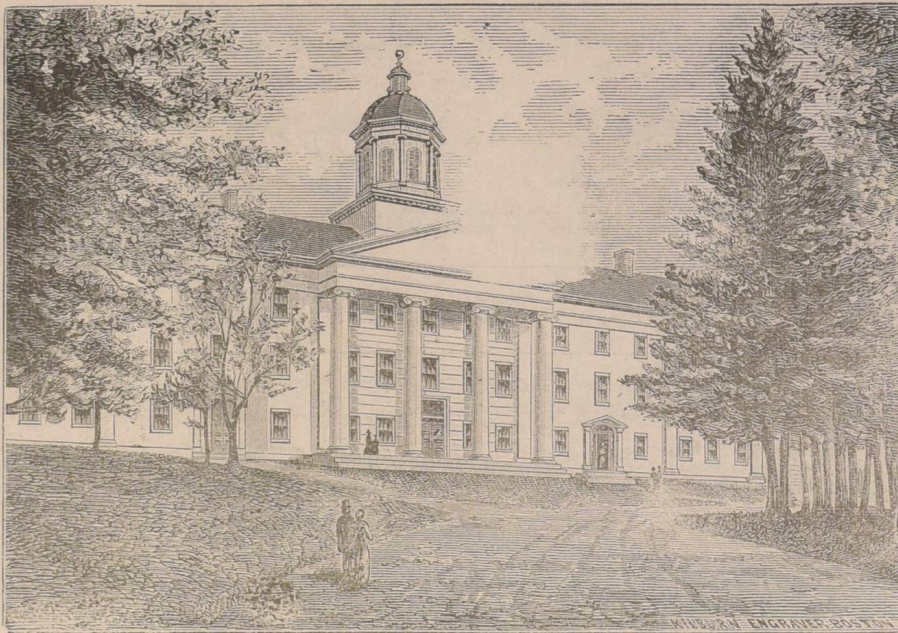


The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUSQUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 5.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1879.

No. 8.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

READ BEFORE THE ALUMNI BY E. W. LOCKHART, '78

Pilgrims we throng to Wolfville once again,
Where oft our feet have roved in halcyon days,
Where oft our spirits thrilled with joy and pain,
And where the olden stood we stand and gaze
On a fair temple throned on the height
Which looks down on Acadia's Arcady.
Now beams the eye of Athens with new light.
And Homer's song yet answers to the sea.

As Jewish exiles from a land of sighs
With joyful footsteps to their Zion come;
Exult to see her walls and towers arise,
And hymn with praise their spirit's temple home,
And tune their harps, long silent and unstrung,
To deeper notes than woke the by-gone years,
So we, in presence of the triumph young,
Sing hope triumphant over loss and fears.
The muses trip once more with twinkling feet,
By our re-opened spring of Helicon,
And through the future vistas far withdrawn,
Resounds the lofty song prophetically sweet.

Noble and fair thy new proportions rise,
A young Acadia! founded on the old;
Dear classic grounds we reverent hold
As consecrated by the fathers wise,
By memories and melodies of yore,
I may thy prouder pillars nevermore
In fiery fragments face!
But even in hoary ruin call
The future pilgrim to thy haunted shrines.

Go and fulfil the destiny
The opening ages hold for thee.
Let light of heaven thy life adorn,
So shall a sovereign God exalt thy horn.
Preserve inviolate the faith
That laid thy pillars deep in earth.
Cast out the spirit force which lurks
In Protean form behind the works
Of science. Search where lie
The germs of a divine Philosophy.
Drink deep Castalia's crystal fount,
Bathe in the naiad-haunted streams;
But hold, 'bove grandest Grecian dreams
That Cross whereon ye mount
Higher than flight of classic lore
Olympian, mounts untrod before
By mythic men and gods.
Be Christ the glory and the song
Of thy deep soul; and be the throng
Of Bards and Seers of old
The Gentile chorus preluding
The coming age of Gold.

Within thy ample halls shall stand
The flower of our progressive land.
From South and North, from West and East,
They come and gather round the feast.
Some modern Horace drinks his fill
Of honey from Hymettus Hill;
A new-born Plato steals the gleam
Of the old Plato's God-rapt dream;
Another Newton through deep laws of time
Discerns the eternal cause.
A Galileo oils his car
To travel to the farthest star.
Like bees I see an exodus
Of souls drenched in the calculus
And differentiated well—
Infinite, infinitesimal.
The music swells; the Dorian late
Commingles with the Lydian flute;
The deeper-toned Ionian lyre
Burns with the red Æonian fire,
And science blows his organ too,
With strength that Bacon never knew,
And on this hill in coming time,
I see a nobler host arise,
To purge man's spirit from its slime,
And light his darkened eyes.
The sons of soul's like Crawley, who
On India's plain the trumpet blew
Whose echo never dies.
They drink from wisdom's sacred rill,
They list the oracles which fill
Their hearts with power divine.
Some Paul, read in all modern lore,
Some John, by love taught to adore,
Shall speak the word sublime.
Here too, with equal rights shall come
The daughters with the sons,
From cottage roof, from stately home,
The mingled current runs;
And ladies' grace with manhood's strength,
Shall educate the land at length,
In Christian chivalry.
So cultured mothers, cultured wives,
Shall give Acadia fairest lives
With brain as well as brawn.
No poet shall lament with tears,
In looking on those happy years.
A golden age that's gone.

The song was hushed. I turn back to the old
And muse on scenes time never can restore,
And think on friends these eyes no more behold,
But whose familiar footsteps evermore
Make music in the glades of memory.
By many a stream, in many a haunted grove
I wander, dreaming of the past and ye,
Brooding upon the severing of our love
On the mere marge of life's unsounded sea.

Shafner and Campbell, your familiar names

I call because I know ye well,
 And of your virtues in too feeble strains
 My faltering tongue erewhile assayed to tell;
 And you my brothers whom I never knew,
 Dead with the battle-harness buckled on,
 Dear Chipman, Very, Grant, the hundred true
 Whose sun has risen in a nobler dawn;
 Methinks invisible ye hover now
 To press a kiss on our young mother's brow.

Those blackened stones, that dark and ashy mound
 Those levelled vaults, this shattered masonry,
 These old foundations razed to the ground!
 Were they the only remnants left of thee?
 Thou didst not die, thy spirit lives for aye.
 Thy life's ethereal current pure and deep
 Yet pours along from heart of sire to son.
 Thou didst but weary go awhile to sleep.
 And wake to find a greater youth begun.
 Acadia! offspring of th' heroic past,
 That ledd'st the van of culture in our land;
 A fire pillar of the night which cast
 Around a radiance ever clear and bland—
 Whose arm shall span the triumphs of the hand,
 What plummet sound thy depths of influence vast?

The immortal soul expands, and breaks away
 The faded garment which enclosed it here;
 And with perennial freshness in the ray
 Of deeper suns, reclothes its power there,
 With divine vesture for its high career.
 Thou too a worn out garment didst ungird
 And take a stronger body for the fight,
 Even as the spirit of the fabled bird
 Sprung from its body's ashes plumed for flight.

But yet the son weeps o'er a mother's clay,
 And we were sad thy desolate walls to see.
 No garret, class-room, hall or worn stair-way
 But spoke with tongues a glowing history.
 Each nook had serious voices of the past,
 Blended with the laugh of Boys of Grand Pre;
 And names were carved on thee that live no more.
 Doubtless our vision piercing through the vast
 Would see them carved far higher than before.
 In the annals recorded of thy years,
 Mid other names two names shall reign supreme
 With that soft light which hallows and endears.
 And when we pass—forgotten as a dream,
 And other generations read thy page,
 They twain, midst half-remembered-forms shall
 stream

In dual radiance o'er the closed age
 Which saw thy loom of labor strenuous ply.
 Crawley and Cramp revered—the students friends,
 No grave can quench their Immortality.
 While truth with love in noble spirits blends.
 Now let the Muse forget the tribute due
 To those who still stand in the toilsome van,
 But grateful, give the well-tried and the true,
 The honor that true manhood pays to man.
 They never failed in hour of deepest need,
 And when the old bell rang in dying tones,
 They stood afront, in word, in prayer, in deed,—
 Firm Sawyer, rugged Higgins, kindly Jones,
 And with them, hand in hand, the later three
 Professors Welton, Tufts, and Kennedy,
 Ye have a people's sympathy and love,
 Ye have the benediction from above.

Enough. Oppressed, my daring Muse retires.
 Time will not serve each generous heart to tell.
 Farewell Alumni, brothers, reverend sires,
 Not all shall meet here more—a kind farewell.
 We go divergent ways as God hath given:
 O may they end in truth—in home, in heaven.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL. NO. 8.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

We next took the train for

COLOGNE,

which is situated on the Rhine, about 150 miles east or a little south-east from Antwerp. As we approached this City it became evident from the language we heard in the cars and at the different stations, that we were on German soil. I confess it was rather an exciting moment to myself. I had given a good deal of attention to the study of German, and hoped, therefore, that if I should not be able to converse with others in this language, I should yet understand them when speaking to me. But I was mistaken. I could fix up a question in my own mind, and put it as occasion required, such as: *Wann geht der zug ab?* When does the train start? *Soll ich hier aussteigen?* Shall I get out here? *Wo nimmt man die Billete?* Where are the tickets sold? And if the answer, when it came, had been as brief, and spoken as slowly as the question, I should possibly have understood it; but instead of this, its words were so many, and seemed so confused and blended in their utterance, that I found it impossible to separate between them with my ear as they were spoken, or to comprehend their meaning. I was now convinced of what I had never thought much of before, namely, the great difference between learning a language on the printed page through the eye, and as spoken through the ear. I believe a person may thoroughly master the grammatical structure of a language, and read it easily at sight, and yet not be able to understand it at all when he hears it spoken. Indeed, learning a language through the eye only, is only half learning it. It would doubtless be better if, in the study of the ancient Latin and Greek classics in our Colleges, these languages were learned by sound as well as by sight. They are thus learned, particularly the former, in many schools in Europe. The German student is not considered fit to matriculate from the

Gymnasium into the University until he can not only read Latin, but compose and converse in it as well.

In the University valuable courses of lectures are often delivered in Latin, but they must be a sealed book to him who has not been trained to understand the language as spoken.

Cologne is the largest City in the Rhenish Province of Prussia, and one of the most important places in Germany. Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero, was born here, and founded here a colony, called *Colonia Agrippinensis*, in the year 50.

The City has more attractions than I can here particularly describe. I cannot, however, pass by its Cathedral, which justly excites the admiration of every beholder, and is probably the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world. It is smaller, indeed, in superficial area than the Cathedrals of Milan and Rome, but it surpasses either of them in beauty. It has a grandeur born of a vast design, and the most harmonious proportions. It is a magnificent poem in stone, and fascinates the eye as music does the ear. The mind that originated its plan—which lay its multiform proportions and graces before they were realized in stone, deserves to be ranked with those which produced the *Iliad* and the *Paradise Lost*.

It is a cruciform structure, the nave being flanked with double, and the transept with single aisles. Its total length is 444 feet, breadth 201 feet, length of transepts 282 feet, height of the walls 150 feet, height of the roof 201 feet, height of the central tower rising over the transept 357 feet, and the projected height of the two great towers which are now rapidly approaching completion, 511 feet. These will consist of four storeys, crowned with elegant open spires.

The principal portal is 93 feet in height and 31 feet in width, and is most elaborately ornamented with statues, making it a fitting entrance to so grand an edifice.

The interior is beautiful and impressive beyond description. Especially is it the case from certain angles of observation, in which its combined charms strike the eye at once. Its 56 columns, branching so gracefully at the top in flying buttresses and arches, seem not unlike so many majestic elms, though they are taller than elms ever grew. At the height of 150 feet they seem to weave their branches beneath the roof which they support. The streaming down among these columns

of the sunlight, colored with the hues of the magnificent stained windows through which it has come, and flinging these hues over pillar and statue, and altar and worshipper alike, filling the whole place with glory, produces upon the beholder an almost overwhelming effect.

Flanking the side aisle of the Cathedral are seven chapels, in which are preserved various relics. In the fourth, for instance, are exhibited what are declared to be the bones of the Magi, who came from the east to worship the infant Christ. They were brought in the first place by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, from which place they were afterwards taken to Milan. In 1164 they were presented by Frederick Barbarossa to Archbishop Reinald, by whom they were removed to Cologne.

These bones may be said to have made the fortune of the Cathedral. They were the greatest religious card of the middle ages. The old feudal lords would keep an oath made over these bones, though they broke every other.

Other Churches in Cologne can also boast of their bone relics, notably that of St. Ursula, so called, from an English princess of this name, who, according to the legend, when on her return from a pilgrimage to Rome, was barbarously murdered with her 11,000 virgin attendants by the Huns, on the spot on which the Church is built. The bones of these virgin martyrs are preserved in cases, placed round the Church. Their skulls grin and stare at one everywhere. On the little altar is the very skull of the very saint himself, and that of Conan, her lover, who made the pilgrimage to Rome with her, and with her was also slain.

The guide who conducted us through the Church of St. Ursula was a young man of extraordinary linguistic ability. Though only 19 years of age, he spoke seven languages, namely, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English. As we entered the Church he said to the party that he would be happy to answer our questions—to converse with us concerning the Church, or on any other subject in either of these languages. Questions were accordingly put to him in four of them, namely, English, German, French and Greek, all which he fluently answered; and no doubt, had he been tested, he would have shown himself equally at home in the others. On asking his name he took my note-book and wrote in it: *Joseph Maubach, opposite the Church of St. Ursula, B. A.*

THIS DEGENERATE AGE.

[Concluded.]

In the realm of thought, too, we must no longer think, but may only think that we think; while we may scarcely hope that we hope, and but dream that we dream. Perhaps the latter, as has been suggested, may be a sign that we are near awaking. Verily the world has progressed a pace since Newton, hoary with age and wisdom, seemed to himself like a boy playing with pebbles on the shore of a vast ocean, whose depths and extent lay before him unexplored and unknown; or Schiller, observing boundless realms of thought looming up beyond the circumference of his investigations, exclaims: "Truth never is, always is a—being"; nor had Hegel reached this limit of the possible, when dying—we might almost say over his manuscript—he left as his last insertion a "*but*." But now our little world of letters has traversed the wide universe of thought; and, like the ancient warrior, sits down to weep that there are no more universes to conquer. But pause for a moment ere you don the mourning weeds for a universe of thought devoured. Alexander's world is but a small part of the globe to-day: so is your conquered realm of thought but a hand-breadth, a small section cut out of that vast circle "whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference nowhere"; and to future generations your mourning may seem as ludicrous as the premature tears of the ancient warrior do to us.

Leave off chasing these evanescent phantoms, and see if there is not in stern, real life all around you, yea, even within yourself a world of untold, undiscovered riches, waiting only that development of culture which shall call it forth into life, and make it all aglow with vital thought. Is not human life as real yet as when Burns charmed his countrymen, and the world besides, with his vivid pictures of it; are not the pleasures and passions of mankind similar to what they were when *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* were written? Possibly by diligent and

patient searching we may yet find enough to employ our little allotment of time upon things near at hand, when our time shall be more profitably employed than on mere star-gazing, or attempting to peer into the distant eternities, if perchance we may discover things forever sealed up from mortal ken. Is not the present time to us the meeting of two eternities, and the most important point in either of them for us? What more auspicious position then would we hold? The ostrich is indeed a foolish bird to build her nest where it is liable to be destroyed by the foot of any passing animal; but still more foolish would be that ethereal bird who should attempt to build where her wings were unable to carry her.

Not yet, however, has the whole realm of thought been exhausted; not yet have the eternal verities been reduced to the dimensions of a mathematical problem; but still there remain "more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has dreamed of." The form and qualities of matter around us yet have an existence, not, in our opinion, altogether relative. Beauty, whether subjective or objective, still exists as a reality. Our small globe is, as it were, a green spot, the most beautiful in the universe, and according to the general fitness of things, we are provided with just the senses requisite to discern and enjoy its varied perfections; while for the interior world of immaterial thought, we are supplied with an inner sense or consciousness, of peculiar adaptation, for the enjoyment thereof. These things therefore we choose as a basis on which to build up the massive structure of an outward and inward life; nor can we be persuaded that thought is but of a relative existence, and is but "a secretion of the brain as bile is of the liver," or that the huge granite is identical with a mud-pie, or the great oak with a gooseberry-bush. Man is yet what he always was, nor are his capabilities impaired if he but apply himself with proper zeal, and in the right direction. "Let but the true poet be given us" says Carlyle, "place him where and when you will, and true poetry will not

be wanting." Let us but be true to our principles, to our surroundings, and to ourselves, and then we may employ our time to more profit; while we shall lessen the occasion, if, indeed, such exists, of mourning over the degeneracy of the age.

Surely, too, there is yet room—and even a broader basis for literature at present than ever before. Hume tells us that Addison's definition of good writing, viz: "to write sentiments which are natural without being obvious," is the most just definition of it that can be given; so, says Horace, we should write so that any one reading would think he could write the same things, but in attempting it would utterly fail, "*rudet multum et frustra que laboret.*") And truly the things most natural and most important, though often the least obvious, are those which occur around and within us every day. To "act in the living present" is the chief duty of any individual; and to do this in any age is—as far concerns ourselves—to enoble it. Sufficient for any age is its own good and evil, and if we employ aright our own, we shall not need to call up to its assistance the spectres of an imaginary golden age in the past, nor an anticipated millenium in the distant future.

Yet men chase after thistledown themselves, while they accuse the age of trifling. If we cannot with our feeble rush-light discover the workings of the past, nor peer into the mysteries of the cloud-enveloped future; then we had better leave chaos, and coming back to cosmos, see if here we cannot find enough of thought to satisfy our intellectual craving, enough of work to give our hands honest employment.

Those, again, who have been accustomed to bend their necks to the yoke of cast-iron rule, mourn over the manifest breaking away from the old, arbitrary standards of moral and religious authority. All must be lost, say they, if these foundations be abandoned. Rather would we hope that this digression, this seemingly incoming of lawlessness may be attended by more happy results.

Society longs to be delivered from the

bondage of custom, of caste, and of a venal submission to creeds, which can never be progressive, and the influence of which has been almost universally opposed to the progress and development of truth.

But as restraints are gradually removed, new forces are set free; ambition becomes a strong motive power, and bears with it not only a desire for self-aggrandizement, but also a much more commendable love of research and investigation, and demands more intense personal application, and a freer individuality.

New fields of thought and research are opening upon all sides. Harvests of truth waving in the sunlight of advancing science, call for earnest, honest, individual effort, in order that they may be garnered into the treasure-house of useful knowledge. The world-spirit is waking up to the cultivation of a more extended thought. Humanity is shaking off the shackles of its bondage, and asserting its right to breathe the pure atmosphere, and enjoy the sunshine of earth; and to use its God-given powers in the pursuit of a higher, nobler, more universal manhood. Nor has the limit yet been reached; for as when we look through the most powerful telescope, and the eye reaches far into the great deeps of space, the grand prospective only inables us to conceive of a broader universe beyond; so each attainment gained in the moral or mental universe, but widens the area of possible attainment.

Moreover it is not a sufficient objection to this breaking up of old conservative dogmas, that carried to the extreme, it might land the race in the vortex of fanaticism, socialism or free love. That such tendencies are always visible when unrestricted freedom is given cannot be denied; but a freedom bounded only by that necessity which is fixed in the laws of nature is the right of every individual, for as investigators in the realm of thought as well as morals "we are called into liberty," and without liberty none can attain to eminence, nor even to true manhood, and with quite as much reason might we shut

ourselves out from the wholesome rays of the sun, because falling on us with too much intensity, they may produce paralysis; or discard all culture because too close application to study has been known to produce insanity: as to abjure all liberty because carried beyond proper bounds it may result in licentiousness.

But freedom is never lawlessness, nor can lawlessness in any proper sense ever constitute true liberty; but to be free indeed is to thoroughly understand and conscientiously practice those multitudinous laws which control the occult springs of action in the physical and moral worlds. "Obedience," says Luthardt, "is the road to liberty, and self-control is education for independence."

While we wonder at all things around us, yet the greatest wonderland is within ourselves. Our whole life seems a mingling of paradoxes, or as one has said, "man is a heap of contradictions." The most inexorable limit to our freedom is necessity, and yet were it not for the interference of necessity there would be no such thing as human freedom. This is evident in connection with the struggle for existence—for this is where necessity acts with the most irresistible force. In those countries where physical and mental effort are called forth to the greatest degree, in order to secure a livelihood, are found the greatest amount of freedom and intelligence; while in those where nature provides all the necessities of life with a more liberal hand, indolence and crime—the worst of slavery prevail. Between these two extremes, however, there is ample room for all the possible exertion of the most speculative mind.

Sociology is surely as interesting a study as ever it was. The thoughts, experiences, emotions of mankind, in joy, in sorrow, in quietude and in trouble, in freedom and in slavery, and in all the varying circumstances of life, together with all its relations of time and eternity are not all these yet pregnant with power and replete with timely lessons and admonitions? These are the grand topics to be developed by the literary force of the present time or of any other, and to this undertaking there seems to be a waking up at the present time.

Thought and literature freed from the confinement of narrow cloisters and caves of the earth—its refuge in a less congenial age, seek a new and broader development, and reach out toward new attainments as yet

undreamed of. What the age most needs and most imperatively demands, is salvation from cant and hypocrisy, and the display of a more ardent enthusiasm in the search after truth for its own sake. This we shall welcome as the herald of a millenium of true culture, sound learning, and honesty unfeigned.

On the whole we consider the outlook a rather hopeful one at present. The room for greater intellectual development we think none will doubt, while the fact that the best parts of our earth yet lie uninhabited, except by the beasts of the forest, and gigantic needs of the plain, leaves ample space for material advancement. The tendencies of the time seem to be in the direction of material and moral growth. The agencies employed to this end we forbear to enumerate—their name is legion. The one agency of steam employed in railroads and steamships is one of the most potent civilizers at the present time, and we think probably during the present generation this power will be the chief means of opening up more than our "dark continent."

The broad fertile valleys of the Nile and Amazon will not always be the haunts of wild beasts, or little superior specimens of humanity. But in the intellectual world we anticipate far greater advances. The unfolding of general truth consequent upon the united efforts of many ardent laborers, in the different departments of research, the overcoming of bigotry and prejudice—whether national political or religious; and the near approach and final consummation of that time when universal peace and prosperity shall hold dominant sway, and nations and individuals shall "neither hunt nor destroy" each other henceforth; all these are things devoutly to be wished for.

Then the whole fabric of human society, complete in every part, and attuned to the most perfect harmony, when touched from its lowest diapason to its highest note, will give forth sweet concordant strains, an accompaniment to the onward march of the age.

ERRATUM.—In our last issue which gives the list of Officers of the ATHENÆUM Society for the quarter just ended, for "*A. J. Eaton, Pres.*," read *A. J. Denton*.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

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B. F. SIMPSON, '80. A. C. CHUTE, '81.

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THIS being the last issue of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM for the Collegiate year of '78 '79, we take this opportunity of again reminding those of our subscribers that we are very much in need of money. The paper cannot be carried on unless our subscribers pay up their dues.

We are still much behind, and our bills must be paid immediately. Money can be sent in postage stamps or small bills. The Secretary Treasurer (G. W. Cox,) will be in Wolfville during vacation, and all money should be remitted to him without delay.

We are very thankful to those of our friends who have remembered us, and we trust that all will send in their subscriptions at once.

At a recent meeting of our Literary Society, it was decided, in accordance with a suggestion made in our last issue, to appoint two more editors for the next year than have been chosen to conduct the ATHENÆUM in the years past. Four of these, together with a managing committee, were then elected as follows:—Chief Editors—B. F. Simpson and A. C. Chute; Assistant Editors—G. W. Cox

and W. H. More; Managing Committee—G. W. Gates, W. F. Parker, and F. L. Shafner. The other editors are to be chosen on our return in September. From the assignment of distinct departments greater success may reasonably be expected, and we hope the result of this division of labor may be apparent.

The matter of increasing the price was also brought up; but this remains for future and more mature consideration. Ours is the cheapest College paper we know of—many which come to us containing less matter, and gotten up with less expense, bring one dollar for the same number of issues. Doubtless a decrease of our subscription list would follow an increase of price, but half the number of subscribers, if the price were doubled, would bring in *more* money, for our best patrons would stand by us, and at the same time the expenses would be less on the smaller number of copies.

Some method of preventing financial embarrassment at the close of the year, must be adopted. We have just looked over a number of secular, literary and religious papers on our table, and it is surprising the amount of space occupied in the aggregate by calls for funds. Persons up to time in payment must be wearied by the everlasting cry for money, and perhaps some other mode of stirring up delinquents should be devised, for it is manifestly unjust to exact payment from the *prompt* for columns filled with "Pay what thou owest;" but no other method can now be thought of, and we trust necessity will not drive us to invention. About \$350.00 is now upon our books, and in comparison with this our liabilities are small. To make up the present deficiency it was proposed to tax the members of the Society, but this would be robbing ourselves and putting a premium on negligence—for in many cases the amount asked is so small it is neglected.

Our Secretary has placed in the hands of students, lists of delinquent subscribers in communities where they expect to be during vacation, and we bespeak for them the greeting they desire. Those who may be in places where no students come, or any others who would prefer doing so, can send the amount due to G. W. Cox, Wolfville, N. S., now or any time during the summer but upon the *now* we would lay such stress as to cause what follows to pass almost unnoticed. It is essential to make it known, however, that our Secretary is on hand to receive remittances at any time.

THE College Anniversary of '79 was looked forward to with even more than the usual interest, which is saying a great deal. The formal opening and dedication of the new College Building formed of itself inducement sufficient to draw to the "Hill" a multitude of Acadia's friends. They had mourned over the destruction of the old Acadia, they would naturally desire to rejoice over the completion of the new, and look with their own eyes upon the result of their labors.

Everything in the condition of thing, both in the immediate vicinity of Acadia and in the country which is spread out around her, seemed preparing to speak welcome to those who should assemble, as the time of the Anniversary drew nigh. Although the weather continued cold longer than is usual, when we were at last favored with milder skies, vegetation advanced with remarkable rapidity, so that when the closing week of the term began the herbage of the fields, and leafage and bloom of groves and orchards excelled in richness and fullness that of ordinary seasons. The country that lies spread out before the eye as one stands on College Hill was at its fairest. The grass on the great level meadows that separate the Village from the Basin, waved thick and green, the orchards through the smiling valley of Cornwallis laid like banks of bloom, just beyond the river, and the fresh foliage added a charm to the far-off slopes of the mountains. On the "Hill" itself the scene was no less pleasing. The new College itself, strong and fair, and of goodly proportions, its walls, showing pure and white against the green back-ground formed by the grove; the Academy Boarding House to the right, still rested in the comeliness of youth, not having yet four summers behind it; to the left the shapely pile which is growing into the Seminary of the future; the terraces before the College; and, all around, the grounds, newly arranged, dotted with trees and shrubs; all united to form a scene upon which the eye could not but look with pleasure.

To these pleasant scenes the tribes of the Baptist Israel began early to turn their feet, and as each train drew up at the station, a reinforcement stepped forth upon classic ground, till by Wednesday afternoon one of the largest gatherings that have ever honored our anniversary awaited the opening exercises.

At three o'clock on that afternoon, the Assembly Hall in the new College was filled

with those who wished to join in that formal opening, and dedication of this fair temple of learning. Hon. Dr. Parker presided. Rev. G. M. W. Carey, of St. John, N. B., was called upon to offer, in opening, the dedicatory prayer. J. W. Bigelow, Esq., of Wolfville, Secretary of the Building Committee, then took the platform and read the report of the Committee, the gist of which was that the total cost of the two buildings, the College which was then being opened, and the Seminary, which would be ready for occupancy at the beginning of the fall term, amounted to about \$40,000, the contract price being \$34,500, and about \$5,500 being required for the complete equipment of the buildings. He spoke at the conclusion of the report, of the warm interest he had felt in Acadia since the burning of the old building, an interest kindled by the fire itself, and indicated his growing conviction of the necessity for advanced and advancing culture for the country.

Dr. Parker then addressed the assembly. He spoke of the great praise due Mr. Bigelow for the faithful and constant services he had rendered, as well as for the generous contribution (\$1,000) with which he had come forward after the fire. The history of new Acadia was briefly and interestingly detailed. The fire, the feelings it awakened throughout the denomination, the meeting in the Wolfville Vestry, the general and generous response of the friends of Acadia to the determination of the Governors of the College to "arise and build," and then appeal for the wherewithal, the inception, conduct, and completion of the work were happily touched upon. This historical sketch closed with a few words expressive of the satisfaction felt in the contemplation of the work so admirably executed.

Dr. Cramp next arose. He said that in consequence of his failing strength his remarks must necessarily be brief, and that he would confine them to two points; 1st, a reminiscence, 2nd, an anticipation. Mentioning his first connection with the College, he spoke of its early condition and history, and cast a glance into Acadia's future, anticipating an exalted mission for her in the years to come.

Dr. Cramp was followed by Dr. Crawley. Great occasions, like the present, seemed to demand great words, but if he could not feel that he could offer the eloquence of great words, there remained the eloquence of great facts. He gave unto God the glory for the

great facts of the past, and expressed a belief that for the great facts of the future, we must be constantly dependent upon God. However the Dr. felt, the audience considered it a time of great words, as well as great facts.

A diversion from the order of the hour was here made by the receipt of a telegram from G. P. Payzant, Esq., of Windsor, regretting his absence, and adding \$100.00 to the \$600 already subscribed by him to the building fund.

Rev. I. E. Bill, of St. John, N. B., was next called upon. Starting with the fact that Acadia had been fitly termed in the beginning of her career the "Child of Providence," he gave an outline of her history, showing how, in the crisis thereof, the hand of Providence had been manifestly at work. She had seen days of difficulty, and days of disaster, but God had given her the victory.

Dr. Rand followed. He expressed the great satisfaction with which he regarded the new College, and all arrangements, and made an earnest plea on behalf of an advanced mental culture, as an element in developed human character.

These addresses were all listened to by the large audience present with the utmost interest, and deserve a much fuller reproduction, but our space forbids more than the mere outline given. The exercises were closed by prayer and the benediction by Dr. Tupper.

The annual meeting of the Alumni was then held. The Officers for the coming year are:

President.....Rev. J. W. Manning, B.A.
Vice-President.....J. W. Longley, M.A.
Secretary Treasurer.....W. L. Barss, B.A.
Directors—R. N. Beckwith; H. H. Bligh, M.A.;
B. H. Eaton, M.A.; A. Coldwell, M.A.; H. C.
Creed, M.A.; Prof. D. F. Higgins, M.A.; Hon.
Neil McLeod, B.A.

The closing exercises of the Seminary and Academy occupied the evening. The large hall was filled beyond its seating capacity, an indication of the growing importance and popularity of those institutions. A very few years ago—three or four,—the old Academy Hall, with its limited accommodations, was considered sufficiently large. When we consider, among many facts worthy of notice, that about 95 per cent of the students of the College lay the foundation of their liberal education in the Academy, we can understand why from year to year the interest in that institution grows. If space and time permitted we would like to give more

description of the doings of the evening, but must content ourselves with inserting the

PROGRAMME.

Music—Overture to Zampa.....Lattenberg
Misses Steeves, Killam, White and Dickinson.
Essay—Not Yet.....Jennie Lovett, Kentville
Essay—Self Reliance.....Louis Payzant, Halifax
Song—Waiting by the Brookside.
Miss Cann.
Music—Scherzino.....Schumann
Miss Donaldson.
Essay—Cobwebs.....Emma Olding, New Glasgow
Essay—Labor.....E. G. Sibley, Stewiacke
Music—Sonata.....Mozart
Misses Robbins and Cann.
Essay—Echoes.....Annie Robbins, Yarmouth
Essay—Uses of History.....Bruce Iilsley, Berwick
Essay—L'Etude des Langues Modernes,
Ellen Freeman, Canning
Music—Die jagd.....Rheinberger
Mr. Troop.
Song—"Wake not, Dreaming Maid."
Misses Robins, Cann and White.
Essay—The House that Jack Built.
Ellie Carey, St. John, N. B.
Essay—The Improvement of Time.
Beecher Cox, Stewiacke
Music (overture)—Ditcher & Bauer..Von Suppe
Misses Cunningham, Robbins, Crosby and
Welton.

After this programme had been admirably executed, prizes for excellencies in the various branches of study, etc., were given as follows:

Latin I.....Beecher Cox, Stewiacke
Latin II.....Mabel Seely, St. George, N. B.
Geometry I.....James Ellis, Cornwallis
Geometry II.....Miss Cunningham, Antigonish
Ancient History.....L. K. Payzant, Halifax
Eng. Literature.....Miss Olding, New Glasgow
Mental Philosophy.....Ellie Carey, St. John, N. B.
Arithmetic I.....Harry March, Canning
Greek I.....Beecher Cox
Greek II.....Jennie Lovett, Kentville
Geography.....Miss Cunningham
Algebra I.....Brenton Munro, Middleton
Algebra II.....Alice Fitch, Wolfville
Eng. Grammar.....Barry Calkin, Kentville
British History.....Welthe Crosby, Ohio
Department.....W. C. Goucher, Truro
Physiology.....Miss Steeves, Hillsboro, N. B.
Arithmetic.....Ida Jones, Wolfville
French I.....Jennie Lovett
French II.....Lizzie Higgins, Wolfville
French III.....Emma Olding

Miss Lovett, of Kentville, Miss Olding, of New Glasgow, Miss Carey, of St. John, and and Miss Robbins, of Darmouth, received diplomas, having completed the course of study.

Thus closed the first day of the feast.

WEDNESDAY EVENING closed in with dark, rain-bearing clouds. Thursday morning broke clear and delightful—a fitting prelude to a day of good things. Everybody seemed happy. How could they be other-

wise, with such scenes around them as only the garden of Nova Scotia can furnish, with such balmy, flower-scented air floating in gentle zephyrs. The flag whose folds have for so many years kissed the breezes which played over the Hill, was hoisted early. Shortly the people began to assemble from all parts to fill to more than overflowing the new Assembly Hall. Those who came early found seats; those who came later did not all find standing room; many had to leave the Hall. About 1000 persons were present.

At 10.30 A.M. the procession formed in the rear of the New College, and marched round to the front. Here a short interruption took place, owing to the attempt of Mr. Chase to obtain a photograph of the procession and College. Then the portals of the Assembly Hall received the President, Professors, Alumni, and undergraduates. Prayer was then offered by Dr. Tupper, and music by the choir from St. John and Fredericton.

The President in his opening remarks explained that although all the members of the Graduating Class, except one who had been excused on account of sickness, had prepared orations, only seven would deliver them. The class had considered that if all recited, the exercises would be protracted, and after attempting several expedients, had resolved to draw lots for speakers. The lots fell on those whose names are preceded by asterisks in the following programme. Mr. Harrington's name was not subjected to lot on account of the nature of his oration.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

The Arabians in Spain.

* Arthur W. Armstrong, Wolfville.
Law the Product of Public Opinion and the Creator of Public Opinion.

Henry B. Ruggles, Bridgetown.
The Ancient or the Modern Languages in Education.

* Charles D. Rand, Canning.
The Reign of Constantine.

* Ralph Hunt, Dartmouth.
Music.
The Influence of Locke's Philosophy.

H. Albert Spencer, Mira, C. B.
The Advancement of Science.

* Willard P. Shafner, Williamstown, Ann. Co.
The Study of Greek Art necessary to a proper conception of the life and thought of the Greek People.

Horace L. Beckwith, Halifax.
The French in America.

* Frederic A. Hobart, Windsor.
Music.

The Relations of Free Trade and of Protection to National Prosperity: A Discussion.
Granville B. Healey, Round Hill, Ann. Co.
Adoniram J. Denton, Waterford, Digby Co.
Music.

The Old Roman Priesthood.

G. Ormond Forsyth, Greenwich, Kings Co.
The Duty of the Scholar to the Public.

* Rupert G. Haley, Yarmouth.
The Compensations of the Student's Life (Val-
edictory).

Charles K. Harrington, Sydney, C. B.
Music.

Conferring of Degrees.

Awarding of Prizes.

National Anthem.

Benediction.

After the orations had been delivered, thirteen young men, having completed their four years' course, were graduated Bachelors of Arts. The class has numbered among its members in the past, twenty-nine; and this year, 1879, witnesses the graduating of the largest class from Acadia. The fire did not diminish its members, but "Hard Times" has dealt many a deadly blow, and the more active and money-making duties of life have called more away.

The Orations were delivered with good effect. It is not here necessary to give a summary of each oration. Suffice it to say that the orations and the orators gave general satisfaction and pleasure.

The address of the President to the new graduates was kind and full of thought. "Live not for yourself, but for your country, your *Alma Mater*, and your God," might be given as expressing imperfectly the Dr.'s address. Then came the awarding of the prizes. L. H. Chute received the 1st and G. Andrews the 2nd Prize in Matriculation of 1878. As the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors had failed to select their prizeman, the awarding of the prizes for these classes was deferred till next September. Mr. C. K. Harrington received the prize of the President of the Associated Alumni, \$20—making an average on the four years' course of 8.38. A. J. Denton received honorable mention, having made an average of 8.31. Honor certificates were then given. W. H. Moore of the Freshman Class received an Honor certificate in Classics. A. J. Denton then received his Honor certificate in Classics for '79, and having taken Honors throughout his whole course in Classics, was graduated with Honors, *cum laude magna*. The National Anthem was then sung and the benediction pronounced.

The doors of the New Academy Building were soon thrown open to a multitude, eager for that which sustains both the animal and the mental nature. Everything was well prepared by Mr. and Mrs. Keddy. The dinner of the Associated Alumni was an excellent thing. The after-dinner speeches were fully up to the standard. The Presi-

dent of the Associated Alumni, Mr. Coldwell, possesses an overflowing fund of wit, and added much to the entertainment of the occasion. B. W. Lockhart, A.B., '78, read a poem which will be found in another place. This poem, reflecting much credit upon the author, was composed for the occasion at very short notice. The Rev. Dr. Welton followed with a speech which savoured of the theological very much. The Rev. Mr. Coffin (Methodist) made a very happy speech. The other speakers were Rev. J. E. Hopper, M.A., Dr. Hall, Dr. Sawyer, Wilberforce Longley, M.A., C. K. Harrington, A.B., Rev. G. M. W. Carey, M.A., and Dr. Rand. Dr. Sawyer had the pleasure of announcing the receipt of \$100 from Mrs. Lovitt of Yarmouth towards the rebuilding fund.

In the evening, before the hour for opening the doors, many people had arrived, and thronged the Hill so as to obtain a seat for the Concert—a sufficient indication of the expected feast of music, the appetite of which had only been whetted in the morning. Nor were the people disappointed in the least. The concert was a grand success and formed a splendid and happy termination to the exercises of the day. The following was the programme which was adhered to with slight modification. Several pieces were encored. "It was a Dream," by Miss Alice Foster, was very effectively rendered, and the singer was encored. "A. B. C." received a second call. Mrs. Dr. Currie is a very sweet singer. The last solo she sung was received by the audience with great pleasure. But the other solos she sang were finely executed. Miss Alice Hea deserves more than a passing notice, which is all that can be given. Had she not sung so late in the evening, she would undoubtedly been called for again. With the National Anthem terminated the filling of the soul with harmony, and the audience withdrew to witness the grand Illumination of New Acadia. The College presented a magnificent appearance. At the top of the cupola, in the front window, was to be seen "Graduating Class of 1879. Rhodes & Curry, Builders." Immediately below appeared "Acadia College. Building Committee: J. W. Bigelow, Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Fred Johnson." Over the front entrance was illuminated in large characters: "Acadia." Other illuminations were to be seen elsewhere. This brilliant affair was at the expense of the Graduating Class and Rhodes & Curry.

We append the Programme for the Concert:

PART I.

GLEE—"Happy and Light." *From the Bohemian Girl.*
 SONG—"It was a Dream?" *F. C. Cowen.*

SONG—"The Sailor Boy." *B. Lang.*
 Miss Alice Foster.

DUET—"A. B. C." *Mr. T. H. Hall.*
 Mrs. Dr. Currie.

SONG. *Parry.*
 Mrs. Lawton and Mr. M. S. Hall.

CHORUS—"The Marvelous Work." *From the Creation.*
 Mrs. Dr. Currie.

PART II.

SONG—(with invisible Chorus)—"Ye Winged Winds." *J. H. Thompson.*
 SONG—"Ronald and I." *Gray.*

DUET—"Heavenly Father." *Wallace.*
 Mrs. W. H. Lawton.

SONG—"Those Charming Bells." *Miss Alice Foster, and Miss Alice Hea.*
 Mr. M. S. Hall.

QUARTETTE—"Peace on the Deep." *Stockbridge.*
 Miss Foster, Miss Smith, T. H. Hall, M. S. Hall.

CHORUS—"Rainbow." *From the Haymakers.*
 AULD LANG SYNE.

"God Save the Queen."

THE SCIENCE CLASS EXPEDITION.

The annual expedition looked forward to with such enthusiasm by all juniors has come and gone by one week. Again we have made a tour of the bay and got back safely, dreams and portents to the contrary notwithstanding. The abundance of matter on hand for this issue forbids our entering into any of the details of a most interesting and successful voyage. To many of us it was the first sea voyage, and on that account possessed a peculiar charm. We experienced the pleasures that poets have wrote about, as we lay by night on the peaceful bosom of the water, under a moonlit sky, or watched at evening "the sun retire and and burn the threshold of the night." But as already intimated we must strictly hold in check any desire to enter into a full description, as to do that would take a whole volume. We will therefore proceed immediately to the ground on which the precious stones etc., were discovered, giving briefly a description of the geological construction, and of rock samples found. The first point of importance in a geological consideration, was Fraser's Head, about five miles to the east of Parrsboro'. Here were found very fine impressions of ripple-marks, vein gypsum, (varieties, massive fibrous selenite). Also there were found here crystals of iron pyrites; extensive sun cracks were observed but were too large to be collected. The rocks here consist mainly of red shale, slate and greenish gray sandstone. The next place in the order of our programme was Five Islands. Here the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. N. Bently, was received with a gratitude which only the student can feel, though the occasions of his opportunities to express it

are by no means numerous. Not even could the memorable walk back to our ship,—though said walk was through a *depth* of scenery not often experienced—expel from our minds the pleasant recollections of genuine kindness, which should be praised the more on the present occasion on account of its rarity. Next morning we started to plod off through a dismal swamp to the barytes mines. Here we procured specimens of barytes (with ordinary massive and crystalized) a slab with large crystals, calcite (dog-toothed variety) was obtained here; also smaller samples of the same, with a few twin crystals. Copper pyrites was also discovered, occurring the barytes. Beautiful fungi collected by Mr. Ackerley in the grounds were also examined, some of which were found growing on the dead trunks of red-beach, hemlock, spruce, etc.; also some curious abnormal growth of wood. It may be worthy of mention at this point, that our companion in travel, Mr. Bishop, not being particularly interested in collecting such specimens as we were in search of, obtained quite a number of living specimens from a neighboring brook, which though perhaps not so beautiful to the eye were nevertheless quite as pleasing to the taste, and in every way better adapted for table use. On the following day we resumed our course eastward, and came to the beautiful little country seat known as Great Village. Here again the kindness and generosity of the people were marked, though it did not take us as much by surprise as at the place before mentioned. We were now becoming accustomed to such conduct, and began to think that even we might become sociable beings if we were to remain for a while in the congenial atmosphere of the northern side of the bay. Supplying ourselves and being supplied with teams, we started next morning on a very beautiful drive of six miles, to the Acadia Iron mines. To describe with any degree of accuracy, even this portion of the trip, with its results, would occupy much more space than is at our disposal at present. If any of our readers should visit this interesting locality, they will be amply repaid, and will find both manager and workmen extremely attentive and obliging, and let them not attempt, as we did, to do the whole ground in one day. The works here are being carried on very extensively at present. We understood that five hundred men were employed in the different departments of the work. The miners seem very sanguine about the results of the new tariff, and it is probable that their work

will now become of more importance than ever before. We collected here specimens of brown, red and yellow iron ore, also of ankerite, (used in reducing the ore) also of lower carboniferous limestone, from Brookfield. A piece of pig iron was obtained—part of a casting made at the blast-furnace while our party was present. Different kinds of slag (dross) pieces of metallic iron, etc., completed our collection here. The extremity of our voyage was now reached and the "J. E. Graham" was turned in the homeward direction. Returning, we first called at Moose Island, the largest of Five Islands, and here obtained some fine amethysts, columnar trap, and a dark fibrous mineral occurring in thin veins, apparently a variety of hornblende. Yellow jasper, a variety of brown moss agate and a few zeolites were gathered here. Thence we proceeded to Blomidon, and collected on the south side of the Cape, some large specimens of fibrous gypsum, selenite trap, (pisolitic concretions,) also a number of ripple marks on the sandstone. On the north side of the Cape a number of zeolites were obtained.

Acknowledgments.

W. C. Goucher, A. L. Calhoun, I. Schurman, M. P. King, C. D. Rand A. B., R. M. Hunt A. B., E. R. Curry, F. Shand 25cts., E. Prior Coldwell A. B. \$1.00, Messrs. Coldwell & Murray, B. S. Knowles & Co. \$1.00, Fred. Brown, James S. Witter, Jas. S. Moore A. B., A. C. Robbins, Mrs. Samuel Brown, W. A. C. Randall M. D. \$1.50, B. P. Ladd \$1.00, J. R. Kinney M. P. P. \$1.50, W. A. Charr \$1.00, Miss Sophia A. Norwood \$1.00, Chas. A. Whitman, George Munro, Wellington Daniels, Miss Ella Rice, Rev. G. B. Titus \$1.00, Prof. R. V. Jones A. M. \$1.00, Rev. S. M. C. Black A. B. \$1.00, H. N. Paint \$1.00, Charles Fitch \$1.00, D. F. \$1.00, R. W. Dodge, Rev. A. Chipman A. M., Albert E. Eaton \$1.00, Rev. J. B. Woodlson, J. B. Mills A. M., R. H. Phillips, Simeon Kempton, Rev. J. I. DeWolfe, A. Cahoon A. M. 60cts., J. R. Hutchinson, Rev. J. R. Stubbart A. C. \$1.00, W. O. Wright A. B. \$1.00, Fred. Johnson, Rev. W. H. Richan \$1.00, C. K. Harrington A. B. \$1.00, Miss Eunier Eaton \$1.00, J. L. Morse, Simeon S. White \$1.00, Theodore Thomas A. B. \$1.00, W. P. Shafner A. B., Dr. Mulloney, J. N. Armstrong \$1.00, Rev. I. J. Skinner A. M., Rev. E. Howe \$1.00, J. B. Hall A. B. Ph. D., Wm. Wallace, F. L. Shafner, Rev. G. M. W. Carey A. M., J. B. North, R. C. Hamilton, A. W. Armstrong A. B., J. G. Patriquin \$1.50, G. W. Gates, Miss Ellen Viditor, I. W. Corey, E. A. Corey, C. E. Griffin, W. C. Archibald, J. B. Reed \$1.50, Rev. W. H. Warren A. M., J. R. Starr, G. W. Cox, T. H. Rand D. C. L. \$1.00, H. C. Creed, A. M. \$1.00, Rev. J. W. Manning, W. G. Clarke \$1.00, Oatis Eaton \$1.00, F. H. Eaton A. M., A. J. Eaton A. M., Simeon F. Daniels, Rev. Ed. Hickson A. M., Hon. Dr. Parker, Rev. D. H. Simpson A. B., Frank Andrews, A. J. Denton A. B. \$1.00.

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MR. ALBERT COLDWELL, A.M.,
Teacher of Mathematics and English Literature.

MR. W. H. ROBINSON, A.B.,
Teacher of Greek and History.

Female Department

PRINCIPAL.

Mlle. HUGUENIN,
Teacher of French and German.

MISS CARRIE WHIDDEN,
Teacher of English.

MRS. MARY VAN BUSKIRK,
Teacher of Music.

The First Term begins on the First Thursday in September. The 2d half of 1st Term begins Oct. 20.
The Second Term begins on Thursday, Jan. 9. 2d half of 2d Term begins March 20.
For Circulars and information apply to the Principal.