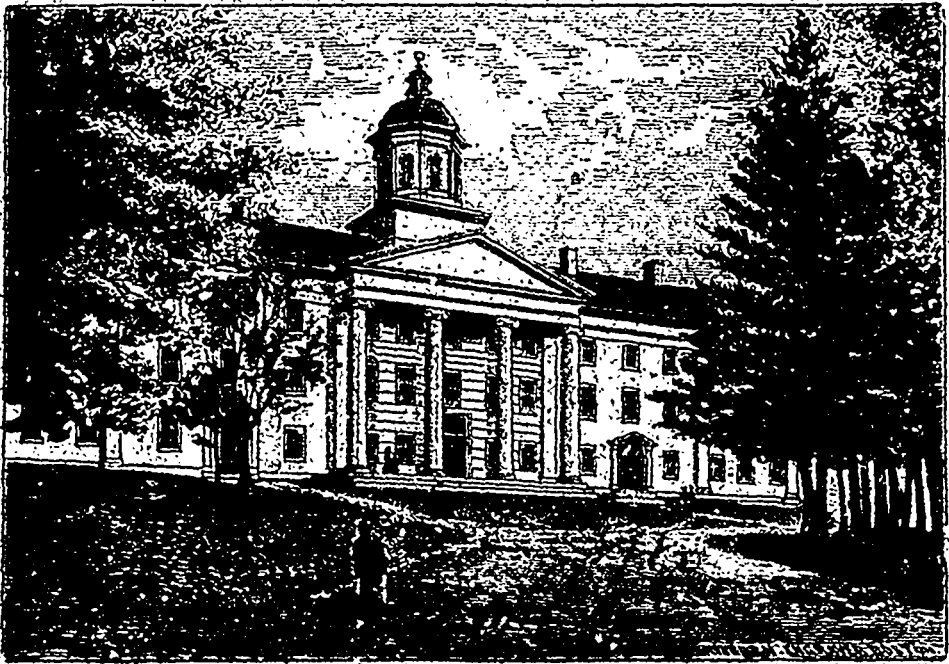


November, 1878.

Vol. V., No. 2.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

TROS TYRIUS QUE MIHI NULLO DISCRIMINE AGETUR.

VOL. 5.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1878.

No. 2.

FOOTPRINTS OF AUTUMN.

The moon was gently floating
Adown the western sky,
And the silent evening zephyrs
Were drifting softly by.

The verdant hue of Summer
Ere now had passed away,
And the withered leaflets round me spread
Told the tale of its sad decay.

And I longed to wander off alone,
Far from the busy street;
For my heart with nature's yearning pulse
In unison did beat.

Ere I could use volition
My vagrant steps to guide,
I found me in a quiet wood,
By a moaning streamlet's side.

Here, by fond night protected
From the din of outward cares,
'Twas the memory sweet of other days
That filled mine eyes with tears.

Here I thought of friends I'd cherished
In the happy days of yore,
Now seated by the living streams,
'Neath the trees of the evermore.

But oh! what sad reflections
And sorrow filled my breast,
As the birds, with doleful warblings,
The woodland hushed to rest.

The olden time before me stood,
When all was quaint and wild;
When the murmuring streamlet always
Laughed,
And the frowning owlet smiled.

It was the Spring-time fair and green,
With fragrance pure and sweet,
When we trod the drooping violet's sheen
Beneath our careless feet.

We tasted not those bitter drops
That now fill every sweet:
But we built our castles fair and large,
Down Time's uneven street.

Those airy castles now we've reached,
But to see them fade away,
With all imaginary joys,
In the light of real day.

And upward as the hill we've climbed
From rugged steep to steep,
We've found less cause for mirth and joy,
And greater cause to weep.

So now at Autumn we return
And find our lives once more
Joining in perfect unison
With the woodlands grey and hoar.

For, as the leaflet seared and grey
Falls on the rippling wave,
So the Summer of life soon fades away
Toward the Autumn of the grave.

REMINISCENCES OF EUROPEAN STUDY AND TRAVEL.—No. 2.

BY PROF. D. M. WELTON.

LIVERPOOL.

The object that first of all arrests the eye of the stranger in Liverpool, is its vast amount of shipping. No place in the world can compare with it in this respect. Vessels of all sizes and descriptions, coming from different quarters of the globe, some impelled by wind and others by steam, are continually arriving at this great commercial centre, while as many others again are leaving. In the year 1870, for example, 5,000 ships and twice this number of coasting vessels arrived at and sailed from this port, making an average of 80 per day for the whole year, a large fleet in itself.

And the immense granite-walled docks which have been built to receive all this shipping are, if anything, more wonderful than the shipping itself. They seem strong enough to resist any shock except that of the

judgment day. They communicate with the river by means of huge gates through which the water flows in and out, and which are opened and shut by hydraulic power.

The total water area of these docks, including that of those on the opposite or Birkenhead side of the river, is 421 acres, with a lineal quay-space of 28 miles, and this is exclusive of the area of the graving docks, which is also considerable.

As might be expected, the shipping interest, which so greatly predominates in Liverpool, has given a corresponding shape and character to its general business and enterprise. In some sections of the town there are whole streets in which one can buy anything pertaining to the building and rigging of a ship, or to the feeding and clothing of a sailor, but hardly anything else. In certain shops, for example, every thing in the shape of hempen lines, from a twine to a hawser, is offered for sale; in others, quadrants, chronometers and compasses, or belts, hammocks and "sou'-westers." Looking into the street one sees a continuous line of drays and lorries, passing and repassing, laden with chains, anchors, manilla, tar, oakum; while every other man met on the side-walk is a sailor, custom-house officer, dock-gateman, or boatman.

But while Liverpool wears a decidedly maritime aspect, while the business of the place is that of a people who go down to the sea in ships, it has yet other interesting features. Some of these are *physical*, as its fine parks, skirted with the elegant residences of its hundreds of princely merchants and ship-owners who appear daily on 'Change. Some are *historical*, as the Wellington monument, reared in commemoration of the military exploits of the great Duke, the statue of himself which surmounts the tall shaft having been cast of the cannon which were taken at Waterloo. Others again are *ecclesiastical*, as the different places of religious worship, which in size and finish compare quite favorably with those of the other great towns of England. Then there are various buildings for literary, scientific, and charitable purposes, some of them reared by public,

and others by private munificence, as St. George's Hall, the Free Public Library and Museum, and the Parochial Industrial Schools. These last are a magnificent pile of buildings in the Elizabethan style of architecture, in which 1200 children ranging from 3 to 14 years of age find a healthful and happy home.

In St. George's Hall I had the pleasure of attending a Sunday School Concert. Over a thousand children, all dressed in white—at least the female portion of them—took part in the exercises. The great organ—one of the finest in England—under the skilful touch of Mr. Best, one of England's best organists, gave forth its grandest, sweetest tones. It was an entertainment ravishing to both eye and ear. Those hundreds of little girls in their white apparel, and pouring forth their sweet songs, appeared like so many angels. In rising simultaneously from their elevated seats to sing, they seemed almost to be spreading their wings to fly; but if they did not themselves go up, their singing was yet like bringing the New Jerusalem down.

But while they sang so sweetly and executed their several parts so well, I could not yet help feeling that the tunes were of a heavier kind than those ordinarily sung in Sunday Schools this side of the Atlantic. They seemed to me less sprightly in movement and less animating in sentiment than most children prefer; although it must be confessed that not a few composers of Sunday School music, in endeavouring to adapt their compositions to the taste and capacity of children, have gone to an extreme in these respects, and produced specimens of song of a decidedly namby-pamby kind. In some instances little regard has been had to truth itself. I know not the author of the hymn in the first stanza of which the singer expresses the desire, and in the last the certainty, of being an angel after death; but whoever he was, in putting forth this sentiment he must have consulted his own fancy rather than the word of God; for the Scriptures lend no countenance to the notion that human beings are transformed into angels in the next world.

The country around Liverpool is beautiful. In the immediate vicinity of the town are the estates of the Earl of Derby, over which I was kindly driven by a friend. They are extensive, richly cultivated, and provided with well-stocked game preserves, in which the noble Earl and his friends reap abundant sport in the shooting season.

A very pleasurable day was that on which I passed over to the opposite side of the river, and attended an agricultural exhibition. The grounds were spacious, but none too spacious to hold the thousands of objects which were to be seen, and the thousands of persons who come to see. It was altogether such a display of products, natural and manufactured, as might be expected in one of the finest Counties of England. A considerable portion of covered space was devoted to flowers, which had a great many admirers. The fruit was little if any superior to what was exhibited a few weeks ago in Kentville. This was especially true of the apples, than which it may be doubted if any country under the sun can produce finer than are raised in Nova Scotia.

The animals were astonishingly large and fat. In England the question of the production of beef has been thoroughly, I might say, scientifically mastered. The two factors chiefly dealt with in its determination are feeding and breeding. By a skillful blending of these, oxen are produced of almost any desirable size, shape, and fatness. In some instances it is said the farmer draws on a black-board an outline of the creature he wishes to grow, and then by the means just indicated brings him into conformity to it. And why should he not do so? What is this but a partial exemplification of the doctrines which Mr. Darwin has taught his countrymen? If, according to his teaching, "an animal is capable not only of reproducing its kind, but of giving birth to new kinds, capable, again, of increasing and improving the nature of their descendants," if monkeys have been evolved from jelly-fish, and men from monkeys, why should not a large and handsomely-formed ox be developed from a small

and ill-shaped one? There is nothing like farming, and, indeed, doing all sorts of other work on scientific principles! A very ingenious application of the Darwinian theory has been made, I have been told, by the Paris glove-makers, who sometimes manufacture the article from rat-skins. By a skillful crossing of the breed of rats, such a peculiarly shaped rat, it is said, has been produced that its skin just fits a lady's hand. That is to say, the skin of the tail, which is made to grow from the rat's side, serves for a thumb to the glove, the skin of its legs for the four fingers, while the eyes and ears answer the purpose of four button-holes.

But there were on exhibition at this show animals that I was hardly expecting to see; these were dogs. It is not perhaps generally known that a considerable part of the population of England consists of dogs. I do not know how many millions of them the last census gave, but the tax upon them amounts to quite an item towards meeting the expenses of the nation. Some of the most interesting pages of English biographical literature are those which record the virtues of deceased dogs,—their intelligence, their fidelity to their masters, their watchfulness and courage, and their love of home. Dogs are offered for sale in many of the public markets of London, and there are rows of shops in which the manufacture and sale of dog-collars is the sole business. Landseer's dogs are among the most celebrated paintings in the London National Gallery of Art. The expression he has thrown into their faces is marvellous, surpassing any original I ever saw, yet being essentially canine. In this he has shown the highest art, which consists, not in the literal copying of nature, but in the creation of an imaginary nature which harmonizes in spirit and form with the nature that is real.

Now, such being the interest taken by many of the English people in dogs, it is not surprising that their production should be encouraged by exhibitions in which their excellences may be compared, and prizes given for the best. In the exhibition above

alluded to were dogs of all kinds and sizes, from the little poodle with hair so long and profuse that it almost buried his proper self from sight, scarcely allowing him to look out through it, to the long-legged, long-eared, long-nosed hound, or the square-headed, broad-jawed bull-dog.

I am quite willing that those who are fond of dogs should cultivate the affection. If ladies wish to cover them with warm blankets, or lead them round with a pretty scarlet cord, or hold them on their laps, I am glad for the dogs' sake; but one thing I solemnly protest against, and that is this, taking them to the house of God.

But it is time to leave Liverpool, and the hospitable home of Simon Vaughan, Esq., and his excellent lady, and proceed to London.

THE NEW BUILDINGS.

Under the efficient management of the contractors, Messrs. Rhodes & Curry, the new College and the Ladies' Seminary are advancing rapidly in construction. The College presents an imposing appearance. Every one who gazes upon it, must admit that the Governors acted wisely in choosing the fine situation on which it is now being erected. The background of those old familiar trees lends a great charm to it, and the view in front is unobstructed and magnificent. One of our Professors, who has travelled much, informs us that the new College, in connection with its surroundings, presents the finest appearance of any structure in the Dominion, outside of Toronto.

The length of the new College is 138 ft., and the depth 68 ft., exclusive of the tower, which is 22x16. The spire is 100 ft., but this is not from the ground. The towers at each end of the building are 60 ft. The roof is Mansard, and slopes gradually to the south. The exterior is finished, except the putting in of a few windows in the rear. The paint followed the hammer, so that our new Acadia has put on her bridal robes of white. The Louvre windows in the tower and spire look well. The spire is a graceful structure, a

striking contrast to that contemplated *dome* which reminded us of a hay-stack on an express-wagon. That dome has its prototype on the Seminary.

There are three entrances from the front—one at each end and the main entrance in the centre. An entrance on the east, one on the west, and two in the rear, complete the number. Ten apartments occupy the ground floor. On the right hand side, as you enter the main entrance, is the Classical Room; and to the right of this, in the north-west corner, is the Chapel. In the south-west corner is the Mathematical Room, where Olney will await to be considered. Between the Chapel and the Mathematical Room, the Reading Room is situated. In the rear, between the two entrances, are the three Scientific Rooms. The Lecture Rooms of the Academy occupy the east wing. The new Academy Hall occupies the north-east corner, and to the west and south are two rooms which will be used for Classical and Mathematical purposes respectively.

The young ladies of the Seminary can enter the Academy Hall by the front entrance in the end, and the Mathematical department by the end entrance. Thus two entrances will be exclusively used by the ladies. The entrance for the youth of the Academy will be in the rear. Thus the young men and ladies of the Academy will associate only under the eye of the teacher, and we confidently trust there will be no collusions nor collusions.

The passage-way from the main entrance runs south, dividing the two Classical Rooms, and then east and west until it meets the rear passage-ways, which are on each side of the Scientific Rooms, and divide these rooms from the Mathematical Rooms.

On the second flat is the Assembly Hall, occupying the centre, 52x48 ft. Two side galleries furnish additional space. The extreme breadth of the Assembly Hall, from one gallery to the other, is 75 ft. It is estimated that the Hall will seat 800 persons. In the west wing is the Museum, built after the most approved pattern. This room is

large and capacious, as is also the Library, which is situated in the east wing. Each of these rooms is surrounded by a gallery. The Librarian's room is between the Library and Assembly Hall, and a similar room for the Curator of the Museum adjoins the Museum. In the south-east and south-west corners are two more Lecture Rooms.

The rooms above, in the third flat, will be used for various purposes.

The building is plastered, and, it is reported, will be ready for occupation in February. A description of the new Seminary will be given in our next.

MOSAICS.

"Knowledge dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own."

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.
—SENECA.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.—TULL.

Examine men's ruling principles, even those of the wise; what kind of things they avoid, and what kind they pursue.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

"Time destroyed

Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

A man that hath no virtue in himself envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil.—BACON.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, or bear with them.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

It is much easier to meet with error than to find truth; error is on the surface, truth is hidden in the great depths; and the way to seek does not appear to all the world.—GOTHE.

"Have you a suitable pocket edition of Webster's Unabridged?" asked a Holyoke gentleman of a book vender.

"ENGLISH LAKES AND THE LAND OF BURNS."

Under the above heading, November 1st, Prof. R. V. Jones introduced the usual series of lectures before the Acadia Athenæum Society. Our Prof., in '76 and '77, spent over a year in studying at Oxford, and in travelling through England and Scotland and on the Continent. Since he has returned, he has been liberally bestowing on the students the advantages of his increased knowledge and experience. "English Lakes and the Land of Burns," is not the first lecture which our esteemed Prof. has delivered before the Society, nor did he disappoint the high expectations based on the past. The lecture was happily conceived, admirably sustained, and ably concluded. Beginning with a description of world-renowned Oxford, he conveyed us in imagination along with him in the railway carriage to Windermere, the princess of English Lakes, and then to Grassmere. The home of the nature-loving poet Wordsworth, the cottage in which Mrs. Hemans once lived, and the bridal home of Southey, were all described with much beauty and vividness of expression. But the description of the grave of Wordsworth, and the slab with its simple inscription, "William Wordsworth," was touching. Then we saw Helvellyn and Keswick. Thence we passed on to Skiddaw, and to Dumfries, the last resting place of Burns—Scotland's most poetic son—and to Ayr and its surroundings. The Professor is an admirer of Burns, and he dwelt eloquently on Scotia's Bard. The lecture fanned the wish to visit these historic scenes, into a glowing flame of desire.

The Juniors are studying Mrs. Fawcett's Political Economy. Considerable unanimity of opinion, concerning the book, prevails in the Class. One remarked he intended to preserve it for the coming generation. We have great sympathy for you, Juniors. You should take some milk before you attack the strong meat.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

EDITORS.

C. K. HARRINGTON, '79. A. J. DENTON, '79.
B. F. SIMPSON, '80. A. C. CHUTE, '81.

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

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Communications should be handed to the Editors, or addressed to the "Editors of THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM."

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WE would call the attention of our friends and especially of the students to our advertising columns. The advertisements this year are neat and creditable, and are a fair exponent of the business of Wolfville. Of course students are supposed to give their exclusive patronage to those who advertise in the ATHENÆUM.

SOME of our scientists tell us that the land in this part of the world is settling, and that the sea is gaining on it. This is not the case in Wolfville, however, which is generally an exceptional place. Much of the land here already has been reclaimed from the sea, and now a company are making arrangements to build a dyke from Long Island to Kingsport, a distance of about five miles, at a cost of one million dollars, thus enclosing about nine thousand acres of mud flats, which will thereby be turned into fertile land. And now our Sophomore astronomers are

calculating how much this will assist the moon in raising the general tides in the Bay.

DR. WELTON has returned to Acadia, and taken rooms on the Hill. With hearty goodwill we bid him welcome. He has formed a class in Theology in connection with Dr. Crawley. The Theological department should be encouraged and patronized by all Theological students. Now is the time in which all should work together. Disunion courts evident defeat. After so much expense of time and labor, when the denomination is looking on anxiously to see what the young men intend to do, a hearty response should be made, and those who wish to avail themselves of a Theological training should do so forthwith.

It has often been remarked that Acadia College is a great factor in the prosperity of the Baptist denomination of the Lower Provinces. Let Acadia die, and we shall no longer be a flourishing denomination, but weak and sickly. What were the arguments principally used last Winter when gentlemen were canvassing the Provinces for the rebuilding fund? These gentlemen laid before the churches what the College had done, what it was doing, and what it was purposing to do, for the advancement of the denomination, besides the other incalculable benefits conferred upon the higher education of the Provinces. The establishment of the Theological department is an accomplishment of the people's wishes, and the natural outgrowth of our circumstances and the needs of the denomination. The burning of the College was regarded as not a wholly unmixed evil; for it was considered that the hearts of the people would be knit more closely than ever to Acadia. And so, we trust, they were; and we feel confident that they will be much more effectually and firmly, should Baptist Theological students attend here. Unquestionably the churches will be more interested when they know that their young men are receiving Theological training at home. The churches will be influenced and benefited in return. The young men will be more

interested in the affairs of Acadia, instead of being weaned away by going to other countries to obtain their Theological pabulum. In fact, our College will be benefited, the churches will be benefited, and the young men will receive in a few years an eminently satisfactory Theological course. The first Theological students, no doubt, will not receive so many advantages as if they should attend Newton or some other older Theological Seminary; but in order to establish this department here, some small sacrifices must and ought to be made. But why talk of sacrifices? Let him who does so, first peruse the annals of our College, and then talk. What sacrifices did not the noble men connected with our institutions not make? And what sacrifices are not the Baptists of the Provinces now making? Again, let not prejudice against the Theological department prevail. We could not expect those who have already commenced their studies elsewhere to return; but let those who have not yet so begun, come to Wolfville and encourage the hearts of Dr. Crawley and his well-qualified associate, and establish a centre around which the churches may cluster more closely—a fountain nourished by the churches, yet nourishing them. We had a word to say about beneficiaries, as well as the advantages which the Theological student has in comparison with those of young men who are studying for other professions; but space forbids.

At the beginning of every College year a meeting of our Literary Society is held, and the present position and prospects of the ATHENÆUM fully discussed. This is not with a view to learn the advisability of publishing the paper, as only the decrease of support would make this the object, but rather to know the value set upon it by those into whose hands it comes. If it is discovered that articles of a certain character are without interest to the majority of readers, while productions of another kind are eagerly read, this knowledge can be appreciated so as to result in the adaptation of the columns

to the requirements of subscribers. It cannot be that all will have their peculiar likings gratified in everything that is written. Where there are readers of different tastes and degrees of culture, there is a demand for diversity in matter. This should be borne in mind.

The agents once in a while in their work meet persons who say that the paper comes but they seldom read it, while an occasional one, on paying arrearages, asks that it be discontinued. There are discouragements mingled with encouragements in an enterprise of this sort, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that the former are few, and that the latter are many and valuable. Expressions of the pleasure and benefit with which the paper is received and read, mean something when accompanied with double the amount of yearly subscription; and when these are frequent from men whose words of commendation are precious, a rare request of discontinuance from one who only glances over our pages is of little consequence. College journals are laid aside by many without due notice, and such persons are surely not in a position to judge of merits, nor are they aware what is lost by denying them careful perusal.

We maintain that articles appear in the ATHENÆUM from month to month which are worthy of more than hasty reading; and during the coming year we hope there will not be a falling off, but that the efforts of the present editors may secure general appreciation. No more is asked than deserved regard, and this will not be received unless our paper exhausts more time than is required to read hastily half of what it contains. Out of the most commonplace effort more is taken by attentive than by cursory readers. Highly suggestive sentences of the best authors are voiceless to those who belong to the latter class.

We feel that an apology is due to our subscribers for the late publication of our first issue. We wished to improve THE ATHENÆUM in appearance. For some time after

our return to College, we were in communication with our new printers, Messrs. Armstrong & Hopper of St John, on the subject. Then it was necessary for these gentlemen to order the particular kind of paper from the manufacturers. The matter for THE ATHENÆUM was sent to our printers some three weeks before publication. We trust that our subscribers are pleased with the improved appearance. Additional expense has been incurred, and still THE ATHENÆUM is published at the *exceedingly* low price of 50 cents. Our subscribers can reimburse us by striving to increase our subscription list. Will not every friend of the paper do what he or she can?

BETWEEN THE CENTURIES.

IF THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM were a weekly newspaper, it would be in order for us to publish here a highly interesting account of a highly interesting event which attracted the attention of the good people in these parts on the 29th of last month. As our appearance before the public is, however, but a monthly one, we leave the duty of news-dissemination for the most part to the daily and weekly press. After one reads an account of a mysterious appearance, or a railroad accident, or a boat race, or an agricultural show, in the *Visitor*, or *Messenger*, or *Morning Chronicle*, it is not with feelings of the deepest interest that a later edition of the same story is perused three weeks after, in the columns of the ATHENÆUM.

The affair which is weighing upon our minds at the present time, and which our peculiar position renders it expedient to pass by with a mere glance, is the Centennial of the Baptist Church of Wolfville.

Be it known, then, to all to whom these presents may come, that the First Horton Church is, as far as can be found by investigation, the oldest Baptist Church in the Maritime Provinces, yea, in Her Majesty's Dominions this side the great water.

A hundred years ago, when your great-grandfather, gentle reader, was yet downy as to his upper lip, when the good old times

that our grandmothers heard their grandmothers tell about, reigned over the land, a few godly ones, who loom up to us through the past as very patriarchs, and around whom gathers well nigh as much venerability as clothes the Apostolic Fathers, met together and formed themselves into a Baptist Church. That Church, beginning with but two members, has become the mother, or grandmother of some twenty Churches, with a total membership at present of about five thousand. When, the other day, it stepped from its first century into its second, the whole Baptist interest of the country stepped across the line with it. The step was taken with due solemnity and ceremony.

In the forenoon, the history of the Church was read by the Pastor, Rev. S. W. DeBlois. One could not help following, with much interest, the story of success and failure, of progression and retrogression, of man's fickleness and God's faithfulness, which the facts told. The paper is to be printed in pamphlet form, we believe.

In the afternoon, a number of clergymen from various points made addresses, and a very pleasant and profitable time was spent. Rev. S. B. Kempton preached the Centennial sermon in the evening.

And now we wonder who'll write the account of the next centennial of the First Horton Church, for the 105th volume of THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

Our Exchanges.

In our former issue we did not notice any of our Exchanges, for the simple reason that we had but one or two of this year's publication to notice before we sent away the matter to our printers. The reason for the delay in printing will be seen elsewhere. We extend to all our fellow editors a shiake of congratulation upon the *pleasant* position they occupy. We extend the hands of brothers; and although we have often heard the stanzas in which are the following lines (we have forgotten the whole of it):

"Little birds in their nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
For brothers of one family," etc..

yet we anticipate a pleasant and educating ac-

quaintance. We expect to criticise and be criticised, and hope to improve in and under the operation. No editor has ever reached that blissful state of infallibility, (although it is said the Pope has), much less the editor of a College paper. And now for a chit-chat with our Exchanges.

The *Wittenberger* lies before us, pleasing in appearance and excellent in contents—one of the very best of our Exchanges. It bows with great deference to the Professors of Wittenberg. Judging from the first part of the published Baccalaureate Sermon, we think it has good reasons for so doing. Nor does it forget to pay itself a compliment.

The *Tufts Collegian* appears under a new name—*The Tuftonian*. We like the name, but not the make-up very well. Its literary character does not receive much attention. It actually “goes for” the Freshmen.

The *Argosy* has again borne its burden of precious mind-productions to our shores. We gladly hail thee, sister in our mother Province. However, would it not be well to leave the baptism question alone?

The *Canada School Journal* for September and October contains valuable articles and information. It is a live school journal, and should be in the hands of every teacher throughout the Dominion. The October number contains a flattering sketch of the life and labors of J. A. McCabe, A.M., Principal of Ottawa Normal School, and formerly of Nova Scotia. The criticism passed on Mr. McCabe's Grammar is too favorable. It is not generally considered “the best;” indeed, it is considered a very poor Grammar by teachers.

The *Beacon* has been much improved. It contains two well-written articles of a historical and critical nature, on DeQuincey and Charlotte Brontë. But its local columns are the best; they are spicy, and reflect credit upon the local editor. The article “My Acquaintance” is life-like, especially when Mr. Putty is disposed of. “I presume the Rev. Mr. Putty is still preaching. I saw him not long since. Indeed, as there is no institution except the church which has charity enough to employ such a man, I do not know what else he could do to earn his bread.”

The *Colby Echo* was the first to reach our table. 'Tis a live journal, and its matter readable, except the article “A Submarine Adventure.”

The *Canadian Spectator* has a hard warfare to wage, if it means to conquer Sir John and the Orangemen. We welcome her among our Exchanges.

In 1870, about 74 per cent. of the teachers in the United States were women.—*New England Journal Education*.

Things Around Home.

Water! Water!!

Dr. Sawyer instructs in Mental Philosophy.

A Sophomore quoting Cicero—“O times! O mores!”

Seniors have Classics on Wednesday and Saturday, two hours each day.

Long live the A. C. Cricket Club! We are glad to see it revived in full force.

After three weeks of thirst, the students can again enjoy a draught of good pure water.

Receptions now take place fortnightly. Calls are not allowed, except by relatives or *cousins*.

A new chandelier has been placed in the Academy Hall by the students, to dissipate the gloom.

It is reported that a Senior while out *Hunting*, has been caught in the snare of the Fowler.

Mr. Curry, who fell from the top of the new Ladies' Seminary, is recovering from his severe injuries.

The Theological Course has been inaugurated. Dr. Welton gives lectures every day. About twenty are studying Homiletics.

The Sophomores surpass all other classes in linguistical studies. Thus you may hear one of them at table: “*Nihil lactis est mihi*,” etc., etc.

Prof. in Classics—“Mr. C., will you please desynonymize *dux* and *imperator*?” Mr C., a Freshman—“What kind of a thing is desynonymize?”

Porter's Human Intellect has superseded Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy. The Seniors are groaning “Oh! for a *light* in some vast wilderness.”

One of the Theologues, who was out preaching in an outlying section of the county, says that they sang the same tunes that *Adam* sang in the Ark.

Mr. B., speaking of the leader of our choir, who was sitting in close proximity to a young lady—"His singing is angelic; something like that of the Old Prophets."

Mrs. Van Buskirk very pleasantly spent her summer vacation at the Boston Conservatory, and has returned to Horton Academy, and resumed her musical duties.

No doubt the friends of the Institutions will be glad to learn that a deep religious feeling prevails on the Hill. Ten young men have united with the church.

It would not be a wise proceeding to offer a prize to the person who makes the most noise in the boarding-house. There would be too many well qualified applicants.

It is reported that our Mathematical Prof. feels very diffident in the presence of that tall Freshie. He is said to have inquired at a Faculty meeting: "Who is this Mr. B.?"

Classical Prof.—"The Ancients believed that their gods live happily together, without any concern in the affairs of men." Student—"Well! Well! What, then, are they good for?"

A Theologue, to whom a theme on the Apostolic Fathers had been assigned, said to his classmate: "Who were these Apostolic Fathers, anyhow? Were they the Fathers of the Apostles?"

Scene on College Hill. Personæ: Audacious Freshman, and the President. Freshman—"Dr., shall we have a holiday on the occasion of the celebration of the Centennial of the Baptist Church in the village?" Dr.—"I am afraid it would be establishing a precedent."

The report of the Acadia Missionary Society was crowded out in our last issue. This Society held its first regular meeting Sept. 18th. The officers elected were:

A. J. Denton, President.
A. C. Chute, Vice President.
R. G. Haley, Secretary.
E. R. Curry, Treasurer.

The Society reports a large addition to its membership.

A Freshman has been instructing a large class of young ladies in the Sabbath School at Gaspereaux. As they were reciting some portions of Scripture, one of them looked right at him and smiled, while she said,—“I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley.”

Dr. Allison has delivered three lectures in Wolfville, this Autumn: "The Valley of the Yosemite," "Geneva and the Alps," and "The Great Desolation!" The lecturer is a fine word-painter, and excels in the description of the ludicrous. He had good audiences—for Wolfville.

We notice among the appointments to the Local Executive, the name of an esteemed friend and fellow townsman, J. S. McDonald. Our Mr. McD. is thoroughly posted in the political affairs of the Province, and will doubtless make an efficient member of the Executive. We offer him our hearty congratulations.

The Seniors are very much interested in that chapter in Mental Philosophy, on "The Growth and Development of Sense Perception." The first perceptions, actions, and feelings of the dear little infants, especially engage their attention. Perhaps they are taking in stock.

Cannot that nuisance at Mud Bridge be removed? 'Tis a disgrace. Who ever saw a pig-sty—a *dirty, disreputable* sty—situated in the principal street of such a town as Wolfville? Wolfville is one of the prettiest towns in America; but such'a thing, situated in such a place, is a blot upon her fair loveliness.

The second meeting of the Acadia Temperance Society occupied the evening of Oct. 12th. Miss Van Buskirk and Messrs. Goucher and Bogart gave readings. Mr. C. E. Griffin read a paper on "The Benefit of Extremes." Dr. Welton gave an address. He made an appeal to the ladies present, to discountenance the use of intoxicating beverages. If any of them had a Georgie who drank liquors, let them not be at home when

Georgie called. One Georgie who was present was heard to ejaculate under his breath, "By Jove, I'm glad *I* don't drink."

Instead of the usual Sophomore Exhibition, the Juniors will mount the platform. Henceforth the *Juniors* will exhibit their wonderful eloquence. Last year the College was burnt just before the time for the Exhibition. The result was, the Sophomores of last year escaped, although they had written their orations. They were chuckling in themselves when they returned this year, but their joy came to grief. One morning the President informed them that the Juniors would be required to deliver orations at the close of the term. He said he did not wish to distinguish the class of '80 in such a manner. Moreover, the change was one which the Faculty had long desired, and that it was considered a favorable opportunity to accomplish the change.

It was a clear starlight night in September; the moon was invisible. But the air was delightful—a real Autumn evening, when one loves to stroll forth, whether with the daughters of fairest Eve, in glad fellowship with one of his own sex, or alone with nature's vast silence—a silence of wonderful intelligence and power,—a silence which seems to waken all the active energies of the soul, and send the thrilling thoughts flashing through the brain and paling the cheek. Such a night it was in September, when, suddenly, flames were seen to rise heavenward, and eager countenances peered forth from the windows of the boarding-house on the Hill. Soon might have been heard the quick step, the hurried call, and the slamming of doors, as out into the darkness rushed pell-mell the students. The fire appeared some distance away, towards Greenwich. A few students remained, but their gaze was turned eastward. Then they communed with one another. "I wonder if it is a house?" said one. "Yes, it is," said another," for I see the windows. How the flames do flare!" "Ah! the poor souls! How sad for them!" *We* know something of

the terrible effects of fire, when our beloved Acadia was consumed. How sad and desolate were our hearts, when we saw the stately pillars fall, when the fire-fiend leaped from room to room, snatching away many a memento, many a valuable gift,—the treasures of our youthful affections! And the next morning, when we saw nothing remaining of the old college but a few blackened timbers and the half tumbled-down chimneys, and ashes whirling in the December blasts, then we could have hung our harps upon the willows and wept. But the boys were meanwhile pushing on, in reathless haste, to arrive at the scene of conflagration, and, if possible, to render assistance to the unfortunates. Some outstripped the others, but immediately returned to inform those following of the necessity of procuring pails. Into the houses at hand they rushed. Then on they went. At last, a large party drew near the scene, when lo! there burst upon their astonished sight—a brush fire! Then they took off their hats, wiped their streaming foreheads, looked at one another silently, and then at the buckets.

Not a word was heard, not an audible note, but, slowly and silently, they turned on their heels. They left the pails on the doorsteps. Suddenly they struck up "John Brown's body comes a-marching home!" And now those same boys go up to Willow Hollow, and view the site where that *house* stood.

Personals.

[We desire to make the PERSONAL column a success. Will friends please send us as many items as they can?]

'65.—Rev. W. B. Boggs has been appointed a missionary to India by the American Baptist Missionary Board. He will sail shortly.

'66.—Rev. G. E. Tufts has accepted the pastorate of the Kentville Baptist Church for three months.

'68.—Prof. J. F. Tufts was lately called home to bury his aged father. We extend to him our sympathy.

'73.—A. J. Eaton has resigned his school at Amherst. He gave us a visit for a day or two on the first of the month. He will start immediately for Germany, to prosecute his studies there. We wish him much success and happiness.

'73.—Frank H. Eaton has assumed the Principalship of Amherst Academy. He has spent a year at Harvard since he left Horton Academy in 1877.

'75.—Benjamin Rand has been winning honors at Harvard. He led his class in prescribed Metaphysics, and took a prize of \$250. He has returned to complete his course. We heartily congratulate him.

J. G. A. Belyea again whisks around. His well-known hat may be seen among the Sophomores. His wife is shortly to appear in Wolfville, and his little girl *Una*.

F. F. Forbes of '79 is studying Law in Liverpool, N. S. We thought you were going to be a doctor, brother Fred.

Edward Freeman of '79 is instructing the youth somewhere in Halifax Co. Now, Ned, be careful. Don't hit *too* hard.

MARRIED.

We should have noticed the following before; however, it may not be too late now:

At the residence of the bride, July 17th, 1878, by Rev. Joseph Coffin, Geo. T. Kennedy, A.M., B.Appd.Sc., Prof. of Chemistry and Geology in Acadia College, to Emma, daughter of John D. Longley, Esq., of Wolfville.

'75.—At the Baptist Church, Kentville, Sept. 11th, 1878, by Rev. S. W. DeBlois, A.M., Rev. A. J. Stevens, A.M., Pastor of the Baptist Church, Fredericton, N. B., to Mary, daughter of Henry Lovett, Esq., of Kentville.

'76.—Sept. 13th, 1878, by Rev. G. F. Miles, Rev. C. H. Martell, A.B., Pastor of 1st Baptist Church, Onslow, N. S., to Miss Annie C. McDonnell of Pugwash.

Clippings.

How to get ahead—start a cabbage-patch.

"We don't know everything," remarked the Professor, "and we don't find many that claim to, except now and then one or two in the Sophomore Class." That's so.

A truthful reporter says a young man put his head out of a car window to kiss his grandmother good-bye, when the train pulled out so fast that he kissed an old negro woman at the next station.

Columbia College has an endowment of \$5,000,000; John Hopkins University \$3,000,000; Harvard \$2,500,000; Cornell \$2,000,000; Princeton \$1,000,000; Tufts \$751,000; Brown \$720,000; Yale \$300,000.—*Et.*

"Girls," said a worthy old lady to her grand-daughters, "whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot; just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking about furniture. Young fellows are mighty nervous *sometimes*. I lost several good chances before I caught your fond dear grand-father by putting on airs, but I learned to do it after a while."

Acknowledgments.

Miss Melinda J. Anson, A. C. A. Doane, A. W. Mathews, Rev. James Spencer, Albert Coldwell A.M., M. D. Newcomb, Miss L. C. Curry \$1.00, Mrs. Fisk J. E. Newcomb, Jos. McVane, W. A. Corey, John C. Clark, Walter Simpson, A. P. Shand, Noah Dimock, John Davidson, T. S. Harding, Rev. G. W. Thomas, Rev. J. M. Curry, Rev. I. Wallace A.M., A. J. Seely, Miss Victoria Wile, A. C. Robbins, J. R. Calhoun 60 cts., Mr. Condon \$1.00, A. N. Layton, J. R. Chute M.D., George Lavers 25 cts., Wm. Haley, A. W. Allen, Joseph Haley, George Allen, J. C. Anderson, H. B. McDonald, Thomas Christie \$1.00, A. Y. Clark, E. Bauchinan, T. W. Esty, J. S. May, Hamilton & McQuin \$2.00, Ralph Eaton, M. C. Barbour 25 cts., Benjamin Rand A.B., Joseph Masters, Charles Bill, A. J. Stevens A.B., \$1.00, T. K. Payzant, Miss Ada Eaton, A. E. McDonald, W. F. Parker, C. K. B. Dodge, Trueman Bishop A.B., E. M. Chesley, Rev. J. Chase, J. D. Keddy, H. A. Spencer, C. Haverstock.

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