moral attribute and contributes to mental growth. The ennoblement and adorning of one's self, the proper development of character, and a liberal education, are abiding and vital possessions, which cannot be taken away; they are acquisitions which cannot rest unused. With these attainments, if woman's duties lie in the circle of home, she will find them invested with a new and moral significance.

In proportion as every true woman has felt the effects of her studies, all the relations of society will feel her greater power thus attained; and with a class of educated women sprinkled among the different communities, how great would be the improvement. There is also great need of a more liberal education for woman, as she is the chief educator of the human family. The important duty of training the tender minds of children, and of implanting the first and indelible impressions of their relations to God and man, devolves upon woman. In her hands lies the future destiny of a nation.

by the education which she inculcates. No nation can ever become an educated one, until opportunities of intellectual culture have ceased to be the privilege of sex or class, and until such opportunities are placed within the reach of every man and woman. Those on the other hand who go out into the world, do so with a truer courage founded on a nobler estimate of work. On every side new fields of action, are opening up for the employment of woman. The press, and several of the professions, invite her to enter and reap the fruits of her labor equally with man. Besides, woman is apt to teach, and the amount and style of culture brought to her work in this department, will depend upon the thoroughness and completeness of a liberal education.

To every one the advantage of a sound mental training, is necessary to make the best use of his faculties, and woman's as well as man's sphere is peculiarly that situation in which she is doing the highest and most perfect work of which she is capable.

Womanhood can only be made more truly womanly, as manhood is made more truly manly, by the utmost use of the possibilities of a high culture.

Woman's power, both bodily and mental, to acquire this higher education, is a question of fact, only to be decided by fair trial, and so far she has held her own equally with man.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Eurhetorian Argosy* sustains its promised reputation. The spirit of courtesy shown in its polemic department is what we should expect from the institution whence it comes. We like the new feature it has introduced at first, of "Pencilings by the Way," and consider it adds an additional charm, by its racy, graphic style. With the exception of a small mistake (which is quite pardonable under the circumstances,) viz: that of considering the article on education an editorial, we were quite satisfied with the general make-up.

No. 5 *Dalhousie Gazette* is at hand. It contains an interesting article on Athletics, which is not less interesting on account of non-originality. Some original articles on Education, etc. Very solid, sound and respectable.

We have received the second number of *The Packer Quarterly*, published at a Ladies' Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y. It contains a pleasing variety of articles—some of them indicative of an intimate acquaintance with our noblest English poets. We welcome it as a valuable exchange, especially since it is the exponent of the cultured female intellect.

If our Nova Scotia ladies would wish to enter farther into the domain of the knowable after they have exhausted home opportunities, let them take a course at the Packer Collegiate Institute.

Personals.

R. D. BURGESS, late of Acadia, has been ordained as pastor over the Baptist Church at Hebron, Yarmouth County.

ACADIA is quite largely represented, in her graduates, at Harvard. The following are now studying there: John B. Mills, A.B., '71, and W. L. Barss A.B., '72, students at the Law School. A. J. Eaton, A.B., '73, F. H. Eaton, A.B., '73, and S. McCully Black, A.B., '74, are pursuing the arts course.

J. F. COVEY, A.B., '73, is teaching the High School in St. Andrews, N.B. We are glad to learn from a very favorable account of his examinations in the *St. John Telegraph*, that he is meeting with marked success as an instructor of the rising generation.

SEYMOUR GOURLEY, A.B., '72, is practising "the codeless science of the Law" at Truro. Mr. Gourley's already extended practise and rapidly increasing popularity augur well for future success in his chosen profession.

Items.

THE *Argosy* states that the ladies of the Seminary at Sackville wish them to make public the names of all students who do not attend the receptions. Were the *Athenæum* to attempt the like, it would be compelled to publish a catalogue of all the students attending Acadia.

ACADEMICIAN (exultingly). My sudden and unexpected entrance into church, where one of your collegians was vigorously "handing out the truth," seemed to discommode him quite seriously. Rather rough that an academician should thus squeelch a collegian—eh?

Senior. Oh, that's easily accounted for—The foolish things of this world are frequently made use of to confound the wise.

It is said that the Juniors, though daily becoming more conscious that the finest shades of thought, as well as men's wills, can be expressed by particles (which suffer not inflection, of course) have begun to practice the inflection of the voice in the habitations of neighbors "whose children are pretty much grown up."

FRESHMAN (swimmingly), "What is the value of a Senior?"

Senior (sternly), "Taking a Freshman as a unit of measure, we would value him at infinity.—*Cap and Gown.*"

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