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The Acadia Athenaeum.

ACADIA COLLEGE,

(Founded 1838.)

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October, 1877.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 4.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1878.

No. 3

Horatian.

The man whose nerve stern virtue strings,
Firm by his lofty purpose clings,
Quails not beneath the scowl of kings,
And braves the rude democracy.

The lordly soul nor sees with dread
The gale leash Adria's billowy bed,
Nor hissing from his right hand red
The bolt of Heaven's high Thunderer.

Be earth's big orb asunder riven !
Crash too the azure roof of Heaven !
Down on his head the wreck be driven !
'Twill smite him smiling panicless.

Upborne by virtue, Leda's son—
Alcides—each his honors won;
Each trod the Empyrean on
And stormed the starry citadels.

Looking over an old journal we found the above translation of Horace's third ode of the third book. A part only is given here. What think you of its merits as a lyric?

Horace could discourse as sublimely on virtue as if he himself were virtuous. But poor Horace was a notable coward. Besides he preferred Venus and Bacchus and Ease to all things, and the temple of Indolence presented greater attractions to him than the temple of Fame. However, Horace was a genial, peace-loving, temperate man. He was a great lover of rural retirement. On the whole he was a pretty good fellow, much better than his age. He has not left any Roman above him in lyric excellence. Nothing in the range of literature can surpass the above stanzas in loftiness of spirit, grandeur of conception, and fire of expression. Consider, too, that when the translation is so excellent, what the original must have been.

Italy.

ITALIA, land of poetry and music ! how many hearts have mourned over the evil destiny which has in all ages crushed her exalted genius, and fettered her aspirations with chains of adamant. It was for her that the great heart of Browning beat as she looked through "Casa Guidi Windows" upon a people, than whom, perhaps, a greater, by nature, exists not, yet enervated morally and physically by the most uncompromising and elaborately organized system of tyranny which it has been the misfortune of this world to behold. Is any one enamoured of the Romish religion? Let him look on Italy as it was in 1848 and for centuries before; if he can find anything God-like in a faith which brings a nation's life and religious spirit of the most exalted type to the gates of death, we give him credit for the most wondrous logical jugglery. When we have looked upon the outcasts of that land, earning a precarious livelihood in utter isolation from their kind, grinding their heart's blood out drop by drop at a barrel organ, we have thought that truly the goddess of fortune is most extreme in caprice, now elevating a race to the lordship of the world, now hurling them down into the abysses of ignominy and despair. But the Papacy, though the greatest, is not the only foe with which Italian genius and liberty has had to contend. Disunion,—a people rent asunder into a score of insignificant states, frequently contending in bloody internecine wars—this likewise has condemned Italy to the galling yoke of foreign military despotism. Who that has thought of the glorious eras of such petty states as Venice and Florence, great in arms, unrivalled in commercial prosperity, giving laws to the whole world of belles lettres, her palaces of art decked with most splendid achievements of the artistic genius, but has wondered of what such a people were capable if once they

opposed a consolidated front to the world, and freed themselves from the ghastly incubus of the middle ages? But shame on the nations of the world who exclude God from their politics and mount to a precarious summit on the outraged and feeble minority! While Italy was bleeding and quivering beneath the feet of her old enemy Austria, in fruitless struggles for deliverance in 1848-9, the only hand raised in her defence was that of Napoleon III., from motives approximating the nearest to the standard of an exalted justice, which European rulers have acted upon this many a day. Even then Thiers, the ideal statesman of France, opposed the imperial policy with all his eloquence in the Assembly, and all his sagacious statesmanship in the Cabinet, pointing out the danger of creating a great nation on the South-Eastern border, while Germany threatened the North and East. Nearly thirty millions of people are to be damned to all imaginable desolation,—political slavery, degradation of manhood, and why? Because the phantom of fear hovered over another nation in the event of the resurrection of that people. Honor to Napoleon the Third! He will live in Browning's noble ode when even Bismarck's name will lie hidden in the multitude of a nation's archives. Better still, if having earned the title of a nations liberator, his monument abide forever in her greatness and glory. We may well ask ourselves in the light of the above example, if selfishness is to be the main principle in the policy of nations? Is truth, and justice, and philanthropy to be always banished from national policy? Will nations which loudly attribute their glory and property to the allegiance which they have borne to God and Christ, act towards the weak and defenceless on the principles of Machiavelli, rather than on the bible?

Long ago, in the pulpit of the great Cathedral of Florence, Savonarola, prophet, preacher, reformer, martyr, cried: "*Italia renovabatur*,"—the greatness of Italy shall be renewed. Since then Italy has suffered much. In 1848, when Victor Immanuel ascended the throne of Sardinia, she had nothing left but the memory of her former glory and partial insensibility to her present shame. The people, which produced a Dante, had no poet; the genius which at one era

gave birth to the *Aeneid*, at another to the *Divine Comedy*, was sunk into a besotted sleep. The religious spirit which created a Savonarola, had departed; licentiousness, communism, literary and spiritual ignorance had succeeded, and the little intellectual activity which remained poured itself out in the only channel that was open, exhausting itself to uphold an effete priesthood, and justify a spiritual system and a dogmatic theology, which, to say the least, the world had for centuries outgrown.

Victor Immanuel is dead. During his reign what a wondrous transformation has his country experienced! Italy is now a great and united nation. *Este perpetua*. The rigid system which the spirit of Loyola upheld so long has tottered and fallen. The free press has opened its doors to a free people. The truth which English people acted upon, as far back as the reign of John,—“the Pope hath nothing to do with temporal affairs,”—has at length become actualized in Rome. Public spirit, national wealth, educational movements, are lifting her up to the level of first-class nations. Yet it must be long ere Italy be clothed in her right mind; long before a robust spiritual manhood be developed beneath the shadow of the Roman hierarchy. But will it not be accomplished in the end? The real strength of the nation, as of the individual, lies in the soul. A nation morally great seldom falls,—might we not say, never falls? It is in the rekindled patriotic fires, in the rising citadels of moral power, that Italy's strength and future destiny will lie. Perhaps another Virgil will tread the streets of Rome, lacking the Courtier's servility; perhaps a second Angelo may yet design as noble a structure as St. Peter's, and for a far worthier object. It may be that from the ashes of a Galileo will spring another scientist, who shall effect as great a change in thought, when the Italian spirit shall have “mewed her mighty youth and kindled her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.”

During the vacation the cut of the College was sent to St. John for the use of certain papers. It has not been returned. This accounts for the blank on the cover. We will endeavor to obtain it for next issue.

England and the Sea.

THE maritime supremacy of England among European nations has been conceded, even by her bitterest foe—France. Voltaire, the facile princeps among literary conjurors of the last century, attempts to account for the superior hardihood of English seamen, by the fact that they are accustomed to boisterous seas and dark tempestuous scenes of danger, while farther South the waters are smoother and the climate more serene. Continually accustomed to danger he loses all fear, and imagines that every thing he sees must do him homage. Besides this is the confidence arising from continued success, which is in turn the mightiest compeller of success. He relates two stories to illustrate: “There,” said the master of a frigate, when the captain did not choose to engage a superior French force, because he had a Convoy in charge, “There,” said he, with a groan, “there’s seven hundred pounds lost to me forever.” “Fear,” says Voltaire, “is not in their nature.” An English sailor went to see a juggler perform his tricks. There chanced to be a quantity of gunpowder stored away in the vaults beneath, which by accident blew up. The sailor was hurled into an adjacent garden, happily without harm. He arose—stretched himself, rubbed his eyes and cried out: “Well, I wonder what the fellow intends to do next!” As to the authenticity of this latter, we are unable to speak. It is a tribute to hardihood at the expense of the intellect, but it illustrates that total indifference to danger which characterized the British sailor for centuries. Certainly there is reason in what Voltaire urges, but the philosophy of the thing is to be looked for, as Chambers observes, in the original constitution of the race. The Celts were never distinguished for their naval exploits. The races who came over sea from their misty homes by the Baltic, were akin to the Norse adventurer, who made the ocean his home, and levied tribute from the Hebrides to the pillar of Hercules. As the same author notices, the Celtic population of the Highlands, though their country borders on the sea, stormy and tempestuous enough, have never displayed any taste for maritime pursuits, nay, are eminently patriarchal in their habits. Take for

example, Spain. In the days of Charles V. and Philip II., the Spanish army was the most terrible of Europe. The finest soldiers of France and Germany were swept from before it. The best English authorities agree in their judgment as to the impossibility of effectual resistance, had the Armada once landed an army on British shores. Yet those were the days when British seamen, under Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins and such like men, won their most remarkable triumphs. Not to mention the Armada, we give one exploit related by Froude in his essay on “England’s forgotten worthies.” A fleet of six line-of-battle ships, under Lord Thomas Howard, lying at anchor under the isle of Florez, was surprised by fifty-three Spanish men-of-war. As the ships were in a bad condition, the Admiral ordered them to cut their cables and escape. They all obeyed but one—the *Revenge*, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, well known in Spanish seas. Of the crew, 190 were sick on shore; yet with only an hundred men, Grenville refused to turn from the enemy, and so he offered battle. The fight began at three o’clock P. M. and lasted through the night fifteen hours. Fifteen Armadas had assailed the *Revenge* in vain, several of them having sunk at her side. When the morning dawned, the Spanish fleet lay around, far more willing to make compensation than to make more attacks.

Such an achievement may well rank with that of Thermopylae, nor can any other nation show so marvellous a deed of courage, outrivalling the legends of Scandinavia, and going beyond the most unlicensed fiction of romance.

England then must be allowed pre-eminence, not only in the extent of her navy, but in the qualities of her seamen. Whatever the United States has achieved on the sea, the blood of Briton has accomplished. Not in the Frenchman; not in the Scotch, however heroic in the field; nor yet in the German did the heroism of the naval wars of independence lie! Paul Jones and the hero of Erie were men of the stamp who ruled the Spanish seas when Philip II. ruled the destinies of Europe.

It is idle to speculate on what England could do in the event of a war under present conditions of ocean warfare. We suppose Britons are Bri-

tons yet, and can sing Campbell's ode with as much good will as their ancestors :

Old England needs no bulwarks,
No towers along her steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep

The New Buildings.

By the above we do not mean our present temporary sheds, but the permanent structures whose erection is contemplated at an early day.

The Board of Governors, at their meeting held in Wolfville, a few days after the fire, decided that to carry forward the educational work with efficiency, at least three new buildings were needed,—one for College purposes, an Academy Hall, and a Ladies' Seminary. Their decision must certainly commend itself to every enlightened and liberal minded person. Their views are broad. They had the experience of fifty years to guide them. Their plans are not experimental. The empiric age of Baptist educational work has passed. The growth of the institution in the past, and the conditions everywhere apparent for larger growth in the near future, tended to make the duty of the present very evident. In erecting buildings, then, it would suggest only wise foresight in the Board of Governors, to lay a foundation sufficiently broad, to meet, not only immediate, but also prospective wants.

At this date there are over two hundred students receiving education in the College, Academy and Seminary. If proper care is taken to secure efficient instruction and management, we believe this number will be doubled before ten years pass by.

In the dimensions of the contemplated buildings, allowance should be made for this increased attendance; and knowing something of the wisdom and business ability represented on the Board of Governors, we believe the very best thing will be done, both for the present and the future.

Nothing less than what the Governors proposed to build would suffice. Without the College building for lecture-rooms, library,

laboratory, etc., the work of the College would have to stop. The work is carried along this term under great disadvantages, which could not be endured very long. An Academy Hall is needed. With about 150 students in attendance (that being the number in the Academy now,) class-rooms are a necessity at the earliest possible period. In the Academy, as now organized, there are four departments of study,—Classical, Literary, Teacher's and Commercial. This arrangement has increased the labor in the school, and already more class-rooms and teachers are required. The courses of study in the Academy embrace a wide range of subjects, including, in addition to the common English studies, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Navigation, the histories of Greece, Rome and England, Ethics, Rhetoric, Political Economy, Logic, Mental Philosophy, English Literature, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Latin, Greek, and French. To carry along the work in the Academy in such a manner as to secure and retain the confidence of the public, enlarged and improved accommodation are imperatively demanded.

An efficient Collegiate Academy is needed here. It is the corner stone of the educational structure; and its place and work are not likely to be superseded by any other class of school. Nine-tenths of all the students who enter Acadia College receive their preparatory training in this Academy. The history of education in Prussia, England and the United States, proves that such academies are a necessity, as constituting the connecting link between the common school and the university.

The Baptists of the Maritime Provinces have not hitherto given their Academy that measure of consideration that its important relation to their College demanded that it should receive. It is to be hoped that a new period in the history of this Academy is about to be inaugurated, and that no pains will be spared to make it the best special Academy in this part of the Dominion.

But the important question to-day is,—When shall we have the new Academy Hall? Will it be next August or a year from that date? If not next August, the work of the school must be suspended in June. The present rooms are not adequate to the needs. They will suffice for

the balance of this year, but for a longer period they will not do. To suspend the school for a year would not seem advisable. The current that now sets in this direction should not be allowed to turn another way. Students and teachers are patient, and endeavoring to make a virtue of the inevitable for the present. They confidently hope for better things at an early day.

If an Academy Hall is to be ready by August, work should be begun at once. We presume the Governors are moving in this matter, and that before many months work will be commenced. If the building is started and well under way by the close of the term, in June, it will have an inspiring effect upon the students.

We would not forget the Ladies' Seminary. Too long has that essential part of the educational work been neglected, or held in abeyance. A building for the young ladies is needed at once. At the present date there are seventeen young ladies attending the Academy more than could be accommodated in the present ladies' dormitory, and who had to seek boarding places in the village. The number of ladies attending the school has more than doubled during the last four years: provide accommodations and the number will double again very soon. A dormitory for the young ladies should be ready for occupancy not later than the first day of September next. The pressure demands it. Shall the building be ready at that date? The Baptist women and friends of female education can best answer that question. Upon you a great work is thrown. Now is your opportunity, one of the grandest that ever offered to any people, and one that may not soon come to you again. Now is the time to bestir yourselves. Take hold of this work with as much energy as you did that of the Foreign Mission work a few years ago, and it will be accomplished. Send up your prayers to the throne of Grace for direction in this important hour. Send out your influence on all sides, among your neighbors and friends, and solicit their interest and help in this noble enterprise. Send along your money and subscriptions to the Governors to enable them to take action at once, so as to have the building completed by September; and then

send your daughters to fill its rooms, and you will accomplish a work the magnitude of which eternity alone can reveal.

Why could not all the contemplated buildings be completed before the end of the year on which we have just entered? Want of money is the only thing that will prevent this desirable end. This is the Jubilee year of these institutions. What grander celebration of the occasion could there be, than the erection of these three buildings. Let not the celebration be in talk, but in action; not in words, but in deeds.

Enough money has already been pledged to warrant the beginning of the work. Now is the time for letting contracts, while labor is cheap and business dull. A few months may change things materially. We shall anxiously look for a notice of a meeting of the Governors, to deliberate on these important matters. The Winter is slipping away, the Spring will soon be upon us, and we hope anniversary day will find the work on some of the buildings well under way.

We trust all the brethren and friends will see eye to eye in this critical time; that in regard to building material, style of architecture, location, etc., there will be substantial agreement; that all differences of opinion and unpleasantness of the past will be forgotten, and that we shall witness, in this our year of Jubilee, a triumph of culture and Christian manhood.

OUTSIDER.

MR. JACOB SCHURMAN, one of our old students, who obtained the Gilchrist scholarship, has just obtained the highest honors in Logic and Moral Philosophy. He also won a scholarship of £50 sterling a year, but as he is over the specified age, he gained nothing by this.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JAN. 1878.

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G. E. CROSCUP,	'80	

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THE old year has gone; it is dead for the whole cycle of Time; but, like all other years, it lives through eternity in influences. The social pendulum has swung to and fro, not without violent vibrations, which thrill, yet ominous of future disturbance. Whoso wishes may read the written scroll which has recently been folded up and laid away among the world's archives; but where are our infallible "Science of History" men to unroll the future records ere it be written, prophetically decipher what shall be? What is to be, the issue of vast struggles, the solution of knotty problems which the dead year has bequeathed to the living one? Probabilities are the utmost we can essay, and few arrive even at them. Certes, we know that human pride and passion will furnish their quota of suffering and sin; that war and pestilence will garner their harvest of blood and despair; to some it is likewise given to know that the Angel of Providence hovers over us all. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that the Eastern Question

will, this year, receive a satisfactory solution, and cease to disturb the world. Doubtless some wild Habbakuk sees Europe about to be drenched in blood, and out of the awful universal ruining, the Age of God arise, fortold in Divine revelation. Some visionary Bull sees England revindicating her title as Queen of the Seas, and doubling her weakened prestige in the Cabinets of Europe. Go up in a balloon, and in the solitudes and hush of the Infinite, look down on human weal and human woe, and moralize a little. But not only the European world loads the Argosy of grief which drifts away; the Provinces have been severely taught at the hands of adversity; many are the mounds of ashes which mark the places of former wealth and prosperity.

It was in 1877 that St. John and Acadia College were burned. In 1878 Acadia College is to be re-built. It is to be built where the ashes of the old now lie; the genius of heroic self-sacrifice and undaunted faith has already laid the corner stone, and will surely lay the key stone of the topmost arch. Whatsoever is founded on a great people's love is founded on a rock. The brains and hearts which brought forth the old have not perished. The sinews which toiled to erect that which now lies in ashes have not grown weak. What was sown in tears and faith is yet to be reaped by a people who have a heritage of great achievements for God. Calmly and hopefully we look forth into the future. Let every one help in building the temple on our fair hill. While the men heave up the stone pillars let the children carry bricks.

In the meantime it may be news to a few that Acadia College still exists in vigorous life. Acadia is not a perishable structure of pine timber and board nails; the etherial structure which still stands, must even stand, so long as spiritual greatness is transmitted to the future. The calamity which has befallen us has infused new enthusiasm into the student, new energy and self-sacrifice, if possible, into the Professors; and, judging from the spirit displayed thus far, new devotion into the friends and supporters of our Institution.

Two temporary but commodious buildings have been erected to serve as class-rooms for College and Academy. In them as good work may be

done as under a far more imposing roof. Our chief regret lies in the total loss of a very valuable museum, the result of a half-century's selection, and which we cannot hope to replace for many years to come. We hope that all seafaring men will remember, as well as friends in other departments. Fossils, corals, shells, seaweed, fishes, and all imaginable curiosities, will be welcomed here. Let there be a simultaneous advance all along the lines of our denomination. Forward!

The New Buildings.

THE promptness with which the Governors decided to prepare for the erection of new College Buildings, even while the brands of the old building were yet burning, is deserving of great commendation. But bold as this action seemed, it would have required greater boldness to announce that no effort would be made to rebuild. The great body of the friends of the College do not seem to have contemplated such a contingency for a moment. The question of rebuilding was practically settled before the Governors met. In harmony with the public sentiment, they proceeded at once to arrange plans by which the general sympathy with the College in its distress might find suitable expression. Agencies were organized for appealing to the public for funds to re-build, and the first few weeks after the fire witnessed a spontaneous movement to obtain the money required. Professors of the College, teachers of the Academy, students of both departments, ministers and laymen in various parts of the Provinces, earnestly engaged in soliciting subscriptions. It is not now possible to tell how much may be realized by these appeals. In some localities, the work is about completed, in others it is only begun. But we understand that something over half of the required amount is already subscribed. This is certainly encouraging, and the prospect is that the full sum required will be made up before the close of the present collegiate year.

The plans of the Governors wisely embrace all the departments that have been in operation here. As the College is the chief sufferer, it

will receive a large share of sympathy and consideration. But the Academy, in both departments, has suffered by the destruction of its class rooms, and new ones, more ample and convenient, must be provided for it. Everybody feels that the time has come when the young ladies of the Seminary should have a better and more suitable building. Where this is to stand, has not yet been decided; but wherever it be, we hope that it will be a credit to the School and the place. To carry out all this, will take a large sum of money, but it will cost no more to carry out the whole plan at once, than to take it by parts; and it is clear, that if any one part is omitted, the work here is no longer properly balanced. In such an event, the interests of education suffer, and the country suffers, until the whole plan is carried to a successful termination. It ought not to be difficult to do this, with the sympathy and interest already roused for the object.

We hear, from time to time, some discussions about the plans for the various buildings; but, so far as we can learn, nothing yet has been definitely fixed. The old College Building was of good style and appearance. The students who have frequented these grounds in the past, retain pleasing remembrances of its fair proportions. We take it for granted that nothing inferior to it will be erected in its place. It is reported that some who are in authority, are in favor of building the new College of wood. For ourselves, we should much prefer brick or stone, as more in harmony with the purpose of such an edifice. It is understood that the old Boarding House is to be reconstructed to furnish chambers for students. If a new building cannot be erected for such a use, we shall be thankful for the old one; for it is desirable that a larger number of students should reside where they can share in the various models of College life that are almost as important in the process of education as the labors of the class-room. We presume, however, that the building will be so renovated as to harmonize with the neighboring structures.

But we will trust that all such questions will be wisely settled, and that the Governors will permit the students to give three rousing cheers around the corner-stone of new Acadia on next anniversary day.

University of New Brunswick.

FREDERICTON, N.B., Dec. 7, 1877.

At a special meeting of the Literary and Debating Society of the University of New Brunswick, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Acadia College was destroyed by fire on the 2nd inst.; and

Whereas, by the destruction of the College building, and of the valuable museum and library therein, much loss has been sustained; and

Whereas, the undergraduates have experienced much inconvenience through loss of their personal effects and from the interruption to their studies;

Be it therefore Resolved,

That the members of the society express their deepest sympathy for them in their misfortune, and a sincere hope that the building will be restored at an early date, and that the College be even more prosperous in the future than it has been in the past; also

Resolved, That the Secretary place the resolution on the minutes of the Society, and forward a copy to the President of the Athenæum Society.

ACADIA COLLEGE, Jany. 19, 1877.

Gentlemen :

The resolutions of sympathy, passed by your Literary Society were brought before the regular meeting of the Athenæum last evening, and were heartily received.

Such expressions of feeling coming to us at this time of trying circumstances, from the students of a sister institution of so high a standing as that of the University of New Brunswick, are cheering, and tend to dispel the gloom.

We hereby present to you our high appreciation of your sympathy, with the assurance that, when our minds turn to this, kindly feelings towards you and your Alma Mater will ever be intensified.

By order of the Athenæum.

M. R. TUTTLE, ex-President.

TRUMAN BISHOP, President.

A. C. CHUTE, Rec. Secretary.

W. P. SHAFNER, Cor. Secretary.

Our thankful acknowledgments are also due to all the educational bodies which have extended to us their sympathies. In the future it will delight us to remember such things.

Corpus Christi College

was founded by the Bishop of Winchester, in 1516. According to the charter it was established "to the praise and honor of God Almighty, the Most Holy Body of Christ—whence its name—and the Blessed Virgin Mary His Mother." It has a spacious Quadrangle, which contains Turnbull's cylindrical sun-dial. The hall in which Mr. Palmer, the Corpus Professor of Latin, delivers his lectures, is a fine room, fifty feet by twenty-five, the timber roof of which is regarded as a fine sample of the perpendicular style of work. On the walls are the portraits of many eminent men. On the right of the Quadrangle are the scholar's rooms, in the front the President's lodgings and the Library. In the Bursary or Treasury of the College stands the Cista or University Chest. It is of iron, opened by keys which are in the possession of the Vice-Chancellor, the Dean of Christ Church, the President of "Corpus" and other heads of Houses.

"Anent the men who have issued from the *Bee-garden*, as Fox termed his foundation, a swarm of bees welcomed the entrance of *Vives*, (*Vivens*) the dramatist to Corpus Christi College, in 1520. Wolsey, who was no mean judge of talent, appointed *Vivens* Professor of Rhetoric. Bishop Butler said it was the incomparable sweetness of his eloquence that drew the bees to settle under the leads of his study, (west end of the Cloister) remaining there about 130 years. In 1630 the leads of the study were removed and an immense mass of honey taken. The bees were dislodged in 1648. Dr. Plot regretted their removal, stating that it seemed but congruous that the College ought always to have by them the thing whereof their whole house is but the metaphor."

Dr. Buckland, the Mineralogist and Geologist, was a student of Corpus Christi. In 1813 he received the appointment of reader in Mineralogy; in 1818, reader in Geology, at Oxford University. The following is a specimen of the eulogy on the Doctor, written by Abp. Whately:—

"Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in element under ground."

Richard Hooker, that learned and pious divine, was a member of Corpus foundation, and in 1577, chosen Fellow of him, Pope Clement 8th. spoke thus:—This man, indeed, deserves the name of an author. His books will get reverence by age; for there are in them such seeds of eternity as will continue till the last fire shall devour all learning.

The income of Corpus is about £15,000. The President's salary £1,350. There are fifteen Fellowships of the value of £300 each. The benefices, twenty-two in number, have an annual value of £11,507. Under-graduates about 70. Members on books 270.

Among the alumni of Corpus are very noted names: Dr. Pococke, author of "Eastern Travels;" Cardinal Pole, Hooker, Colridge, the Poet; Bishop Jewell, John Conington, the famous Classic; Lutley, the Naturalist; John Keble, from whom Keble College takes its name; and many others.

MERTON COLLEGE was founded in 1264 by Walter De Merton, Lord High Chancellor of England. It is regarded as the model of all the other Foundations of the two great English Universities. The College Chapel, with its fine massive tower, never fails to catch the eye of the visitor. The choir, finished at the close of the 13th century, has fourteen windows, seven on each side, and "illuminated in imitation of those in Cologne Cathedral." Pass through the gateway and you enter the first Quadrangle which contains the *Hall*. "Its roof is of oak, with moulded principals and corbels." Dr. Johnson speaks thus of Merton: "Who but must feel emotion as he contemplates at leisure the magnificence which here surrounds him; pressing the same soil, breathing the same air, admiring the same objects which the Hookers', the Lowths', the Chillingworths', and a host of other learned and pious men have trodden, breathed and admired before."

Antony A. Wood, one of Merton's students, when a freshman, made a speech at the Shrove-Tuesday festivity, of which the following is the introduction:—

"*Most Reverend Seniors*,—May it please your Gravities to admit into presence a kitten of the Muses and a meer frog of Helicon to croak the cataracts of his plumbeous cerebrocities before your sagacious ingenuities." Sir Richard Steele, author of the "Spectator," "Tatler," and "Guardian," was also one of Merton's student's. "He enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards, after the accession of George 1st., and with the rest of the gentlemen of his troop, mounted a black, prancing steed, his scarlet, gold-laced coat glittering in the sun, and his white feather waving gently with every motion of the proud soldier, marched by King William in Hyde Park, attended by a great show of the nobility, besides twenty thousand people and a thousand coaches."

The income of the Foundation is about £18,000. Of this sum the Warden or Head of the College, receives £1,500. There are twenty-three Fellowships, each £300, with an allowance for dinner; Tutorships, from £250 to £320; Lectureships, from £200 to £250. The College owns

11,185 acres of land, the income of which is £10,000. Some of the great or noted men of the College are: Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, Richard Steele, (as above), Hervey, discoverer of circulation of the blood; John Wycliffe, Bishop Jewell, Sir Henry Saville, Bishop Hooper, the martyr; Sir Thomas Bodley, (of Bodleian Library notoriety), Cardinal Manning, Bishop Mackarness, Rev. J. G. Wood, Naturalist, and others.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, situated opposite Christ Church, was founded in 1624. It was originally called Broadgates Hall, but took its present name from the Earl of Pembroke. The two Quadrangles make a very favorable impression upon the visitor. The Library is rich in books, and contains, among other curiosities, some of *Johnson's* exercises. The visitor must not forget that Tom Hood, son of the immortal author of the "song of the Shirt," is among the noted men of this Foundation. Tom was the chief editor of "Fun," and his first work was written in Pembroke,—"*Pen and Pencil Pictures*." The following lines were written of him:—

"The witty son of witty sire is dead;
Lay by the pen he never more will need,
His pen that, like the fabled maiden, shed
Syllabic gems, each brilliant as a star:
The airy pen that such rare measures writ—
That flashed and smote as 'twere a scimitar,
Jewelled and trenchant, all ablaze with wit."

In Pembroke Dr. Johnson studied, and his rooms, over the gateway, on the second story, are sure to be enquired for, and, of course, eagerly pointed out. Of him Lord Macaulay writes: "The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy. In every mutiny against the discipline of the College he was the ringleader." Johnson studied at Pembroke three years, but poverty denied him a degree. Whitefield was also a Matriculate of this Foundation.

Among Pembroke's eminent men are: Dr. Samuel Johnson and George Whitefield, (as above) Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. Payne Smith, Francis Beaumont, Dramatist; Camden, the Historian; Pym, the Patriot; Bishop Booner, and many others.

Income of College about £6000; ten Fellowships, of £210 each; Tutorship, £320. It has the gift of seven livings, worth about £4,000. Under-graduates, 90; Members on books, 296.

WORCESTER COLLEGE was founded as Gloucester Hall, in 1283, by Baron Brimesfield, for the Benedictine Monks. Sir Thomas Cooke, in 1704, bequeathed £10,000 for the erection "of

an ornamental pile of buildings in Oxford for a College." Out of this benefaction was developed Worcester College. The visitor fails to examine the *Chapel*, "one of the richest interiors in the University, and one of the finest examples of the *Renaissance* in England." It is in the Italian style, splendidly adorned with corbels and arabesques, and the windows are of the finest stained glass. This chapel was restored in 1870, at an outlay of £5,000. The Bible on the *lectern* cost £70; "the altar-piece represents the *Entombment of our Lord*; the flooring of the chancel, the *Parable of the Sower*; the frieze above the stalis, the *Te Deum*." The Library is also a fine and spacious one, and well filled with valuable books. The *Lake and Gardens* are the admiration of all visitors, where may be always seen "a sweet confusion of green boughs and flowers which harmonize the scene."

Income of College (1871) £9,415,10s.; Provost's salary, £1,128; 13 Fellowships, £210 each. The College has 10 benefices, worth annually £4,050; number of under-graduates, 100; Members on books, 385.

The following distinguished men have been in Worcester's Halls: Thomas Allen, celebrated for his knowledge of Antiquities, Mathematics and Philosophy,—“the sun of all Mathematicians; Samuel Foote, the Dramatist and actor; Richard Lovelace, Poet and Linguist; De Quincey, the “opium-eater,” and noted for the “magical fertility of his pen;” Rev. J. W. Burgon, Divine, Poet and Historian; Thomas Coryat, Traveller, who styled himself the “Odecombian Legstretchers;” Judge Carey, Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodleian Librarian, Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy, &c., &c.

Our Exchanges.

The *Tufts Collegian* has an article on the Turk in Europe, which sounds very much like the hasty tract of Freeman on the same. There is evidently a side of the question which the writer either ignores, or knows nothing about,

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

The *Argosy* is as handsome a sheet as we receive, and is creditable to Sackville. It has the usual amount of rather racy readable matter. We are sorry that we could not send our patrons a paper of equally excellent “metamorphosed” rags, but we trust that an honest effort to fill our unpretentious bark with something worth unloading, will not be in vain.

The *Tyro* admires “In Memoriam.” So do we. We are glad to see some articles which may be read with profit—articles which inform instead of vaguely discoursing on Sciences, of which they can possibly say nothing new. Whether Joseph Cook knows what he is talking about, becomes men who have devoted a lifetime to the study of such questions, to decide. For heaven's sake, let a man be judged by his peers—not by school-boys—who generally echo the sentiment of the last ephemeral review they have chanced to skim over.

Dalhousie Gazette we have read with pleasure, ergo—it must be good. “We are nothing unless we are critical.”

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We have received but one Solution to the Enigma published in our last. Instead of the figures 4, 7, 17, 6, 7, 8; it should be 4, 5, 17, 6, 7, 8.

The “new Colleges” are comfortable beyond expectation, as far as the class-rooms go; we do not know but that we are about as comfortable as before.

Things Around Home.

"ACADIA still lives,"—and prospers.

"CAST down, but not destroyed."

THE ruins still continue to smoke; so do some of the depraved Juniors.

AND now when rumors of receptions steal abroad, those eight refugees on College Avenue bury themselves in their Greek Lexicons and sigh for the joys that are past.

ACADIA COLLEGE, as it was, will be found represented on the cover of last number. Acadia College as it is, will be found under the poplar tree in the back yard. Acadia College, as it will be, stands fair and beautiful, though indistinct, on the slope of '78-'79, like a castle on the brow of a hill, draped in the gray mist of morning.

WHY cannot some enterprising photographer or travelling artist come this way and take a view of the ruins, before the profane pick-axe and the unsympathetic crowbar destroy them. Such a view would form a first-rate embellishment to some future illustrated history of Acadia. And when our children, turning over the leaves of such a history, and happening on such a picture, will ask: "What mean these stones?" we will be able to tell them how the Lord brought us, not through water, but through fire, into the Canaan of higher privileges and broader success.

"THOU wert so near and art so far," as the junior said when he went out to bear to a place of safety the trunk of clothing which he had thrown from the back window, to snatch it from the hot teeth of the flames, and found that some sneak thief had frozen onto it, and snaked it off. Yes, incredible as it may appear, there were some beings with forms that seemed human, which,—we use the word advisedly,—instead of admiring and mourning over the grand and sad spectacle of Acadia in flames, spent the closing hours of the Sabbath in carrying off spoil to their dens.

THE second meeting of the Acadia Temperance Society took place on Saturday evening, January 19, in the new Academy Hall. The fire having disarranged things generally, no definite programme had been prepared. A number of the members were called on for five minute speeches. Among these were interspersed select pieces of music, rendered by the lady members of the society. Thus the time passed pleasantly and profitably away. The committee promise something good for next night. When we consider that every year almost two hundred young men gather at these institutions,

from all parts of the land, we learn what a great work is placed before this society,—work both direct and indirect.

THE Acadia Athenæum held its first meeting of the term on January 18. The following are the officers elected:—

President.—TRUMAN BISHOP.

Vice-President.—A. J. DENTON.

Recording Secy.—A. C. CHUTE.

Corresponding Secy.—W. P. SHAFNER.

Treasurer.—A. PINEO.

Critic.—G. W. COX.

The interest in the Society was very well kept up last term, and we hope that it will not be allowed to flag during the remainder of the year. On the first Friday in February, the Athenæum purposes to give a general entertainment open to all.

WE are pleased to notice some of the results of the enterprise and benevolence of the Wolfville Reform Club, which have become apparent in the establishment of a reading room in Temperance Hall, to which the young and old can resort during leisure moments and evenings, and gather useful and edifying information from live newspapers, periodicals and books.

This movement is certainly an indication of social and literary advancement. We hope the reading room will prove a decided success, and that great and lasting benefit will result from its establishment.

A FRIEND in need is a friend in deed. That is the kind of friends we have in Wolfville. Not particularly demonstrative as long as everything moves on prosperously and there is no especial call for demonstration, but ready to stretch out a helping hand in the hour of adversity, in the dark and cloudy day. We might cite their action at the Educational Meeting, of Dec. 6th, but we speak specially, just now of the kindness shown to the students, both of the College and Seminary, who were turned out of house and home by the fire. That was our time of need. We needed shelter, we needed food, we needed raiment, some of us, we needed encouragement and good cheer, and we found that the people of Wolfville were friends indeed and friends in deed and in word. We were strangers, and they took us in, naked and they clothed us, we were anhungered and they ministered unto us, we were cast down and they encouraged us. no sooner had our old homes on the Hill vanished at the magic touch of the flames than all through the Village new homes flung open their doors in welcome. Everything that kindness could suggest or hospitality conceive to make the days of our sojourn pleasant was done, and in spite of the sadness which would creep over us at times when we remembered that Acadia was in ashes, we can say that few weeks have been spent more pleasantly than the week after

the fire which we passed among our friends in need in the Village. And so long as we remember Acadia College and the night of Dec. 2nd 1877, we will also remember, as the silver lining to the cloud, the generous kindness of those who opened their hearts and homes to us in our day of trouble.

The voice of prophecy is still heard among the children of men. Some ancient dame in this vicinity was seized by the divine power and gave forth a not ambiguous oracle, to the effect that the Seminary would be destroyed by fire on the night of Saturday, Jan. 19th. It shuddered down Main Street and was heard among the eight refugees on College Avenue. It was whispered through the studies of the new Academy. The Sems. believed and trembled. The demon who had stood howling at their very threshold but six weeks before, waving his long arms of fire, and flinging to the breeze his tresses of flame, rose again before their horror-struck visions, coming back to claim his own. The past blazed up again from its ashes. Again they lived over the lurid hours of that flaming Sabbath night. Again the cry, "Fire!" rings across the Campus. Again there is that hurrying to and fro, and cheeks growing pale, "that but an hour ago blushed at the thought of their own loveliness." Again the trunks fly, and the pumps rattle, and the buckets splash. Again the flames leap, and timbers crackle, and the belfry reels, and the fiery pillars totter, and the crash of falling ruins sounds above the roar of the flames and the hoarse shout of the crowd. And with this picture buried into their memories, and that prophecy creeping, on the clammy feat of the preternatural, into their hearts, what wonder if each roar in the chimney, and each gust smiting the corner of the building, seemed the step of the fire-fiend at the door. That was a busy evening in the Sem. There was a rustling of garments and a squeaking of trunk covers, and a sound of many hands packing up, and when the tinkle of the bell told the hour of retiring, the whole establishment had the air of a company under marching orders, ready to leave the fort and take the field at a moments' notice. Doors ajar, trunks packed and pointed in the right direction; everything ready. Hush-sh-sh. Midnight; and the ghost of Acadia past steals forth from the grave of the by-gone, and sits down amid the debris, like Marius at the ruins of Carthage; and yet peace broods over the smitten hill-side. One, two, three, strike the clocks of the village, and still no sound is heard but the sigh of the wind through the grove. Sunday morning dawns, and as the early light glitters through the frost-flowers on the S. windows, the literary damsels vote modern prophecy a humbug, and spend the best-part of the morning putting things to rights again. So perish the words of all who bode ill to Acadia, in any of her departments.

Funnyisms

TEACHER IN ACADEMY:—How do we know, John, that the earth is round?

JOHN:—Alligators have sailed around it, sir.

JUNIOR in lecture room No. 3, awaiting the appearance of the Prof. takes a book from the Professor's table, and after examining it remarks: Oh! Ah! A bible translated into Hebrew!

FRENCH PROF.: Mr. F—— Give the equivalents of the words: "I have a mother," in French, Mr. F——, J'ai mater. (Applause in class.)

THE fashion of discussing various topics, during the time allotted to us in the dining room is both interesting and profitable, as a result of the study of Mechanics, we heard two Juniors having a lively discussion concerning the different *forces*, one with evident designs of finally puzzling the other, says: "Well what force is it that impels my hand forward to take a piece of *brown bread*." The reply comes promptly and with the utmost gravity—"Brute force."

JAN. 12th—Platform—Evening train,—Scene:—Ben. Eaton and sweetheart, meeting after three weeks separation:

There is a warm grasping of hands, a suggestive swing of his left arm, and a sly labial contact, instantly followed by such an ominous report as to call forth from the suffering Sem., the following ejaculation in somewhat Anglicized Greek:—

Oh! easy Eaton, Eaton, O man easy, it is I.

AMONG the many incidents that transpired after the fire:—in connection with the gathering together of the few personal effects that remained to each one, such as bedding, clothes, books &c.—there was one that indelibly stamped itself on our minds, and has agitated us even up to the present time. Although we were somewhat discomposed at the scene, yet we think we can give it accurately.

Excited young man enters the Seminary and enquires whether there are any books there with his name in—or any with Miss——'s name in them. The one questioned showing evident signs of surprise at the latter part of his question, excited young man remarks: "*Oh! it is all one and the same thing.*"

Now to our minds there is a metaphysical element in this assertion or else there are certain affinities or relations in life of which we are not now cognizant. We will be thankful for an explanation.

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