



REV. J. M. KIRSTEAD, N. A.

The Acadia Athenaeum.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

Vol. XXI. No. 4. ACADIA UNIVERSITY, WOLFVILLE, N. S. February, 1895.

Rev. E. M. Keirstead, M. A.

Rev. Elias Miles Keirstead, M. A. the subject of this month's sketch is a native of Collina, Kings County, New Brunswick. His father is Rev. Elias Keirstead, one of the oldest ministers of the Baptist denomination in the Maritime Provinces, living at the present time.

Professor Keirstead received his early education in the Common and Superior schools of his native county and at the New Brunswick Normal School, at which institution he obtained a First Class License at the early age of nineteen. Engaging in the work of teaching he had charge of the Superior school of his own parish, and marked success distinguished this first period of teaching. At the close of the year he received from the Education office a testimonial of his work, stating the success with which he had been "engaged in teaching the Superior school in his native parish."

Entering the University of New Brunswick Prof. Keirstead pursued an uninterrupted and brilliant course of study, graduating in 1873 at the head of his class. He took honours in every year of his course and bore off several prizes. The subjects to which he gave special attention were Mathematics, English Language and Literature and French Language and Literature.

Proceeding to Newton Theological Seminary, he took a full course with extra studies receiving his diploma from that institution in 1876.

In 1877 Professor Keirstead was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church at Milton, Yarmouth Co., N. S., which position he held for one year, when in response to the call of the church he went to Windsor, N. S. where he remained till appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy and Logic at this University in 1882. At the present time he has charge of the department of English Language and Literature as well. In 1883 he received from Acadia the degree of M. A.

Prof. Keirstead has held and still holds several important positions in educational circles and in the Baptist Denomination. He was examiner for degrees at the University of

New Brunswick in 1889, 1893 and 1894, and examiner for degrees at Kings College, Windsor in 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893. He was Alumni orator at his Alma Mater, the U. N. B. in 1889, and has been Secretary of the Maritime Baptist Convention for the past fifteen years.

On the platform Prof. Keirstead is an orator of great force and power. He possesses the rare ability to sway an audience by the force and fire of his eloquence and the logic of his thought. He is an able expounder of the Gospel and a deep and earnest thinker. As a careful and diligent teacher and a respected citizen he is well known among those with whom he comes in contact in his daily life.

Science and Scientific Men.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

Outside the arena of politics, perhaps no name is better known to the public mind of Canada than that of Sir William Dawson. It is gratifying to observe in the development of our country the tendency to respect and honor the scientist and educationist. While Canada does not at present afford the conditions necessary to the unfolding of great minds along the line of scientific work, such as obtain in older and more populous nations, still she does well in bestowing honor on those of her sons who having struggled against opposing forces have won for themselves the respect and admiration of the scientists of other countries. Sir William Dawson is one of the few who have won such distinction.

Sir John William Dawson was born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, on the thirteenth day of October, eighteen hundred twenty. His parents had come from Scotland a few years before. During his boyhood, young Dawson attended the school and Academy at Pictou. On graduating from this institution, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh to complete his education. While at Edinburgh he devoted the most of his time to the study of natural history and practical chemistry. His first attempts at authorship were made during his stay at that University, his productions being published in the Edinburgh newspapers. The University having conferred on him the degree, Master of Arts, Mr. Dawson returned to Canada, being then only twenty-two years of age. In the same year, eighteen hundred forty-two, he accompanied Sir Charles Lyell in his geological survey of Nova Scotia. Soon

afterwards the government of this province employed Mr. Dawson on a geological survey of the coal fields. In this capacity he did good work. Recognizing his abilities and character the Executive Council deemed it expedient to appoint him to the office of Superintendent of Education; and from 1850 to 1855 Mr. Dawson gave his undivided attention to the supervision of the schools and to the study of elementary education. The schools of the province were considerably improved under his supervision, though the time had not arrived for the establishment of a free school system. His next promotion was made in the year eighteen hundred fifty-five, when he received the appointment to the principalship and vice-chancellorship of McGill University, Montreal, which position he filled for thirty-eight years, resigning the office a little over a year ago. During this period, he raised McGill from a very low position to an eminent position among the Universities of this continent. It is much more difficult to maintain a University in Canada than in the neighboring Republic. There, the large endowments made by the wealthy place their colleges on firm ground. But such were the financial difficulties during the first years of Mr. Dawson's presidency of McGill that he was obliged to undertake several laborious professorships; and many years elapsed before the university funds enabled him to confine his attention to the supervision of the university alone. Still, during these years he managed to snatch time to compose a number of works on educational and scientific subjects. In the year 1884, as a recognition of the merits of his labors, it pleased her Majesty to confer on Mr. Dawson the honor of knighthood. These are the main facts in connection with the life of Sir William Dawson.

His fame rests chiefly on his scientific labors. Sir William has been almost as industrious a man as the late John Tyndall. Like Tyndall he has used every spare moment of his time in making original research. What Tyndall was in the realm of physics Dawson is in the realm of natural history. He has made original research in geology and mineralogy and has devoted a considerable portion of his time to the observation of the properties of chemicals and to the use of the microscope. He has published a number of works on these various subjects, most conspicuous among which are his *ACADIAN GEOLOGY*, *GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF PLANTS*, *AIR BREATHERS OF THE COAL PERIOD*, and his recently issued work on the *CANADIAN ICE AGE*.

For a number of years he has been an active member of the British Association for the advancement of Science. On

numerous occasions he has read papers of incalculable value before that learned assembly. Through his instrumentality the British Association met in Montreal in the year 1884, and it was at the opening session in Queen's Hall that the Marquis of Lansdowne announced the honor of knighthood. Two years later Sir William was president of the British Association. He had already acted as president of the American Association in 1883. These facts indicate the degree of respect in which he is held by the scientists of the neighboring Republic and of Great Britain.

When the theory of the evolution of species was first placed before the public, Sir William Dawson hastened to oppose it. From his youth he has been strictly orthodox and a firm believer in the book of Genesis. In addition to a large number of fragmentary writings which he has published against that theory, he has written several works which are by far the most reliable of his books. I will name them in order of their publication. *ARCHAIA* was published in 1860; the *STORY OF THE EARTH AND MAN*, in 1873; *THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD*, in 1877, and his *FOSSIL MEN AND THEIR MODERN REPRESENTATIVES*, in 1880. In all of these works Sir William seeks to disprove the theory of evolution with geological and biological facts and deductions therefrom; and further to support the hypothesis of the creation of species and of the world as taught in the Hebrew Scriptures.

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Perhaps Sir William has made for himself almost as lasting a fame as an educationist as he has as a scientist. His writings on education are quite extensive, and in many respects he is an educational reformer. When he filled the office of superintendent of education for Nova Scotia, he published a number of tracts of great service to the teaching profession. When President of McGill, in addition to a large number of pamphlets on education and several valuable text books on geology and zoology which he made public, his lecture on the questions of examinations for the learned professions has fixed his place in the history of education in Canada. He has always been very much interested in elementary education and in all the schools and colleges of Canada. Sir William is a believer in the higher education of women. Although McGill was not the first to throw open its doors to the ladies, it followed the example of the other universities after due consideration.

Sir William has considerable reputation as a teacher. He is a member of the Montreal Natural History Society.

Every summer the members of this society go on geological excursions and in search of specimens of the Canadian flora and fauna. After arriving at their destination, a number of fossils and other specimens are collected and placed before Sir William Dawson, who explains in simple, concise terms, the lessons in the stones and flowers. His short talks on such occasions have a good influence over young minds, stimulating them to study Nature herself rather than the lumber of text books.

Among his many other good qualities, Sir William is a pleasing public speaker. He does not believe in the cheap kind of speaking that some people call oratory; but on all occasions his quiet behavior on the platform and the charm of his diction are sure to interest his hearers and hold their attention from the time he begins until he has finished. When President of McGill University, at convocation, the Board of Governors and the large audiences that usually assemble on such occasions used to await his words with as much interest as a Canadian parliament awaits the opening speech of the Premier on the government policy.

Although seventy-four years of age, Sir William Dawson is not yet on the supernumerary list. A little more than a year ago, he read a valuable paper at the World's Fair, and is at present engaged in making geological research. Last summer he paid a visit to Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, for the purpose of collecting fossils, presumably for a forthcoming book. His life's work has been not only valuable to Canadians but to the whole world. He has added something to the common stock of knowledge, and I can see no reason why his name should not be handed down to coming generations. He will probably rank favorably with Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray. Perhaps, when the history of science comes to be rewritten in the future, the name of Sir William Dawson may be placed on a level with that of Tyndall or Lord Kelvin. But time alone can determine this question. One thing, however, is pretty certain—his name will never be forgotten in the history of Canada.

I. O. '96.

Rocky Mountain Park.

BY

CLIFFORD T. JONES, B. A.

Banff, Alberta.

Although the Canadian people had long been convinced of the desirableness of having a National Park, it was not till the Canadian Pacific Railway had penetrated the Rockies that a site could be easily obtained which would have not only the general requirements of a perfect pleasure resort, but also great special attractions. The region around Banff, with its healthful climate, heated Sulphur Springs and grand mountain scenery, was generally agreed to possess these requirements. Accordingly, in 1886 the Dominion Government set apart a tract of land here, containing 260 square miles, as a common pleasure ground, to be known as the Rocky Mountain Park. Mr. Geo. Stewart, an experienced civil engineer, was appointed Superintendent, a position he still holds, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all fair minded persons. A visitor can never forget his first view of the Park Mountains,—mountains, mountains, of all shapes, sizes and colors some always covered with snow, so vast and high, so pure and white, that they appear to be rather of the heavens above, than of the earth beneath, some of lesser height are wooded to their summits, looking gloomy in the dark shades of the forests, still others with hardly a shrub, but for thousands of feet running almost straight up, stern, awe-inspiring masses. Peaks and pinnacles glisten in the sunlight with dazzling brightness, streaked here and there with lines of purple shadow, or with grey rocks, projecting through the heavy mantle of snow, which, at this season of the year, lies deep on ridge and slope. The most distant peaks are of an indescribable pearl grey color, but by watching the ever shifting clouds we can see an infinity of fissures, ridges, separate rocks and paths of snow slides. Here one can appreciate the meaning of "The eternal hills, home of the Invisible, the image of Eternity," and will be lost in a feeling of his own insignificance and the greatness of the Creator.

At the foot of the mountain lies the beautiful Bow valley, long and narrow, through which run the crystal waters of the Bow, Spray and other smaller streams, presenting along their banks scenery of infinite variety. The junction of the Bow and the Spray is an extremely pretty spot. The Bow falls in a series of cascades over a ledge 70 feet high, to a pool below, into which from the opposite side rush the waters of the Spray. Across this pool, may be seen every bright summer day, a perfect miniature rainbow, while above for a thousand feet frowns Funnell Mountain, a bare grey rock. Around this the waters roll in a white flood, then sweep past on their way to the distant Saskatchewan.

Sailing up a tributary of the Bow, we soon come to the Vermillion lakes, perfect bits of wild, untouched Nature. These are three in number, joined together by small, shallow streams. Around their shores, are jungles of shrubs, which in the early fall, are a blaze of color, while from among these and behind, rise tall pines and spruces. Back of all, are the towering mountains, reflected clearly in the vermillion color of the water. In the lakes can be seen innumerable fishes, while in season the thick wild rice is a feeding ground for birds of many kinds.

Nine miles from Banff, is lake Minnewonka, an Indian word, meaning Devil's

water. No wonder they call it this, for as far as can be seen, it has no inlet, as far as has been measured, it has no bottom in places, and a squall is liable to pass over it at any time, lashing its waters into foam for a few minutes and then as suddenly subsiding. Minnewonka is the sportsman's delight. Here trout are sometimes caught weighing over thirty pounds. Its waters are of the most various colors, changing through all the shades from light blue to almost black, according as you are near shore, or out to where bottom has not been found. Travellers say, that nothing can compare with it in this respect, except the Bay of Naples. By means of a steam launch or sail boat, one can easily visit any part of the lake and can find good accommodation at the hotels on shore, when you return.

About a mile down the Bow river are the "hoodoos." These are very curious. Seen from a distance they appear to be huge statues, but on closer inspection, they are seen to be a natural formation of mud and stones rising to the height of from twenty to thirty feet. How they have been formed, is a mystery. Water has evidently been the agent, but whether the west of the land has been washed away and these left standing, or whether they are geyser foundations, has not been determined. Being situated out of the usual line of travel, the "hoodoos" are seldom visited, but they are among the most interesting sights of the Park.

In this home of the mountains, water-falls are to be seen on every hand, rumbling and splashing, but the highest one is on Cascade mountain. It has an almost perpendicular descent of 1000 feet to the level below, where it is lost in the porous soil, to be seen no more.

But the greatest attraction of the Park is the Hot Springs, which gush out in many places from the base of Sulphur Mountain. The temperature of the waters varies from 80° to 120°. The hottest springs are about three miles from Banff, but are easily reached by any of several roads. Fine hotels have been erected near them where at a moderate charge one can enjoy the baths. Doctors are unanimous that for the cure of rheumatism or any blood disease, these Springs are unrivalled. To my own knowledge really wonderful cures are effected. One man who came recently unable to move hand or foot in five weeks was able to walk around, apparently well. Persons having the most loathsome blood diseases come here and in a short time return to their homes, the picture of health. It is a novel sight to go around the Springs and see hanging here and there the crutches of those who have been cured of rheumatism. One bore the dubious inscription "The owner has gone home," but as from this, one could not clearly tell whether the person had been cured or killed, it has now been removed.

Healthy people find bathing in these hottest Springs rather uncomfortable, so they resort to the two cooler ones of the Cave and Basin, where summer or winter they find the water at about blood heat.

Formerly the Cave used to be entered by a hole in the roof, from which a ladder extended to the pool below, but sick persons, who wished to bathe here, found this a little inconvenient, so a tunnel was bored from the mountain into the water and the Cave itself much enlarged. Now it is about 30 feet wide, by 20 high and 5 feet deep. To go in here for a bathe some morning in the winter when the mercury outside is from 40° to 50° below zero, and find it comfortably warm, is an experience worth having.

Just beside the Cave is the Basin, a pool of a little larger size than the one in the Cave, but unlike this last it is always exposed to the air. A fine bath house has been erected beside it, from which thousands emerge every year to enjoy the refreshing water. Tourists say that there are no other Springs in the world, which can compare with those here, but they are especially loud in sounding the praises of the Basin.

It has been the policy of the Superintendent not so much to try and improve Nature, as to make her beauties accessible. Fine roads have been built to all the most important points and the streams have been bridged. Besides these main roads many trails have been opened up, leading to the hunting grounds among the mountains. A ride along one of these trails, seated on the back of a sure footed cayuse, is a source of keen enjoyment.

In the Park, are the two towns of Anthracite and Banff both of which are small, containing about 350 permanent residents between them. It is not intended that much business will be done in Banff, for it is to be kept quiet for the pleasure of visitors. Although a small town, Banff has some fine buildings and well kept streets. The detachment of Mounted Police see that all premises are kept in order and in general have an eye to the neat appearance of the place. Here are three churches, one of which is built of brick, seven hotels, including the palatial C. P. R., hotel and the Sanitarium, one of the best hospitals in the country, two public halls, a fine school house, and last but by no means least, a museum. This museum is to be one of the great attractions. It is intended to have fully represented in it, the birds, animals, fishes, minerals and so forth, of the Canadian Rockies. Exhibits are now rapidly arriving, so that by next season all will be in readiness for visitors. This museum will be a credit to the country.

Anthracite is a mining town. Coal of fine quality is found here in great abundance. It has no attractions for tourists. Some time in the future it is intended to largely increase the area of the Park, so as to include the sources of most of the rivers running through it. Bridle paths will be built to these sources, so that tourists can reach them and enjoy the fine hunting and fishing.

Although there will always be attraction here for a certain number of foreign tourists still with so many good provincial pleasure resorts, the Rocky Mountains Park must look largely to the Territories for its increase of visitors and especially to Alberta. Calgary is now a city of some 5000 inhabitants and annually sends here many cottagers, but when the North West will be as thickly settled as is the American West, when Calgary will be a second St. Paul or Minneapolis, then will be the really prosperous era of the Park. That time is surely coming and with increasing swiftness.



FROM HORACE.

Ode I.—TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, sprung of kingly line,
 Patron and sweet delight of mine,
 Some strive the victor's fame to win
 Amid the Olympic's dust and din,
 And, passing 'mid triumphal peals
 The goal with fervent chariot wheels,
 The fadeless Laurel's, proud decree
 Exalts them unto deity.
 Thir loves the honors vain and loud,
 Light offered by the fickle crowd;
 That joys to store his barn with grain—
 The treasure of the Lybrian plain.
 The wright whose fields are all his pride,
 You cannot, tempting, turn aside
 With proffers of Attalian gold,
 To cleave, a sailor all untold,
 The waves by Myrtoan waters rolled.
 The merchant, fearful of each breeze
 That wrestles with Icarian seas,
 Applauds the leisure which his field
 And native town unwrestling yield;
 but soon repairs his ships that he
 May shun unwonted poverty.
 And one there is, who deems divine
 The cups of good old Massic wine;
 And scorns not that his limbs be laid
 Under the green Arbutus shade,
 Or, at day's dying glories, dream
 By smooth source of some sacred stream.—
 The Camps to many give delight;
 The trumpet, sounding to the fight,
 The Clarion's shriek can joys impart,
 And wars that break a mother's heart.
 The huntsman, chilled by midnight jove,
 Remains, unmindful of his love,
 If his keen hounds the stag have spied,
 Or marsian boar his nets have tried.
 My brow, let laurel wreathes entwine—
 That mark me priest at learning's shrine,
 And peer me with the powers divine.
 Far from the vulgar crowd I'd rove
 With Nymphs and satyrs in the grove,
 If her sweet aid Euterpe bring,
 Or Polyhymnia sweep my Lesbian string.
 But, if thou lovest so my song,
 Thou'lt place me in the lyric throng;
 Proud of thy praise, what heights I'd climb,
 And smite the stars with frost sublime!

Ode XI.—TO LEUCONOE.

Seek not—'tis a thing forbidden,—what our destined doom may be!
 Trust no false Chaldean Numbers; calmly bide, Leuconoe,
 Fearless whether jove hath granted life for many winters more,
 Or the last its Tuscan surge is dashing on the rock-bound shore.
 Yield to wisdom! let the wine cup sparkle, dealing death to care!
 Al! so brief the span of life, that hope deferred is but despair.
 While we speak the envious hours hurry by on lightning wing;
 Seize to-day, with heart uncaring what to-morrow's sun may bring.

E. BLACKADDER.

Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

There is a tendency in the modern mind to under-estimate the value of the literature of the eighteenth century. It is indeed difficult to value correctly such men as Johnson, Swift, Addison and Steele. To the poets of this era it may be easier to accord the appreciation due their merits, but even here our admiration often has originated from a sense of duty. In regard to ages more remote, the charm of antiquity tempts us to entertain for great men and deeds a respect too often exceeding their due. But the century immediately preceding our own is not far enough distant to be revered as classic, yet sufficiently distant to have caused diversities in opinion, in sentiment, and in taste, so great as to render us incapable of sympathizing readily with its characteristics.

The poets of the eighteenth century, it must be admitted, suffer deterioration when contrasted with the brilliant galaxy of the nineteenth. As candles seem but dim lights in the splendor of noon-day, but far from insignificant when the sun is absent, so it is only when viewed by way of comparison that these lesser lights of literature appear dim.

Among the most prominent poets of this era stands Thomson, who, not far from the middle of the century, gave to the world that "magnificent specimen of verse," to quote Montgomery, known as the "Castle of Indolence." The student of literature, searching the rich mine of English poetry for gems of special worth, will not be likely to overlook so valuable a view of poetic wealth as this of Thomson's.

The "Castle of Indolence" is an allegory of the highest order, ranking in importance perhaps next to Spencer's "Fairy Queen" and "Pilgrim's Progress." Whatever charms may be in allegory, in melody of rhythm, in brilliant description, are found in this noble example of narrative verse.

The plan of his poem is not complex. Indolence, an arch-enchanted, sits before his castle gates, and entices unwary passers-by within its doors. To a lute of sweetest tones he sings melodiously a magic song, well adapted to produce the desired effect upon susceptible man. He sings the careless joys of bird and bee, and contrasts the weary toilsome lot of man, and commiserates him upon being the only creature of Nature's that must live a life of labor. Upon this he invites the weary toilers to come and find rest within his castle walls. He draws a pleasing picture of the enchanted Land of Indolence, where care, work, and sorrow never enter, and where

"indulgent ease" reigns supreme. Not without wisdom are his words, so skillfully strung together.

"What," he sings, "What is virtue but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm that knows no storm,
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform?"

And surely there is reason in what he says—

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
But sure it is of vanities most vain
To toil for what you here untiring may obtain."

And so the tired traveller's ear is turned to catch the seductive strains, his fancy is taken, and he yields to the alluring influence of the enchanter's tale. The persuasive argument, the "siren melody" have done their work. Perchance there is one wise enough to perceive a hook beneath the tempting bait, and he is moving on, though reluctantly and with a backward glance, when the wizard springs to lay his hand upon him, and straightway he falls captive to the magic touch.

Within the domain of Indolence is repose personified. There are wooded hills and sunny vales, shady groves, and velvet lawns, loveliest flowers and silvery streams. A spirit of calm pervades the whole landscape.

Amid the dimmest shade stands the castle. The interior is the abode of luxury and elegance. There is a breath of languor in the air, soft couches invite reclining, tables laden with rich fruits, rare wines, arouse the appetite, while entrancing music floats on every breeze. The doors know "no shrill alarming bell," but what sounds there are, induce rather than repel sleep. Rest and repose reign on every hand. The inmates wander at will thro' hall or glade, lounge around the fountain, or trace the legend woven within the costly tapestry. Their only labor is to kill the time. Every sense is steeped in the most luxurious, but unreal and enervating delights.

The days pass and at last the evil influences of a life of lazy leisure begin to take effect. The inevitable results of living in such a "soul-deadening" place become apparent in various forms of disease, the loss of powers unused, the complete surrender of manly strength. Idleness works its perfect work of ruin. The victims of Indolence find themselves hopeless captives, bound down by the iron chains of self-indulgence. Upon such a scene falls the curtain of the first canto.

At the opening of the second canto, is introduced the rescuing Knight. The Knight of Arts and Industry arises

to avenge the wrong, and free the slaves of indolence from their bondage. Born of Dame Poverty and nurtured by the sinewy hand of labor, he rises to fame and eminence through the accomplishment of great deeds. His self-appointed mission is to uplift the human race, which until his advent is little more than barbarous. He is travelling the world o'er establishing industries and arts in every clime, when there comes to his ear the rumor that the wizard Indolence threatens the overthrow of mankind. The great Knight hastens to set out for the doomed Castle. Indolence advances to meet his enemy and darts toward him, but the Knight eludes the fatal touch and throws over the enchanter the Net of Woe, woven by the Fates, and within its strong meshes he struggles vainly for freedom.

An effort now is put forth to arouse the wretched victims from their lethargy. A strenuous appeal is made to what spark of manliness may yet remain. Some shake off their chains of vice and sloth, and the band of charities minister tenderly to their ills of mind and body. But for others it is alas too late—they are too deep in the mire of degradation—they are beyond rescue. The Knight of Arts and Industry sadly leaves them in their hopeless thralldom.

Thus runs the slight thread upon which the poem is strung. The allegorical outline is strong, but not so unduly prominent as to offend our poetic taste. In literary finish the poem is open to little criticism. It is the poet's chastest if not his most enduring work. The versification is throughout exceptionally free from faults—scarcely a limping line or irregular rhyme. Thomson has employed the spenserian stanza here with much dexterity. There is evident a careful selection in the choice of words which well exhibit the power of sound to enforce the sentiment. There is, too, harmony in the arrangement of the words. Alliteration abounds, and brings its subtle influence to bear upon the whole. "A sable, silent, solemn forest stood," "The minstrels of the morn," "The murmuring main," "When this the watchful, wicked, wizard saw," "Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine." These instances illustrating the alliteration in the poem might be multiplied a hundred-fold, but sufficient have been given to suggest the rich harmonious language employed by the poet.

In some respects this poem recalls to mind Spencer's "Fairy Queen," and it is not improbable that Thomson had before him the "Fairy Queen" as a model, but at least there is no servility in his imitation.

Thomson's characteristic as exhibited in his works is his love of external nature, and his description of the natural beauty of the landscape at the opening of the poem is written with such idyllic and fervor that we are sensibly affected by the word-scene. We can hear the sleepy murmur of the forest, the ripple of the rills. The impression grows upon us and we half experience the drowsy mood that fell upon the Castle's inmates. Our spirits are lulled to rest by the peaceful pen-picture.

The Castle with all its appointments stands forth in vivid imagery. Here the poet's exuberance of style and thoughts must be admired, but elsewhere occasionally this same exuberance borders on tediousness. A minuteness of detail, as in depicting of the Castle's company and their diversions, results in a shade of monotony.

There is noticeable a slow pleasant humour in those passages in which certain inmates are specially referred to, for evidently Thomson here intended to portray his own character, and those of his friends. This is the only approach to levity, the only digression from the seriousness of his theme in the whole poem.

In the second canto, there is a falling off in poetic imagery and beauty of narrative. Here the subject does not admit of the same elaborate elegance of diction which characterizes the former canto. The more prosaic career of Industry demands a heavier form of phrase. There is, however, considerable coloring and the alliteration principle continues to find place. But the delineation of the adventures, enterprises and triumphs of Sir Industry requires the stronger, sterner, more serious language which Thomson employs.

The bard's song approaches the majestic. It is the finest portion of the whole lyric. The tone is lofty, often sublime, with which he urges the victims of Indolence to burst their bonds of "slavish sloth," and attempts to arouse in their breasts noble aspirations long dormant. The slow, solemn march of the sentences is suited to the expression of the high sentiments, embodying a sense of religious truth. that the song contains.

In this poem three different elements are harmonized, for the plan of the story is derived from chivalric legends, the moral sentiment from the lofty philosophy of Plato, while the flowing grace of the versification is that of the modern poets.

This poem, compared with the Lotus Eaters and Palace of Art of the Victorian age, presents a marked contrast; yet

The Castle of Indolence, while lacking the immortal touch of a Tennyson, expresses truly the spirit of the age in which it was written.

It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art ;
That soft, yet ardent, Athens learned to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme ! complete in every part !
It was not thence majestic Rome arose
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

" Had unambitious mortals minded naught,
But in loose joy their time to wear away ;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day ;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us op'lent and gay ;
With brother brutes the human race had grazed ;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honored been, none praised.

" O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date.
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late—
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale."

L. E. A. '96.

Obituary.

It is our sad duty to refer to the death of one of the best known and most honoured graduates of Acadia University, as well as one of the strong men of the Baptist Denomination in the Maritime Provinces, Rev. John E. Hopper D. D. of St. John, N. B. who passed away Saturday afternoon the 12th inst.

Dr. Hopper was born at Salisbury N. B. December 18th, 1841. He graduated from Acadia in 1862, having taken part of his course at Madison University, New York. He studied Theology at Acadia College under the late Dr. Cramp, and at Regent Park, London, under Dr. Angus and the eminent Dr. Ben Davis. He began to preach in 1860. After a pastorate at Sussex Vale, where he established and built up a strong church, he was appointed Vice-Principal of the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton, N. B. of which the late Dr. Spurden was Principal.

In 1869 after spending a few years at Fredericton, he organized and became pastor of the Baptist Church at St. Stephen N. B. In 1872 he went to Burlington, Iowa, and became pastor of the first Baptist Church of that city. Coming back to his native province in 1876

he purchased the *Visitor*, the organ of the Baptist denomination in New Brunswick, and uniting with it the *Messenger* printed at Halifax, N. S. he became editor of the *Messenger and Visitor* at St John. N. B. Besides this he carried on other literary and publishing work.

In 1885 he became pastor of Brussels St. church, St. John, which position he subsequently resigned to take the Principalship of the Union Baptist Seminary, St. Martins, N. B. Resigning this position on account of the weak condition of his health, he sought recuperation by going to Sacramento, and becoming pastor of the First Baptist Church there. But with health permanently shattered he came back to his home in St. John.

Dr. Hopper was a man of wonderful energy and strength of purpose. He persisted in his literary work till the last day of his life. Recently he published a valuable Manual for the use of the Baptist Church members, and a volume entitled the Hereafter Life, which has received very high commendation and approval.

But the mysteries of that life are now fully unfolded to him. Then he saw as in a glass darkly, but now face to face. He is gone, another of the links uniting us to the past has been broken. Silently and sadly we leave him, and take up our business without him.

On the evening of Dec. 16th last Albert K. Freeman, a former member of Class '95 passed away, at his home in Milton, Queens Co., N. S. He left Acadia University at the close of his Sophomore year, intending to complete both his Arts and Theological course at McMaster. Consumption laid a heavy hand upon him, and he died at the early age of twenty-five. He had Foreign Mission work in view, and was a member of the Acadia Volunteer Band. On behalf of the students, the Athenæum extends to his relatives and friends their sympathy and sorrow.

The Sem. and Student.

(Air: "Fatal We ding.")

The engine bell was ringing on a frosty winter night,
The train was grandly lighted, all within was gay and bright,
A lady from fair Yarmouth came, she looked the station o'er
And wondered how she was to go up to the old "S'm's" door.
But soon from out the crowd there came a youth so grand and bright
It was the form of Reggy, his step was quick and light
He touched his hat and with a smile so crafty yet so bland
He took her heavy satchel from her very willing hand.

CHORUS:

While the engine bell was ringing, while the boys and girls were there,
Marching up and down together in the cool and frosty air;
Telling tales of joy and frolic and of many triumphs won,
Just another Sem. and student, just another fellow's gone.

He took her hand and quickly walked along the snowy street
But soon they were astonished when a teacher they did meet.

Young Reggy then began to quake with not uncalled for fear,
When soon he heard the lady's voice, sweet whisper in his ear ;
" I will protect you Reggy mine," the fair one quickly cried,
" No one will dare to harm you, while you are by my side."
His fears at once were all allayed, his hopes began to rise
He pressed her hand, then raised his head and looked into her eyes.

CHORUS.

Alas ! at length the Sem. was reached, the parting now had come,
The student quickly said " Good-bye," and started on a run,
For lo, he saw the doctor's form fast coming up the street,
And with a bound he cleared the fence lest him he'd have to meet.
With this he so elated was, at night he scarce could sleep
And from his downy couch arose as day began to peep;
He then made with himself a vow, recorded fast with chalk
That he would meet that girl each day assigned to her to walk.

CHORUS.

ENEUNT ALL CHARACTERS.



The Acadia Athenæum.

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The Sanctum.

Students hardly feel as if they have entered fully upon the life of New Year, until that serious and trying period of experience, examination time is safely over. Then we begin the new year in earnest, and start in our course toward the grand crisis in June. Shall he not then be the happiest who is conscious of having done every day the duties which laid nearest to him?

Nevertheless the New Year is fairly upon us, in fact very much upon us, and we in turn launch out on the beginning of the flood, hoping that favorable tides and following winds may bear us smoothly and swiftly along. No doubt many of us have drawn from the rubbish of neglect and oblivion broken and decrepit resolutions, which we have revived, patched up and made as presentable as their condition would permit. Perhaps some of us have, in our zeal and striving after a close approximation to our high ideal, added new resolves, freshly coined and entirely undefaced by the rude assaults of temptation. Have not the Sophomores registered an iron-bound oath never again to disturb the slumbers of the faculty or arouse their ire? Yea, verily, we believe so, for they have discovered that the way of the transgressor is hard. Hath not the impassioned musician resolved that he will not again pour forth his dulcet strains beneath the casements of the building across the way, exposing himself to colds and rheumatism, and the chances of a fractured skull as a result of contact with some missile thrown from the awakened windows? Hath not the heavy and steady masher vowed that he will mash no more, lest the whole fabric of society be crushed and himself involved in the common ruin? Will he longer persist in his

manipulations on the street, and in his loiterings without the portal of the sanctuary? We hope that such resolutions have been made and will be kept. Since examinations are close at hand we feel safe in saying that all have resolved to study most assiduously—for at least a fortnight. Be careful that in your zeal and yearning after knowledge you do not misapply your time in constructing cribs rather than in getting a good honest knowledge of the subjects in hand. Feeling quite sure that such indiscretions as we have lightly alluded to will no longer be a loss of time to the doer and an annoyance to the faculty and numerous others, we venture to make a few respectful suggestions, hoping that our attitude will not be considered arbitrarily didactic. We are all—or nearly all—here for some purpose, for the accomplishment of something. In order that anything may be done time must be husbanded and energy put forth. The moments must be caught as they go trooping by, and be made subservient to some good end. We have observed that as a body of students our most frequent and injurious errors, those sins which do most easily beset us, are those of omission. Our love of sport, gossip or argument outweighs our thirst for knowledge and, as a result, some of us—well, perhaps we are not exactly plucked and made to bemoan our evil stars, but we don't just succeed in catching the blossom of the flying terms. The inhabitants of Chipman Hall are distinctly social and gregarious. There dwells there a species of loafer most assiduous when he has once secured a chair or portion of the table. His delicate yet very persistent attention must be if possible worse than "poets reciting in the dog-days." Surely such, as well as those who attempt, not without success, to personify the laughing hyena, have resolved that they will no longer interfere with the rights of others. We must apply our energy at the right point, press the right button at the proper time in order to economise our forces. Let us not try too much as the results are disastrous; yet strive sturdily and systematically to press every occasion for improvement into service that at the close of this and every other year we may produce results in character and scholarship which may not be a cause of regret.

It is a very wonderful phenomenon that every effort we put forth however slight and whether physical or mental is accompanied by the loss of a large number of particles of physical tissue. And yet our sense of loss is not burdensome from the fact, established both by experience and by science that these particles are being constantly renewed by that energetic builder the blood. In fact it is most necessary that the wasted particles should be removed for it is certainly better to have the

fresh supply of energizing particles. This in the normal physical system the blood rejoices to do. This constant presence of the fresh particles is the secret of physical endurance. College men should go forth into the world with the robustness of spartan soldiery. It pains one to hear any exclamation of tenderness or lack of strong vitality from the College graduate who has not been the victim of any inherited or highly infectious disease. The tests of physical endurance are not many or arduous with us; but should we be called upon to perform some severe physical task many more failures would occur we fear than one would possibly infer. The student should vindicate the right of the college to assert that she gives a complete training by having a vigorous and healthy physique. There are not a few among us who take little or no exercise. We point them to our excellent gymnasium where an excellent training is to be obtained. The system of drills given by our instructor is systematic and thorough. Some are no doubt discouraged or at least indifferent to proper exercise because they have not learned how to obtain it at the gymnasium. Those who know how are the ones who have been in regular attendance. Why not begin this term a regular attendance upon the classes of your division and be strong.

Perhaps there has been no such example of the force of an aroused public sentiment as that of the municipal reform in the city of New York. It is truly a good thing to see. One thing is certain the demands of this awakened reform sentiment will not cease at a mere superficial overhauling of the existing condition of things, but as events are proving they will never cease until the matter is probed to the bottom. One cannot help admiring the outcome of Dr. Parkhurst's work. Some slight condemnation has found a place in the columns of various papers in regard to the methods adopted by Dr. Parkhurst in the first stage of his reform work. It may be a question of importance to the philosopher as to the ethical nature of such means as must needs have been employed to get into the secrets of Tammany. But certainly the citizens of New York can have but one verdict to give in regard to the right or wrong of Dr. Parkhurst's life behind the scenes. It has ended in moral, social and political good yet who can say what would have been the verdict of an inconsistent public had his efforts failed. Dr. Parkhurst is certainly a man of unflinching courage and determination. In a brief glance at his life we find that he was born at Framingham, Mass. 1842. His father was a small farmer. In early life the family moved to Clinton, Mass. As a boy Dr. Parkhurst had great energy and ambition. For two years or more he was grocer's

clerk but he was a poor one—his ambitions were higher. He sacrificed everything that he might obtain knowledge. He made his way through Amherst College, graduating in 1866. He studied theology for two years in Germany. On his return he became pastor of a church at Lennox for several years, until about ten years ago he was called to the pastorate of Madison Square, Presbyterian Church, in New York city.

The series of educational meetings held at St. John, N. B. during vacation, the object of which was to advance the interests of higher education, and to bring our educational work more prominently before the Baptists of these provinces, was a step in the right direction. Hitherto very little has been done along this line, and while it is meet that educational matters should be more frequently advocated in the hearing of the public, yet it had better not be done than to be done in a manner not in accord with the dignity of university. Various methods are employed by the adherents of the different institutions of higher education to set forth their respective claims and merits. Acadia University has been conservative in this respect. Not by any elaborate newspaper articles and publications of what, at most, can be but the surface matter of the intellectual life of the college has she tried to make herself noticeable. This fact adds additional weight to the well established truth that an exceptionally large number of the graduates of Acadia have won positions of high rank and confidence in the intellectual world. Not by any undue advertisement or noisy proclamation has their Alma Mater aided them to the notice of the public, but she has sent forth her graduates with a strong base upon which to ground the superstructure of their own independent efforts—a foundation laid and perfected in quiet. No especial reference was made to the University represented by the chief speakers at the meeting in St John, but a general discussion of education took place. Results, not degree of publicity, must be the only standard by which to judge of the work done inside the walls of Acadia.

De Alumnis.

H. S. Ross '92 and H. S. Davidson '94 have recently been visiting friends and relatives in Wolfville.

Dr. Smith L. Walker '85, Morley D. Hemmon '88 and Zenas L. Fash '91 have joined the ranks of the benedicts.

D. L. Parker '94 is prosecuting his theological studies at Newgate, N. Y.

A. T. Kempton '91 is superintendent of the boy's brigade for the State of Mass.

Howard G. Harris '90 has recently opened a solicitor's office in Wolfville. Mr. Harris is also one of the editors of the Orchardist.

G. R. White '87 has, we are glad to learn, recovered from his recent illness and is again attending pastoral duties in his congregation in Yarmouth.

D. H. Simpson '76 who has been for some time pastor of the Baptist Church in North Middleboro, Mass., has accepted a call to the Berwick Baptist Church. Mr. Simpson entered upon his pastoral duties at the first of the year.

M. P. Balcom '94 has accepted a position in the Overland Bicycle Company at Chicopee Falls, Mass. We understand that, he has charge of one of their principal departments.

W. H. Jenkins '89 recently made a visit to Wolfville and very acceptably addressed a missionary meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Jenkins is at present pastor of the Granville Ferry Baptist church.

Miss Adella G. Jackson '90 in consequence of the resignation of Miss Graves, has been appointed to take general over-sight of the studies in the Seminary.

The Month.

On the evening of Dec. 16th, a special meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held, to hear the report of the delegates to the intercollegiate convention at Fredericton. The first speaker was Mr. W. R. Foote, who gave a very interesting sketch of the trials and triumphs of the Y. M. C. A. of U. N. B. This association, though at no time numbering many, has given evidence of undaunted perseverance and enduring faith. Mr. A. H. C. Morse, the second delegate, gave a very lucid, report of the religious status of the various Maritime colleges,

aided by a most instructive black-board chart. The third delegate Mr. F. E. Bishop gave in a pleasing manner a synopsis of the different speeches and papers, which must have been highly educative to the delegates. After this Prof. Wortman a former graduate of U. N. B. referred in a very feeling way to the work of his Alma Mater and then spoke, at length of the suitability of the great Y. M. C. A. movement to the present times. Owing to the lateness of the hour Prof. Keirstead, who was to have followed, postponed his speech for some future occasion.

On the evening of the 18th ult., the rhetorical exhibition by the Junior class took place in College Hall. The weather was all that could be desired and the attendance large. At 7.30 o'clock when the processional march was played the faculty filed into the Hall followed by the members of the Junior class.

The following was the programme for the evening :—

Processional March,	W. I. Morse,
Prayer,	Dr. E. M. Saunders

Oration:

*The Portrayal of Conscience by Nathaniel Hawthorne,	F. E. Bishop,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,	S. T. King,
The Anglo-Indian Traffic in Opium,	H. A. Purdy
The Study of Astronomy,	E. H. Moffat,
The Resources of the Annapolis Valley,	F. F. Tupper,
*The Ethical Element in Physical Training,	G. B. Cutten,
The Philosophy of History,	C. A. Tufts,
The Results of Confederation,	C. H. Freeman,

Music,

Wallenstein	A. J. Archibald,
King Alfred—"The Most Perfect Character in History"	M. W. Brown
Socrates as a Teacher,	C. M. Gormley,
*The Utility of Historical Study,	Matilda Stevens,
International Expositions,	G. H. Parsons,
Julius Cæsar,	W. E. Dimock,
Bernard of Clairvaux.	G. W. Kempton.
*Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome,	S. P. Durkee,

Music,

The Old Regime in France,	F. M. Fenwick,
Thomson's Castle of Indolence,	L. E. Andrews.
*Florace as a Cosmopolitan Poet,	C. W. Jackson,

Rand's Micmac Legends,	A. H. Armstrong,
Music as an Educator,	L. M. Sawyer
*The Ruling Power in Eastern Asia	Ernest Haycock,
Longfellow as a Poet,	M. E. Caldwell.
Education as related to a Country's Prosperity,	F. O. Foster,
Music,	
The Comedy of Moliere,	H. B. Strong
*Environment and National Character,	A. R. Power,
The Strife Between Labor and Capital,	P. J. Shaw,
The Literary Influence of Rome in Gaul,	W. C. Margeson,
Domestic and National Life,	F. S. Morse,
Sir William Dawson,	Ingram Oakes,
*The Ideal of the Roman Empire	A. H. C. Morse,
National Anthem,	

Those marked with an asterisk are the speakers who represented the class.

The matter of the papers read and the manner in which they were delivered were largely on an equality and it would be difficult to prefer one paper before an other. As we hope to present some of these papers to our readers through the columns of the *ATHENÆUM*, it is unnecessary to offer comments upon them here. Suffice it to say they all were good and showed careful preparation.

The music which was interspersed through the program was of a high order. The selection rendered by the class quartet, was well received and heartily encored. The orchestra, composed of Misses Shand, Sawyer and Fitch, together with Messrs. Margeson (A.) Jones, Margeson (W. C.) and Gilmore played in their characteristic good style.

The usual monthly missionary meeting of the Y. M. C. A. took place on the evening of Jan. 13. Papers on various subjects of interest in China were given by Miss Brown and Messrs Stuart, McNally, and Jackson. Then followed an address by Rev. W. H. Jenkins B. A. of Granville Ferry, on the "Kingdom of God," basing his remarks upon the story of Christ's trial before Pilate, contained in John XVIII 29-39. He spoke first of the qualifications for entrance to this kingdom, and then of the means and manner of its management.

The new officers of the Athenæum society are as follows :

M. A. McLean, '95, Pres.	F. M. Fenwick '96, Vice-Pres
H. A. Morton, '97 Treas.	H. C. Todd, '97, Cor.-Sec.
J. A. McLeod, '98, Rec. Sec.	

The new officers of the Propylaeum :

Miss M. E. Archibald, '95, Pres.

" A. R. Power, '96, Vice-Pres.

" C. W. Blair, '98, Sec.-Treas.

Seminary Notes.

The Seminary re-opened Jan. 9. Every department of the work records an increase in the number of students, and is in a healthy and vigorous condition.

The matters relating to discipline etc. are in charge of Miss Crowell, while the literary and all matters in reference to the course of study are superintended by Miss Jackson.

Miss O'Key, who has studied extensively in England and France and has taught with marked success in London, is director of the musical department.

Miss Minnie Chipman of Wolfville has taken Miss Harding's position as teacher of painting and drawing.

Miss Gilford, a graduate of the Nashville, Tenn., Normal College, and who has also studied at Redcliffe College, Harvard University, is assisting in the English teaching. The prospect for the coming term is highly encouraging.

Total enrolment of pupils—79.

Academy Notes.

After a well earned and joyous vacation the boys have returned to school and work. If the autumn term went by on wheels, the Xmas holidays flew past on wings.

All the boys looked to return to school have done so, except Mr. Leonard who has been sick and Mr. Field who has been in mission work at Brookfield. They are expected here next week.

The Academy enrolment has now reached 75, notwithstanding the small local attendance. Among the new comers are representatives from Yarmouth, Cape Breton and England, including several candidates for the University. Three new members have gained the matriculation class. Every room in the Academy Home is filled and two students have been denied admittance for lack of accommodation and are now boarding in town.

The Lyceum has elected the popular Babbitt of Fredericton to the chair, and a good regime is anticipated.

The result of the December exams were, on the whole, very satisfactory. Several supplementary tests will however be necessary during February.

The classes in the Manual Training Department have also been somewhat enlarged, several of the Horticulture students having enrolled for the term.

Exchanges.

Some of our exchanges have sent out very good Christmas issues, expressing in appearance and contents the joy of the season, and auguring well for the New Year whose arrival they announce. Among these are the King's Record, the Owl and the Argosy.

The Dec. number of the Dalhousie Gazette was quite tardy, but redeemed that fault by its excellence. There are some good metrical translations. One of them, "The Battle of Malden," breathes the sturdy Saxon spirit with its fearless fatalism, and unflinching courage. The expected series of university sketches begins with an excellent description of Harvard, its buildings, traditions and present life, especially that of the Canadian within her gates. We also notice a good character study of Prince Henry as portrayed by Shakespeare.

Although the report of the Dalhousie vs. Acadia football match exhibits a lamentable tendency to make excuses for the position of Dalhousie's invincibles at the close of the game, which are, to say the least, childish, those things have been too thoroughly discussed to admit of special mention here. We know from experience that human nature must be much subordinated in order that defeat may be endured.

The Christmas number of the Kings' Record is in very good form. Matter, quality of paper, printing and lithographic work combine to give pleasure in the perusal.

If the general mechanical execution of the last issue of the Argosy is as faulty as that of the copy on our table we venture to predict that, though the contents may be the results of the storings of genius, very few readers will persevere to the end. We hope that such is not the case.

We always expect something entertaining from the Owl and the McGill Fortnightly, and rarely fail to find it. The latter has lithographs and biographical sketches of the Deans of McGill, also two stories written in good style. The Owl is altogether solid and gives evidence of good management.

Locals.

Which can give the most ghastly, ear-splitting, hair-lifting shriek, a Sem. vocalist or the new Siren whistle?

By a curious coincidence the only student who has ventured to lecture the Sophs on their recent conduct, is the same fellow who wanted to lead in tearing down a certain jail not long ago.

The Sophomore class has been advised by a professor to buy a certain book for the library. The value of their cancelled scholarships should be used by the College for this purpose.

"This is a hard world to live in." Any one doubting the truth of this assertion should ask the Freshman how it felt when he sat down in front of the Baptist church as he was escorting his fair one to the Seminary.

The semi-annual fair cut of the students took place during Xmas vacation.

Now's the time for "plugging," boys, but look out that the professors don't see some of your "plugs."

It was a shame that the lecture-committee hadn't their portraits inserted in the last Athenæum, after their expense and infinite trouble for that purpose.

Visitor—"How many students are there in Acadia now?"

Ministerial Student—"Well, there are as good as 150."

Visitor—"Why! I understood there were only about 100?"

Min. Student—"Yes, numerically, but, you see one-half of us are Ministerial students."

FOR SALE!

The faculty are preparing the sale of a large number of marks. Apply early to avoid the rush. Also,

William Oliver of Acadia Seminary will dispose of a machine warranted to "illuminate" any difficult passage of Greek or Latin.

If a certain im"mac"ulate senior hires a team again, he should leave his photo with the livery-man for his identification, as the Junior scientist does not wish to be expected to pay the bill.

(Two Acadia Freshmen in a St. John store)—Elder Freshman—"I will take a neck-tie, please."

Salesman—"Yes. And will you have one for your son too?"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

FOR JUNE, 1894.

H. B. Ellis, \$2.00; Sydney Crawley, \$1.00; O. D. Harris, \$2.50; C. H. Borden, Burpee Witter, J. W. Caldwell, \$3.50 each; Academy, 3.00; I. B. Oakes, \$1.00; W. S. Wallace, \$2.00; J. W. Wallace, \$1.00; L. E. Duncanson, \$2.00; A. E. Calkin, \$3.50; Miss Crandall, \$1.00; Rev. A. T. Kempton, \$1.00; J. M. Shaw, \$1.35; B. Wallace, \$1.00; C. W. Corey, \$5.00; Prof. Wortman, \$1.00; H. C. Todd, \$1.00; Reg. Morse, \$1.00; E. B. Phelan, \$1.00; W. A. Payzant, \$3.50; L. J. Thomas, \$1.25; A. F. Newcombe, \$2.00; Rev. H. H. Saunders, \$1.00; Skoda Co., \$4.00; Dr. Bowles, \$2.00; F. C. Harvey, \$1.50; F. M. Munroe, 50c.; H. C. Creed, \$1.00; J. H. McDonald, \$2.00; H. T. Peck, \$1.00; J. P. Chipman, \$2.00; G. R. Jones, \$2.00; J. B. Bogart, \$3.00; Chas. Morse, \$1.00; R. Pratt, \$3.50; L. B. Crosby, \$1.00; J. W. Spurdens, \$4.00; A. O. McLatchy, \$3.00; Rev. J. H. King, \$2.00; F. H. Doull, \$3.00; M. S. Hall, \$3.50; Harry King, \$1.00; Dr. Weldon, \$5.00.

FOR PAST MONTH.

Rev. E. P. Coldwell, B. A., \$1.00; John Mosher, \$1.15; R. U. Schurman, \$1.00; G. P. Payzant, \$1.00; J. D. Keddy, \$1.15; Geo. A. Martell, \$2.00; R. Sanford Jr., \$1.00; C. W. Jackson, \$1.50; Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A., \$1.00; F. C. Hemcon, B. A., \$3.00; G. B. Cutten, \$1.30; Rev. R. E. Gullison, \$1.00; D. P. McMillan, \$1.00; J. L. Miner, 50c.; S. P. Linaresq, \$2.00; W. Jonah, \$1.00; C. R. McNally, \$1.00; C. L. Freeman, \$1.00; Lewis Rice & Co., \$1.75; H. A. Archibald, \$2.00; Miss Isabel Eaton, \$1.00; R. Millard, \$1.00; Miss Sadie Durkee, \$1.00; M. S. Hall, \$1.75; Miss Yuill, \$1.00; Max Bowlby, 75c.; E. N. Rhodes, 60c.; R. R. Griffin, .90c; E. H. Moffatt, .45c; H. A. Purdy, .45c; Miss Ethel Morse, .15c; R. L. Harlow, .30c; H. H. Roach, .60c; W. E. Dimock, .15c; A. H. Armstrong, .60c; Miss Alice R. Power, .45c; Mrs. Burnaby, .15c; J. N. Creed, .45c; W. W. Conrad, .15c; E. A. McPhee, .15c; Miss Hattie Strong, .15; F. E. Bishop, .45c; I. A. Corbett, 60c.; S. R. Melurdy, 75c; H. A. Stuart, 60c; J. D. Campbell, 30c; W. I. Morse, 30c; Rev. M. P. Freeman, 15c; F. B. A. Chipman, 30c; N. F. McLeod, 15c; P. W. Gordon, 15c; C. E. Morse, 30c; B. Wallace, 15c; Mrs. C. C. Burgess, 30c; Andrew Cobb, 15c; F. M. Fenwick, 60c; B. L. Bishop, 15c;—Starr, 15c; I. B. Oakes, \$1.20; Dr. Jones, 75c; W. R. Parsons, \$1.55; A. F. Newcombe, .45c; G. W. Elliott, 30c; E. R. Morse, 30c; Seminary (extra copies) \$5.40; C. A. Reid, 15c; Miss Graves, \$1.05; Miss Alice M. D. Fitch, M.A., \$1.00; R. K. B. Knowles, \$1.00; A. H. Whitman, \$1.00; J. A. McLeod, \$1.00; W. H. McLeod, \$1.80.