

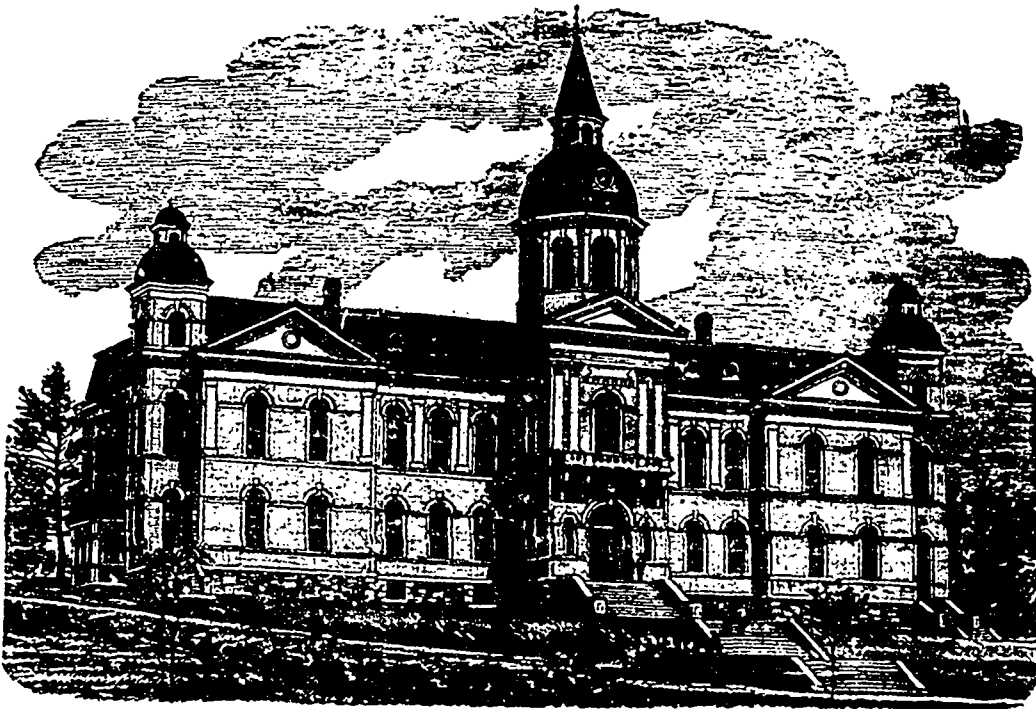
ACADIA APTHELIUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1886.

No. 4.



❖ THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE. ❖

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
<i>The Sanctum</i>	37
<i>Success in College Life</i>	39
<i>Julius Cæsar</i>	40
<i>Theory, Fancy, Fact</i>	42
<i>Snowfall</i>	43
<i>Song of The Bluenose</i>	44
<i>Advice to Students</i>	44
<i>"The Holidays,"</i>	45
<i>Correspondence</i>	46
<i>Acknowledgments</i>	46
<i>Personals</i>	47
<i>Locals</i>	47



THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. XII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1886.

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THE

Acadia Athenæum.

Published Monthly during the College Year by
the Students of Acadia University.

Chief Editors :

F. H. BEALS, '86.

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TERMS :

One copy per Year, \$1.00. Postage prepaid.

Business letters should be addressed to R. W. FORD, Sec.-Treas.
Upon all other subjects address the Editors of the Acadia
Athenæum.

* The Sanctum. *

THE present term, for all the departments of the institutions, has opened with rather more than the usual promise. The number of students in the College remains substantially the same. The Academy has had a number of additions, and the Seminary also has a large increase in its attendance. It is an easy matter to forget, from year to year, the amount of work done during any period; but as near as we can judge some advance, in this regard, has been made. The change made in the opening of the college year has crowded assignments into the present term, which hitherto were completed before holidays. Probably the consequent increase in the length of the Spring term will compensate for whatever disadvantage has arisen from the change as soon as experience has enabled the faculty to adjust the time-table; but it

cannot be expected the adjustment will be made without some inconvenience. A considerable amount of extra work in Elocution, French and German is being done by a number, which with the honor studies in some cases, helps to swell the amount. But the most gratifying feature is the spirit of industry pervading all classes. A time in the history of the College is not within our remembrance when there were fewer loafers among the college students, it being the exception to find a man who has not more or less interest in his work. With a good attendance, plenty to do and a willingness to do it, there is no reason why the present term shall not be what has been already predicted of it, the most successful in the history of the college.

THE Modern Languages have never received, in Acadia, the attention their importance demands. They have not, however, for some years, been altogether neglected. The employment of an instructor in these studies, in the Seminary, has given college students an opportunity to do something in that line. But as French and German have not belonged to the regular arts work, requiring extra time and expense, quite a limited number have availed themselves of the opportunity offered. The same condition of things respecting teacher and terms exists at present, but a much larger number than usual are taking these subjects with Mme. Bauer, who is a thoroughly competent teacher. Straws show which way the wind blows, and this boom in modern languages, encouraged by the president of the college, is to many an indication that these subjects are to receive more attention in the future. A new professor has been promised next year, but no official announcement has been made respecting the nature of the chair he is to fill; but though nothing definite is known, there is some authority for stating that it is intended to be in the Modern Languages. If true, it is, doubtless, as it should be. The claims of these studies are superior

to that of most, if not all, of those which might be considered desirable additions to the curriculum. In truth, if our college is to keep pace with the times, such a chair is an absolute necessity. If the dead languages have to give way a little to make room for their living sisters such courtesey will only be consistent with the spirit of the age. The time is not far distant, if indeed it is not already here, when a degree which does not stand for a certain amount of French and German will be subject to considerable discount. In view of this, we feel sure that an effort, to supply this deficiency, will be made in the near future by those on whom the responsibility rests.

IT has been frequently observed that during the skating season, that interest which is due to the Athenæum as a literary society and which at other times exists among the students, to some extent decreases. That such should be the case we sincerely deplore; for to make any society a success, and especially one of a literary nature, the united effort of all its members is required. Granting this last clause and also that each student desires a flourishing condition of the society, the question naturally suggests itself, why do so many on Friday evening desert the ATHENÆUM and give their attention at the Rink? We cannot think that any student will say, that the advantages presented by the Rink are of a kind superior to those afforded by the Athenæum; nor can we suppose, that his need of physical exercise is so great as to require his attendance at the former, on that one evening. How then can his absence from the latter be excused? Merely on the ground of enjoyment. But when this is attainable nearly every afternoon in the week, such a reason will not out-weigh the demands placed upon him by his duty to himself and to the society. The cost is too great, and must ultimately defeat one aim, and an important one, of a college course. In the main, the object of the Athenæum is to accustom the student to public speaking; and as a general thing he can ill afford to absent himself from its weekly meetings. We have spoken mostly of what has transpired in past terms. During the present term the Society has had a fair attendance and interesting meetings; and we hope that the mere pleasure of skating will induce no one to leave it.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in the United States for an exchange, at certain intervals, between the professors of different colleges. Such an arrangement, it is argued, would be to the advantage of student and teacher. The idea is so opposed to prevailing custom that, on first thought, it seems to border on the absurd; but a closer investigation will attribute to it, at least, the merit of plausibility. The chief advantage to the student would be that resulting from contact with a number of men. A stranger of note, even in one lecture, leaves behind him impressions altogether apart from the instruction he gives. In addition to this, no two men have the same style in teaching. Professors are only men, and as fallibility is common to all mankind, it may be taken for granted that there are objectionable features in the style of the best of teachers. And from the variety of gifts, it may, with equal fairness, be assumed that no two will either excel or be wanting in the same particulars. It follows, therefore, that by a systematic exchange, one would supplement the deficiencies of another, giving the student the best of each. Again, a certain study is not only liable to become a hobby, but certain lines in the same study are subject to the same danger—an evil which the proposed movement would tend to correct.

Supposing a salary sufficient to atone for the inconvenience attending the scheme, let us see how the professors themselves would be affected. They would not be tied year after year to one obscure spot, but would have the advantages of a number of educational centres. With an increased sphere of labor, a longer period in which to make their merits known, would be required, and hence there would be less liability of their losing their youthful zeal and floating listlessly along on an established reputation. As the tastes and requirements of a large number of students, as well as the customs of places differ, a more flexible system of teaching to meet the wants would be necessary, and, hence, the danger of becoming a groove-runner—the teachers worst failing—would be avoided.

Perhaps the best feature of the movement is the uniformity in the value of degrees which it implies. At the present time, for instance, the degree of Bachelor of Arts has an exceedingly indefinite meaning. A multiplicity of colleges, each of which represents a certain amount of wealth and intelligence, naturally implies a variation in the value of degrees. Under

any system, it would be impossible to have uniformity in all the colleges in this respect; but the exchange of professors would tend to grade the various institutions according to the efficiency of the teachers employed. It may be that the proposed scheme would have in this respect the advantage claimed for state universities without any of the evils attributed to them.

SUCCESS IN COLLEGE LIFE.

THE causes of failure and the secret of success in college life, are subjects worthy of the student's consideration. The difference between success and failure is frequently no more than the small angle made with the true road by the path which terminates at an opposite point. The past history of our own institution would lead to the conclusion that the number of students in the Senior class of '90 cannot be determined from the number in the Freshman class of '86. It is truly surprising that so large a proportion of Matriculants have failed to complete the course. According to the History of the college, published in 1876, of the four hundred and ten entering college, only one hundred and sixty-one graduated.

The causes of these failures are not far to seek. In these days an education is within the reach of all. Those who begin and do not finish, therefore, have nobody nor anything but themselves to blame. The first and perhaps the most prolific cause of failure is the tendency to attach too little importance to what may be called preparatory work—to regard it as having no bearing on the more advanced studies. The student above all needs to feel that,

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

But this is just what he finds a difficult thing to do. Talk to a Freshman about the importance of Mathematics—of its relation to other branches of study—and it will be found, in nine cases out of ten, that he utterly fails to understand its true value. Hence, considered as mere drudgery, it soon loses its interest; and the result is discouragement, which ends in a partial course, or, in some cases, in a ticket for home. New comers should guard against this fallacy. Too much importance cannot be attached to primary

work. If any discrimination is made between the relative merits of the preparatory and advanced studies it should be in favor of the former; for in study, as in architecture, on the thoroughness with which the foundation is laid depends the strength of the superstructure.

Another cause of failure is self conceit, or an over estimation of one's abilities or attainments. This is intimately related to the first—is indeed the source of it. Somebody has said the world has rods in store to whip the conceit out of everybody. The college student finds it too true; and it is often the want of a proper conception of the justice of the stripes that makes them unendurable. Experience is a good teacher, but her lessons often fail to be of service because they are learned too slowly. If the student could see his nakedness in his first, as he does in his fourth year, he would be more likely to don the covering provided. It is because he does not feel the need of it that he scorns the armour, and, consequently, before deciding to put it on he receives a mortal wound.

If these two quagmires and the dangerous ground surrounding them can be avoided, the probabilities of failure will be materially lessened. And now we come to consider the secret of success. Success in college life! important question; on what does it depend? The true answer to this question is the Philosopher's Stone of the student. It is not splendid talents, for some of the most notable failures have come from the ranks of nature's favourites; not wealth, for the difficulty in many instances has resulted from a cringing dependence; not favorable circumstances, for many who have had wind and tide in their favor have sunk—the secret of success is not any of these; but it is a purpose founded on an independent individuality, deriving its strength from an educated Will. Such a purpose rises above petty difficulties, triumphs over those more formidable, is a source of untold strength and life. Personality must be at the bottom of it, because nothing can be more heartless or less liable to succeed than a borrowed purpose. The student ought not only to be old enough to think for himself, but he ought, also, to be obliged to outline his course of action before he enters college. If he starts out with one hand fast hold on his mother's apron strings and the other in his father's pocket, when the strings break or a hole appears in

the pocket, his course suddenly and ingloriously ends. Similar to his will be the fate of the one who is on his own resources, with a line of action marked out, but who does not bring his Will to bear. How many of the latter class are found on the list of failures! For a while they pursue the course successfully; but a fit of the blues comes on, purpose flags, and another failure is scored.

But none need fail; for success, if it depends on such a purpose as has been named, is within the power of all. Just how much we make ourselves, or to what extent our lives are a product of other's influence, is a debatable question. He who considers man to be the architect of his own fortune is still thought by many of the wise to be within the bounds of orthodoxy; and there is a world of strength derived from such a belief. Indeed, the man who starts out on the sea of life at the mercy of wind and wave, without the helm of volition adjusted, ought not to be disappointed if he never reaches port. True purpose admits of no such possibility; it may be retarded, but it can never be defeated; it may be brought low, but it will rise again, every blast only causing it to strike deeper. There is encouragement in this consideration. The term "educated Will" implies the all-important fact that, in so far as this factor in purpose is concerned, it is susceptible of growth. The same is true of the other factor—personality. The student can withdraw himself from the crowd, let go his hold on all props and stays, and with trembling yet hopeful mien can stand alone; and when he has done this, and begins to feel proud of his manhood, he can, by a repeated exercise of his Will, accomplish anything within the limits of possibility. Let this fact be realized, and acted upon by those who come to her, and if Acadia lives to bless the world for another sixty years, a much larger proportion of those beginning the course will complete it; for such a purpose is the exponent of a manhood which cannot brook the disgrace attached to failure.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

CONCERNING the time at which the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* was written, critics have been at variance; but the weight of evidence would seem to assign it to a period not later than the year 1601, A. D. At this

time the intellectual powers of Shakespeare were nearing the prime of their fulness and strength, and this second of his tragedies is not unworthy of its author. While not the greatest, it is artistically one of the most perfect of Shakespeare's productions. The equipoise between the thought and its expression is carefully maintained: light fancies are not drawn out and decked in jewelled robes that hide the form beneath; neither does a surging crowd of thick-coming thoughts, pressing and overleaping one another in tumultuous haste, struggle for utterance in broken, strong, and pregnant sentences. Shakespeare was far beyond the time of *Romeo and Juliet*: he was yet to conceive and give to the world a *Lear* and a *Macbeth*.

His historian is Plutarch. Throughout he follows his guide closely, yet so powerfully does the thrill of the poet's touch traverse his pen, that, as by magic, the even, unimpassioned historical narration rises in miraculous transformation into strong, soul-stirring tragedy. Introducing into his play little that receives not sanction from the truthful pages of history, it is most wonderful to observe how each character and each event receives from his master hand a life and without losing historic identity, stands out in a bold and certain light.

But, notwithstanding its evident merit, of all Shakespeare's plays this has, perhaps, in one respect, been the occasion of the most contradictory criticism. The point of controversy has been the representation of Julius Cæsar. Without doubt, Shakespeare's Cæsar is not the man which his *Commentaries*, that unparalleled of histories, shew him to be; he is not the man whom every student has revered as one of the greatest geniuses of any time. Instead of standing forth as the man who awed and ruled the world, who in versatility and breadth of genius has never been surpassed, whose character was firm and solid as the deep set rock, who was as unpretentious as he was great, the disappointed reader beholds in him nothing better than a vapouring arrogant boaster, vaunting himself most royally whilst his feet were on the brink of the depth to which a remorseless destiny was hurrying him. Only once or twice on the few occasions when he is brought out does he speak in true character. Shakespeare, however, had doubtless good and sufficient reason for what he did. The supposition that he was ignorant of Cæsar's real character is absurd, for it is observable that while Cæsar never does

justice to himself, the other *dramatis personæ* ever render him nearer the truth. Moreover, many passages in other of his plays show that the poet did full mental justice to the great and varied ability of Cæsar. Why then does he present him uncorrectly in this play which bears his name? On this question centres much dispute. Knight has it, we think, when commenting on a remark of Hazlitt to the effect that "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," he says, "the character is determined by the plot." It is probably true that at this time Cæsar was unable to control a restless ambition for the name of king. The poet shows principally the working of this "covetous desire," and thus gives some artistic ground to the conspiracy against him. Had Cæsar been pictured in all his greatness, not only would his assassination have appeared altogether murderous and unjustifiable, but there would have been no room for any one else, and thus the balance of the drama would have been lost. In other words, Cæsar as he was, could not even by Shakespeare, have been truthfully represented in such a plot. Brutus is the hero, but the play is not incorrectly named, for though in physical influence weak, the spirit of great Julius rules the action, and after his death is ten-fold more potent than before. Brutus, standing beside the dead body of Cassius, with the black shadows of his own doom pressing thick and close upon him, recognizes Cæsar as the Nemesis that is tracking him to his fate.

"O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails."

Brutus and Cassius are the leading figures. Their characters are most interesting, hard often to correctly analyze, and in many respects diametrically opposed. Brutus is noble-souled, conscientious, thoughtful, humane and affectionate; but he is in no way fitted for a practical worker. A deep lover of books, a believer in philosophical dogmas whose truth has never been proved to him by experience, ruled by intellectual doctrines and ideals, he is emphatically a theorist, and as such is unsuccessful in an enterprise which demands every quality of which he stands in lack. His private life is brightly illumined by his noble, tender, and generous spirit: his public career is a series of disastrous mistakes because of his want of true insight, tact, and practical power. Blinded by his own false reasoning and the flatteries of Cassius, not gauging at all the spirit of the time, he strikes

to the earth his best-beloved friend, and, striking, thinks he draws the life-blood from the uprising form of tyranny which is menacing the freedom of Rome. His high and overweening confidence in the "even virtue of the enterprise" is the result of his honesty of purpose. Loving Cæsar dearly, and standing high in his regard, he has no selfish or personal motive, save perhaps a spice of unconscious vanity, for his course. "Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more." Vainly weening that immortal Cæsar can be killed by a dagger, he dreams not that in grasping for a phantom freedom Rome has bound to her feet the weight which will quickly bear her to perdition.

Cassius is as much his superior in executive ability as he is morally beneath him. When they disagree his counsels are in every case right, and those of Brutus wrong. Nevertheless, Brutus possesses, as it seems, such arrogance of opinion, and a calm sort of moral force that he overcomes the better judgment of his friend. For example, Cassius is willing to do anything to promote the success of their conspiracy, and, although Brutus, shrinking from the unnecessary shedding of blood, thinks that "Mark Antony can do no more than Cæsar's arm when Cæsar's head is off," Cassius knows better, and rightly fears the friend of Cæsar. Cassius is avaricious, revengeful, and often unscrupulous, but he possesses noble traits. While we love Brutus, we admire Cassius. He loves Brutus well, is brave, faithful, a strong character.

The play abounds in passages well-famed for their dramatic beauty and strength. The speech of Antony over the body of Cæsar, trite though it now may be, is perhaps the finest exhibition of masterly power in the play. The Roman blood must have been cold indeed had it not leaped up and fired with its glowing pathos. Its artifice gave it an irresistible force with the unperceiving throng, while it enchanted the intellectual, who saw it and rendered homage. The beautiful picture of Portia and Brutus, the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, the hatching of the conspiracy by Cassius, and the appearance of the ghost are especially admired. The tenderness of Brutus shows nowhere more beautifully than in his unwillingness to wake the boy Lucius, who, through excess of fatigue has fallen asleep over his instrument. "I will not do thee so much harm to wake thee." The final parting of Brutus and Cassius is most touching.

Brutus. For ever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made

THEORY, FANCY, FACT.

THOUGHT usually precedes action, and the value of an action must ever depend much upon the amount of consideration that preceded it. There may be too much, but the greater danger is that there will be too little. Delay threatens from the one quarter; rashness clamors from the other. Many emergencies will be forced upon us where thought must be brief as an electric spark, and action follow it in *quick succession*; but in the ordinary affairs of life ample time is afforded for deliberation, and the patient calculator receives his reward. The man of hasty action will often fail to compass the result of expended energy, and so will have the humiliation of seeing his proudest efforts crumbling into failure. Prudence counsels that our actions should be controlled by theory or guided by experiment.

When a person has considered a subject in the light of knowledge, has brought to bear upon it the force of analytical reasoning, and has viewed it in the light of results deduced from cases bearing a real analogy, he is in a position to speak with intelligence or act with assurance in connection with it. Definite knowledge is thus given to men. Through the arched vault of every man's intellectual expanse come trooping legions of ideas following one another in brilliant retinue, or, deep, dense, and dark, overclouding the mental firmament with the sable shades of the Plutonian shores. In wild concourse they assemble, and unite their forces for the assault of some grand citadel of *problematic issue*. Marshalled and led onward by their great captain Reason they win, and in this orderly outcome of the jarring, motley crowd we see the realization of a scheme to meet all similar emergencies—in other words, from the tumult of ideas issues a theory.

Every man has a theory, simple or complex, for the solution of the great problems of life. The Monarchist, Socialist, Communist, Nihilist, Landleaguer or Unionist, is prepared solemnly and unreservedly to affirm that the tenets he holds are the only grounds on which common equity can be obtained for all mankind. Yet were it not for the Gladstones and Bismarks who rise above the dust and noise of petty, clamoring, party strife, and with calm, cool eye survey the needs and provide for the wants of all alike, these puppets of an inflamed imagination would break the

bonds of civil law and cause gaunt havoc and bleak-eyed destruction to ravage our fair fields and lay desolate our cities.

Again the theory with the most nonsense in it will be held most tenaciously, and propounded with the greatest gusto. Men with a fair share of common sense realize the difficulties of reaching realities that will stand amidst a universe of change, and hence while firm are still open to impression. But a fool at last convinced that he has made a fool of himself, will generally go on making a fool of himself out of mere obstinate foolishness.

A theory can only be founded on known data. It is supported by the manner in which it accounts for phenomena. The Ptolemaic theory long satisfied the astronomers; but finally it became apparent that cycles and epicycles could no longer meet the demand made upon them, and men would no longer listen to "the music of the spheres." Experience threw them out of her mouth, and the unfounded, though long-reverenced theory is now held by the student as but an interesting relic of a receding age. But experience has also taught that if man would be successful in a war against old theories, he must take another method than that of simple demolition. He must supplant the old with a new, and if the new be not the stronger, the old will regain its place.

The theorizing tendency is often apparent in the ordinary affairs of life. Every old farmer that you meet will propound a new theory for the successful cultivation of the soil, even though his own broad acres be but a wilderness. This is very often harmful, and the acceptance by all of some well grounded *system* would prove much more advantageous. Similar instances might be quoted from other walks in life. But in these contracted spheres where men are able to vent their ideas in practice, theory is but one of an association of forces, often antagonistic, that unite in the development of his course. Fancy, fickle creature, is another. It leads men upward and downward, hither and thither, without purpose or aim, a blind guide that knows not, fears not anything. Strong fancy will upset reason, purpose, action; and outrunning limited resources, pressing beyond the limited sphere to which a corporeal body binds us, will make men idle dreamers. Then will we find them wandering through a fairy-land, with golden shores, decked with amaranthine

verdure, swept by incense laden breezes, and inhabited by angelic beings whose tresses rival Helion's glow, and voices trill like music of sweet birds. The ploughman on the grassy sward will soon be transformed into a merry knight whose duties are but to command, or smile upon fair dames. A lawyer's fancy will surround him with a Rothschild's roubles or the millions of a Vanderbilt. The doctor's art, still more fatal in his fancy, will slay its thousands and tens of thousands. The simple clerk, never known and never to be known to the annals of fame, will clothe himself in pontifical robes and bow all men's consciences to his oracular utterances. This fancy surrounds men with an artificial world. In private life it plays a prominent part—dictates this, that, and the other, till grotesqueness often stalks abroad to laugh at reason.

It might be said that all our actions are performed by the dictation of theory or fancy—straining theory till it split to make it cover all pre-considered purpose. It is interesting to reflect upon just how much each modifies the type of that great *fact* which under the hand of time is ever taking shape behind us.

Facts are things done or undone—matters of history. We may change our abode, our occupation, our opinion, daily; but who throughout the ages has, can, or will work change in a fact. We may suppress, obliterate the memory, tear out the leaf from written history, but time will write her own annals, and the facts inscribed by her iron pen, attracting our attention now, may soon overwhelm us with amazement, or flash forth consternation to a waiting multitude. The sphere of labor occupied by man will be found impressed upon earth's broad, truth-telling bosom, and while theory traces with bold hand the outlines of his labor, to fancy will remain the coloring.

Among students there are some who work according to theory, others who follow fancy. The first are in danger of broken heads, the others of broken hearts. Thus they engage in a leap-frog game, now up, now down, till at length, wearied, lying side by side, they hide life's joys and cares, its triumphs and defeats, in the ever-yawning grave. Practice is the offspring of our combined powers and tendencies. The truest course of action—the truest life, has its complement in the full cultivation and development of the noble gifts of nature; its supplement in the divinity to which it must be allied.

A writer says:—"Step by step theory has been making her way with giant strides into the territory of practice for the last century and a half." Yet this age is becoming intensely theoretical, and this augurs well. Fantastic enterprises still rise and cause wise men to shake their heads, but whimsical phantoms are being chased into well-merited oblivion by the hounding approach of newly-awakened inquiry. Nothing but the tested can stand. Everything is brought to the common crucible of man's intelligence, the chaff

to perish, the gold to come forth refined. Fancy has her realm, and she is now being ordered home. She may suggest, but never rule. Put her in Victoria's place if you will, but never in Gladstone's. Fancy must ever remain a queen-subject, controlled by the more sturdy, practical powers of man.

Do our peering eyes read aright the horoscope of that future, newborn every moment, we see approaching the time when grand and practicable theories shall overthrow the present régime of disorder, when peace and safety shall abide by plenty's side, and the issues of life flow from channels hewn by wise masterbuilders from the firm adamant—when content shall be crowned with happiness, and bask amid such pure pleasures as are suggested by the royal prisoner, fancy. Then let the swift revolving years roll on. They shall yet purge our old earth of its ills, and bring in, though with silent tread, the simple and the true, till time shall tell the great Fact of our universe, and write in flaming letters on the sky its name of *Truth*.

I. W. P.

SNOWFALL.

I.

The earth to-night is like a child
Half-clad, that trembles in the blast;
For, stripped by Autumn as it passed,
Her limbs stand bare to Winter wild
And shiver fitfully.

Oh toll me, bare and silent trees,
Where lives your wealth of summer toil—
The work of earth and air and soil?
They only swayed with passing breeze,
And shivered fitfully.

Oh God, our lives stand bare as they
With all our strivings still unblest;
High forces work their will, at best
Regardless when we curse or pray,—
So moan we ceaselessly.

II.

This morn, like some cathedral grand,
The earth with worshippers low bent;
And purest blessings down are sent
Upon the lowliest from God's hand—
All hushed and breathlessly.

Oh life, in darkness waiting long,
Thy cries climb up the altar stairs;
And God will crown thy naked cares
With whitened hope and purer song
Of praising ceaselessly.

B.B.

SONG OF THE BLUENOSE.

Let others seek the orient grawl,
 With its tropic ferns and flowers,
 I'll keep me close to my native land,
 And rest me in its bowers,
 With its alder shade and its mayflower low;
 No eastern palms for me;
 Give me the scent of the salt sea marsh,
 Of the lands beside the sea.

The West may boast of her giant trees,
 Her prairies vast and her mountains high,
 But the cone-like spruce and the maple bough,
 The birch tree soaring high,
 The feathery elm, the hemlock spray,
 Are all beloved by me;
 Give me the scent of our own sweet woods,
 Of the woods beside the sea.

The South may boast her cotton fields,
 The hay-lands give to me;
 The fragrant grass, the waving grain,
 The farm house by the sea;
 The clang of the scythe and the mower's rush,
 Are music unto me;
 Give me the fields and the rich red banks
 Of the land beside the sea.

The world may boast its varied game,
 Our own good birds give me,
 The duck's quick whizz, and the plover's call,
 The wild-goose flocks on high,
 The partridge in the solemn fall,
 The prowling bear, and the rabbit shy,—
 The neck cariboo and moose monarch tall,
 In the woods beside the sea.

Let the traveller sing of the sunny climes
 In the lands beyond the sea;
 Of the grape and the fig and the orange-grove,
 Give me my own countrie,
 With its fertile vales and its orchards red,
 With the misty morn and the dewy eve,
 And the cool sweet nights of the land I love
 In the province by the sea.

D. A. S.

Amherst, Aug. 20th, 1855.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

On the evening of Nov. 13th an unusually large number appeared at the Athenæum, it having been announced that an address would be given by Prof. D. F. Higgins, Ph. D. The Doctor declared that he found it necessary, owing to unexpected calls on his attention, to forego the pleasure of delivering a prepared address, and therefore he intended to give the students a plain homely *talk*. But anyone acquainted with the Doctor knows how much more interest and instruction hang upon his homely *talks* than on the polished efforts that have caused many another night of weary toil.

Reflecting upon his college career, he said that h

still regarded his student life as an oasis in his history, and he could now express the hope that those before him might in after years be able to indulge in similar expressions. The present occasion recalled to his mind an incident in the history of the Literary Societies of the Hill that might be interesting. This present Society was under the nominal control of the Faculty, whilst the one of which he was a member, the Lyceum, refused to acknowledge such suzerainty. The Lyceum engaged the services of a distinguished politician as lecturer. This gentleman had formerly shown himself hostile to the interests of the College, and the Faculty demanded that the students should annul their engagement. They refused, brought their lecturer to the village, and listened to him there. The outcome was that such alternatives were offered the Society as caused a vote of dissolution to be passed. The records of its deeds, and misdeeds, were still in the Professor's hands. He gave this only as a *reminiscence*, not as *advice*.

He asked permission to be didactic for a time. Experience had taught him lessons that might be useful to minds with views yet undecided concerning great questions of the day. There was danger before us in regard to political matters. His advice was not to let our zeal burn too fiercely for any political party. The present tendency in politics was toward a *tyranny*, an escape from which we have been congratulating ourselves upon. Instead of the single sway of a solitary monarch we are threatened with a hydra-headed despotism. When a party has been in power four or five years we cannot be far astray in joining the ranks of the opposition.

He regarded the training in this Society as important, the qualities displayed here serving as an index for the future. One of his fellow-students had stood before the old Society and with stammering tongue sought to repeat a few sentences laboriously prepared. He persevered until he became a fluent speaker, and since he has had the honor of pleading before the Privy Council of England. The four years in college were the most important in life—more important from their formative character, than any other ten. Let the foundation be broad and deep if the superstructure is to pierce the skies.

Students generally entered college in a somewhat uncultivated state, there to be metamorphosed into cultured, trained men—men prepared to battle with the world. The change was rapid, and the period of transformation short; hence it became every one to apply himself vigorously. In no other place was a man's character so thoroughly investigated, and so accurately weighed as in college life. Therefore to the student dishonesty was harmful as well as useless. A quaint, useful, and praiseworthy custom usually prevailed among students of pointing out to each other too prominent virtues, or obnoxious peculiarities. He hoped that we had not departed from the good way. (Cheers.)

Contrasting past things with present he regarded the prospects of a student of to-day as most hopeful. The development of the world's resources had been on a grand scale since his student days. Then each village in this favored land was an almost isolated community. But now steam and electricity bring us in close contact with our fellow-countrymen, and make us feel the throbbing pulse of the great world beyond us. According to the advancement in favoring circumstances, so he hoped might be the success attending our lives:

The Doctor received a well-earned vote of thanks, and the students pocketed their note-books and retired well satisfied with the outcome of the evening.

We publish below an extract from a paper on "The Holidays," read before the Literary Society on the evening of January 15th, by A. E. Shaw, '88:—

"There is a ditty, or something to that effect, beginning thus:—

"A little pleasure now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

And a week or two at the end of the year, devoted to the pursuits of that which fancy dictates, or caprice suggests, is universally enjoyed. It is looked forward to as first, a period of rest, second, a period of enjoyment, and third a period of recuperation. Many a weary brain is rested by the thought of that time; hard working hands grapple with fresh vigour their arduous undertakings. People, indeed, who work for the sole pleasure of mere work, are scarce in this world. The man who can wheel a pile of stones ten rods, and then turn about and wheel them back again, and do this for a week for the simple pleasure of wheeling stones is generally set down as a poor fool. A stimulus is needed, in order to insure earnest work and faithful performance of duty; and holidays serve this purpose. Again they are a restful period; there is a change, which in itself is a rest, and when a delightful change, doubly so.

Such a period affords an opportunity to review the past a little and plan for the future, to converse with old friends, and the family who generally make it a point at these times to meet together. Boarding house fare is exchanged for home goose and other changes of a pleasant nature, all tending to drive away dull care. It is a period of rejoicing and general happiness, all things conspiring to make life agreeable.

Perhaps of all classes who take delight in, and look forward to holidays with peculiar fervour, the student takes first rank. It is for him a season of unadulterated bliss; immunity from care of all kinds, books laid aside, deep voiced professors in their studies puzzling over his last crib, home with all its

attractions before him, college life with all its happy experiences and gay associations behind him. Certainly to the student the shaking hands and all the other little preliminaries incidental to getting aboard the train for "Home, Sweet Home" are the happiest experiences of his life.

Let us follow him as he goes. Once aboard the train, rushing along, perhaps at the rate of twelve miles an hour where there is a good down-grade on the W. & A. R., he feels a spirit of exultation which overcomes every other emotion. Arrived at Annapolis, he, perhaps, has time to reflect a little, to think of how many things he has forgotten, and how big a fool he has been making of himself the last two or three days, that is to say, the steamer is a day or two behind time, or tired of waiting has left for St. John. Here, then, his exhilaration somewhat sours, like skim milk in murky(?) weather. His exultation, which awhile ago he found leaping up, suddenly takes a header, gloom seizes his soul and angry waves of sentiment swell his new coat and heave the twenty-five cent diamond stuck in his one dollar necktie. Other evils await him after he is aboard. The sea at this season of the year is not always as calm and placid as a senior's side light, and if he does not heave up his immortal soul it is well for him. Arrived at last on the wharf, he finds, of course, no one to meet him, and all the other little things so pleasant to a half sick and tired traveller. He reaches home however, goes through all the touching little formalities, kissing for instance, and after a day or two spent principally in sleep, begins to look about. The rink perhaps possesses attractions; but skating is at all times a precarious pleasure, it has its ups and downs, more downs than ups to the uninitiated. The picture of a man trying with all his might to embrace the heavens with his legs, the back of his head at the same time reposing on the bosom of the cold ice, is certainly refreshing on a cold day, but not the pleasantest thing in the world for the man himself. Sleigh riding has always been considered as one amongst the most enjoyable of out-door sports. Sleigh riding had, however, to be taken this year on horseback. Then there are the in-door pleasures, the "O to the music entrancing," "Tripping the light fantastic toe," or the more refined and cultivated pleasure of Baptist whist or Presbyterian poker.

But all things have an end, and so have holidays. Happiness is the reward of labour; but holiday happiness too long protracted too often degenerates into slothfulness. A holiday dreamer wakes up to find ahead of him the stern realities of a five months' winter term. Goodbyes are said, trunks repacked, and faces turned once more to old Acadia. One by one the students return, each fresh arrival seeming to receive a more enthusiastic welcome.

Holidays have their effect for good or evil according

to the disposition of the person who enjoys them. To a conscientious, hard-working student, they are a delightful satisfaction. He can enjoy them with no qualms of conscience, or feelings of duty neglected, or opportunity lost. To the sluggard they are an injury, as his whole life is only an illegitimate holiday. The period of respite is spent in pleasure damaging and detrimental to his interests. Deliver me from the lazy, languishing, lackadaisical lubber who can't take interest enough in his work to make the resuming of it a pleasure. May a holiday ever be enjoyed, and all the holidays of our lives be earned, as they must be, before they can be really enjoyed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS EDITORS :

As the question of re-equipping the gymnasium on the Hill has recently been again brought to the notice of the students, perhaps a few remarks on that subject would not be out of place. The inestimable benefits of gymnastic exercises, and their superiority over other means of physical culture, are now matters so freely discussed by every journal in the country, that anything which I might say would be merely superfluous. I propose rather to deal with the phase of the question which more nearly concerns ourselves at present, viz:—How shall our gymnasium be conducted, under the control and direction of an Athletic Club, or by private individuals?

For a long time the necessity of a well equipped gymnasium has been felt by the students attending these institutions. No movement, however, was made toward obtaining one until last year, when the matter was taken in hand by two enterprising resident students. This at first promised fair, but finally resulted in a successful failure,—a success for the proprietors, but a failure as far as the interests of others were concerned. In short, those who gave it their support found at the beginning of the present year that they were no nearer possessing a gymnasium than ever. While they had supplied the funds, the old proprietors held possession of the apparatus. Nevertheless the majority failed to see the matter in its true light; and, when it was proposed to conduct the gymnasium on the same principle as last year, readily acquiesced.

Now, I think matters should be viewed somewhat differently. Let us look at it from a financial standpoint. Last year, those who assumed the risk and responsibility, received enough in return to cover expenses and remunerate them for their trouble. This money was furnished by the students. In other words, we bought the apparatus and paid a respectable sum to be relieved from the responsibility of ownership. At the end of the year we had had our

exercise, but the gymnasium was no more. This year the same is to be repeated, only we trust with more satisfaction. We again purchase the appliances. Next year will be merely a repetition of this, and so on to the end of the chapter. From this it must be obvious to the dullest mind that each year we bear the expenses of equipping a gymnasium and in the end find ourselves at the point from which we started. True, the same persons may engage in the enterprise successive years and thus the expense be lessened. But, even were such a case likely to occur, the length of our course would not permit of its long continuance. On the other hand, were a club to be organized, how different would be our position in a short time. The close of the first year would find us in possession of a gymnasium which we could call our own, and ourselves none the poorer. Each successive year, instead of being compelled to start afresh, we could invest the funds in further additions to our stock of appliances. Thus, when we who are now here go out from the institutions, we could bequeath to those who come after us a gymnasium of which they need not be ashamed.

Although this is the most practical and radical difference between the two systems, it is not the only one. Where a few individuals have full control, little dissatisfactions, which are always occurring, frequently lead to hard feelings and personal animosities. Many are thereby deprived or deprive themselves of advantages which they might otherwise enjoy. Besides, any who may be disposed to destroy or otherwise make trouble, will conduct themselves as they would not were their own immediate interests at stake. Many other differences might be noted, but that I am already trespassing upon your valuable space. If I have succeeded in directing attention to the importance of this matter, my end is attained. I feel assured that the better judgment of those interested in gymnastics will prompt them to adopt the proper plan at the proper time; and here, for the present, I will let the subject rest.

Yours, &c.,

STUDENT.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

C. Goodspeed, \$2; Austin Kempton, \$1; Nellie Hill, \$1; W. B. Wallaco, \$1; L. D. Morse, \$1; J. D. Spurden, \$3; J. B. Dakor, \$1; C. F. Clinch, \$3; H. A. Longley, \$2; E. M. Chesley, 50c.; R. W. Ford, \$1; M. McLeod, \$1; H. S. Freeman, \$1; G. P. Payzant, \$1; C. W. Corey, \$1; John Moser, \$1; Mrs. M. B. Calloun, \$3; I. E. Bill, \$1; D. A. Steele, \$1; J. B. Morgan, \$1; Henry Lovett, \$2; A. E. Caldwell, \$1; C. H. McIntyre, 50c.; Alice M. Fitch, \$1; A. F. Randolph, \$2; L. A. Palmer, 30c.; Louis Donaldson, \$2; T. A. Higgins, \$2; E. D. Webber, \$2.—R. W. FOND, Sec.-Treas.

PERSONALS.

PROF. J. E. WELLS, M.A., '80, is about to publish a Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. Fyfe, D.D., who was for many years the Principal of Woodstock College.

REV. W. B. BRADSHAW, M.A., '71, the esteemed pastor of the Baptist Church at Billtown, N. S., has been indisposed for some weeks, but hopes to resume work at an early date.

REV. G. O. GATES, M.A., '73, has entered upon his duties as pastor of Germain Street Baptist Church, St. John, N. B.

BENJAMIN RAND, Ph. D., '75, is filling the place of an absent Professor in Columbia College, N. Y.

REV. J. O. REDDEN, B.A., '76, has gone to Southern California for the benefit of his health.

REV. E. W. KELLY, B.A., '76, is laboring earnestly as a Missionary at Maulmain, Burmah.

REV. C. GOODSPEED, who received the M.A. degree from Acadia in 1870, is editing the *Messenger and Visitor* with credit to himself and profit to the denomination.

HON. G. E. FOSTER, M.P., who received the degree of D.C.L. from Acadia in 1885, has been appointed Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and re-elected with an increased majority by Kings Co., N. B.

J. H. JENNER, of the Freshman Class of '85, is preaching with characteristic energy at Musquash and vicinity, St. John. He proposes ere long to resume his studies at Acadia.

W. W. CHIPMAN, '89, who early last term was prostrated by inflammation of the lungs, is slowly recovering. His medical attendant advises a rest of at least a year.

REV. W. H. ROBINSON, M.A., '81, has been compelled by ill-health to resign the pastoral charge of the Canning Baptist Church.

W. P. SHAFNER, B.A., '79, has been received into partnership with John Chipman, barrister, formerly of the firm of Chipman & Newcomb, Kentville, N. S.

LOCALS.

EXAMS!

"Fire a volley"!!

"THREE out, all out," said a Freshman of his mustache.

A REPORT of Prof. Higgins' address, which was crowded out of previous issues, appears in this number.

IT is thought that the following will appear on the sign-board of the new firm:—

Caldwell & Murphy. A. Rousier, Manager.

QUITE a large number of students are taking extra work in French, German, and Elocution.

SONG of the Porter:

Porter I've seen, porter I've been,
Porter I think I shall be;
God give me grace, keep me in place,
Long let the porter flow free.

THE Cads, after much deliberation, have concluded that the *mall man* is the largest man on the Hill.

"LET him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," was the thought of the Local Ed., as the sad and affecting sight of three Sons, kissing Mother Earth came directly under his gaze.

WE regret to learn that at a recent evening service the cook lost her branch of *holly*. She wishes to say that anyone finding it, would greatly oblige her by leaving the same at the church door.

"BOYS," said our plump man, "my problem is finished, but I'll bet \$5 the answer in the book is wrong."

"Why?" demanded some classmates.

"Because my result and the answer in the book agree to a second."

"TAKE occasion by the hand" is evidently the motto common to a certain Freshie and a Sem. Quite recently "occasion" happened to be a students' prayer-meeting; but, nevertheless, this young couple each "took her by the hand" and a lively conversation lasted through the hour.

WE are indebted to a Freshman for the following, which haply throws much light upon the meaning of the word *day* as used in Gen., Chap. I:—

"If a day mean 10,000 years or longer, Methuselah, who lived 969 years, would be living yet."

STUDENT (purchasing a hat). "Is this the latest style?"

Merchant. "Oh yes."

Student. "I haven't seen many of them worn."

Merchant. "What! Haven't seen many of them worn? Why I've had that style over two years."

THE failure of the old lady to get the story of the dictionary after reading it three times, must be the failure, we fear, of that bearded Freshie, who suggested that "a perthon could get the story, the plot and characterth, and a fair understanding of Calculus from a tranthlation."

EXTRACT from a drama soon to be published:—

She. Grinning, grim, and croaking raven,
Art thou still the same as yore,
Take this ring of golden ore,
Earth, and Sun, and even Heaven
Strive to hear thy soul outpour.

He. With much pleasure, radiant maiden;
At the Junior I will wear it;
Let thine other learn to bear it;
Let his soul with sorrow laden,
And his heart with bleeding core,
Claim another sainted maiden
Evermore, ah! evermore.

THE following students have been elected officers of the ATHENÆUM: Irving S. Balcom, *Pres.*; R. W. Ford, *Vice-Pres.*; A. E. Shaw, *Treas.*; J. W. Armstrong, *Cor. Sec.*; Walter Black, *Rec. Sec.*; W. R. Hutchinson, O. S. Miller, C. H. Miller, C. W. Eaton, H. H. Wickwire, *Ex. Com.*

49 Collegians and 14 members of the Academy are now boarding in Chipman Hall. Of this number we feel assured there is not one who does not appreciate the kindness of the worthy steward and stewardess. Both Mr. and Mrs. Keddy never weary in doing that which tends to render more pleasant the life of the student. They have in consequence the high esteem of all.

AT the last meeting of the Missionary Society the following officers were elected:—H. H. Hall, *Pres.*; G. R. White, *Vice-Pres.*; W. H. Jenkins, *Sec.*; W. A. C. Rowse, *Treas.*; H. B. Smith, L. D. Morse, Miss J. D. Hitchens, *Ex. Com.*

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MME. BAUER.....	<i>French and German.</i>
HELEN BUTTRICK	<i>Instrumental Music.</i>
JENNIE D. HITCHENS.....	<i>Vocal Music.</i>
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E. D. WEBBER, B. A	<i>Mathematics.</i>

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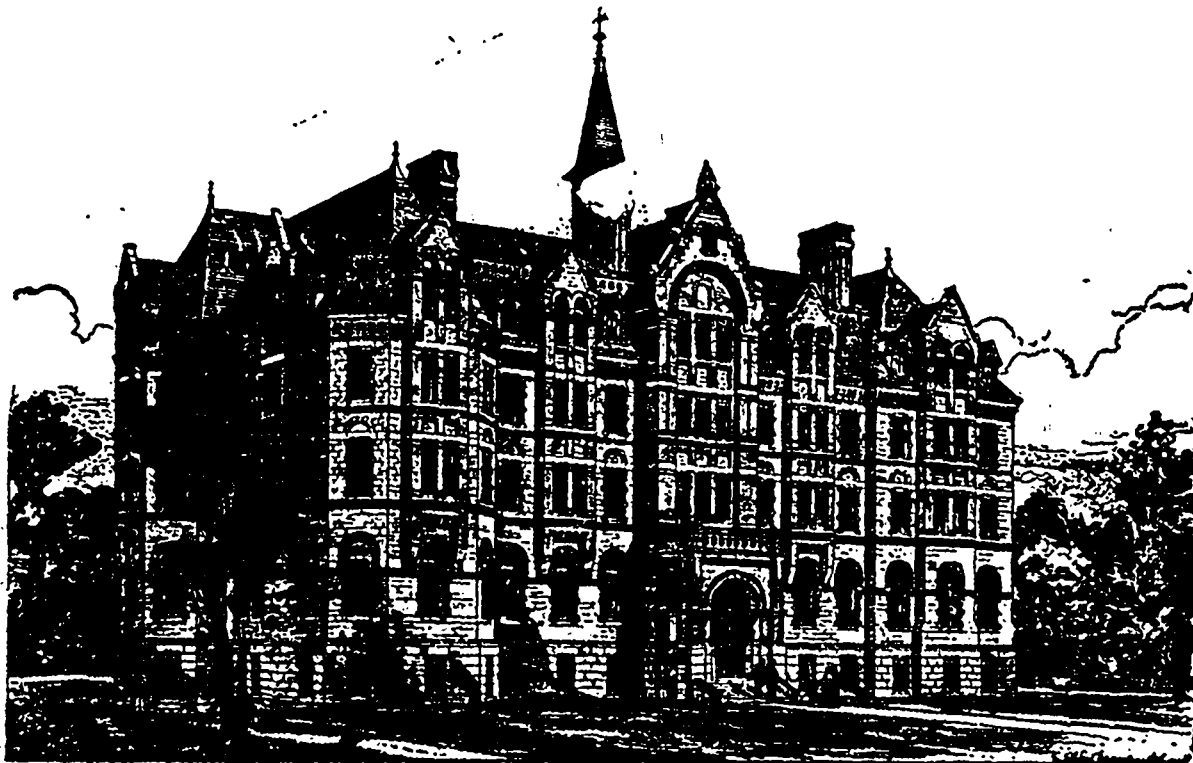
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Is published monthly during the College year by the Students of Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S.

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 inch	\$1.00
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1/2 column	\$2.50
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