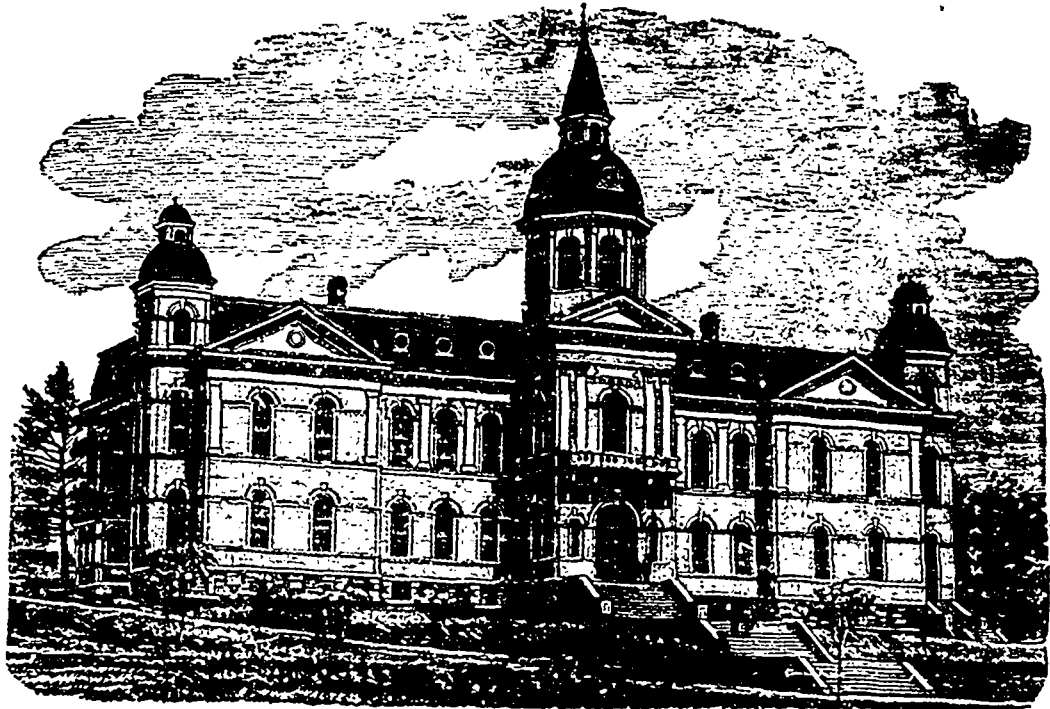


# ACADIA ATRIUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

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## THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

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# THE ACADIA ATHENAEUM.

VOL. XII

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1886.

No. 3.

## THE Acadia Athenaeum.

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### →\* The Sanctum. \*←

THE Earl of Iddeleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, lately delivered an address to the students concerning desultory reading. His consideration of the subject shows careful thought, deep insight, and a true regard for the practical value of labor expended among books. We wish briefly to note some of his leading thoughts, and shall not hesitate often to introduce his own words. He modestly approaches his subject as follows:—

“I shall not attempt to tread the high paths of science, or to enter far into the domain of philosophy. Neither shall I adventure upon the more elevated regions of literature or seek to explore the temples of the muses. My theme will be the pleasures, the dangers, the uses of what is commonly called desultory reading, and I hope to be allowed to decline for my address the more pretentious title of a lecture

and to describe it rather as a desultory discourse. Not that I regard desultory reading as unworthy philosophical examination, nor desultory study as a contradiction in terms.”

He believes the continuous reader will make the better progress in drawing deductions from given premises. The desultory reader may succeed more effectually in collecting the materials which must form the foundation of the inductive science. The comparative pleasures and advantages of close and desultory reading are compared the one to a journey by railway, the other to a journey on horseback. The railway will take you most quickly to your journey's end; but the horseman has the greater variety and enjoyment.

We are warned against confounding desultory work with idleness. The original application of the word to horsemen jumping actively from one steed to another certainly implied no loitering. But our book heritage is so great that it is impossible for any one to make himself acquainted with any considerable part of it. Hence our choice lies in ignorance of much, or in such knowledge as may be gained by desultory reading.

A change is necessary for mental relaxation. He never read so many novels in succession as during the months he was working for his degree at the rate of ten or twelve hours a day. “The student who is also something of a man of the world will often go further than the man who shuts out the light of day, that he may give himself wholly to his folio and his lamp.”

Misdirected energy is also deplored, the energy of the student whom Mr. Lowell makes the butt of his clever satire—“a reading machine ever wound up and going, he mastered whatever was not worth the knowing.”

He wisely advises always to read with an object. One may read for facts which can only be obtained by collating a great number of authorities. He may read to discover the true meaning of an author who has attained great celebrity, or for the sake of study-

ing style and power of expression. Another object common to students is the preparation for examination. The student knowing how much his future depends upon the results of his examinations naturally seeks to rapidly store the memory with as many salient pieces of knowledge as possible, regard being had, not to the education of the mind, but the gaining of a large number of marks. While not denying the value of competitive examinations, he declares, "Learning is too sensitive to be wooed by so rough and so unskilful a process, and it is only to those who approach her in a reverent and loving spirit, and by the regular paths of patient and careful study that she will open the portals of her abode, and admit the student to her heart."

The question, what ought the young to read? is a serious one, and not to be answered by a detailed course of study. It must depend somewhat on circumstance. Thus for a student in science, it is exceedingly desirable that his reading be miscellaneous so that while he is investigating the secrets of nature he may not neglect to acquaint himself also with the secrets of the human heart. He contents himself by saying that it is one of the great advantages of our Universities that every student has the means of readily obtaining advice, guidance and assistance in laying out and pursuing a course of serious study.

Indiscriminate novel reading is condemned, yet he declares that some of the best and most truly instructive books in the world belong to this class.

In treating of poetry he says:—"It is stated on high authority that the poet is born, not made. A man may not be able to make himself a poet and I am sure we would all join in praying that he may never try; but he may be able to train himself to understand and love the poetry of others. Indeed we cannot doubt this when we see how widely and among what varying classes is the thirst for poetry spread."

He enumerates some of our noble bards and adds that of these and many others he can only say:—

"Nocturna versato manu, versate diurna."

The following are almost his closing words: "Among the dead we shall find those who have won eternal fame. Be sure that it did not rest quietly upon their brows. It was won in the only way in which fame can be worth the winning. It was won by labor; that is

the path which they trod. It is the path which you must tread also."

The address appeals to the good judgment of all candid people, and we know that without intruding on the patience of any one we might have copied extracts far more copiously did space permit.

FOOTBALL as a college sport has not yet been placed under the ban of the authorities at Acadia. The Faculty have wisely allowed it to be played regularly at home, and have granted permission for three matches with teams of sister colleges. The Governors have hinted that the game ought to be discouraged, and it is easy to see that many of those in favor of it for the purpose of physical exercise where nothing is at stake, decidedly disapprove of matches where the dangerous character of the game is so much more clearly shown. After weighing the arguments for and against the "manly game" we have to admit that as now played it is not our ideal sport; but we are by no means prepared to subscribe to its abandonment until a substitute is provided. The authorities will think twice, we believe, before they move for the discontinuance of football without introducing something better. There is always danger of too little allowance being made for the element of fun when laws for boys are made by those of mature years. The faculty of being able to look at matters from the boy's standpoint is equally necessary in parent and teacher. Many a boy has sought the village bar-room because no provision was made for the vent of his harmless spirits at home. The student, in like manner, will engage in questionable sports if those of an unquestionable character are not afforded. That censorious spirit which strives to put a check on every kind of amusement, is little short of tyrannical, and ought to be buried with those who advocate it. We are glad to see so little indication of its presence in our own college and hope the digestion of the powers that be may never become disordered, thereby increasing the probability of its prevalence. The success of a student depends as much upon his physical as upon his mental powers. Directed in right channels the lower become subservient to the higher; left uncultivated or misdirected the mental powers are

correspondingly impaired. Perhaps it is not, on account of the natural tendency of students to attend to the matter themselves, the duty of the college authorities to provide equally for the physical and mental training of those under their control; but it is in agreement with the teaching of science to say that the teacher or corporation of teachers that leaves physical culture out of account ignores one of the most important factors in education.

THE musical proclivities of the students have lately found expression in the formation of a Glee Club. This is something new in the history of the college, and promises to add to the enjoyment and utility of odd hours. The old songs have been thought to have played their part. They will be laid on the shelf but never forgotten. Others more popular will be introduced, and attention will be paid to systematic practice. We wish the infant club every prosperity. Its possibilities do not end with the enjoyment of leisure time. It is within the orbit of its powers to achieve grander triumphs, which the old songs partially achieved, but which the want of organization to some extent prevented. The power of music is only yet partially realized. Its influence in politics is well expressed in the saying, "Let me write the ballads of a nation and I care not who makes her laws." Military leaders of every age have paid it tribute by leading their troops into battle to the strains of martial music. The Church, where it is destined to wield its greatest influence, is beginning to realize its importance. It is easy to see how the Glee Club may be made to accomplish much good. The strong and mysterious bond of union between fellow-students may be materially strengthened by the introduction of suitable songs. Time may obliterate other associations, but it can have no power over those connected with a college song; for as often in after life as memory brings up the familiar notes of a cherished tune there will come with it the forms and voices of those with whom it has been sung. If the members of the club have an eye to these higher objects they will not only make it a source of present enjoyment but also insure its future usefulness.

BY the student above all other classes the holiday season is hailed with delight. Though there are some things to detract from the general merriment of this occasion on the *Hill*, yet it becomes all, so far as possible, to overcome these drawbacks. Owing to the change made in the college terms, the winter vacation has lost a part of its charm. Previous to this the student left buoyant with the thought that examinations were over. This year, however, he must go out with them hanging over him, to haunt his hours of merriment, for, like Banquo's ghost, they will not down. In the midst of these discouragements perhaps a word of advice would not be out of place.

Boys, don't allow anything to turn this holiday season into a mere sham. For the present, throw off all thought of study, and let these words cheer you for the future—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." If you are going home for a rest, take one. In order to do so, leave all your text-books behind you; for they will only stare at you from their well-marked pages, when you are trying to make merry the home circle, doing your part in removing from the family table the well-roasted turkey. In the meantime do all you can to make others happy. In this way you will be happy yourself, and carry with you pleasant recollections of your vacation. Make your sister a handsome present of some useful article. If you have no sister of your own, in a similar manner, make somebody's else sister happy. Don't put on a profound look in order to assure your friends that you are a student. Try to weave the golden threads of cheerfulness into your conversation, that others may look upon student life from its true standpoint.

Ye ministerial students would you enjoy this vacation, then do not imagine that you are the only divines in the land that have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal, or that the cause of religion will retrograde if you should rest for a few weeks. You must not carry the burden of all the churches on your shoulders—a smiling countenance may do more to help those whose welfare you seek, than your long face and deep sighs. Let your friends see that your religion makes you happy and fills you with hope for the future. It is well to make haste slowly. You had better take your time and load up well during your stay at college, lest you be found firing blank cartridges the remainder of your life.

It is good to have a well-stored mind and a sound body. Hard study while at College, and wisely-spent vacations will insure both. In closing we most cheerfully wish all our fellow-students and friends A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

## SCOTT'S POETICAL DESCRIPTIONS.

Scott's descriptive powers give a great part of the charm which attends his prose compositions. It is in his poetry, however, that the beauty and naturalness of his descriptions have reached their maximum. Not only do they cause the reader to admire the scene pictured before him, but furnish the means by which he can appreciate the characters occupying these habitations, which are true to nature, but still ideally picturesque and symmetrical. In truth the weaving of the beauties of external nature with the beautiful in the human form and character, was the province in which Scott shone brightly. Perhaps we can see most distinctly and judge most fairly of the poet's genius in description, by confining our attention to a few of the characters and scenes of his master productions.

Foremost of his poems in some respects stands the *Lady of the Lake*. In many of the complex conceptions of this poem it is difficult to say, whether the beauty of human form and character sets forth the charms of nature most, or vice versa; perhaps nature is more often used as the means. Every character in the poem forms the central figure of a sylvan scene. First we have the background of nature, sparkling with all the freshness and glory of mountain scenery; then a most distinct and perfect semblance of this in the form and feature of the being who stands in the foreground; and lastly spreading a fitting halo over the whole scene, the character of this being is involved in perfect harmony with its source and surroundings. The blending of these elements is wrought out with greatest effect in the portraiture of the Highland maiden. Even in a few lines as—

"Not Katrine in her mirror blue  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every foreborn glance confessed,  
The guileless movement of her breast."

We have nearly the whole picture.

The brave and generous Rhoderick Dhu, and the royal and courageous Fitz James are also, though not so firmly wrought out, characters which cannot but impress every admirer of heroic spirit and daring enterprise. In what perfection do their characters and bearing correspond with the strength and grandeur of a spot—

"Where stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep."

Mucauley has said of this poem, "That the glamour

of the great poet's genius has for ever hallowed even the barbarous tribes whose manners are here invested with all the charms of fiction." This sentiment will always find an echo in the heart of every lover of Scottish scenery and Highland bravery.

In *Marmion* the descriptions have been considered by many critics as the poet's finest. They are of a somewhat different type from those of the *Lady of the Lake*, the main action of the poem being of a more historical character and the culmination of the individual element coinciding with the great battle of Flodden. The description of natural scenery and human action are drawn with telling effect in the earlier part of the poem, but in the closing scene our admiration of quieter scenes and individual action is lost to some extent in our greater sympathy for one or other of the contending nations. With the exception of Homer, Scott has given us, in Flodden Field, the finest description of a battle in all literature. It is indeed "a fearful battle rendered you in music." It is worthy of note that this description does not derive its force from the fictitious creation of mortals or nations superhuman in prowess, but rather in the distinct and truthful portrayal of every feature of the battle, the deeds of the heroes being gallant and noble, but still within the range of human endeavor. Scott's own chivalrous and knightly disposition gave him, no doubt, that appreciation and sympathy for heroic action, without which he could never have painted Flodden Field. Of the heroes of the fight *Marmion*, the hero of the poem, stands foremost. Amid all the din of clashing arms and tramping steeds he is not forgotten, his falcon pennon is the first to issue from the cloud of dust, his wing of battle is most sorely pressed, and it is in his death we feel the deepest interest. That he is a valiant knight never appears so clearly as in this his last fight, and his prowess also lends a greater interest to the battle in which he is thus prominent. *Marmion* is a character with whom the careful reader will sympathize. Scott shows clearly what his own feelings concerning such a warrior were by his closing lines:

"If ever in temptation strong,  
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong.  
If ever, devious step thus trod,  
Still lead the furthest from the road.  
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom,  
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;  
But say 'He died a gallant knight,  
With sword in hand, for England's right.'"

Scott's other great battle scene—Bannockburn—has been criticised as not showing the real feelings of the contending armies, since that fair and generous spirit in war which it would seem from his poem prevailed at Bannockburn, was not consistent with the deep and bitter hatred of the nations. Also, Jeffroy says that the meeting of Bruce and DeArgentine, while it introduces a fictitious element, does not add to the force or beauty of the scene. Whether these strictures are just it may not be easy to decide. The latter, however, seems to the writer as not very forcible, since the meeting of these heroes, before made prominent in the poem, gives the individual element a fitting and beautiful consummation. By this scene the real knightliness and manliness of the Bruce's character is made apparent, and by the same stroke almost the poet has in the words of Bruce placed a fitting encomium to the memory of DeArgentine. This knight was considered the third in rank of his day and if he had not been so considered his bravery at this last encounter in which he shared would have been more than enough to have entitled him to Bruce's farewell—

"Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp  
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp  
It stiffened and grew cold—  
"And O farewell!" the victor cried  
"Of chivalry, the flower and pride,  
The arm in battle bold,  
The courteous mein, the noble race,  
The stainless faith, the manly face!—  
Bid Ninian's Convent light their shrine,  
For late wake of De Argentinia.  
O'er better knight in death-bier laid,  
Torch never gleamed or mass was said!"

The description of the main action and of the side encounters of Randolph with the English, who are trying to reach Sterling Castle, and also the famous cavalry charge under Edward Bruce and Sir Robert Keith on the English archers, would be enough to entitle Scott to the distinction of a great poet, without any of his other productions.

The following lines, perhaps, are a fair sample of the poet's descriptions, when carried along in those martial scenes in which he loved to dwell—

"Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,  
Unceasing blow by blow was met;  
The groans of those who fell  
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang  
That from the blades and harness rang.  
And in the battle yell.  
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,  
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot."

Whatever Scott has attempted to describe, whether the delicate and symmetrical, or the stern and irregular in life and nature, he has been successful, and chiefly because he touches the higher springs of man's nature through his own appreciation of the good and beautiful.

## ON THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

AMID the recent strife between the champions of Classics and Science the claims of Literature as a part of the college course deserving special attention have nearly been lost sight of. Courses in Literature (that is *English Literature*) are indeed laid down in our curricula, but they are quite unequal to the wants of the student. Too often this alleged course is but a sort of advanced grammatical study; again it consists of the perusal of a manual of English Literature without the reading of any authors; and in some cases it is merely the reading of selections from a few authors without any attempt to connect them. Of all these plans perhaps the last is the most objectionable. Would a man be considered an authority on Geology who had merely studied the chalk formation and the glacial period, or an authority on History if his knowledge was limited to the reigns of Elizabeth, Charles I., Cromwell, and Anne? Surely then it is equally unreasonable to suppose that an acquaintance with English Literature (not to mention Literature in general) can be obtained from the perusal of detached portions of Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope.

Reserving French, German, and Italian for parts of college work, students who matriculate should have a good working knowledge of English, Latin, and Greek, both in regard to grammar and composition, so that their future study of these languages may take on a literary rather than a grammatical aspect. After two years spent in this kind of study of the Classics, there should be time for the examination of the Literatures of modern Europe. And it is to be noted that if books are thus regarded as literary productions, the objections against Classics largely disappear. A party of *savants*, who were dining at the house of a French academician, were once discussing, over the dessert, the question as to which was the greater poet, Racine or Corneille. A little niece of the host, who was present, nonplussed the philosophers, and made them see the folly of comparing persons and things that differ, by asking whether the pear or the apple was the better fruit. Those pedants who have so long been fighting the battle of the books might similarly be shown that it is impossible to separate ancient from modern books, like sheep from goats, for they all form essential parts of the integral totality of Literature. As Literature,

also, Classics will always hold its own against Science.

But the study of Classics, as at present pursued, is not the study of Literature. Farrar, writing of the old Roman education, thus speaks of their study of Greek and Latin: "Of what conceivable advantage can it have been to any human being to know the name of the mother of Hecuba, of the nurse of Anchises, of the step-mother of Anchemolus, the number of years Aecetes lived, and how many cases of wine the Sicilians gave to the Phrygians? Yet these were the despicable *minutiæ* which every boy was expected to learn at the point of the ferule—trash which was only fit to be unlearned the moment it was learned." This is not indeed now learned at the point of the ferule; but need it be said that there are colleges not a thousand miles from here where "this kind of verbal criticism and fantastic archaeology" is learned at the point of the more dreaded pencil, which marks in a book, according to the amount of this rubbish debouched, the mental development of students who have scarcely heard the names of Dante and Molière, who suppose Goethe and Schiller to have been German mystics with atheistical tendencies, and to whom even our own Chaucer is a sealed book.

Hence Æschylus and Plato are subject to the same rules of study as Shakespeare and Carlyle. It is perhaps not easy to designate the elements that enter into exact literary study, but a few heads may be given under which most of the student's efforts will fall. Mere verbal criticism has been already relegated to the preparatory school work, and hence will not appear here.

1.—Obviously the first thing is to grasp the thought of the author studied. Every great book contains great truths, which it is the first duty of the reverent student to make his own. This branch of the study becomes larger as the genius of the writer is the greater; for as the truths become more profound, they cannot be expressed in simple language, but only reveal themselves to the patient study that can interpret allegory, pass from symbols to realities, and read aright the characters presented by the dramatist. And here, too, we have a standard by which to measure our poets; for, adopting Ruskin's comprehensive definition, "He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas."

2.—The author himself should be studied from his

book. It is no small privilege to have among our constant companions the seers of all the ages; to know, from their own words, their habits, their modes of thought, their sources of weakness and strength, so that we may copy after them, and kindle at the fires of their spiritual greatness the flame that shall purify our own souls. Authors differ greatly in the extent to which they put themselves into their books: in the case of some, as Dante, Byron, and Wordsworth, the trail of their idiosyncrasies is over every page; while others, as Homer and Shakespeare, only reveal their personality after long and profound study. It is not true, as some claim, that the artist should be entirely lost sight of; for the lessons we learn are the more forcible when we understand the great and burning soul from which they come.

3.—We should study the thought, customs, and institutions of the age as reflected in the writings of its most eminent men. Some writers, notably Sir Walter Scott, have been eminently successful in bringing before us the manners of former periods; but usually, even when the scene is laid in the past, the actors are the men of the present; or sometimes, like Shakespeare's Greeks, display qualities common to all men, or, like Racine's Jews and Hugo's Romans, resemble nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. This is a line of study of special value in reading novels of manners, legends, and satires; for these bring the past vividly before us, so that we can reconstruct the England of the early Georges from the pages of *Tom Jones*, Bagdad from *The Arabian Nights*, and mediæval Spain from *Don Quixote*.

4.—A literary production should be studied as a work of art. Here will come in the dramatic element in a book—the plot with its natural development, inevitable catastrophe, and the skilful arrangement of all the parts with reference to the end in view; the suitability of the language used, varying with the different characters introduced; the elegance of the language, its expressiveness, figurative embellishments, and poetic beauties generally; above all, poetic truth, without which no literary production can have lasting fame. The teacher who has not powers of discrimination sufficient to point out these different elements, will not only fail to interest his class, but will deprive them of that high culture which comes with the education of the æsthetic faculties. This is the part of



literary study that cultivates good taste, and that love of propriety which finds pleasure in the true and the truly beautiful, but scorns the false and the affected.

5.—Lastly, a book should be studied as a part of general Literature—as a link in the chain of intellectual development. No single book or period of Literature should be isolated, and studied apart from the forces of which it was the resultant, and the effects of which it was the cause; for cause and effect run through all written thought, binding the most distant parts in indissoluble union, grouping together the men who have, under similar influences, made similar contributions to human progress, and again combining these groups along those lines of universal truth in which the minds of men have ever moved. Minds are not insulated: the electric spark of intellect flashes around the whole circle. Emerson must be studied in connection with Plato; Plato was inspired by Socrates; Socrates is only intelligible in the light of previous Greek thought.

A necessary corollary to this last proposition is that Literature must be studied in chronological order, both with the writings of the same, and of different individuals. This is the historical method which has yielded such wonderful results in the sciences of Philology, Jurisprudence, and Sociology. In History it is not deemed sufficient to study detached portions: we must follow the stream from its fountain-head, noting its tributaries, its cataracts, its tearing away, and its building up, till it reaches the shore of the boundless ocean of the future. And can we treat Literature, the history of thought and feeling, otherwise? There are recorded man's waking intelligence; his yearnings after a knowledge of God and nature; his strivings; his mistakes, leading to erroneous systems, which after crushing men for ages were overthrown by the earthquake-shock of religious and political revolutions; and finally his triumphs in modern times, when strong men, casting from their eyes the scales of tradition, by infinite labour, and with the aid of the light streaming down through the ages, have interpreted aright so many of the mysterious words traced by the hand of God on the vast page of the material universe and in their own minds. Neither in the study of Classics or English is this order followed with any degree of completeness. But it is to be hoped that at last, freed from the trammels of traditional modes of teaching, these may take their places in the perfect cycle of Literature; so that, narrowness and prejudice being removed out of his way, the student may be able to form a just conception of the failures and the triumphs of human thought.

### THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD, one of England's greatest humorists and poets, was born at London in 1798. His father was a native of Scotland, and belonged to the noted firm of booksellers, "Vernon, Hood & Sharp." He was a man of intelligence, and during his life he wrote two novels. Thomas Hood, in the early days of his life, was noted for his remarkable vivacity, for which he was afterwards distinguished as a humorist and poet. He considered it an honor to be a respected citizen of the world, but to be a respected citizen of the world's greatest city was still a greater honor. In his boyhood he was instructed in his literary studies by a prominent school-master, who appreciated his talents, and made him feel a deep interest in the branches he was studying. It was under this noble teacher, whom he has so affectionately remembered, that he first earned money for literary work.

Soon after this he entered the counting-house of a friend, where he displayed his genius to the appreciation of all. His health not being rugged this uncongenial profession reduced him physically, so that he was obliged to take refuge in the beautiful Scottish City of Dundee. Previous to his going to Dundee he was in the habit of associating with literary minds, and being guided by excellent instructors; but now being deprived of his instructors and friends, of whom he was passionately fond, he was thrown on his own resources, this having a tendency to increase the originality of his character. We now find him an extensive reader, perusing the books of ancient lore, filling his mind with deep and pure thoughts, which have manifested themselves in his excellent poems. Some men with as much literary ability as Mr. Hood then possessed would feel a natural impulse urging them to take a foremost seat in the ranks of the literary profession. But Mr. Hood was a modest man; modest in regard to the judgment of his own abilities, which prevented him from literature as a profession. On his return from Dundee to London he entered with great earnestness into the art of engraving, in which he acquired much skill that greatly assisted him in after-life to illustrate the humors of his ingenious mind.

In 1821 Mr. Hood, on the death of Mr. Scott, became one of the successful editors of the *London Magazine*. When he was installed into this onerous position he was placed in the midst of literary society, and became acquainted with such men as Charles Lamb, Carey, Proctor, Hartley Coleridge and Clara. This association was the means of developing his intellectual powers, and fitting him for his future work in which he was so successful. His first production was the *Odes and Addresses*. A copy was presented to Sir Walter Scott, and it is pleasant to know that he acknowledged the gift with the following expression of gratification:—"Wishing the unknown author good health, good fortune, and whatever other good things

can best support and encourage his lively vein of inoffensive and humorous satires." After this production followed *Natural Tales*, *Tylney Hall*, and *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*. In these admirable productions Mr. Hood displayed his humorous faculty to the world's admiration, with great power, brilliancy and originality. Not only did his verse possess that silver thread of enlivening wit, but it possessed that true poetical ring which charms the ear of the reader. His prose productions showed a good degree of common sense and wide observation; but the substantial qualities of these productions seemed to have the greatest power when they were subservient to his ready wit. This idea of Mr. Hood's was confirmed when he first published the *Comic Annual* in 1829—a production very popular at that time—which continued for the space of nine years. Under this peculiar title it was his chief delight to treat all the leading transactions of the day in a pleasing spirit of caricature, carrying with it a current of true sympathy and honesty of purpose, but free from all personal malice and rudeness.

Mr. Hood had a keen knowledge of the equivocal uses of the words in the English language. With this appreciative talent he always kept within the bounds of decorum. The following is an example of his style in using equivocal words:—

"He thought her fairs o' a. fares,  
So fondly love prefers;  
And often, among twelve outsiders,  
Deemed no outside like hers.

"The cruel maid that caused his love,  
Found out the fatal close,  
For looking in the butt, she saw,  
The butt-end of his woe."

At first many of Mr. Hood's illustrations were ludicrous; but he improved in style and diction as he continued to write. His powers of description were of the highest order. Seldom did he allow his imagination to go back into the romance of the past, but found ample room for his abilities in the stern realities of the present. How beautifully has he presented to the mind a detailed description of the *Haunted House*. Nothing could be seen on the surroundings that would animate the feelings,—“Not one domestic feature.” The house was truly deserted. Nothing could be seen but the moss upon the wall, the spider's web in the corner, the centipede creeping along the threshold, and marks of the Bloody Hand.

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted!"

During the whole of Mr. Hood's life he was an invalid. As he became weaker physically sympathy for mankind seemed to glow in his heart. When troubles were pressing upon him with all their misfortunes, he always forgot his own afflictions, and poured

forth his sympathetic strains to alleviate the suffering in such compositions as the “Song of the Shirt,” and the “Lady's Dream.”

He died on the 3rd of May, 1845—having spent a life of usefulness. One of his own fraternity has spoken of him in the following words:—“He was a man of most free and noble spirit, who harboured none of the grudging jealousies too often attendant on the pursuit of literature, who found no detraction from his own merits in the success and praise of another.”

ALPHA.

#### EXTRACTS FROM PROF. JONES' LECTURE.

On Friday evening, Decr. 11th, Professor Jones kindly favored the Literary Society with one of his popular lectures. The ladies of the Seminary being present by invitation, the Hall was well filled. The subject, “A Search for a Hereafter,” was dealt with historically in a very interesting and highly instructive manner. We have space only for the following:—

Augustine says that when the words were uttered, I am a human being, and nothing which befalls my fellow-creatures is a matter of unconcern to me, the hearers were so charmed that the whole theatre rang with applause. The sentiment here expressed has lived through the centuries and still lives in its beauty and power, warming and directing the heart, rescuing men from the grasp of selfishness, and linking them in a common brotherhood. To be human, in the sweep and boundlessness of a world-wide sympathy, is to live in the hearts of men and advance the best interests of our race. It is the touch that makes the world akin. The mourner's tear becomes its own exegete. The beaming face and love-lit eye, true mirror of the wonderful and myriad-phased spirit, are interpreted for all ages.

So in the domains of science, literature and art, sympathy unlocks those mysterious chambers through which knowledge and emotion pass between the inner spirit and whatever man has felt and thought and done,—between the world of spirit and the works of nature. Man's soul trills as the sympathy intensifies. We draw our life both from the past and the present. We live in the great thoughts and deeds which bless and hallow life. “The nearer approach,” says Bayne, “to what a man may be, the less is there in all that can be seen, or thought, or imagined, in air, earth, or ocean, in science, literature, or art, in all this universe, which will be strange to me.”

So let us not say: dead Past, bury your dead. Today's pigmies must not sit in judgment on the intellectual giants of the past, and relegate them to the

shades of oblivion. To-day's iconoclasts must not cut away the roots of our intellectual life. The thoughts and feelings of the past interpret and shed light upon those of the present. The electric fire is ever flashing out, illuminating the whole intellectual world. The whole course of the world tends to unity. Gradually the great drama is unfolding; each scene is interpreted in the light of the one that precedes it, but all are vitally connected, and only in their oneness do they reflect the full glory of God.

And so we are prepared to sympathise with the ancients in their ideas respecting a future existence, or state. For by virtue of our common humanity we are in sympathy with those that lived long ago. All other things find a response in our hearts, as well, then, the solemn and mysterious subjects of death and a hereafter. We stand with the Greek, the Egyptian, the Roman, in the chamber of death. We stand face to face with the same realities. If a gleam of light shoots athwart the darkness, we see it together. With them we stand in the awful silence. With them we seek an answer to eager, searching questionings. With them we gaze upon the scenes of their father-land, when the birds are at rest, when peace and silence reign along the banks of their rivers, when there is no rustle of leaf, no ripple of water, when the twilight gathers round and the sun is sinking behind the western hills, where the hill-tops stand glorified, where from out the mist and gloom we look across the shaded river upon the peaks reflecting the sun-set, upon those hill-tops which reflect the tender glow of an unearthly light, and together get our first intimations of immortality, as the earthly becomes transmuted into the heavenly.

The ancients had no power to "ally the shadowy with the sun-lit side." Their brilliant fancy could place the gods amid the glittering glory of Olympus, where ambrosia and nectar yielded them the elements of everlasting life, and where there was no decay, no death. But on earth Jupiter's arm was powerless to avert the stroke of death. Young and old withered away before the breath of the gaunt destroyer. Friends surrounded the bier, lamentations were heard, and up and down the land the funeral pyres were burning. Here the fate of the spirit becomes of infinite importance, just here where the curtain falls, and no voice came to them from out the intervital gloom, and so they might use the words of Beattie's Minstrel:

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will have;  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?  
O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave!

That the ancients were profoundly impressed with the fleeting nature of this life is abundantly evident from their writings. The music suddenly turns from strains of martial fire, and sounding joy and sunshine and enters the regions of mist and gloom, and there

darkling sings in mournful yet beautiful strains the rapid passage of man into the great unknown. This universal wailing must have had a cause. This cause must have had its root in something deep in human nature—some conviction that this life is a dream, that we bear relations to something beyond and above us. We hear this mournful note in Homer, likening the race of man to leaves; in Sophocles comparing man to phantoms and shadows and speaking of waves of calamity ever rolling over the homes of mortals; in Æschylus, who sees in life a picture that a shadow may spoil; in Euripides, who again and again deems mortal things a shadow; in Pindar's Nemean and Pythian odes, in which he says, fate shakes from the stem the fluttering flower—the wave of death comes alike on all, the high and the low. Even the mirth-loving and jolly Horace often sings in minor key of the brevity of life and the certainty of death. But we need not multiply names. To the ancients existence was a mystery; mystery brooded over the portals of the tomb, and shrouded the unexplored future. Passing out from the deep darkness of the past, man drifted on into the deeper darkness of the future. There was nothing to rift the murky vault so that light might come to the seeker, and so those plaintive notes of the ancients, which come to us in a wailing surge of sound.

Still man clung to the hope of immortality. To find the basis of the finest poetry of the ancient Greeks and Romans, we must recognise their belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. This belief is the soul that breathes through and animates their immortal productions. Their works thus have infused into them the charm and witchery and thrilling power of the supernatural. With what graphic and startling power have the ancients pictured the abodes of the bad and the good! We hear the lashes of the Furies as they forever fall, and the eternal wail of the tortured as it rings through the murky regions of despair. We also look upon the beautiful gardens and smiling meadows of Elysium. There the birds ever warble, and rivers ever glide between banks fringed with laurel. No taint falls upon the pure air. The good here dwell in halcyon repose and perfect happiness.

With respect to existence after death we find ideas ranging all the way from the dim and shadowy outline given by Homer and Hesiod to the definite and elaborate description of Virgil. Many have noted the wide divergence between Homer on the one hand, and Pindar and Virgil on the other. In Homer the departed flit about as mere umbræ, with nothing to relieve the dread monotony. In Pindar the throne of judgment is set, and justice meted out to all. Here there is a marked advance respecting the ideas of a Hereafter—an advance which told upon the moral and intellectual condition of the people.

Taking the Persæ and Prometheus of Æschylus, we find, not so much cold speculation respecting the state of the dead as a consciousness of the existence and power, and even presence of disembodied spirits. The gleaming thunderbolts fly; the rocks are rent; Prometheus, with sublime fortitude, endures the Divine vengeance. We seem to hear the melancholy, sympathetic cry of agitated spirits as they glide along through the wild and lurid atmosphere. In Virgil's matchless description of the under-world, the secrets of the future are disclosed, and Heaven and Hell lie, at least, in striking adumbration. To Cicero's famous "Dream of Scipis" the highest praise has been rightly accorded. In this work we have the startling announcement that that which is here called *life* is in reality *death*. Scipis, as his soul burns, longs to mount up and be at rest. This feeling reached its climax when the shade uttered the memorable words: Let virtue by her own charms attract you to true glory.

So much for some of the deliverances of our fellow-men, respecting a subject in which we all must take the deepest interest. We have been profoundly impressed with the definite yet mournful language by which they describe the dream-like character of life, and the rapid passage of man into the great Hereafter. There were many, then, in ancient times that were like children crying for the light, and groping in darkness, often rendered still more dense by fruitless searchings. There were many, too, who, forgetful of the clay, lived much in spirit, to whom glowing visions of a grand work and destiny came with power. There were many who were consciously moved by the Divinity within them. These last often possessed ideas determinate and convincing, ideas which thwart every effort to reduce them to syllogistic forms. Like stars they shine in the firmament of the mind, beautiful as the work of God, but too ethereal and vast to come within the compass of expression. It is "even as the unfathomed and deep-sounding ocean rests underneath the billows which chase each other across its surface, and die in ripples on the shore." For confirmation of this read what Pythagoras thought. He felt and affirmed the indestructive personality of the human soul, and made its *moral state* the ground of its existence. Read the Phædo of Plato and hear the warblings of immortality. It is not so much what Socrates said, beautiful as it is, as what he felt. Make what you will of the arguments for the immortality of the soul, the essence and the power of the matter dwelt within him. Was it not in the plenitude of this conviction that he uttered the memorable prayer: "O thou great author of nature, well-beloved, grant that I may be beautiful in the inner man! and may that which I have without be in harmony with that which I have within! and may I consider the wise man rich!"

Socrates was able to rise above the flux and decay of earthly things. He grasped by faith the unseen and unchanging. We gaze with wonder on the setting of that beautiful spirit as it passed through the golden gates of Hesperus. The very garments of the speaker seem glorified as he discourses of the Home that lies beyond. Within him was a God-caused conviction which loosed his tongue and gave him the power of wondrous discourse. His was a deep, piercing, spiritual insight. And yet, like the valves of some mighty engine, what he said only indicated the restless, burning, throbbing, victorious force within. Socrates passing away, warbling of immortality, may be compared to the lark, whose first notes are heard through the mists of early morning, but soon sings in the firmament a full tide of song as his plumage sparkles in the first rays of the orient sun.

Wonderful it is that some held with a firm grasp the hope of a life to come. They felt that beyond the dark terminus there must be a home in which there would be rest for tired feet and feverish brains, a Paradise where all the powers of the soul would find full expansion. And so through the centuries the voice of God has been heard in men's souls. Mankind was never without some light. For the fulness to the light may have been Socrates' demon. God has given man the power to judge of the *quality* of an action. See the wisdom and love manifested in this. God did not mock the human race. He kindled fires in his temples that are to burn perpetually. His witness lives forever in the human soul.

Some one has said that "art depends for its highest development upon those feelings which are awakened and sustained by nothing short of the hopes and fears born of the mysterious, limitless, beautiful, terrible future. And thus we account for the highest and divinest notes of the poets, as well as for the glowing and heavenly discourse of philosophers. As man is swept onward to the ultimate destinies of existence, he turns his eyes to Heaven for light and guidance. Only in their relations to futurity are men's deeds and thoughts explicable. Otherwise every thing rests in deep eclipse. Life gathers all its significance from some great scene yet to be acted. Thus what we call earthly things stand out in the clear light of the great purpose of God. Hence

"Build thee more noble mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll:  
Leave thy low-vaulted past;  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Thy thoughts encompass in a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thy outgrown shell  
By Life's unrestful sea."

## THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

THE Rhetorical Exhibition of the Junior class took place on the evening of December 17th. It is the first opportunity the public have of judging the literary and oratorical ability of the class, and is, consequently, regarded by the young men themselves as an epoch in their college course as well as watched with interest by their friends. The justice, however, of making it a test of the student's ability may be questioned; for it frequently happens that those standing highest in their class are thrown into the shade on such occasions by those whom nature has favored with faculties which, though helpful in enabling one to face an audience, are not specially indicative of close thinking.

The night was fine—just cold enough to give spirit to the speakers and hearers, without being too cold to prevent any from attending. The Hall was well filled before eight o'clock, but the exercises were delayed a little in the hope that the printer would forward the programmes on the evening train. They failed to come, however, and the class were not in the best humour in consequence. The order was good, except in the case of a few restless spirits whom the ushers were unwise enough to seat in the gallery. It would be well if those who have gained a reputation for this kind of meanness were assigned a place immediately under the chairman's eye, or, better yet, not permitted to attend.

The subjects were well chosen and dealt with in a very creditable manner. The delivery of the speakers was better than would naturally be expected, considering the lack of experience on the part of many of them. The class have reason to be proud of the very high compliment paid them by Dr. Sawyer. The music was rendered with marked ability, but a mistake was made in the length of the first piece. With such a long programme in which music is not the chief feature, short selections are always best. After the customary presentation of the thanks of the class to the audience and choir, the interesting exercises closed with the national anthem.

The following is the programme :

## PRAYER.

## ORATIONS.

- "*Hero Worship*."—I. W. Porter, Deerfield, Yarmouth Co., N.S.  
 "*The Great Pyramid*."—T. S. K. Freeman, Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.  
 "*John Bunyan as an Allegorist*."—C. W. Corey, Havelock, N. B.

## Music.

- "*David Livingstone*."—William E. Boggs, Wolfville, N. S.  
 "*The Learning of the Arabians*."—J. A. Sharpe, Carleton, N. B.  
 "*The Waldenses*."—S. K. Smith, Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.  
 "*The Effects of Conquest on the Life of a Nation*."—Henry Vaughan, St. Martin's, N. B.  
 "*Political Morality*."—Oliver S. Miller, Clarence West, N.S.

## Music.

- "*Kepler, the Great Astronomer*."—E. Lewis Gates, Melvert Square, N. S.  
 "*The Geological Development of the Earth, fitting it for the Abode of Man*."—C. H. Miller, Clarence West, N. S.  
 "*Sir William Logan*."—Jesse T. Prescott, Sussex, N. B.  
 "*England under Cromwell*."—George E. Whitman, New Albany, N. S.

## Music.

- "*The Effect of the Stage upon the Nation's Morals*."—George R. White, St. Martin's, N. B.  
 "*The Function of the Eecycle*."—E. R. Morse, Paradise, N. S.  
 "*The Struggle for Life*."—T. H. Porter, Fredericton, N. B.  
 "*Music as a Means of Culture*."—Robie W. Ford, Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.

## NATIONAL ANTHEM.

## LOCALS.

## CHRISTMAS !

KID gloves !!

Two in advance !!!

"Oh my arm" !!!!

SEVERAL articles crowded out.

THE "*gods of war*" have lately been let slip and Juniors and Sophs have been doing their swearing by Jupiter and Mars. Quite a number of slight scrimmages have occurred, but no pitched battle as yet, and rumors of an armistice are now afloat.

"*He though dead yet lives*." A Junior describing one of the mental paroxysms into which his essay threw him, declared that the above sentence rang through his head until he had to write it down in order to free his mind, and then as soon as he got it scratched out he felt every whit eased.

THEY stood in reverent mood and gazed upon the chiselled face of the mighty boulder bearing the inscriptions of students of another day, when one deeply moved was heard to murmur, "Well I think I'll borrow a knife and carve out my name too."

THE pertinacity with which a Junior contends for his point is well illustrated by the following item from an astronomical discussion :—

Junior (stating his hypothesis). "If you should *slew* the world around so that the North point would be East.

Prof. (advisedly.) But you can't *slew* the world around, Mr. M.

SPRINKING of the time when classes should close, a promising youth who wished to be a *free man* for a while suggested :—  
 "Well give us an exercise to-morrow and call it square." The astonished Prof. looked quizzically around as much as to say, "My dear fellow do you know who's the boss here."

The Senior sat on his lowly *hutch*,  
 His feet raised high in air.  
 To localizing Eds. and such  
 He breathed a fierce "who'd dare."

The fellow who slings the Local ink  
 Sat by with open mouth,  
 He clapped this down—the little slink -  
 Then started for the South.

WE are informed that the Senate, some time ago, directed that the abbreviations B. A. and M. A., instead of A. B. and A. M., be used for Bachelor and Master of Arts respectively. It is well to have uniformity in the order in which they are written, though neither is incorrect. B. A. and M. A., it is said, are English and Canadian, A. B. and A. M. are Scotch and American, though the first degree is seldom taken in Scotland.

ON Nov. 21st a foot-ball match was played between Dalhousie and Acadia teams at Wolfville. The home team claimed the match by a goal, which was kicked, however, under protest. Want of space has prevented an account of the match in this issue.

E. W. SAWYER, B. A., has been appointed tutor in History in Acadia College for the next term. Mr. Sawyer is a graduate of Acadia and Harvard, and will, no doubt, prove an efficient teacher.

ONE of the students has so far forgotten the object of his sojourn on the Hill as to attempt to organize himself into a combination of a circus show and an opposition "Glee Club." His efforts, however, have proved singularly successful, the applause granted him by the sophs the other evening surpassing, it is said, anything of the kind ever known to fleeting time. Once, after his usual rehearsal of *operatic airs*, he remarked: "Gentlemen, were you cognizant last evening that my *melodious strains* were wafted out upon the breeze and borne by unseen wings far toward the heavenly vault."

1st Gent:—"I propose a *question mark* after the *melodious*."  
2nd Gent:—"I propose that the *strains remain intact*."

Is it the intonation of that loquacious cad who takes such copious notes in church, to reproduce the learned preacher's thought, for the benefit of other audiences, or is his desire merely to make a display of his profundity?

"*Mirabile dictu*."—A stout Junior walking along the street with a lady holding him by the ear.

A STUDENT, who has lately been cultivating a little grove in the neighborhood of his upper lip, was heard the other evening saying that he thought it was set out in *quincunx order*.

It is whispered that the Cads meditate the adoption of the *Simpsonian* style of promenade at receptions.

A JUNIOR with as foreboding a countenance as that poet bore "who had seen hell," was venting fiery ebullitions against a fracas of the previous evening. He wanted to know what kind of a way that was to treat a fellow,—breaking in on his *dreams of heaven* and making him believe that *Gabriel's trump* had blown and Michael had mistaken him for a fallen angel.

A SENIOR speaking of an Exam. "in *linked sweetness long drawn out*," suggested that they start the next one before breakfast so that he might finish in time to gather up his pencils without the assistant light of a match.

A SENIOR entered a Freshie's room one Sabbath afternoon with the irreverent intention of buying some stamps, but was met by a prompt refusal from the conscientious occupant. Nothing daunted he asked for a loan, which was granted. As soon as he had thumbed the desired articles he placed the money for them on the table, remarking that he had brought the change with him. "Well," said the Freshie, "you may leave it there, I'll take it in the morning." Question for class in Ethics: Were these parties guilty of buying and selling on the Lord's Day?

A missing Junior has been found safely and sweetly passing the time away in the Sem. He was rescued by a Com. of his brethren, but soon wandered back again to the place where his *fair fancy* lingered.

## THE CENTURY for 1885-86.

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

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### THE WAR PAPERS BY GENERAL GRANT AND OTHERS.

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The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of a novel or humorous character will be features of the year,

### SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. HOWELLS, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

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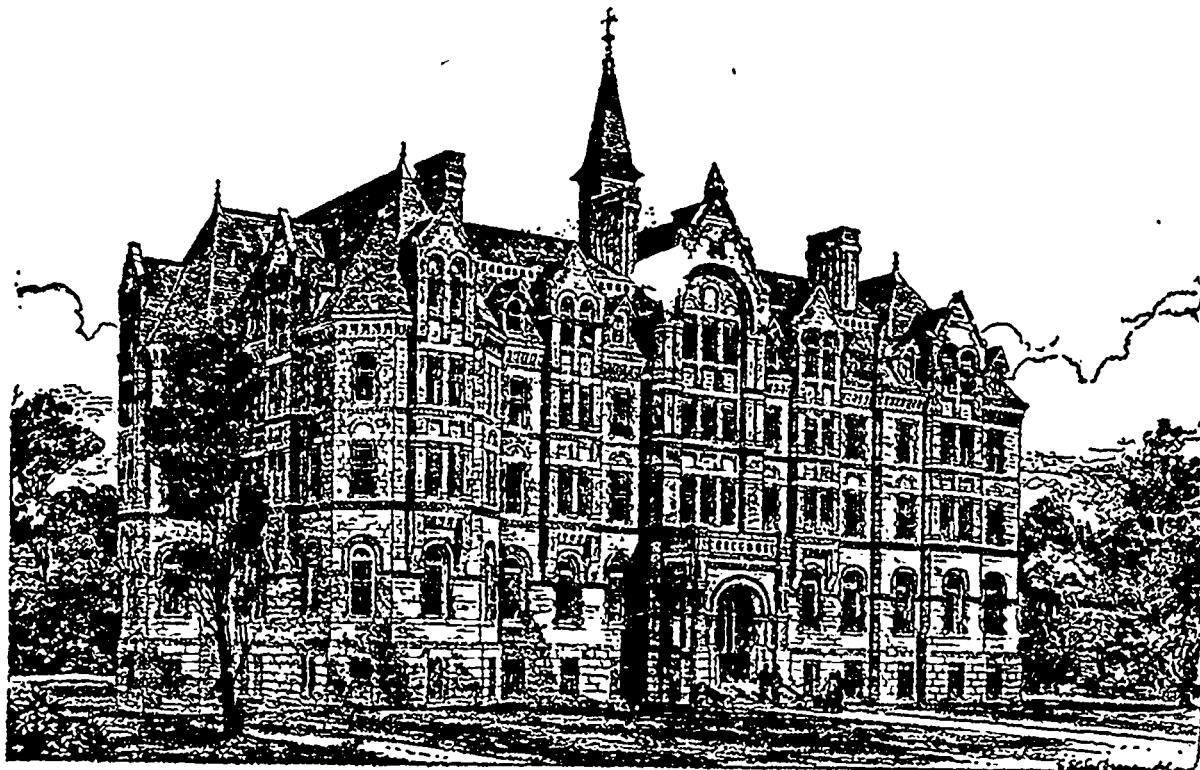
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