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THE Acadia Athenæum.

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→* The Sanctum. *←

THE changes which we have been contemplating for some time, have, at length been completed. The *Star* printing establishment having been transferred to Kentville, it was considered advisable to place the printing of the ATHENÆUM in other hands. The Society in employing a local firm felt that they were running some considerable risk, but they hoped that as the editors would be in a position to superintend the work of printing and proof-reading a good degree of satisfaction would be obtained, and that the general convenience of having the paper printed in Wolfville would more than outweigh the imperfections that were to be expected in the work of a small firm. These expectations were not realized. The work of the editors was more than doubled without a corresponding improvement in the mechanical appearance of the paper, hence when the *Star* office was removed from the village the Literary Society felt that the

only reason for continuing to employ the firm was removed also; and a printing establishment in Halifax was immediately offered the work. The offer was accepted and we feel assured the paper will be printed in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

THE Senior Essays to which reference was made in a previous issue were read before the Faculty and students of the College on Feb. 20th and 27th. No special order was observed in reading the papers except in one or two cases, where the order of the times at which the subjects were assigned was followed. The following was the programme:—

Feb. 20.

The Agrarian Laws of the Gracchi.
S. L. WALKER, Truro.

The Place of Science in an Arts Course.
J. W. TINGLEY, Margaree, C. B.

A Study of Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution.
J. A. FORD, Bothwell, P. E. I.

Feb. 27.

Science in the first half of the 17th Century.
S. W. CUMMINGS, Truro.

The Reign of Trajan.
H. S. FREEMAN, Milton, Queens.

A Study of Wordsworth's Excursion.
ALICE M. D. FITCH, Wolfville

John Locke.
H. T. ROSS, Margaree, C. B.

The preparation of these papers involved a large amount of additional work for the class; but the advantages derived will more than compensate them for the labor expended. We learn that the custom is to be continued.

A VERY high compliment was paid Acadia College by the invitation extended to Dr. Rand to address the "International Congress of Educators" at the meeting of that body held at the New Orleans Exposition on the 23rd-28th ult. Hon. J. Eaton, Minister of Education at Washington, is president of the congress. President Arthur is the honorary president. Among the distinguished foreigners who took a prominent part in the meetings appear the names of Buisson of Paris; Fitch, Campbell, Lord Reay, and Magnus of London, and Bond, chief librarian of the British Museum, with Brainard, Porter, Angell, and representatives from important educational centres on this side the Atlantic. It is a matter of regret that Dr. Rand found it necessary to decline the invitation.

PRESIDENT SAWYER recently made an announcement concerning marks which modifies somewhat, the system in vogue for some time. Hitherto, in determining the students' standing, equal value has been given to daily recitations and sessional examinations. Under the new arrangement a discrimination is made, in their respective values, in favor of the former, in the ratio of two to one. Thus, the average of a student making, let us say, 6 in daily recitations, and 8 in examinations, will be found by multiplying the 6 by 2, adding the product to the 8, and dividing the sum by 3. In assigning reasons for the change the President said that, while there might be emergencies, in which the faculty of being able to crowd the mind with a number of facts in a short time, would be necessary, he was decidedly of the opinion that it would prove of far more practical value to the student, to be able to make the most of every day. The cultivation of the habit of doing each day's work faithfully, he said, the Faculty deemed of great importance. Upon such students as are influenced at all by marks, the new arrangement will doubtless have the desired effect. For by lessening the value of examinations, all the means, lawful and otherwise, to which the majority of such students resort in order to raise their standing, are discounted, while a notable premium is placed, at the same time, on faithful every-day labor. But there are a large number of students, we believe, whom the announcement neither delights or grieves. It is gratifying to

know that many are endeavouring to make the most of their opportunities without this spur. We pray to be delivered from the man who is studying solely for marks. Though the pet of the professors he is, after all, a nuisance. He is the embodiment of selfishness and will never accept any position which requires time and thought to fill, even though it implies culture. He is usually ignorant of what is transpiring in the world, as he confines himself exclusively to the text-books. But we must forbear. Our ignorance of the real object and meaning of an orthodox *mark* forces us to stop. In the meantime we shall watch with interest, further developments in this department.

IN another column we publish some thoughts from a valued correspondent on the necessity of physical exercise in connection with female education. The subject is not a new one: it has been kept before the thinking public by leading educationists both in Europe and America for more than a quarter of a century. Although during that time some progress has been made, and a good many ridiculous customs abandoned, there is still ample scope for reform in this department of educational work. One of the chief hindrances to a well-organized system of female education based upon the principles of psychology and hygienic law, has been found to be the absurd and pernicious usages of so-called polite society. This vicious conventionalism has been deferred to by those in charge of our female schools with much more grace than its importance merits. Common sense may protest, Science may warn and direct, but Fashion rules the hour. Her mandates are supreme and health and exercise are forced to subserve her purposes. This social fetish, sad to say, becomes at once the object of worship and the altar of sacrifice; yet though votaries are transformed into victims with startling rapidity, others are quickly found to don the livery and seek the shrine. And still polite society is the oracle that formulates the conditions and establishes the ritual of worship. The child is instructed in its mysteries and the plastic frame of youth is distorted in conformity to its laws. The grace of nature is insulted by wicked artifice to adapt it to a perverted standard of beauty. The spontaneous activities so essential to healthy growth are repressed in

accordance with a false conception of propriety. Noisy sports are placed under the ban and vigorous out-door exercise is regarded as unlady-like and hoidenish. A friend at our elbow declares that he passed a Ladies' Seminary some years ago where he saw some of the pupils vigorously pelting each other with snow and others laboriously constructing a snow Colossus; but the lady principal appearing on the scene she ignominiously drove them in-doors. A distinguished physician, writing on this subject, said, "By grossly perverted usages of society it is considered improper for girls to run and jump and shout, and especially so out of doors; but while mere children they must act as *young ladies* and never move except in a precise and measured manner, and anything that requires muscular effort is regarded as vulgar." Thus our correspondent will perceive that if Acadia Seminary is deficient in suitable appliances for the physical education of its inmates, the fault does not rest so much with those immediately in charge of that institution as with the public sentiment which sanctions and supports the present condition of things. If the physical development of young ladies is neglected, and if an "idle whim of impropriety" interferes with the vital questions of health and exercise, parents and guardians must shoulder a share of the responsibility. Reform is needed all along the line. Let calsthenic and gymnastic exercises take their proper place in our Seminaries, as they have already done in most of our Colleges, and let the old Greek system of "harmonious development" of mind and body be observed, and we believe the results will be the strongest argument in favor of the scheme.

THE January number of the *King's College Record* is responsible for the following: "There are now three Colleges in this Province alone, each entertaining more or less of a spirit of petty jealousy which cannot but be hurtful to the cause of higher education." Whatever may be the propriety of applying such language to Dalhousie or King's we are not prepared to say, but we assure our contemporary that it is quite mistaken in attributing such sentiments to Acadia. That the *Record* fairly represents the attitude of King's toward her sister Colleges in the above statement it may not be ungenerous to assume, as it is doubtless

more familiar with the *spirit* of that institution than a stranger could possibly be; but when it claims equal accuracy of information with regard to other Colleges it falls into error. We are not sure that we should object to the sentence had the *Record* presented it with limitations, but it has no right to make sweeping statements or hastily conclude that because a certain thing may be true of King's, therefore by a process of induction it must be true of other Colleges as well. Acadia has no need to be jealous of her sister Colleges, and certainly not of King's. She has a Faculty harmonious in all their relations, faithful to their trust, and composed of men of acknowledged ability and ripe scholarship; she has a larger number of undergraduates in Arts than any College in the Maritime Provinces; she occupies a position financially most satisfactory and encouraging to her friends; and although she is not the special object of the munificence of any one man, yet her prosperity is none the less assured, since it rests in the affections of a loyal people.

No, friend *Record*, Acadia has no "petty jealousies." She may be conscious of defects and anxious for more extended usefulness; but she repudiates and despises the motives you attribute to her. True she is inspired by a generous rivalry, and if this is all that the *Record* means, we do not object: in fact we stand on common ground; but if the *Record* means emulation when it affirms "jealousy," then the conclusion of its proposition is false: for healthy emulation, so far from being "hurtful to higher education," is no inconsiderable factor in its advancement. Clearly the scheme of College Federation has dazzled the eyes of our contemporary. Well, we are not surprised. The old proverb still contains a kernel of truth: "The weaker goes to the wall." Were King's in a stage of vigorous, healthy growth instead of melancholy decrepitude, we believe that federation would present fewer attractions. Acadia has no objections to the courtship between King's and Dalhousie. She trusts it will result in a happy union, and promises to be prompt in offering her congratulations. For herself she claims the right to be left alone. She has no desire to convert marriage into bigamy by becoming a third party in the contract. She has a purpose of her own to serve which she believes will be best attained by advancing along the line which reason and experience has proved in the past to be so advantageous to the true interests of education.

A RECENT CANADIAN NOVEL.

It is a matter of regret to every true Canadian that we have as yet scarcely the beginnings of a national literature. Patriotism, which binds men together and to their fatherland, is based on a consensus of feeling in regard to the scenery, institutions, and history of their common country. If now it is asked what has been done to bring these things home to the hearts and minds of Canadians, it must be confessed that this has as yet received but little attention from persons competent to perform the task. The only literature bearing on Canada has been the work of foreigners. Longfellow has touched one event in our history, and the story of *Evangeline* is now known wherever the English tongue is spoken; and the misty shore of Minas Basin ranks with the Rhine, and Windermere, and Loch Katrine. Again, within the last year, Mr. Parkman of Boston has published his "*Wolfe and Montcalm*," a work of exceptional merit. And we have abundant material waiting for the master hand to fashion it. There is scenery unsurpassed in beauty and grandeur; there are such heroic figures as Carleton, Champlain, Frontenac, and Montcalm; there are numberless wars, battles, and sieges; there is the history and institutions of that wonderful French community that grew up along the lower St. Lawrence; there are hosts of Indian legends extending away back into the ages. All these subjects, and many others, are waiting to be dealt with by the historian, novelist, and poet.

Believing this then we were much interested when we learned that Rev. David Hickey, a Canadian, had written a novel founded on the first siege of Louisburg. In this event there is doubtless material for a powerful novel. Moreover it was understood that Mr. Hickey was eminently qualified for treating this subject. He is a gentleman of good education, and has had much practice in writing. During several years residence in the neighbourhood of Louisburg, he had exceptional opportunities for preparation for his work. The author also has himself been a soldier, having seen service in the American Civil War.

This book, entitled *William and Mary, A Tale of the Siege of Louisburg*, has appeared; and though it has received many favourable notices from friendly critics, all must be grievously disappointed in it. From no point of view is it a success. It is not a

Canadian novel. It is not a good story. It is a poor story poorly told. Worse than all it is not literature. It is simply a tirade against Calvinism—a raising of questions long since dead—treated in a manner so false to nature and art that the author reminds us strongly of the phantom of the old spinster in the *Ingaldsby Legends*, who attempted "to lick a ghost of a dog with a ghost of a stick."

The story opens with a description of a Puritan Sabbath in New Hampshire, in 1737. We are introduced to the household of deacon William Farley of Woodside, where we find the deacon himself sitting morally and physically erect in a straight-backed chair, his wife, and his son William, the hero of the piece, who, now a boy of ten, is engaged in the interesting task of studying the Westminster Catechism. While they are thus employed, a thunderstorm begins, on which the author lavishes his finest rhetorical touches. The thunder is "grandly terrible," "like the shriek of charging squadrons," "the artillery of God," "a roar as if heaven and earth had crashed together." Meanwhile "the trees writhe and twist, and twirl and reel." Suddenly there charges in upon them out of the rain their neighbour, Abijah Oliver, whose wife is taken ill. We are then conducted to Abijah's house, through "sweeping, swirling torrents," only to find that Mrs. Abijah has made her exit. At the death bed we find Mr. Fenwick, the Woodside pastor, a most excellent man, but who believes in the "eternal decrees" as firmly as his deacon. Abijah's children, Harry and Mary Oliver, also appear, the latter being the heroine of the story.

The purpose of the author evidently is to protest against the Puritanic type of Calvinism, which, as exhibited in Farley, tends to fatalism. He elegantly says that, if Calvinism were true, "we would be the victims of gigantic gorgons of evil malignity, reveling in blood and disporting in tears." The first protest comes from Abijah Oliver, who objects to the dogmas of "lection and 'pintin and 'fectool callin;" for he believes that Mr. Fenwick's unusually long sermon on that hot Sabbath had more to do with causing his wife's sudden illness than the eternal decrees. The minister and deacon have many tedious conversations on this subject. During one of these evening talks we have a glimpse of nature as seen from Farley's front door. Here is a characteristic

passage, which is sandwiched between quotations from Milton and the Psalms: "They looked at the sun, as disappearing like a shield of gold behind a cloud-bank, it flung high its arms of light as if in adoration." This picture of a shield brandishing its arms as it goes down behind a bank bears the impress of genius (of a certain order.)

The three children grow apace. Mary tumbles into the brook, but William is of course on hand to rescue her. William goes to school to Mr. Fenwick, and learns Latin, which he afterwards quotes on the most unlikely occasions. As he grows older, he too doubts the doctrines, and is only saved from the consequences of his father's displeasure through the entreaties of his teacher.

Now, at last, there is a movement in New England to capture Louisburg. William joins the expedition. Here occurs a chapter with the suggestive caption, "My Mary," which is the dullest and most nauseating of the many dull and nauseating chapters in this book. Our hero declares himself according to a formula much used in tenth-rate story papers. His company is commanded by a Captain Allen, who is described as "irresistibly captivating," but who has "an indefinable expression about his mouth bordering on the sinister." This gentleman is, of course, the 'heavy villain' of the piece. He makes love to Mary, and threatens to have William murdered unless she favour his suit. The lovers part in the most approved fashion, and then Mary, as in duty bound, falls sick of a fever. The author moralizes on this in a very lengthy and very somniferous sermon.

Meanwhile the expedition is on its way to Louisburg. We are favoured with an account of the voyage, parts of which resemble Irving's "Voyage"—that is to say, as the counterfeit resembles the pure gold. "So it is upon the sea where deep calleth unto deep. ("Deep called unto deep."—Irving.) The wailing moaning as of countless voices—the rippling music of the waves baptizing the gallant ship—the lonely stretch of the billowy pavement around and on every hand—the sighing song of the breeze through the rigging, ("The whistling of the wind through the rigging."—Irving.)—the screaming of the storm-birds above the waters, all these have in them something so unlike the experience of the land that we are carried captive with the *exuberance* of our spirits." Irving says: "It is impossible to resist

the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gaily over the curling waves, etc." Irving is quite intelligible here, but what "wailing moanings" and the "screaming of storm-birds" have to do with "exuberance of spirits," is not so clear. The fact is that Mr. Hickey has indiscriminately mixed up the elements of storm and fine weather in this remarkable passage.

The landing is effected. The brave New England men capture the Grand Battery, and proceed to cannonade the city. This is the way they do it: "The solid shot struck, tore, knocked—the demoniac scream of the shells roared with a bellowing howl through the air, falling with a shriek and a blare as they burst in and around the battery." This is undoubtedly the choicest specimen in the whole book. Had the bombardment been half as terrible as Mr. Hickey's rhetoric, Duchambou would have surrendered forthwith. Shortly after this William is captured by the French, and Capt. Allen makes it appear that he is a deserter. Then Harry Oliver and a body of soldiers are massacred by the Indians. Our author does not let such an opportunity as this pass without doing some 'strong' writing. We give a few choice flowers plucked at random: "Horrid yell"—"scream of a hundred demons"—"shout that froze the blood"—"bellowing red-skins"—"cut down like dogs"—"fiendish chuckle," etc. There is in this no real description, but only a semblance of such. Yet this highly-magnified "blood-and-thunder" style has been called graphic and interesting. The book bristles with such expressions. The trumpets always "blare." The shells "shriek athwart the sky with a lurid glare." The guns "vomit like horrible volcanoes with a continuous unearthly belching roar." The sea always "moans" except in particularly rough weather when it "howls." The villains, of whom there are not a few for such a "moral" book, always wear a "sardonic smile;" and when they speak, "hiss through their teeth." When Marie d'Hautefort faints, it is "with a wild, piercing shriek, like the wail of a lost soul."

When the news of William's supposed desertion reached Woodside, his father, who believes that the whole thing has been foreordained from all eternity, goes crazy and drowns himself. His exit is amidst blue fire and brimstone fumes. "Two eyes like balls

of livid fire were seen glaring in the darkness for a minute, and then a shriek as of the damned, and the deacon disappeared." Mr. Fenwick also dies about the same time; but as he is not so strict a Calvinist as the deacon, he is permitted to die in his bed. Abijah, having renounced the doctrines, is allowed to live. Meanwhile the siege goes on. The men when not fighting in the trenches, discuss theology in the camp. The last assault takes place with the usual amount of "hissing," "shrieking," and "blaring." Then Duchambou surrenders. William is found in the fort, and is about to be shot as a deserter when a letter arrives from Mary to Gen. Peperell explaining the whole matter. Allen is at once arrested, and his papers being examined, the most conclusive evidence is found against him. Then the prisoner anticipates matters by shooting himself, leaving behind him a written paper, in which he claims that his misdeeds and death were all foreordained. All his Calvinistic enemies having now been killed off, William returns home to marry Mary, and the curtain goes down upon the scene of Abijah kissing the baby.

This book is a combination of Methodist sermon, namby-pamby Sunday-school book, sentimental love story, and dime-novel of the Buffalo Bill type. Of the theology we have nothing to say except that there is nothing here but what has been better said a thousand times before. It is not a Canadian but a New England novel, with an episode at Louisburg. We are left in doubt from reading the preface as to the author's real design. He first tells us that his object is to present the story of the siege of Louisburg in popular form, and next states that he aims to preach. Both ideas run through it, so that the book is a poor story lumbered with poor sermons. He wishes it to be understood, however, that "William and Mary" is "strictly moral." This is doubtful. In certain elements it approaches too nearly to what is immoral to have this claim allowed without qualification. If, as Ruskin says, "So far from art being immoral, little else but art is moral," then this book is immoral, for it is wholly inartistic. Is it true that in this case also, "*Le style c'est l'homme?*" Why then from such a style it must be argued—but it is unnecessary to draw the inference.

JOSEPH COOK's Lecture on sale at Baptist Book Room, Halifax.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

POETRY has been defined in a great many different ways by those who have made it an object of earnest thought and study. Aristotle held that poetry consists in the imitation of nature; Bacon, that its essence is in the imagination. Some one has said that poetry is the 'natural language of excited feeling—intense and inspired'; and another has described it as, 'A work of the imagination wrought into form by art.' From all the various definitions what do we understand by *poetry*, as distinguished from *prose*?

Some, without deeply considering the question, would make the distinction rest upon the *form* of the composition, regarding metre as an essential factor in poetry. But we know that poetry of the highest order may exist without metre or rhyme; for instance, many of the Psalms, and other portions of the Bible are extremely poetical in their imagery and expression. Others, again, make the *object* of the composition the basis of the distinction between poetry and prose. The respective objects, however, cannot always be clearly defined; for they tend to merge into each other in a greater or less degree. Although we encounter some difficulty in defining poetry in the strictest terms, we nevertheless know and feel some of its attributes. It is the outward expression of passion, and emotion, apart from the mere intellect. It belongs to the heart rather than to the head. Calvert says:—"Subservient to the heart is the intellect, and when, itself strong and agile it serves a heart poetically inspired, it performs its most brilliant feats. It then soars highest, and dives deepest, has access to the grandest vistas, insights into subtlest secrets."

The aspiration for something beyond and above us, something purer and grander, more lofty and ennobling than the surroundings of our daily life afford, is a sentiment that is an entire stranger to few. To this loftiest sentiment of our being, poetry gives the fullest expression, and hence it is the divinity of all arts. We are confident that poetry is not an art whose influence is never felt; that it is not something ephemeral, whose life has vanished into the misty recesses of the past; but that it is a living power whose influence is ever increasing. We may liken poetic genius to a living, human being, of whom—"Good sense is the body, fancy the drapery, motion the life, and imagination the soul."

Such, in brief, being the nature of poetry, the question arises—"What are the influences of this divine art upon mankind?"

One of the most prominent and lasting influences of poetry is its *elevating power*, alike raising the individual, and society. The beauties of nature ever have the effect of ennobling our thoughts, and dispositions. Through them we look from 'nature up to nature's God.' The birds singing among the trees;

the flowers, filling hill and dale with their beauty and fragrance; the sunset, lending a new glory to the earth; the mountains, raising their lofty heads toward heaven; the waters, sparkling in the sun, or rolling in majesty when the storm clouds gather—all these objects, from the least to the greatest tend to make us conscious of a power above and beyond us, and to direct our thoughts to a higher sphere. But of many of these beauties we are unmindful; we grow used to them, or we do not stop to inquire into their hidden beauty or significance until the poet, through his song, brings them to our notice, and so leads us to commune with nature. Nature is one of the great domains of poetry, perhaps the most extensive of all the fields whereon the poetic genius displays its power. Chaucer is the first great poet who makes us feel the beauty of natural objects. "The beauty of the morning, and the fields, and woods, and streams, and flowers, and singing of little birds, made his heart full of revel and solace." Spenser was likewise a lover of nature, and doubtless spent many hours among the alder shades of the river Mulla, which flowed near his home in Ireland. The poets of the Renaissance showed a familiarity with the beauties of the eternal world, and, in modern times, Wordsworth has, more truly than any other poet, heard and interpreted the throbbings of the great heart of nature.

All elevating qualities, by being described in poetry, gain in influence upon the reader; for truth expressed in this manner, both fixes the attention, and impresses itself most deeply upon the memory.

It has been urged by some that poetry does not deal with real life, but gives us only ideal pictures. But life is not wholly prosaic, and finite. The poet "extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys." The need of poetry increases more and more as society advances. The questions—what shall we eat? and what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed?—which are of such absorbing interest to the majority, tend to narrow our minds, and loosen the ties which should bind us in sympathy to our fellow-men. Poetry lifts the mind from the engrossing cares of life, and fixes it upon that which is purer and nobler. Through this tendency to carry the mind above and beyond the weary walks of ordinary life, and to breathe into it more wide-spread sympathies, poetry acts as the refiner, and elevator of society.

Poetry and religion are closely allied. Channing says that the former, like Christianity, tends to spiritualize our nature. It defines the vaguer aspirations which tend toward the infinite, and puts them into clearer form and expression, and, through the brightness of its visions, gives us a clearer, and firmer conception of the future life.

Poetry is closely connected with music, the influence

of which has been felt and recognized for ages. Frequent mention is made in the Old Testament of song, in which poetry is an essential element. There were songs of triumph and songs of woe, songs of joy and songs of mourning. The music of the early races was very rude and simple, but yet important in its influence. The first songs of our nation were those relating to war, the chase, and the sea; and, though without beauty, art, or reflection, they were full of power. It was the verse of warriors, 'the brief passionate expression of brief passionate emotions.' The images in these early poems start out, harsh and vivid; and fall like sword-strokes of the people themselves in the thick of battle. When the English embraced Christianity a change came over their poetry; the fierce war-songs became imbued with a milder element, the love of nature and of home gave an increased tenderness, and the stern fatalism which had before been prominent began to disappear. And, while the rude and warlike verse gradually changed to poetry of milder subjects, the music grew more harmonious. So have poetry and music advanced hand in hand.

The other arts are also closely related to poetry. We have, perhaps, been much impressed with the beauties of some scene, existing either in nature or on the painted canvass. We feel that there is poetry in the scene; that a certain analogy exists between the essential qualities of the painter, and those of the poet. On account of this analogy the former is able to illustrate the poems of his brother artist. The true painter throws into his picture his whole soul, just as the poet breathes into his poems the tenderest, and most intense workings of his heart. The same may be said of statuary; the sculptor moulds the cold marble into a form glowing with poetic warmth and power. Whatever educative and refining influences belong to painting and sculpture, belong in a higher degree to their sister art—poetry.

The influence of poetry on the patriotism of a nation is of considerable importance. Many of the earlier nations excited their soldiers to deeds of heroism by the patriotic character of their songs; and all through history we may notice the important influence of stirring national poetry. 'Let me write the ballads of a nation,' says one, 'and I care not who makes her laws.' Perhaps no country has exerted more influence upon her people through the patriotic nature of her songs than Scotland. All her verse seems to be national in its subjects, and the patriotism of the Scottish people has been greatly fostered by this pre-eminent feature of their poetry.

Poetry exerts a permanent influence upon language itself. The words which express largeness and growth of soul belong more naturally to poetry than to prose. Poetry, then, in creating these words has made very important additions to our language. The almost inspired words of the poet, burning with passion, or shining with the milder light of that sentiment which

ever leads us to look beyond and above ourselves—those words which indicate our relation to a purer and higher life—how could we afford to lose?

Poetry, however, does not affect its readers alone. "The love that flows out of us in benefaction weaves a warming halo of smiles around our own life." This experience all true poets must feel; how great, then, must be the happiness of their minds! Coleridge says that poetry was to him its own "exceeding great reward." It soothed his afflictions, increased and refined his enjoyments, endeared solitude, and gave him the habit of wishing to discover, in every thing surrounding him, the Good, and the Beautiful.

G. Y. P.

HORACE CARMEN X. BK. II.

AD LICINIUM.

More rightly, oh Licinius, will you live,
If, neither launching boldly on the deep,
Nor, dreading cautiously the winds and waves
Anear the rough and rock-bound coast you keep
Your bark of life.

Most wise is he who seeks the golden mean,
For, free from all the ills of want and woe,
His lot falls not within the squalid hut,
Nor does his palace gender envy low
In other breasts.

The pine tree on the mountain top is blown
More fiercely to and fro than ash below;
The highest towers fall with heaviest crash,
And mountain heights the lightening's power best know
And therewith shake.

The wise man hopes in poverty's dark hour
A chang'd lot will come, but fears the Fates
When riches face him with her golden wings,
And see! the gloomy winters Zeus creates
Melt in his smile.

So, rest assured, if ill betide thee now
It will depart, Apollo oft awakes
The silent muse, peace-token from the Gods,
Nor does he always stretch his bow that shakes
With heavenly wrath.

In adverse things be spirited and firm.
But safer far will be your voyage here
If, sailing fast before a prosperous wind
You furl the sails before the storms appear
Across your sea.

BEBE.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

ELI PERKIN'S lecture on "The Philosophy of Wit," delivered before the Acadia Athenæum, was a complete success. College Hall was filled with one of the finest audiences ever assembled on the Hill—over seven hundred persons being present. Eli was at his best, and although he had a difficult audience to manage—composed as it was of professors, students and the numerous friends of the college—he was equal to the occasion, and succeeded in mingling wit and wisdom together in such fair proportions, that the mirthful might laugh while the sober might learn. The lecturer affirmed that deformity produced laughter. "When objects preserve their natural shape, or exist in a natural condition, they do not excite laughter; but being deformed they scarcely ever fail to do so." For instance, if we saw a perfectly formed bird we would not laugh, but if we saw the same bird with two heads running both ways trying to get away from itself, laughter would be inevitable." He gave several other ludicrous examples to illustrate his point. He then described wit, humour, satire, irony, the pun, conundrum and the blunder. After showing by many droll and amusing anecdotes the various departments and ways in which laughter can be produced, the lecturer exposed the fallacy of Ingersoll's argument based on ridicule. Eli exhibited skill and cleverness through the entire lecture; but his philosophy reached its acme in his vivid discrimination between Wit and Humor. The lecturer made a great many good points, but perhaps they were so extravagantly mingled with wild exaggeration as to weaken their force on the audience. However, his primary object was to create laughter, and in this respect he satisfied the most exacting.

The Literary Society take this opportunity to thank their numerous friends for the patronage received on the occasion, and they are pleased to inform them that when the Assembly Hall is again thrown open to the public, on May 6th, that a more distinguished humorist than Eli Perkins will occupy the platform, namely, R. J. Burdette.

DEMANDS OF THE AGE ON THE YOUNG MEN OF CANADA.

EACH day is blessing Canada. Each day is increasing its population, augmenting its riches, furthering its resources, extending its influence. No longer is our native land a wilderness, covered with dreary forests and peopled by savages.

The shriek of the locomotive, as it leaves the battlemented city of Halifax on the shores of the mighty Atlantic, is heard resounding through the lumberwoods of New Brunswick, along the banks of the far-famed St. Lawrence, amidst the roar of Niagara's greatness, across the prairies, over the Rockies, till it

reaches the western boundary of the continent and floats out over the bosom of the sunny Pacific.

Modern invention, discovery, and research are shedding their benign rays on this advancing country. Steam and electricity are uniting it with distant lands. While we rejoice at seeing its prosperity we should not be mere idle spectators. Each of us should do our duty and assist in the grand work of placing Canada's name first in the list of nations. The nature of the claim which is to-day being urged upon us it will not be out of place to consider in brief.

1. First then the claim is made for *Education*. The giant advances of the present age make this demand imperative. Learning or ignorance means to the man to-day happiness or misery, to the nation prosperity or downfall. Our lawyers, judges and politicians must be educated, or their work in most instances will be useless. The common-schools, high-schools, academies, and colleges of our land are facilitating the acquirement of knowledge, and he who neglects to avail himself of these privileges injures himself beyond measure and abuses his rights as a citizen. The appeal comes from the ranks of every profession and vocation for men of learning. They are the ones whose voices are listened to, whose suggestions are carried out. In the progress from barbarism to civilization those countries enjoying the most extended educational facilities, with state affairs controlled by men of power, and knowledge is power, have first attained to that just eminence for which they toiled. How is it with Canada? Many of her brightest lights to-day are unpolished diamonds, men of intellect, but destitute of that degree of mental development which only careful training in youth can alone bring about. Genius is powerful, but to be most potent for good, it must be supplemented, furthered, assisted by culture. Men possessed of this culture are wanted in our Parliament to enact those measures which are wisest, which are best for the country at large. In view of this the study of political subjects, the discussion of political questions should form an important element in our colleges and preparatory schools, that our representatives may be more familiar from early youth with politics, and that all our citizens may be to a large extent acquainted therewith. However this may be, opportunities for the acquirement of high mental culture are exceedingly numerous. Canada is looking with hopeful eyes upon the rising generation. Of us she expects great things. Let us then advance to the scene of action fully equipped for the duties which the future has in store for us, armed with that faithful and powerful weapon, Education.

2. The age calls for *Stability of Character*. Men are needed who combine in themselves prudence, energy, and zeal, who refuse to be swayed by sectional feelings and party prejudices, who will stand by their convictions of duty, nor sacrifice conscience to convenience. Men of such a stamp, if they do but enter the contest, speedily reach the positions of which they are worthy. May their numbers be increased as the years are gathered in, may all our learned professions be filled with them, may our country with such men as the acknowledged leaders in education and politics be feared and honoured universally. May we be such men.

3. The age demands *Patriotism*. The call is for men who have their country's interests near their hearts; who, disdain- ing selfish motives, are ever striving to secure the peoples' good. Before Canada can prosper as she ought, our politicians must bury all thoughts of self and live for higher, nobler ends than the pursuit of wealth or fame. He who spends a lifetime in amassing riches merely for his own benefit not only harms himself but his fellow-beings also, whereas he who obtains through personal exertion the enactment of some wise law confers a priceless boon on his own and future generations.

Just here arises a question of prime importance, one which has tested the loyalty of many a statesman, and drawn the bold line of distinction between the true and false of heart. Though properly coming under the last branch of our subject it may be mentioned here to illustrate the importance of cultivating a patriotic spirit. It is in regard to supporting a favorite measure after conscience has declared against the advisability thereof. The statesman sees that its enactment will do harm rather than good, and two alternatives present themselves. Either his reputation must be endangered, or the interests of his native land must suffer. The misguided politician, though convinced by the language of his opponents that his own views are erroneous, has too often yielded to selfish promptings, and refused to acknowledge his error. The patriotic spirit is required not only in our Parliamentary Halls, but throughout our whole Dominion, to elevate and ennoble every walk of life. Above all our youth must be imbued with it, that they may rule with wisdom and equity the Canada of the future.

In view of the considerations herein presented, we as young men, expecting ere long to make our voices heard at the bar, from the pulpit, in the Halls of Legislature, should do all in our power to obtain that solid ground-work which education affords, should strengthen our moral character by every possible means, and should foster and encourage that love of Canada, that zeal for Canada's interests, which Deity has wisely placed in every true Canadian's bosom.

ACADIE.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Argosy* lies on our table. This paper is indebted to the printer for what little merit it possesses; beyond its mechanical appearance it is a burlesque on college journalism. Like the ordinary dude it attempts to make outside show supply the place of real merit. When a paper has nothing to recommend it but its "get up" it ceases to have any valid claim for continued existence. The exchange man of the *Argosy* in a weak attempt to reply to our criticism in the January ATHENÆUM wanders with dreary diffuseness through two columns of space like an evil spirit "seeking rest and finding none." Before assuming the role of the critic he should have enquired of some one who knew if Spartan brevity was not of more consequence than Athenian verbosity. He begins by reflecting on the appearance of the ATHENÆUM.

Well, perhaps the ATHENÆUM was unfortunate in its printer, but the *Argosy* is infinitely more unfortunate in its editors; while the blunders of the one may have been annoying, the drivel of the other is disgusting. The Ex. man hopes to be excused for his slovenly composition on the ground that he was "lazy" and "sleepy," and that his brains were a "little mixed." These incautious admissions are quite needless, as anybody who will take the trouble to read the Jan'y. number of the *Argosy* will immediately perceive. The sneer at Acadia's juniors comes with very bad grace from a lot of fellows who, after a lengthy period of literary (?) gestation, could produce but a single editorial for their paper, and that a bald report of a missionary meeting much better suited for the local department than the matter that usually fills it. Certainly if the mental calibre of our junior class was not greater than yours O *lazy, sleepy, mixed brained* editor! there would be little hope for their writing intelligently on the subjects you refer to, or indeed on any other. He further hints that we are envious because the students of these institutions are deprived of certain privileges that are enjoyed at Mount Allison. If to chatter sentiment or dress up in ridiculous costumes and "slide down stair-rails," be among the privileges alluded to, then thank goodness we are strangers to them, and devoutly wish to continue so. Friend Ex. the trifles that you seem to think are of primary importance, we—of graver habits, regard as merely incidental: however you can enjoy your *privileges* as much as you please, only don't make yourself ridiculous over them, or be so ungallant as to parade them before an unappreciative public. We are informed that "Sackvilliana" and the effusions of certain special correspondents are not for our sacriligious eye. All right, but what are we to do? there is nothing else to read. Go a little further most sage editor and exclude a curious public from everything inside the cover, Historical Notes, Advertisements and all. It will be a kindness to the public and they will appreciate it by remaining in blissful ignorance of the dreary wilderness of hazy thought and tangled sentences that flourish within.

PERHAPS the most consummate simpleton under the sun is the exchange man of the *Niagara Index*. An otherwise readable paper, with some few claims to literary merit, is continually degraded by the meaningless jabber of this living satire on common sense. We believe no other institution in America, save and except the "Seminary of Our Lady of the Angels," could produce such another combination of egotism, coarseness and buffoonery. Verily, the "Seminary of Our Lady" must be the very paradise of slang, judging from the abundance and quality of the article with which the Ex. man of the *Index* regales his long-

suffering readers. If the aim of the fellow is to make the *Index* a reproach to the institution which it claims to represent, he will likely live to see his hopes consummated; but if he imagines that the confused mass of rubbish that he grinds out every two weeks has the remotest resemblance to wit, he may safely conclude that some spiteful fiend has smitten him with mental blindness.

THE *King's College Record* is a little impatient over an article entitled "Our Freshmen," which appeared in the December number of the ATHENÆUM. To those who can read between the lines the *animus* of the *Record* is easily understood. Perhaps it is a little envious too because it has no Freshmen of its own worth mentioning. Let the *Record* be calm and attend to its own affairs. The Acadia Freshmen have had the good sense to understand the article in question, and besides, they are quite capable of looking after themselves without any interference or cheap sympathy on the part of the *Record*.

THE *Wheaton College Record* has given itself away by criticising a couplet from Shakespeare's *Hen. VI.*, which appeared in a recent number of the ATHENÆUM. Whatever force there may be in the *Record's* objection when applied to "knowledge" used in a restricted sense, there can be none when the term is employed generically. That this was the sense in which the poet used it may be gathered from the context. But we will not discuss the principal involved. Let the poet and the *Record* settle the matter between them.

THE *Gazette* invites our criticism. Thanks, most generous and sapient *Gazette*. We refrained from giving any extended notice to the article in question, not because we feared to attack a paper of such lofty pretensions, (as your question would seem to imply) but because the subject of co-education had been so frequently alluded to in our columns, that further reference would be wearisome. Will the *Gazette* have the kindness hereafter to assume the responsibility of its own italics?

WE have received *The Monthly, University Gazette, Hesperian Student, Academy, Blair Hall Magazine, University Quarterly, Oberlin Review, Pennsylvania Western, and Acta Victoriana.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Messrs. Editors :

In looking over a late issue of the ATHENÆUM our eyes fell upon an article entitled "Health and Exercise," a subject which is of the utmost importance to every student, male and female. The writer, in the article referred to, says that after a time walking becomes "monotonous," the Rink is conducive to "colds," and concludes that it is the Gymnasium alone that develops the physical powers. This would seem to imply that the writer had in mind that exercise alone which is adapted to masculine requirements. Such a scheme is admirable, but it is not broad enough. Our girls! What has been done for them in this direction? Has no philanthropist been found, with large heart and larger purse, who will provide them with some better facilities for gaining that physical development which is so necessary to vigor of mind and health of body? At present walking is the only exercise that is available. This is good, but it lacks variety, and besides is impossible in stormy weather. Hence the temptation to stay in-doors during study hours is often too strong to be resisted. In this County tobogganing is becoming quite popular with both sexes as an outdoor sport during winter. We remember, in our childhood days, that nothing contributed so much to bright eyes, rosy cheeks and voracious appetites as an hour's coasting on some pleasant hill-side with the thermometer at zero. At Wellesly and other schools large play-grounds are provided for the young ladies, where riding, tennis and calisthenics can be indulged in without restraint. Cannot something be done for the physical wants of the young ladies of Acadia Seminary? It would cost but little to put within their reach suitable means for calisthenic or gymnastic exercise. While we give due praise to the worthy instructors of Acadia, we feel that in a great measure they do not take sufficient interest in the physical education of the lady students under their charge.

OBSERVER.

PERSONALS.

WE are pleased to record the ordination of Mr. Arthur C. Chute, B.D., at Stilman Valley, Illinois, on the 23rd of December last. Mr. Chute, it will be remembered, graduated from Acadia with Honors in '81, and a year ago, received his B.D. from Morgan Park Theological Seminary.

WE notice with pleasure the ordination of O. C. S. Wallace, A. B., '83, at Lawrence, Mass., on Jan. 28th, over the First Baptist Church of that place. Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Warren Avenue, Boston, preached the ordination sermon. We heartily wish 'O. C. S.' success in his labors at Lawrence, as well as elsewhere.

LOCALS.

A LARGE number of the students are taking Honors this term.

DOUBTLESS there is a good opportunity for making caricatures in church; but if that Soph—

A FAIR Junior recently inquired of a Soph if his poetic wings were budding. The Soph in confusion felt his ears.

THE Seniors are reading Bowen's *Metaphysics*, Fisher's *Evidences*, Creasy's *Constitutional History* and Spencer's *Education*.

SOME of the Cads boarding in the Hall are a little too noisy during study hours. A *midnight visit* to their rooms is suggested.

THE character of Macbeth was under discussion recently, when a Soph innocently inquired, "Where did he hold forth?"

A CERTAIN Theologue is responsible for the following: "Soon the curtains will be drawn around our pale forms and the cold waters of death be hovering over us."

GALLANT Junior (to lady classmate during a terrific rain-storm).—"If it keeps on raining, Miss —, you will be compelled to go home in a boat."

L. C.—"I'm afraid so. Can you accommodate me with one of your rubbers?"

On dit, that a recent sleigh-drive furnished an excellent opportunity for the study of the heavenly bodies. A Senior who was present, either by means of his Junior-year lectures in astronomy, or from *experience gained from other sources*, is said to have traced a *circuit of Venus*.

THE following syllogism was found on the floor of the class-room during a recent lecture in Logic, with the *bona-fide* signature of a prominent member of the class affixed:—

All liars shall have their part, &c., &c.

I am a liar.

Therefore, &c.

Let no one hereafter question the benefits of Logic.

THE condition of affairs in Chipman Hall is noteworthy. Mr. and Mrs. Keddy are to be complimented on their superior ability and tact in their respective departments. The thanks of all the boarders are due this lady and gentleman, not only for the excellent condition of the dining hall, but also for the uniform kindness they exhibit in all those minor matters which go far towards making student life enjoyable.

THE day after the recent entertainment in the village the following dialogue took place in the classical room:—

Prof.—Proceed with the translation Mr. F.

Mr. F. (confusedly).—"Not prepared sir. 'Twas a hard day last night."

The Juniors are studying logic and hence drew inferences.

THE following lines, which have been laid on our table, take the form of a riddle. Who will hazard a guess?

His legs are small, he is not tall,
He takes his meals in Chipman Hall.

His pants are tight, he's dark as night,
His moustache yet is out of sight.

His thoughts are crude, his manners rude,
Who'll guess to whom these lines allude?

"AN anecdote," said *Eli Perkins*, "is the corpse of a joke, and that, ladies and gentlemen, I will prove to you in a way you will never forget. I had a fast horse once, and if I should start to drive from Wolfville to Windsor Junction,—How far is it to Windsor Junction," said *Eli* in a confidential undertone, addressing a body of Freshmen sitting near,—“forty miles”? ‘Forty-three’ said a ‘muscular’ Freshie in an audible whisper. Well, replied *Eli*, indignantly, “If you know more about this lecture than I do step up here and begin.” Uproarious laughter followed for some minutes. There, said *Eli*, triumphantly, that's a live joke: to-morrow it will be the corpse of a joke—an anecdote.

THE high reputation earned by the *Pierian Society* of the Seminary, in giving entertainments of a superior order, was well sustained by their rendering of “Cinderella” on the evening of the 20th ult., in College Hall. The performance was well presented in a series of choruses, duets, solos, and recitations,

the principal parts, “Cinderella,” and the “Prince,” being taken by Miss Hitchins and Miss Maggie Bishop respectively. Certainly the singing reflected much credit on the ladies themselves, and afforded a reliable testimony to the ability of Miss Hitchins as a teacher. Perhaps the only drawback to the evening's entertainment was the shortness of the programme. The proceeds were devoted to the purchase of books for the Seminary Library.

THE members of the senior class assembled at “The American House,” on the 17th ult., to dispose of a rich supper prepared at the expense of their jovial and generous-hearted class-mate, Mr. S. L. Walker, of Truro. After all had partaken heartily of the inviting fare, toasts were proposed to which cheerful responses were given. One speaker, in prophetic tones, graphically pictured the future homes of the members of the class; but as to the probable fulfilment of his prophecy, all are skeptical. This occasion differed from all previous ones in that it was graced by the presence of a lady class-mate—Miss Alice Fitch—who in a few well-chosen remarks expressed her interest in the prosperity and happiness of the members of the class. The evening was a most enjoyable one, and will doubtless find a place among the pleasant recollections of college life.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Chas. Bill, \$4; H. H. Bligh, \$3; J. H. Harding, \$3; Miss Cramp, \$3; Sidney Locke, \$3; S. McCully Black, \$3; C. K. Harrington, \$3; W. B. Hutchison, \$2; Doull & Co., \$2; A. Cohoon, \$2; G. H. Haverstock, \$2; T. S. Rogers, \$2; Wm. Elder, \$2; J. E. Bill, D.D., \$2; E. A. Crawley, D.D., \$2; Geo. T. Kennedy, \$2; T. Ulman, \$2; Fred Brown, \$2; W. N. Wickwire, \$1; E. C. Whitman, \$1; G. V. Payzant, \$1; Mrs. Mary Curry, \$1; E. H. Sweet, \$1; Miss Clara B. Marshall, \$1; Miss M. E. Graves, \$1; Archibald Foster, \$1; Rhodes, Curry & Co., \$1; E. M. Bill, \$1; Mrs. Blair, \$1; J. R. Kinney, M.P., \$1; Percy Davis, \$1; Dr. Parker, \$1; W. F. Parker, \$1; H. S. Freeman, \$1; Miss Agusta Dodge, \$1; X. Z. Chipman, \$1; E. M. Saunders, D.D., \$1; E. A. Cory, \$1; J. D. Keddy, \$1; I. N. Schurman, \$1; Asa T. Morse, \$1; E. M. Keirstead, \$1; M. R. Tuttle, \$1; Fred Shand, \$1; Frank H. Eaton, \$1; Dr. Hall, \$1; Thos. E. Corning, \$1; G. T. Currie, \$1; Dr. Bowles, \$1; D. W. C. Dimock, \$1; Miss Jennie Hitchens, \$1; W. H. Rogers, 50 cts.