

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 2.



◆ THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE. ◆

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THE

Acadia Athenæum.

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the Students of Acadia University.

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→* The Sanctum. *←

AT the close of October, reference was made by the President to the amount of work done during the month. From the reports of the various Professors he was pleased to announce, that the college record in this respect compared most favorably with that presented by the first month of any previous year. The statement implies that direct application to study upon returning was practised this year by the students. Such, indeed, was the case, as would be acknowledged by any one placed in circumstances for observing. With such a course of procedure comes its invariable attendant, good order. The spirit of restlessness which frequently is apparent gives place to steadiness and regularity of action. In reference to general deportment there comes to be more individual responsibility. Indeed, we feel, that if this last condition could be fully realized the little cause for being called to order would, in the majority of cases, be reduced

to no cause. That thoughtlessness is a fruitful source of actions unbecoming to the student is too manifest to be disputed; but that the fact implied in the second sentence shows a tendency to lessen its fertility by steady application is alike indisputable. A good report can be given of us at any time, and our duty is to deserve it.

IN view of the fact that there seems to be a tendency on the part of the majority of the students to neglect the advantages offered them in connection with the Literary Society and Reading Room, a few suggestions at this time, we think, will not be deemed out of place. Although these matters have been referred to in previous years, by former Editors of the ATHENÆUM, it is of prime importance to constantly keep before the minds of all the students the demands that these institutions make upon their time, and more particularly to urge their claims upon the new members who have just commenced the course. There can be no better time to begin to reap the benefit to be derived from these sources than in the Freshman year. To neglect this during the first year almost invariably means neglect in the second year; and so the time runs on with opportunities unimproved, until the close of the course finds the graduate with a deficient education, and a conscious regret of advantages lost that might have been improved. It is not necessary to enter into a detailed exposition of the benefits accruing from a systematic attendance to these very important parts of our education. They become at once apparent, to the thoughtful student. The testimony of many of those who have studied at Acadia, has been, that they regretted that more time had not been bestowed upon the culture and practical training which comes from prepared, as well as impromptu, combat with the mental vigor of fellow students. Certainly none are in a position to see the need of previous training in this direction better than they.

Perhaps the Reading Room is more neglected than the Literary Society. But we cannot concede that it should not receive a proportionate share of attention. The benefit of the newspapers, like the advantages derived from steam inventions, can best be estimated by comparing the present with a time when they had but little influence upon society. The educated man cannot afford to ignore their value by neglecting their columns. The stranger whom we come in contact with in the railway car, or elsewhere, and whose conversation with us naturally turns upon the passing events of the day, will generally form an estimation of our mental life, and the degree of interest we take in the pulsations, progressions, and changes, incident to humanity, by the scope of our knowledge and the ability we manifest in discussing those events. For practical life our education in these directions is in little danger of being over-estimated, and should receive as careful attention from us as the prescribed course for an A. B. degree.

It may be urged by many students that all their time is required to faithfully master the work laid down in the calendar. This may be. Yet we are inclined to think that a wise and systematic arrangement of the students capital will cause him to limit the time devoted to those various studies so that a small portion at least may be given to those parts of our education, the development of which is so evidently essential.

HARVARD has celebrated her 250th anniversary. Both the oration and poem of the occasion attest to the merit of the worthy gentlemen who produced them. Especially are some of the points touched on in the Hon. Mr. Lowell's address, of importance to any institution of learning. With reference to the elective system of studies, he says:

"There is some danger that the elective system may be pushed too far and too fast. . . . Are our students old enough thoroughly to understand the import of the choice they are called on to make, and, if old enough, are they wise enough? . . . We are comforted by being told that in this we are only complying with what is called 'the spirit of the age,' which may be after all only a finer name for the mischievous goblin known to our forefathers as Puck. I have seen several spirits of the age in my time of different voices and guiding in very different directions, but unanimous in their propensity to land us in the mire at last."

The wholesome tone of the advice given in the above extract at once impresses the reader. It would appear from this that the elective system is not beyond criticism even at Harvard.

In speaking of the possibility of raising the educational standard still higher, he says:

"What we need more than anything else is to increase the number of our highly cultivated men and thoroughly trained minds, for these, wherever they go, are sure to carry with them, consciously or not, the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher ideals."

By these means he conceives that Democracy will show its capacity for producing, not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties. The following language addressed to the University seems to comprehend in general, the ideal object of higher education:

"Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge, not a conventional gentleman, but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul."

Harvard as one of our oldest and at the same time one of our leading universities commands great attention. Her course having a tendency to model others after it should, therefore, be the more thoroughly criticised. The remarks which we have been considering made by a man of the literary standing of James Russell Lowell are deserving of the thoughtful consideration of all interested in university education.

THE absence of any athletic club at Acadia would, at first sight, appear to be an indication of no favorable import to the interest maintained among us in sports of such a nature. Yet the case admits of explanation. It is not that there has been a lack of desire for such a society to exist, so much as the tendency of the system by which our gymnasium has been governed to prevent its existence. Granting that the managers do all their contract requires, the method of private proprietorship has for several reasons proved unsatisfactory. Last year an attempt was made to purchase from the student, then having the gymnasium under their control, what apparatus was in their possession and thus organize a club. Terms agreeable to both parties could not, however, be fixed upon and so the matter was dropped. This year the same question is before us only in a more favorable light; and the prospects for forming an athletic club are cheering. At a comparatively small expense the club, if organized, will be able to procure what additional material is needed and put the room in good condition. We trust that in reference to the matter an amicable arrangement will be made.

ACCORDING to established custom Thanksgiving Day was observed by the institutions on the Hill. This is, we believe, as it should be. The circumstances which render student life possible, as well as the special advantages which individual students enjoy during their college course, are surely worthy of commemoration. An acknowledgement of this fact may be seen in the topic chosen for an address by our President. This address we are pleased to note as an acceptable variation from the usual services. At 11 A. M. the members of the three institutions met in Assembly Hall to unite in a special Thanksgiving service. After singing, prayer, and reading of the Scriptures, the President of the College delivered an admirable discourse upon "Civilization." The inquiries made were chiefly concerning the real meaning of the term Civilization, and what it was necessary for a people or nation to possess before they could claim to be civilized. Morality and religion were named as the crowning virtues of a truly civilized people. The influence of the Bible in the work of civilization was a prominent feature in the address. In closing the speaker said:—"The best guide to the best civilization is the Bible." We understand that a Union Service of an interesting character was held in the village in the evening. Many of the students enjoyed the holiday at their homes, or in visiting their friends. To those who remained the dining hall was made unusually attractive. On the whole the day proved exceedingly enjoyable.

A SINGLE PURPOSE.

ENERGY is useful only when properly controlled and rightly applied. The mighty waters on their way from their mountain cradle to their ocean tomb may thus be made to subserve the interests of man; but these same waters—this same force let loose—bursting the barrier of banks will desolate the fairest valleys. The unused energy of one of earth's mighty rivers would provide motive power for all our machinery. The impossibility lies in our inability to apply this force when and where needed. Equally great rivers of intellectual power are flowing in this and other lands and accomplishing comparatively little, whilst an even greater impossibility arises in the attempt to husband this power and apply it to the solution of the problems of life. It belongs to the domain of Art, for cultivated

intellectual power to take possession of these giant natural forces. Not all can be secured at once, so fractions must be seized upon and applied to useful legitimate ends.

The latent force of the minds trained in our Universities must be truly great. The question arises, where are those whom nature prepared to shine in special spheres. Has not experience shown that much of this power has been frittered away by a single person attempting too many things? The necessity seems to be a concentration of each man's energies. There are but few geniuses whose capacities fit them to excel in every department, to stand in lonely grandeur; but there are thousands born who may become eminent in special professions. Lord Bacon says: "He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men hath a great task; but this is ever good for the public; but he that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers, is the decay of a whole age." Young men often grow old in listless apathy, simply because of hesitancy, which can in no wise be counted seeming modesty, in choosing some particular profession. An author often finds more difficulty in selecting his subject than in successfully working it out. So the man who has once made a distinct choice of life's work will find the practical difficulties disappearing. Imaginary foes are worse than real ones; and experience urges on every aspirant that "lowliness is young ambition's ladder," and honest effort ennobles every craft.

John Foster in his excellent essay on "Decision of Character" says: "A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself; he belongs to whatever can make capture of him." And again, "It is wonderful how even the casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them. . . The strong wind that blows out a taper, exasperates a powerful fire to an indefinite intensity." Throughout this essay he strives to enforce the necessity of bracing up our powers to grapple with distinct issues. This extended to all the phases of life gives rise to determined character. After a decision has been made the next thing desirable is persistency of effort for its fulfillment. But here caution may be necessary, lest prejudice be permitted to warp judgment, or superstition deter from honest investigation. It has been said, "In all superstition wise men follow fools," and it may be added that in all prejudice, men chase the phantoms of folly. Bacon says of men: "If they

be not tossed upon the argument of counsel, they will be tossed upon the waves of Fortune." Strong conviction should be accompanied by a spirit of wide-awake inquiry. Enthusiasm, open-eyed, not blind, will lead one to the truth. The man with a purpose may often be snubbed as intractable, or stubbornly uncongenial. But he can afford it. Whilst these things should never be mistaken by anyone as unerring evidences of genius, yet they should not discourage independent action. The diamond yields with difficulty to an impression; but it may be so shaped as to become a marvel of beauty, dazzling most when exposed to the criticizing rays of the noonday sun. Equal difficulty may be experienced in the formation of the most eminent characters. As examples of patient, indefatigable efforts, surmounting difficulties and achieving notable results, we may point to the stammering youth changed to the prince of orators; to a Wolsey rising from the lower ranks to the magnificence of a papal legate; to a Wilberforce laboring for forty years and finally obtaining emancipation for millions of the enslaved; to a Beaconsfield, from the plebian ranks who became the arbiter of nations. These did not entirely seclude themselves from all pursuits but one; but they had one main object and purpose, acting as a stimulus and engaging their best powers. It is a saying "to take a soldier without ambition is to deprive him of his spurs." Still more fortuitous must be the fortune of a man without a purpose.

The application of these remarks to the student may not at once be apparent. He argues that a certain amount of general culture is necessary to make him a "full, round man." But still the question remains, if, even in the course of his Academic studies, he should not have some one object chief among its fellows. Though no subject should be treated with neglect, should not the best energies be concentrated on some one subject? This feeling should be so strong as to make him willing, if necessary, to see himself outstripped in other departments. Who can entertain aught but pity for the student whose ideas of true success are so perverted, or whose happiness depends so much upon the applause of the vulgar, that he can not pursue any desired special course even at the sacrifice of the first, second, or third place in his class? A student of true metal would even be content to be deemed singular, one-sided, quixotic, to endure the barbs of sarcasm, or the biting jest, and yet remain

faithful to his honestly conceived policy. Praise, plaudits, favor, he may do without. This he cannot. Foster says: "A man of the right kind would say, they will smile, they will laugh, will they? Much good may it do them. I have something else to do than trouble myself about their mirth. I do not care if the whole neighborhood were to laugh in a chorus. I should indeed be sorry to see or hear such a number of fools, but pleased enough to find that they considered me an outlaw to their tribe." The rule admits of few exceptions, that a man in order to ensure success should become a specialist in early life. In every life one grand central purpose should be found as a pillar of strength, — a majestic oak, towering, branching, flowering, and bearing fruit, whilst offering a strong support for the clinging vines of social ties and household amity.

THE YOUTH'S DECISION.

A YOUTH strayed out one sunny morn
Through brake and bramble, bush and thorn,
With longings to be great.
He found a spot in leafy dell,
And, yielding to a witching spell,
There stopped to meditate.

Although materialistic wights
Have long since slaughtered all our sprites,
And nimble little elves,
Yet in this selfsame shady bower
Endued with some entrancing power,
Such soon displayed themselves.

Fantastic, light, and airy, they,
As figures seen in fleecy spray
Above a sparkling fount—
Now clothed in deepest crimson hue,
In scarlet, violet, or blue,
On gossamer wings they mount.

With mind distraught, and bristling hair,
With quaking nerves and fixed stare,
The youth surveyed the scene.
But round him now they kindly press,
And reassure with fond caress,
Till his delight grows keen.

At once his burning heart's desire,
Now fanned by hope to hotter fire,
Is laid before these guests.
Each answered him with trembling haste
That she could best supply his taste
And answer his behests.

His secret they had lately learned,
And knowing that for which he yearned,
Had hither come to woo.
The dark robed sisters talked of sin,
The light robed spoke of peace to win.
What should the mortal do?

With keener glance he now beholds
Upon the elfin mantle folds
Of each, a glowing name.
Ambition, Avarice, and Ruth,
He sees beside Love, Honor, Truth,
Each promising fair Fame.

Ambition, scorned, soon fades from sight,
Black Avarice joins the hasty flight;
Ruth may the best abide.
Fair Love and stainless Honor stay,
But they alone as servants may,
For Truth he makes his bride.

When from the dell this youth did part,
Truth reigned supreme within his heart,
'Twas there he read his fate.
The lines he read as there he stood
Were these: The true alone are good,
The good alone are great.

IOTA.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON READING AND BOOKS.

"Of making many books there is no end," said the wise Solomon. Obviously the sage speaks of mere *human* compositions as contra-distinguished from the Inspired writings, and had reference to the wearing, distracting effect of the former upon the mind as opposed to the healthy, solid, results which will surely flow from the faithful, conscientious, reading of the latter—the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever.

This age may well be styled the age of books. The shelves of the great libraries of the world are already bending under their burdens, and every year there are added to the mighty list some 25,000 new volumes. Brains, and pens, and printing presses are in ceaseless activity. The thoughts that only a few weeks ago were snaped in the author's brain are to-day the property of the world. It looks as if authors were determined, despite everything, to usher their offspring into the world to take their chances for life or death. Books good, bad, or indifferent, on every conceivable subject are ever coming from prolific

brains, and demand a perusal. Around these works are ever swarming the gleaners of literature, sucking therefrom that which either strengthens or palsies the brain—which either purifies or corrupts the heart. The public eagerly ask: What does this sayer say? One work is quickly flung aside to make room for another, and this soon yields to its successor. Reviewers grow weary with their work. They have, perhaps, neither the time nor the patience to pass righteous judgments. Even good books, are damned with faint praise; indifferent ones receive commendatory words, and bad ones, after a slight protest, are permitted to damage society. Indeed, words of praise or commendation are scarcely heard amid the bustle and din of preparation, and men are becoming restless and nervous as they watch this ever-rolling and increasing stream of literature. As one has said: "I stand beside the ceaseless flow of this miscellaneous torrent as one stands watching the turbid rush of Thames, at London Bridge, wondering whence it all comes, whither it all goes, what can be done with it, and what may be its ultimate function in the order of Providence."

We are living in this age of books. We take notes. We are great admirers of good books. Like Milton we deem them the precious life-blood of master-spirits we cheerfully concede that the mastery of one good book is of incalculable value, we know that to be rich in spirit is to be much with the grand old masters, reading with a purpose, assimilating, growing. We cannot help noting, too, that there are all over the world men and women, boys and girls, among whom there is a growing taste for a literature that not only profits not, but is exceedingly harmful,—nay, in many cases, there is even a relish for literary garbage. The good books find some purchasers, perhaps many; but the bad ones are eagerly and industriously hunted up and their contents ravenously devoured. Like produces like. The filth of the author's mind corrupts the mind of his reader. The disease spreads and creates an unhealthy appetite,—a mental *bulimy*. The demand for pernicious literature becomes greater and greater, and base-minded novelists, fatten upon diseased imaginations. All love for that which enobles, elevates, and purifies the mind, is destroyed, and the soul becomes a cage of unclean birds. The imbruting and debasing stimulants have been taken until they have lost their power to stimulate. In other cases indifferent books produce their

harvests. If the mind is not actually corrupted and debased, it is dwarfed, etiolated, and made utterly jejune. Let us read, mark, and inwardly digest the lesson taught us. No soul can remain pure, much less thrive and grow strong, if it absorbs the deadly malaria of bad books. Indeed to persist in reading them is moral leath to all that is highest and purest in human nature, it is surely to lose one's soul.

How many weak and sickly ones there are,—made thus by indifferent and bad books, —in whose minds we see the pernicious effects of a literature which the makers and venders of poor books and dime novels are sending broadcast over the land. Well has Carlyle said that "Books are like human souls, actually divided into what we may call sheep and goats—the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge, and tending, every goat of them, at all moments, whither we know. If *to know the best that has been thought and said in the world* be an adequate definition of culture, how clear it is that we should eschew all bad books. Yet for satisfying depraved mental appetites thousands are at the present day ceaselessly catering. In view of this enormous and wide-spread evil the apathy of philanthropists is verily startling. When the scourge of cholera, or small-pox, comes upon the people, all are on the alert and with wise forethought take immediate measures for mitigating or staying the disease, but this more insidious and deadly evil which corrupts the very fountains of morality, and lays siege to the citadel of manhood and womanhood is welcomed and nourished in thousands of the homes of our land. Some who may not welcome it yet permit, or allow, or suffer it to remain. In either case the harvest of death is about the same. Are there now to cleanse this Augean stable? Very much do we need strong moral men to grapple with this direful evil, and if possible deal it its death-blow. Much do we need guides in the great field of literature—guides that are at hand when we want them—that can answer, even though imperfectly, the burning questions, what shall I read? what not? For there are many books, or much literature, which you must shun as you would viper's blood. Our object now is to advise, protest, and warn. Choose ye what you will read. Choose: is it an important matter to make choice? Let the words of Goethe answer this: "Choose well, your choice is brief, but yet endless." George Eliot says, too, that "The strongest principle of growth

lies in human choice." Surely if the mind is to become strong and healthy, and able to compass its possibilities it must be made the inlet to that only which fosters purity, sound development and strength. We see, then, how much depends upon choice.

But to choose wisely we need guidance. To the question what are the best books, *i. e.* books to which one can always go to appease healthy mental hunger and thirst, some are to-day disposed to give a definite answer. Anent this matter a good deal has been written lately in the Mother Country, and not a little in the United States. We are pleased to see a little awakening. Men are beginning to see that as life is short, the best use of time should and must be made. The field of literature who can set bounds to? The longest life of wisely-exercised and most persistent industry can do but little. With limited capacities we see that the field before us is simply illimitable, we desire to glean, but where and what? To help one to an answer Sir John Lubbock has given in the *Contemporary Review* a list of what he deems the best hundred books. This list was sent to the contributors of the Magazine for opinions and criticisms. The result was that letters were sent in from many distinguished men approving in the main of the list as given by Sir John, or containing amended lists of their own. But by universal consent the names of the great authors remain. Homer, Bacon, Virgil and Bunyan, Aristotle and Goldsmith, Demosthenes and Addison, Aristophanes and Goethe, Plato and Locke, Shakespeare and Cicero, Thucydides and Swift, Horace and Dante, and some other of the masters must be found on any catalogue. Indeed what would literature be without them? or would we have any literature worthy the name?

Within this charmed circle we all may come. We may all hold communion with these choice spirits. Mr. Ruskin says, "True books have been written in all ages by the greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice, and life is short. Will you jostle with the common crowd for entrée here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal Court is open to you with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time."

Not that we are firm believers in the eternal fitness of things. Nothing that has not in it the elements of

immortality can have durable life, and hence the "blood and thunder" novel all gossamery and bestial verbiage must die a death richly deserved. It will be for coming ages to determine whether Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, George Eliot, are to hold a high place in literature and go down to the ages. Tennyson, Browning, and Ruskin, must bide their time, for the true verdict will be given. There are some about whose perpetuity we cannot doubt. Cervantes and Moliere, those keen interpreters of human nature, and who have set up an everlasting kingdom in the human heart, are two of them; Defoe, as he tells his tale to succeeding generations, grows into more vigorous life, Homer, whose peerless verse ever rolls on in ceaseless melody must stand as the eternal type of the poet; the Agamemnon and Prometheus, Vinctus of Aeschylus, the *Œdipus, Rex* and *Antigone* of Sophocles, must ever remain as master pieces of the Greek drama, the myriad-minded and inexhaustible Shakespeare must live on in his *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, the *Aeneid* of Virgil, in its inimitable tenderness and martial fire must hold its place in the roll of immortal Epics; Milton whose voice was as the sea will never cease to justify the way of God to men — will always remain a master of Lyric poetry; Dante will continue to speak to us as a master in his art in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*; the exquisite lyrics and world-famed *Faust* of Goethe give Goethe immortality. Our English poets, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Goldsmith, Gray, Wordsworth, are indeed among the prized on earth. And so for the highest types of writers of fiction. The verdict of our race will in all cases be just. What is best in all these is simply invaluable.

But we cannot enlarge. Eschew the worthless and hurtful in literature. Do not by assimilating it debase and desecrate the powers which God has given you. Select from the Great Masters. There is no time for reading indifferent literature which neither kills nor makes alive. Build up a vigorous and healthy manhood by mastering and thoroughly enjoying the works of those whose harps no man can take down. Thus will your mental eye and ear be purged, and you be permitted to luxuriate in the boundless wealth of the mental world. Give dull works the go-by. Imbibe the noble, the true, the elevating. But do not let it be all books. Be your own masters, still hold communion with self, and let nothing interfere with the fostering of a candid mind and an honest heart. Literature cannot make great and noble those who are not great and noble in themselves.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

The regular lecture course in connection with our literary society was opened on Friday evening, Oct. 29th, with a very interesting and enthusiastic lecture, by the Rev. W. F. Cline, B. D., of Halifax.

The lecturer chose for his subject:—"John B. Gough, Orator and Reformer." On making his appearance on the platform the Rev. gentlemen was received with hearty applause, after which he was introduced by Mr. C. W. Corey, President of the Society. After a few remarks, by way of introduction, Mr. Cline began his lecture with the following quotation from Carlyle,— "Biography is by nature the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things, especially biography of distinguished individuals."

Throughout the entire discourse the lecturer proved the truthfulness of this statement. And those who had the privilege of hearing him must have been convinced that even a familiar biographical subject, in the hands of the right man, can be made both pleasing and profitable.

Mr. Cline handled his subject with grace and ease, and spoke without manuscript. The following are some of the thoughts presented:—

Biography in history. To be acquainted with the great political, moral, or religious movements of any age, it is necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with the individuals who have been the heart and brain of the movement.

Biography is philosophy teaching by example. With these facts before us you are invited to the study of the life and character of that distinguished, that prince of platform orators; that most eloquent and powerful advocate of temperance reform, John B. Gough, whose early death in the early part of the current year, bathed in tears the two foremost nations of the day.

John B. Gough was born in the picturesque village of Sand-Gate, on the 22nd of Aug., 1817; two years after the memorable battle of Waterloo; and two years before the birth of that noble woman and best of sovereigns, who now graces the British throne. His early life was a continued struggle with the ills of poverty. At the age of twelve he was placed in charge of a family emigrating to America, and sent forth to make his own fortune. Two years were spent upon a farm in central New York. Then he secured

employment in a book bindery in New York city. Shortly after this he was introduced into the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, and rapidly sank into the grossest intemperance. He became so wretched that even his boon companions avoided him. When homeless and almost hopeless, he was met by the genial Joel Strattan, who laid his hand gently upon his shoulder and spoke words of sympathy and encouragement; and induced him to sign the pledge. Twice the pledge was broken, once voluntarily, and once through the treachery of another. Yet after each fall he rose with stronger determination to stand upright. He began to deliver public addresses upon the subject of total abstinence. Invitations from all parts of the country, and from England, came pouring in upon him. He travelled extensively and delivered over eight thousand lectures, obtained more than one hundred and fifty thousand signatures to the temperance pledge. He died at his post. His last public utterance was, "young man keep your record clean." As a man he was affable, sociable, and sanguine; as an orator he possessed a voice of wonderful power and pathos—a remarkable imagination, "and played upon his audience as upon an old fiddle." He had always the faculty of seeing the ludicrous side of everything. He was introduced once as "Mr. Gough, famous in both hemispheres for his sublime as well as his ridiculous." His critics said he was illiterate and illogical; but he dealt in facts, he chose to set forth his arguments in pictures rather than in syllogisms. He was profoundly and awfully in earnest, he lived among men, and he spoke out of a full heart. He has given some practical rules that should govern public speakers.

Rule I.—"The Speaker should always have something to say that is worthy of being said." The public speaker who once said, "When we go out we find the men and women less numerous where the population is less dense, than where it is more dense," offered an insult to the intelligence of his audience.

Rule II.—"He should know what he has to say and how to say it. The result of neglecting this rule may be seen in the following example: A man was called upon to deliver an address at the building of a new bridge, he began with a great flourish of trumpets. 'Ladies and gentlemen forty years ago this place where we are to-day assembled was a waste howling

wilderness. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, forty years ago this place where we are to-day assembled was a waste howling wilderness. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, forty years ago this place where we are to-day assembled was a waste howling wilderness—and—and—I wish it was yet.'"

Rule III.—"He should never begin a comparison until he knows how he is going to finish it. Imagine such a sentence as this: 'At the break of day when the morning mists and vapors were being dispelled before the earliest rays of the sun, the trumpets sound the call to arms, the battle stayed veterans eager for the fray rushed down upon the foe like—like—like—*everything*.'"

Rule IV.—"He should avoid slavish imitation."

Rule V.—"He should avoid flippancy in manner and all affectation of voice."

Rule VI.—"He should be at ease."

Rule VII.—"He should forget himself in the all absorbing interest of his theme."

Rule VIII.—"He should adapt his discourses to his auditors."

AS A REFORMER

Gough was sagacious, always appealing to the noblest instincts, he saw the awful evils of intemperance as few others could. His theory was moral suasion for the poor victims of intemperance—legal prohibition for the man who persists in selling that which inebriates. He frequently declared he would rather be the worst drunkard that ever reeled in the street, than be the man who sold the liquor; and further he would rather be the worst seller of liquor that ever stood upon two feet, than to be the man who licensed its sale. He had great faith in man and saw in even the most degraded the image of his Maker. He had great faith in his work; he believed he was in the right, and his cause was destined to triumph. A pure moral tone pervaded all his utterances, he regarded himself a living commentary upon that scripture truth "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." He suffered to the end the effects of his intemperate career, hence the fervent admonition, "young man keep your record clean."

These broken paragraphs very inadequately set forth the style and finish of the lecture. Should Mr. Cline ever favor us with another lecture, he can feel sure of a hearty welcome by the students

EXCHANGES.

IN this issue of the Athenæum appears our first exchange article for the year. It is the fault of time that as the old drop out, the new step in to fill their places. Change is useless perpetual motion. In this position the Editor of the Exchange column usually either apologizes to the public for something concerning which he himself is somewhat doubtful, or takes refuge in a long-winded preface. Apologies are tiresome; prefaces in this respect pretty much alike. For apology, therefore, we plead inexperience, and as to the preface we believe the Exchange department of a college journal to be not the least interesting or instructive part. With no desire to find fault, pick flaws, or provoke controversy, we shall criticise, compliment, and speak out generally, just according as our careful consideration and judgment dictate. We invite honest open criticism, and if it is above quibbling, and worthy of consideration, hope we are wise enough to profit by it. Infallibility and perfection smack of the egotistical humbug.

Our enterprising friend of the blue covers, the *University Monthly*, is at hand for October, and its columns are as crowded as ever with—matter. The paper aims high, and with some dozen Editors to run it, and the strenuously called for contributions of the students to fill up, no great disappointment should be met with. The editorials consist of the "Outlook," occupying a whole column. The opening exercises of the Institution fill up first rate. If the editors could manage to have an opening once a month it would certainly save them considerable mental work. Opinion would probably be divided as to how the public would relish it. "Grad" has evidently been at some time one of the Senior Editors. His plea is just if it is old. The quotations in "H's" essay show careful reading. The essayist himself arrives at the conclusion that poetry "strips off outward shows and deals with essentials." We have an idea that poetry generally speaking is not in the habit of confining itself strictly to essentials, but we don't feel like disputing one who handles his subject so maturely. If, however as he claims, poetry deals with life, it certainly has a good deal of "outward show" to strip off yet. Prof. Lancaster's lecture is interesting. On the whole the *University Monthly* is well filled up with other persons sayings and doings, and we hope before the year closes to have something from the Editors themselves. One word more. We do hope that the imaginative Editor is not writing this year.

His gallantry in taking up what he professed to consider an attack by the ATHENÆUM upon the

benefactor of Dalhousie, Mr. Munroe, was for a far-fetched, strained, patched up, unsubstantiated, unwarranted tissue of dissembling inuendo, a worthy specimen.

THE *Argosy* looks well, and is quite readable. The arrangement of matter in the paper is, we think, slightly mixed; you get pretty well through before you know where you are. The author of a "Seaside Reverie," has evidently been studying Coleridge's "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni." The piece affects the sublime but hinges on the ridiculous. That "moaning moan again," is slightly "moony." "Consistency" is short and full of points. "Personal column," slightly corpulent. The free and easy style of "Novi Homines" is highly entertaining; the editors probably go armed. The *Argosy* improves yearly.

To the uninitiated the *Kings' College Record* is just a little bit deceptive; take it up and it feels heavy; open it and the first page looks weighty; from that on to the end it grows steadily lighter. The poetry crop is good; "Resurgam" is enthusiastic, "Low tide on the Avon," a little dreamy, but rather poetical. The London Correspondent writes very well, and two or three months ago his English political jottings would very likely have been read. His statement in regard to the University of Windsor conferring medical degrees, is, however, news indeed; that Sir Charles Tupper received his there makes the fact still more interesting. We always understood that the High Commissioner received his degree at Edinburgh; but if in addition to this he had one conferred upon him by the University of Windsor he is doubly honored. Just when this medical department flourished, and conferred those three other degrees, are questions upon which we would like to have some information. Great historical facts sometimes disclose themselves very slowly. We hope to be laid under still greater obligations to the *Record's* correspondent if it would not be asking too much. We are sorry advertisements do not leave a little more room for literary matter, and glad to hear of improved prospects. We are obliged to omit noticing at length a host of our exchanges. Prominent among a bright, interesting looking collection, we notice the *University Gazette*, conscious of its dignity, presenting a good appearance on the outside, affording diversion within, and an able college paper throughout. *Varsity* is growing venerable according to its own story, but looking quite youthful. *Collegiate*, *Cadet*, *Colby Echo*, *Oberlin Review*, *University Quarterly*, *University Register*, *Adelphian*, *Del. Coll. Review*, etc., etc., are all on our table, and want of space alone prevents us reviewing them.

THE MATCH.

FRIDAY evening, amid the cheers of a crowded platform, Acadia's fifteen, captained by her Achilles at foot-ball, Prescott, and accompanied by about an equal number of enthusiastic students, stepped aboard the express for Halifax to play their annual match with Dalhousie. After a sound night's keeping awake at the Carleton the boys stepped out to the grounds of the Wanderers, where the game was played. Dalhousie winning choice of goals, Wallace, of Acadia, applied a No. 10 boot, backed by a sturdy leg, to the ball, and sent it spinning across the field followed up by nine good forwards and true. Dalhousie was all there and for ten minutes the game raged with little advantage for either side until DeWolfe, of Acadia's team, by a couple of sharp runs, landed the ball well up towards Dalhousie's line. A few minutes after a nasty dispute occurred and was only settled by the visiting team yielding the point, although much to our disadvantage and in violation of the rules to which Acadia's Captain appealed in vain against the decision of the Referee. DeWolfe, who is the personification of true blue-ism, while running after the ball was thrown and had his collar bone broken. The heat closed with no points for either side. The second heat was a series of desperate scrimmages. With heads down; heels planted, noses bloody, and eyes starting, the forwards shoved till the ground in places look as though plowed. Half and quarter backs on tip toes and fairly gasping to get hold of the ball, tip-toed and gasped in vain, for hardly one opportunity was given them. Corey succeeded in getting the ball out of the scrimmage several times but was "downed" almost immediately, and the same of Morrison of Dalhousie. A last kick by quarter-back Lovett, sent the ball well across the center field and "times up" ended a hard fought game. Dalhousie's peculiar interpretation of a rule reduces the game to one of main strength and stupidity, and renders it less interesting than it might be when there is opportunity for some display of skill. Dinner, graced by the presence of Principal Forrest, whose remarks were heartily appreciated, was enjoyed by the teams at the "Halifax," after which hands were shaken and "all aboard for Wolfville." The umpires, L. F. Eaton, for Acadia, and C. Annand, for Dalhousie, gave the best satisfaction. Good feeling prevailed throughout, and the next match is looked forward to with greater interest than ever.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

THE united income of Oxford and Cambridge is \$7 for every man, woman and child in Nova Scotia.

CORNELL is to have a Law department.

THE venerable old College of William and Mary is looking round for a coffin. An educational institution requires something more than age to insure its success.

DELAWARE College has raised its standard of education as high as any in the land. Whistler is third of the editors of the Delaware College Review.

WELLESLEY turned 150 applicants away from its doors last year through lack of accommodation. N. S. can accommodate them.

AT Yale this year the captains of the Base and Foot Ball teams carried off our oratorical prize respectively. See what exercise of the lungs does for a scholar.

AFRICA is not all heathen. The Egyptian University founded 500 years before America was discovered, has some 250 professors, 8000 students from the Continents of Europe, Asia and Africa, and a magnificent library.

YALE is not satisfied with her religious services. Religious interest has been reduced to a minimum. Says the "Courant." Attendance upon religious services is compulsory, and to be fed on the "Dry husks of religious conventionalism" has become unbearable.

THE experiment of governing the affairs of the college by a senate composed of professors and students has proved an entire success at Amherst.

PERSONALS.

B. A. LOCKHART, B. A., '84, is teaching English and Mathematics in St. John's Military Academy, Haddonfield, N. Jersey.

W. C. GOUCHER, B. A., '83, having completed his course of study at Newton, has been ordained to the ministry, and has settled in Camden, Maine.

REV. D. G. McDONALD has accepted a call to a Baptist church in Ashland, Mass. In connection with his work at that place he is prosecuting a course of study at Newton Centre.

REV. W. B. BOGGS, M. A., '74, has been appointed Principal of the Telugu Theological Seminary at Ramapatam, India. We congratulate him on his appointment to so honorable and responsible a position.

M. C. SMITH, who studied with the class of '86, is now pursuing a course in Medicine and Dental Surgery in Washington, D. C.

Persons sending facts for this column will greatly oblige the Editors.

LOCALS.

UNETTE.

THE veiled lady.

NEW translation for Y-a-t-il: *Ah there!*

WHAT is *wood worth* to members of the Freshman class?

IMPORTANT NOTICE:—Sophomore rackets are supposed to close at 12 o'clock sharp.

WHY is it that a certain Soph. is unable to particularize? Because his remarks are always *general*.

PROF.: "Now we come to *pure mathematics*."
FORGETFUL SOPH.: "If its all the same I'll take mine *mixed*."

At a recent Sunday morning service the only Sems. in the end gallery looked very much like two members of the Senior class.

"I'll put on a cap and gown,
To the photographers go down,
Then the students will acknowledge
That I am a member of the college."—*Shak.*

A FRESHM who is "*border*" in the rear of the old building sings, "We are the flowers," etc.
SOPH.: "Do you represent the *nightshade* or the *snow-drop*?"

ONE of the residents of Chipman hall declares that he is unable to take his *vocal* music lessons until about 11 o'clock at night. If such be the case, and it seems to be, we would advise him to *foster* his voice in his room under the blankets if necessary.

THE *black cook* of a village boarding house(?) declares that he has a very hard time of it because there are two boarders who are always *eaton*.

A Senior bold as we are told,
From the "hub" 't'was plain to see;
Came home quite thin, and on his chin
Was a glossy black goatie.

One evening rare as with prudent care
He stroked his "G." serenely;
Behind his chair stole a classmate fair
With steel that cut most keenly.

And now we see this Senior free
From the weight of a growth most thrifty,
But if we tease of only *three*
Says he "*go tease* the fifty."

A CERTAIN *millar* in this neighborhood seeing a horse by the wayside and thinking that it belonged to a friend, concluded to take a drive; and so he stepped to the seat, gathered up the reins and was off. After he had driven about *olie* wanted to return the horse to the place where had found it, and then learning that he had made a mistake, did not stop to thank his friend for the loan of the horse.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society was held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th. After an interesting programme had been carried out the Rev. W. B. Boggs delivered an address on missions. Rarely have Acadia's students had the pleasure of listening to such a pleasing and instructive address; and all look forward with interest to our next meeting, when it is expected that he will again address us.

HE is quite a *walker*, he walked into a tailor shop the other day and, sitting down, quietly asked the tailor to cut off the long pants which he had on. The tailor laughed and said he would be pleased to if he would leave them in some afternoon. Then the poor boy walked home to change them.

THE *general* air of a certain student may possibly expose him to ridicule. The following lines of Cowper are suggested:
"In my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust."
This, however, may be said in his favor, he is always ready to make *amends*.

IMPORTANT action was taken at the late meeting of the Senate and Board of Governors. As our columns are full we are not able to refer to it at length. We give a short statement of the work done. The principle of optional studies was adopted, and a committee was appointed to recommend what subjects should be allowed as optional. This committee also was directed to provide for instruction in Modern Languages during the coming term. Another committee was appointed to consider the selection of another professor. These committees are to render their reports in June next.

THE students of the college were favored with a Shaksperian reception by the ladies of the Seminary on the 13th inst. As the enterprise was an entirely new one for this community it is not at all surprising that opinion slightly varies as to its success. But all unite in their commendation of the efforts put forth by the teachers and the young ladies of their charge to make the evening pleasant. The Principal especially with apt quotations from her favorite author assisted in making the evening lively and cheerful. The idea of introducing a more decided literary element into these social re-unions is certainly worthy of favorable consideration.

UNDER the fostering care of brazen throated sophs. the place of the defunct Glee Club is in a fair way of being supplied. It doesn't *Mac-en-na* difference apparently about the quality or quantity of the music, quality being of that kind usually classed as locomotive tenor and variety the orthodox sophomoric howl. The ass brays because it is an ass. If those particular members of '89 wish to lay claim to ties of consanguinity with the above mentioned bird they can take no surer means of convincing Chipman Hall than by continuing those musical exhibitions.

MARRIAGES.

GRIFFIN-CROSBY.—At Willow Brook, Ohio, on the 13th inst., by Rev. Anderson Rogers, assisted by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Clarence E. Griffin, B. A., Barrister, of Medway, Mass., to Addie A., eldest daughter of William Crosby, Esq., of Yarmouth county, N. S.

HOARE-MCKEEN.—At Halifax, Nov. 19th, by Rev. W. H. Cline, Arthur M. Hoare and Florence E., daughter of the late A. D. McKeen, all of Wolfville.

PITT-PAYZANT.—At the Baptist church, Wolfville, Nov. 24th, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., Hilton A. Pitt, of Bermuda, and Carrie B., third daughter of Dr. E. N. Payzant, of Wolfville.

BROWN-SAUNDERS.—At the Baptist Parsonage, Westport, Nov. 3rd, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, assisted by the Rev. G. H. Goudy, Rev. J. S. Brown, pastor of the Baptist church of Digby, and Sadie A. O., eldest daughter of the officiating clergyman.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

W. B. Crawley, \$1.00; A. J. Denton, \$1.00; F. M. Kelly, \$2.00; E. J. Morse, \$3.00; W. O. Wright, \$2.00; J. C. Herbin, 50c.; H. M. Chambers, \$3.00; Geo. Baker, \$1.00; W. H. Cline, \$1.00; H. S. Shaw, \$1.00; L. D. Morse, \$1.00; J. T. Prescott, \$1.00; G. P. Raymond, \$1.00; A. E. Coldwell, \$1.00; Miss Butterick, \$1.00; W. B. Burnett, \$1.00; F. Shaw, \$1.00; C. A. Eaton, \$1.00; J. W. Armstrong, \$1.00; H. S. Blackadar, 50c.; W. B. Wallace, 75c.; A. B. Holly, \$1.00; F. H. Knapp, \$2.00; Miss Wood, \$1.00; J. E. Price, \$1.00.

H. L. DAY, Sec.-Treas.

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

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THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's march to the Sea, by Generals Howards and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two Novellettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons: papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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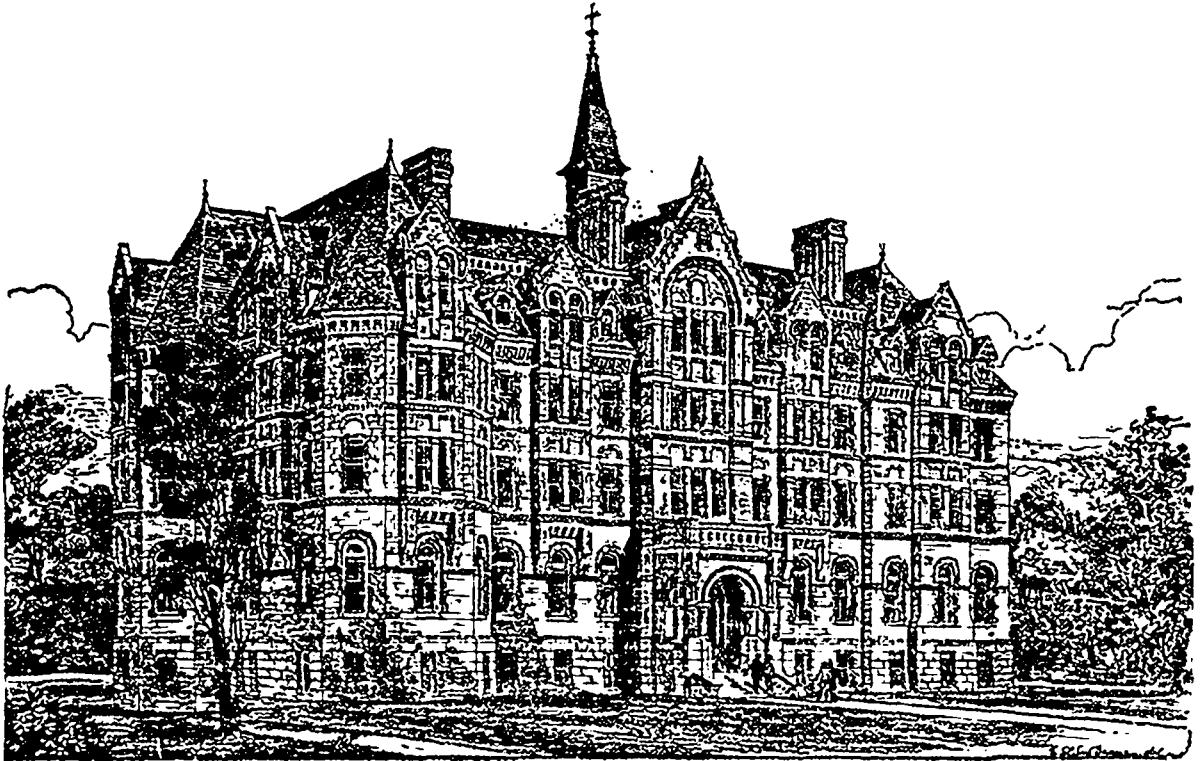
DIGBY, N. S.

Having been proprietor of a Drug Store in St. John, N. B. for many years, and holding a Diploma from the "Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Society, I beg leave to offer my services to all persons who may require any thing in this line of business. I do not keep stocks of Dry Goods, Stationery, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c., so that Family Receipts, Active Medicines, and Prescriptions may be handled "*secundum artem*."

To patrons at a distance, I would make a discount to help cover postage or expense, on cash orders.

J. CHALONER,
Pharmaceutical Chemist.

Toronto Baptist College.



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