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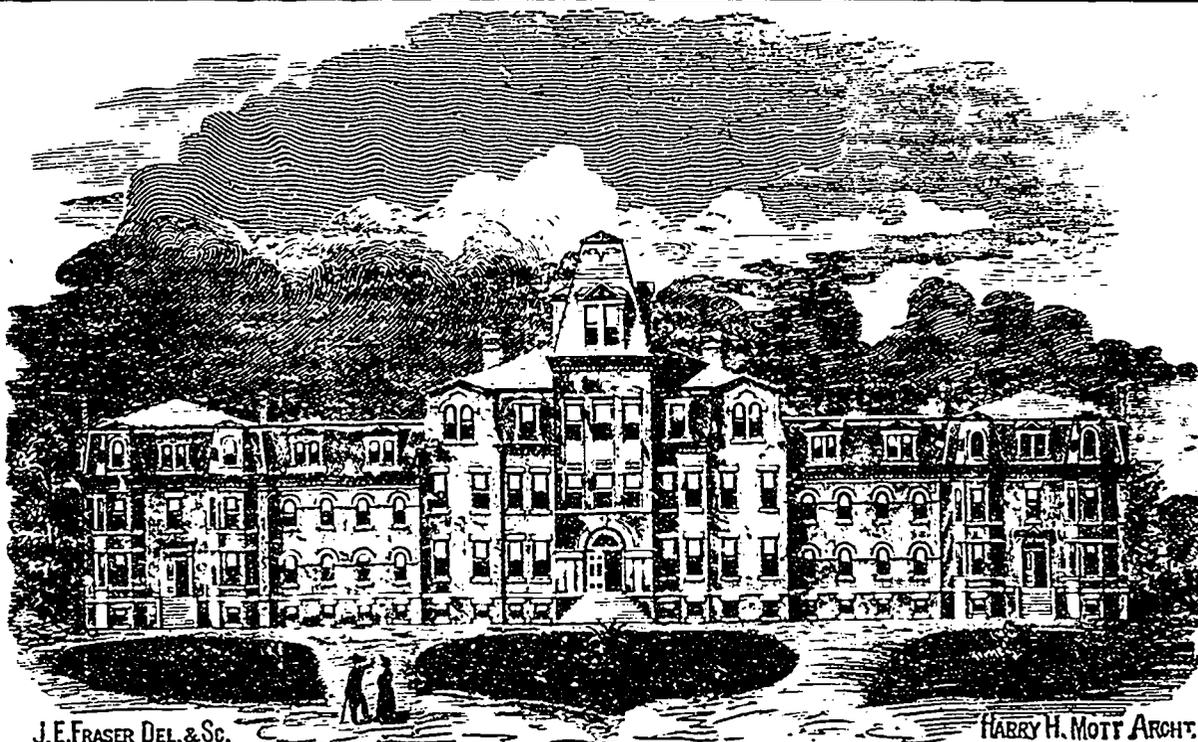
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No NIKQUEV

Vol. II.

ST. MARTINS, N. B. FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 4



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* The Seminary Bema *

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Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent to DAVID LONG, Sec.-Treas.

We are again obliged to call the attention of our subscribers to the necessity of paying up more promptly. It is impossible to run the monthly without money, and unless money comes in more freely than it has during the last term we will not have enough funds to pay the printer. We trust that none of our subscribers will be offended at being asked to pay up. This duty though a disagreeable, is nevertheless a necessary one, and if we, as editors, do our part to the best of our ability, it is no more than fair that our subscribers should furnish us with the money necessary to carry on the publication.
—*Ex.*

We would direct the attention of our subscribers to the above, copied from the *University Monthly*. It expresses our sentiments exactly.—*Ed. Bema.*

PRIZES.

In addition to the nine prizes given in the regular work of the Institution, by persons hereafter to be announced, we mention the following:

BEST SCHOLARSHIP—To the graduate in the full Seminary course passing the best final examination in every department of study, a medal given by Geo. A. Hetherington, M. D.

ELOCUTION—To the successful competitor in a public Rhetorical contest at the June commencement, a medal given by H. A. McKeown, Esq., M. P. P.

ENTRANCE PRIZE—To the student in the Preparatory Department who sustains the best examination for entrance upon the regular Seminary course.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

AMONG all the days we celebrate, I think that Valentine's Day is, perhaps, the most peculiar. Many explanations have been given of its origin, some going as far back as the Ancient Romans. It is said that in February, during the Lupercalia, they were accustomed "to put the names of young women into a box, from which they were drawn as chance directed." This custom was objected to by the Christian clergy, who, finding that they could not do away with it altogether, attempted to give it a religious aspect by substituting the name of certain saints for those of the women. I have heard that even now the members of the Roman Catholic Church select, on this day, a patron saint whom they call a Valentine.

In Bailey's Dictionary the following explanation is given.—About this time of the year the birds choose their mates, and probably thence came the custom of the young men and maidens choosing valentines or special loving friends on that day.

In the 15th century the popular way of celebrating this 14th of February was to gather together a number of young folk—maids and bachelors—and to write on pieces of paper the names of their friends, an equal number of each sex. Each member of the company would then draw one from the box into which they had been put, care, of course, being taken that each would draw one of the opposite sex, and the person thus drawn became one's valentine. For a whole year the bachelor had to be attentive to his chosen, and what was begun in fun often ended in something serious, *i. e.*, an engagement.

It seems that now the day has altogether lost the meaning it once possessed and is considered by most people to be a perfect nuisance. As the 14th draws near we see displayed in the shop windows a vast number of missives, generally consisting of a single sheet of paper on which is drawn a hideous figure with a few burlesque verses written below. Sometimes these missives are of a sentimental character and picture some couple before the altar being initiated into wedded happiness, others have a few thrilling love verses.

"This world would be dark without thee,
The days would be dreary and long,
For thou hast the charm about thee,
To give me sweet sunshine and song.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

THE relative advantage of a literary and scientific education, has been vigorously discussed of late years, and the contest is by no means ended yet. Gradually, those who favor the introduction of more science teaching in our course of instruction, have been pushing their way. until now at last such studies take up a large part of the school hours.

Those who desire to have the older, more literary methods of education retained, have not however been silenced, and there are even indications of a strong reaction setting in in their favor. Not indeed because an acquaintance with the natural sciences is of little value in itself; but, that too much has been expected from them. It is not the purpose of this paper to disparage their usefulness in their proper place, but to make some remarks about the subject of education in general.

Our ideas of the purpose and aims of education are apt to be very vague. We are too often inclined to think that its object is merely to fill our minds with facts, and the more we can cram in and hold there, the better educated we are. We forget that it is possible to be a very learned man and still be poorly educated; yet learning and education are by no means synonymous terms. We may in fact have our minds stored with knowledge, be indeed veritable walking encyclopedias, and still be unable to make use of this raw material which we have on hand. What the mind needs in addition, is the development and training of its faculties and powers. This can only be done by exercise. Just as we take bodily exercise to call into play the various muscles of the body, so in the case of the mind. Its different faculties need exercise to strengthen them. The mind is not merely the store-house of the memory in which simply hoard up facts as we get them; it is rather a workshop filled with increasingly complicated and intricate machinery by which this raw material gathered by the senses is taken up and manufactured and elaborated into various products. This process we call reasoning. The senses are thus not the only means we have of acquiring knowledge. Our reason and judgment must be considered of even greater importance; and these are the qualities which belong peculiarly to man among living animals and mark him as a being of higher and nobler life.

What then should be the object of education? Obviously to develop and train these reasoning powers as the noblest with which man is gifted; to enable a man to think clearly; to reason correctly and arrive at just conclusions upon all matters that come up before him in life. To do this of course, he must have knowledge, knowledge both of himself and of the world

around him. But this it must be remembered, is not the whole of education; it is merely the raw material, or, to vary the metaphor, the foundation. Our reason and judgment must rear the superstructure.

The question next arises, what studies are best adapted for this purpose? It has been objected to the natural sciences, that they appeal chiefly to our observing faculties at least in their elementary stages with which our schools are mostly concerned, and do not sufficiently exercise our reflective, reasoning powers.

As an example of this, it was lately remarked at a German university, which draws its students from both scientific and literary, or classical schools, that the classical students not only kept ahead in their own subjects, but that they were so far in advance of the science men in mental development and capacity for acquiring knowledge, their training and discipline were so superior, that before the end of their college course, they had actually outstripped their competitors even in the science course.

So much has been written for and against classical studies, that little more can now be said either new or interesting. I wish however, to say a few words in their favor, even if they are not original. Few seem to understand their purpose or value. Practically, they are of little benefit to the ordinary business man, at least directly. They cannot be turned into ready money; but to those who have a higher aim in life than mere money making, they can become of inestimable advantage in cultivating, enlarging, and refining the mind. Learning a new language is not merely substituting one English word or phrase in place of a word or phrase in the original. To render the sense of a classical author into good clear English, we must enter into the very spirit of the writer, think his thoughts and feel his emotions. To understand him at all, we must of necessity understand him thoroughly. To do this, requires close application and severe study. It calls forth and exercises the mental faculties in a way few other studies do. In English we can and do often read an author without having a clear perception of what he wishes to say. The language gives us little difficulty, we know the meaning of words at least in their general acceptation and we are apt to fall into a careless and negligent habit of skimming over a work without any clear idea of its contents. All this is just the reverse in the classical languages. There the newness of the languages, the exactness of expression, owing to the inflected nature of the words, arrests attention at once and compels thought. For these reasons, the Greek and Latin languages have always been considered to have a high educative value and, though at the present time there may be a strong opposition manifested towards them, it will likely be a long time before we shall find anything to replace them. A.

A SLEIGHING PARTY.

ON Saturday last, St. Valentine's day, a party of twelve boys and girls, including a teacher as chaperon, made a visit to Mr. Rourke's lumber camps, about eleven miles from St. Martins. It was a beautiful, bright day, and although quite cold we enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent. We left the Seminary about nine o'clock, and at one, after much merriment, we reached the camp.

The majority of us had never been at a lumber camp, which fact, if possible, made our enjoyment greater. Our drive had heightened our appetites, so that when dinner was served we were all quite ready for the beans, molasses, etc. It was quite a novelty to have tin plates and cups, but we ate with great relish, even though we did not have milk in our tea as one young lady was so ignorant as to expect. After dinner we went gumming, but most of the gum we succeeded in getting was found in the possession of some of the men at the camp. One young lady was fortunate enough to get a whole peck.

Something occurred on our way home which seemed very funny to those who were not accustomed to driving on country roads in winter. We met several double teams and there was no alternative for us but to get out of the sleigh, move our team, and wait till the double team went by. We reached the Seminary again about seven o'clock, after having spent a very happy day in the woods.

MOHAMMED.

MOHAMMED, the founder of the Moslem, or Mohammedan religion, was born at Mecca in 572, A. D. His parents were poor, but had rich and respectable relatives belonging to the tribe of Koreish, which was considered the most noble family in all that part of Arabia. When Mohammed was two years old his father died; four years later he lost his mother. Thus left a dependent orphan, he was received into his grandfather's family, where he remained for two years. His grandfather, on his dying bed, requested his son, Abu Saleb, to be very kind to Mohammed, caring for him as he would for his own son. Abu Taleb carried out his father's wish, instructing the orphan in the business of a merchant.

Mohammed continued in the employ of his uncle until he was twenty-five years of age. At this time one of the chief business men of the city died, leaving a widow named Cardyah, who, requiring some one to manage her business, engaged Mohammed for the work. He was able to fill the position in a very satisfactory way, trading at Damascus and other places. He

not only merited the respect, but won the affections of his mistress, whom he married, although she was twelve years his senior. This placed him in the rank with the richest men of the city. Mohammed soon after this became possessed of the idea that he was divinely commissioned to reform the world by introducing a new system of religion. He used to go to a cave in the vicinity of Mecca for the purpose of fasting, prayer and meditation. The supernatural visions which he claimed to see while at this cave at first were treated as the dreams of a disturbed imagination, but he became more persistent in his assertions that he had divine revelations. He spoke of the visions seen on the night in which the entire Koran descended from the seventh to the lowest heaven to be revealed by Gabriel in portions as might be required.

With the exception of his wife, the first to give adherence to his views was his servant, whom Mohammed rewarded for his belief by granting him his freedom. At the end of four years only nine had accepted his new doctrine. He made a great feast and addressed them thus: "I offer you happiness in this life and in that which is to come; who, therefore, among you will be my vizesse." Ali burst forth and said, "Oh, prophet of God, I will be thy vizior. I myself will beat out the teeth, tear out the eyes, cut off the legs of those who dare oppose thee." The prophet embraced the proselyte, saying: "This is my brother, my deputy, my successor, be obedient unto him." Mohammed had poor success in making converts, for a decree had been passed at Mecca forbidding any person to join him. His wife having died, he married two others; and, as son-in-law to three of the most influential men of his party, had his interest considerably strengthened. But what he lost at Mecca he gained at Medenia, a city 270 miles northwest from Mecca. This place was inhabited partly by Jews and partly by Christians. These two parties did not agree; one party becoming exasperated against the other, went over to Mohammed. In this way he gained a number of converts. It is said that when Mohammed made his pilgrimage to Mecca a short time before his death he was attended by 90,000 men, and was thus nearly absolute master of Arabia.

Mohammed became sick, but Gabriel assured him that he could not take his life without his permission. Thus given the option of life or death, he chose death. Historians say that he was born on Monday, began his apostolical functions on a Monday, made his entry into Medenia on a Monday, took Mecca on a Monday, and at last died on a Monday, aged 63 years. His body was buried at Medenia in a grave dug under the bed in which he died.

THE LITERATURE OF THE RESTORATION.

IN any generation popular literature is but the reflection of the thoughts of the people, and in considering the writings of this period we must first inquire into the character of the times.

Under Cromwell the Puritans had aimed to set up a visible kingdom of God upon earth; and, with this end in view, godliness was the chief qualification for any public office. The Covenant which bound the nation to God, bound it to enforce God's laws even more earnestly than its own; the Bible lay on the table of the House of Commons, and its prohibition of swearing, of drunkenness, of fornication, became part of the law of the land. "The want of poetry and of fancy in the common Puritan temper, condemned half the popular observances as superstitious. It was superstitious to keep Christmas or to deck the house with holly and ivy; it was superstitious to dance around the village May pole; it was flat popery to eat a mince pie. The rough sport, the mirth and fun of 'Merry England,' were out of place in an England called with so great a calling." After a long struggle between the Puritans and the playwrights, even the theatres were closed.

As the great representative of this age and the champion of Puritan views, we have the illustrious John Milton. He wrote his "Defensio Populi Anglicani" in reply to a strong and vigorous pamphlet by Salmasius, on the divine right of kings, and years later, living in obscurity, pain and want, he composed that greatest of modern epics, "Paradise Lost."

But when, in 1660, Charles II. was restored to the throne of his fathers, the nation plunged into the most violent excesses, and the king lived a life of idleness and profligacy. One of the comedies of the times tells the courtier that "he must dress well, dance well, fence well, have a talent for love-letters, an agreeable voice, be amorous and discreet—but not too constant." Those things which in Cromwell's time had been upheld and revered, were now down-thrdden and mocked at, and Butler, in his "Hudibras," satirizes the Puritans as tyrannical and hypocritical. It was this fierce denunciation of the Puritans, together with its wit and ingenuity, that gained such popularity for "Hudibras."

Perhaps in the character of the drama the low state of morality is shown more plainly than in any other department of literature. The noble and elevating drama of the Elizabethan era was supplanted by one in which the French was imitated, but only to the extent of its grossness without its poetry, good taste

and delicacy. Wit took the place of humor, and foolish affection that of natural passion. In this corrupt age women, for the first time, appeared on the stage, and all favorite speeches were given by them.

At this time Dryden was struggling for some position by which he could gain an easy livelihood, and thinking dramatic writing a lucrative field, devoted himself to that work. He chose such subjects as suited the public taste, and degraded all his writings to suit that taste.

The glaring immorality of the times was not allowed to pass without a word of censure. Jeremy Collier, a sturdy clergyman, came out against the indecency of the drama, and published a work entitled "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage." Though a defence was undertaken by Wycherly and Congreve, yet Dryden acknowledged the reproof, and changed the tone of his writings.

Another who was not infected by the contagion around him was John Bunyan. In 1660 he was imprisoned in Bedford jail, and there in seclusion he wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress." "Its English is the simplest and homeliest English which has ever been used by any great English writer; but it is the English of the Bible. Wherever thought finds expression, or there are hearts to be impressed, this thinker of Bedford will shape character and destiny when the chiselled lines of the granite have crumbled, and the headstone shall claim kindred with the dust it commemorates." "He being dead, yet speaketh."

SCATARI.

WHILE spending a summer on the eastern coast of Cape Breton we heard continual reference to Scatari, and came, at last, to desire a more intimate acquaintance with that island.

So, one pleasant September morning, we sailed away, and, arriving at our destination, found a low half moon about nine miles in length. One side is quite rugged and difficult to approach, but on the other is a snug harbor protected from the Atlantic by little Hay Island. Around this harbor the fishermen build their huts, for Scatari is a fishing reserve owned by government; and, through the summer, almost every place on the neighboring coast is represented here, and the harbor is full of boats. A great many of the boats are owned by Frenchmen, who live in rude sheds. The English have more comfortable quarters, but they seemed rough enough to our unaccustomed eyes.

There are comparatively few permanent inhabitants. We wondered how any one could be contented to settle down there for life. Finally, we decided that

laziness was the cause of their contentment; for, as fishing is their one employment, and that lasts only through the summer, they have plenty of time for rest. Indeed, the fine duck shooting is the only thing that stirs them to action during the winter.

Most of the houses are small and poor. A kitchen with a wee bedroom or two leading from it, and a loft reached by a ladder, make up the whole house. There is no use in building a palace on land one can never own; and, further, a small house is far easier to move when one wishes to change one's surroundings.

There is a lighthouse at each end of the island, and much need there is for them; for the outer side of Hay Island is a cruel ledge running far out into the sea, and great Red Rock hardly lifts itself above the waters not far away. One sees in every house articles that have come from wrecks along the shore. Some losses, however, are of a very doubtful character, as this is considered a fine place to dispose of worn-out vessels.

Fishing is the only industry, and here one can see the whole process of curing fish. We have felt much more respect for salt cod since watching the various steps in its manufacture, and realizing the nice care necessary to bring it to perfection.

Vegetation is not very abundant. There are all sorts of berries and plenty of heather. These, with a few low evergreens, nearly complete the list.

When we visited the place it boasted of two horses. One was owned by a large fish firm, the other carried the mail across the island. Think of having mail only once a week and of even that failing in rough weather!

We missed our church and Bible school, for they have neither. Again, we wondered how they could live year after year without these privileges. The one school is a good one, but this hardly makes up to the youthful mind for the lack of candy, of which not a particle is for sale.

But we must not linger longer. Ah! that is what we told ourselves after a fortnight's stay. The elements, however, decreed otherwise, and for two weeks we watched the winds in vain. Now we understood what Scatari is in winter when its people are shut away for months from the outside world. Truly, it is delightful in summer, and we shall return some day to float in its harbor, to ramble over its hills, to revel in the grandeur of its storms. We shall enjoy to the full the freedom of our life in that isolated place, and also—our freedom to depart.

F.

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MOZART.

MUSIC has been spoken of by one writer as the harmonious voice of creation, an echo of the invisible world, one tone of the divine concord, which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.

There seems to be music in everything that makes our earth so pleasant. What, to us, would the forest seem without its songsters; the brook without its murmurings; or even the ocean without its mighty harmony? Our every day duties, too, would soon become dull and irksome without now and then a bright song to lighten them.

We owe a great deal to those who, by patient toil, have given us many beautiful compositions; but there are a few who hold a more prominent place than others in the musical world. Among these we place Mozart, that great genius, who, about a century ago, left to the world what are to day classed among the very best musical productions.

He was a native of Germany, and lived during the last half of the eighteenth century. As early as three years of age he showed signs of his great talent by picking out notes on the piano, and listening to his sister Mariana at her music lessons. What is still more wonderful, when he was only four years old he even composed little pieces; and his father, who thought that such talent should be developed, spent all his time and means on the education of his child.

When Mozart reached his sixth year he and his sister were taken to Munich, where he played in public. The Emperor and ladies of the court were delighted with his genius, and made a great pet of him. After this he spent a year at home studying music on the organ and violin. His father's means were now about exhausted, and the three travelled through Southern Germany to Paris, giving concerts on the way. They were well received by the Parisians, and after a short stay there they went over to England.

A few years later Mozart and his father made a tour of Italy. At Naples the superstitious Neapolitans thought that a ring he wore on his left hand was the secret of his success. But when the ring was removed they were astonished to find that he played equally as well.

Mozart now began composing pieces as well as playing them, and it was about this time that his opera, "Idomenso," was written.

At the age of twenty-six he married, and, with his bride, made Vienna his permanent home. It was here that his best works were composed. His opera, "Don Giovanni," is considered his masterpiece, and it established him, according to Haydn, the great master who

wrote the "Creton," as the greatest composer of the epoch.

Poverty, ill-health and family troubles were now beginning to tell on the constitution of Mozart, and he became melancholy and depressed. But in the midst of all this trouble a rare chance was given him for showing his talent and adding to his small income as well. A stranger, dressed in gray, came to him and requested him to write a requiem, for which he should receive one hundred ducats. Mozart started the work, but considering it an ill-omen he put it aside. Some time afterwards when he was stepping into a carriage to take a journey to Prague, the stranger called again to know if the requiem was done. Mozart promised him that he would do his best on his return. But his health continued to fail, and, though he was still young, his last days were drawing near. While driving with his wife one day, suddenly said, with tears in his eyes, that he was composing the requiem for himself. He believed that he had been poisoned, and could not free himself from this strange idea. His terrified wife, by the advice of his physicians, took his music from him for a time. However, he rallied a little after this, and composed a cantata for the Masonic Lodge. But the requiem still continued to occupy his mind, and, although unable to leave his bed, he had the copy brought to him, and he tried a passage, singing the alto himself.

But his strength soon failed him, and, after giving some directions to his friends concerning his work, he fell asleep. In the night his spirit left him to join the musicians of a better world.

The funeral services were held in the open air on a stormy December day, 1792, and he was buried in a common pauper's grave.

Mozart's compositions show not only skill, but the utmost care throughout. Every note is fitted into its place with a definite purpose, and by altering one we destroy the harmony of the whole.

But technical perfection is but the body into which true genius alone can breathe the breath of life, and Mozart possessed this genius in a wonderful degree. This is why he holds to-day, perhaps, the highest place in the musical world; and we feel sure that not only the present, but each succeeding generation can say, in the words of James Russel Lowell,—

"I ask no ampler skies than those
His magic music rears above the."

THE FIRST CHINESE RAILROAD.

FOR many years foreigners have been trying to overcome the prejudices of the Chinese so far as to let them build railroads in that populous country.

About fifteen years ago, they obtained permission to

lay down a short line of thirteen miles, between Shanghai and Wousung, and this road was opened in 1876.

It was an object of great curiosity and carried a great many passengers, being fortunate enough to have no accidents.

But soon such an intense opposition was manifested by all classes, high and low, and especially by the carriers, that after one year it was purchased by the Chinese Government, which tore up the rails and levelled the embankments.

Great changes have occurred in twelve years. Many of the upper classes of Chinese have been abroad among Western nations, as ministers, consuls and merchants, and have seen the advantages of railways.

At first they admitted the telegraph wire. In 1884 there were over 3,000 miles of wires, while there was not one mile of railroad.

The authorities were delighted to be in instant communication with their ambassadors in Paris or New York, Berlin or London.

It seems strange for the telegraph to precede the railroads, but so it was. The Chinese reverse many other things. They shake their own hands when they meet, and get up on the right side of a horse.

A few years ago, Tso Tsung-t'ang, a great warrior and statesman, died, leaving a solemn request that the emperor would establish railroads for the benefit of the nation, and especially as a means of defence.

Some influential nobles supporting his ideas, the viceroy and the court gave the necessary permission.

But even then there was great difficulty in overcoming the prejudices of the people. So Li Hung Chang, the Prime Minister, one of the most enlightened men in the country, had a small circular railroad built at Tienstin, where, for a small sum, people could amuse themselves by going round in the carriages.

At first the little puffing engine was much dreaded, but the populace soon got used to it, and then Li Hung Chang had short roads built for government use. When these were working, he formed the China Railroad Company, with Chinese directors and European engineers, which has now over eighty miles of road in use.

But this was not built without great trouble, and even riots, where the railroads had to pass over or near tombs, for the worship of his ancestors is the only thing the Chinaman really does hold sacred.

Last autumn, the line—reaching from the coast nearly to Pekin—was opened with great ceremony, and has worked very successfully. As a result, commerce and agriculture will increase and ignorance disappear.

Hitherto, from the difficulty and expense of travel, the Chinamen of the different provinces know nothing

of their neighbours. There are nearly three hundred dialects spoken in China, some of them almost as different as French from English, and Chinamen speaking different dialects are unable to converse at all; but if they can write, they can communicate, for the written language is the same all over the empire.

Railroads must make a change in Chinese money, for they have no coin but brass or iron cash, which pass at about ten for a half-penny. For all large payments silver is used, either in lumps, or cast into the form of a little shoe, and this has to be weighed. Only on the coast are Mexican dollars in use.

When a crowd of passengers are buying tickets, it will be necessary for them to have coins of higher value than cash, and this will be a great benefit to the country.

It will also be necessary to adopt a foreign standard of time to run the trains by. The Chinese who come in contact with foreigners are very fond of watches and clocks; but in the interior the day is divided into twelve periods of two hours each, beginning at 11 p.m.

Each period is known by the name of an animal, and is farther divided into eight portions, each equal to a quarter of an hour. There is no smaller division, such as minutes or seconds.

For time-keepers they have sun-dials, water-clocks, and spiral incense sticks, arranged to burn for a certain length of time.

If you ask the time of day, you are told that "it is near the dog," or "two-eighths from the rat," but nearer the exact time you cannot get. A quarter of an hour, more or less, never seems to trouble a Chibaman.

As their superstitions and prejudices do not extend to clocks and watches, we may expect an immediate reform, and "railroad time" to be soon in use all over the empire.

The Chinese hate all foreigners, whom they call "Ean-qui." Intercourse by rail will tend to do away with this, as well as effect many surprising changes which can scarcely be foreseen.—*Communicated.*

THE LITERATURE OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Colonial period of the United States was not a favorable one for the production of literature. Settlements were much scattered, the people were poor, troubled by Indians, and secretly jealous of each other. This period did, however, produce some writers who gained fame both in their own country and in Europe. Their writings were first in the form of messages sent to England, but these gradually enlarged into essays and magazine articles. John Smith, the governor of Virginia, though an un-

cultured soldier, wrote a history entitled "A True Relation of Virginia," which in many ways is equal to the best prose of the Elizabethan age. The colonists did not care for any book that was not serious or controversial, and the first book printer in America, "The Bay Psalm Book," is a specimen of the literature which they favored. This book came from the press at Harvard College in 1640. The first writer of any note was Thomas Hooker, sometimes known as "Minister Hooker." He was a native of England, and a graduate of Cambridge College. Was educated for a preacher of the Church of England, but for nonconformity was expelled by Archbishop Laud. He came to America and settled in Cambridge, but afterwards moved to Connecticut to hold in the founding of that colony. He was born in 1586, and died at Hartford in 1647. His most popular work is "The Poor Doubting Christian Drawn to Christ," but the work for which he is most noted is "A Survey of the ——— of Church Discipline." Thomas Shepard and John Cotton were contemporaries of Hooker, and, like him, were of English birth, and exiled by Laud for non-conformity. Thomas Shepard's works are, "The Clear Sunshine of the Gospel Breaking Forth Upon the Indians of New England." "First Principals of the Oracles of God," and "New England's Lamentations for Old England's Errors." The principal works of John Cotton are the "Holiness of Church Members," "Set Forms of Prayer," "A Practical Commentary on the First Epistle of John." "Spiritual Milk for Babies," "A Treatise on the New Covenant," and "The Bloody Tenet Washed."

Rogers Williams was one of the prominent men of the period. He was an unpopular preacher on account of his sympathy for the Indians. He holds an honored place in American history as the first man to establish a government that allowed freedom of opinion in religious and other matters. His principal work is "The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience."

John Elliot won fame by the translation of the Bible, "The Bay Psalm Book," and "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," into the Indian language; and besides these he wrote in English "The Harmony of the Gospel," "The Communion of Churches," and "The Christian Commonwealth."

Ann Dudley Bradstreet was the most accomplished woman of her time. She wrote a volume of poems entitled "The Tenth Muse," and also "Contemplations." The first was sombre in spirit, but in her later work she shows more naturalness.

The Mathers—father, son, and grandson—were prominent men in the colony. Richard Mather was born in England, and was expelled for preaching without

his surplice. On coming to America his services were in great demand. He accepted a pulpit in a church at Dorchester, and there lived till the end of his days. His son, Increase, was the first of the eminent scholars born on this continent. He graduated from Harvard College in his seventeenth year. At twenty he refused a Fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin. He was called the autocrat of Massachusetts. His best known work is entitled "An Essay for the Recording of Illustrious Providences." Cotton Mather was, like his father and grandfather, a preacher of great talent. The people of his time paid him much deference as a man of much learning and piety. The "Ecclesiastical History of New England from the Time of its First Planting in 1620 to 1698" is his most noted work. It is valuable, though full of pedantry and error, as an early colonial history.

The minor writers are Benjamin Church, Robert Calef, Benjamin Thompson, Roger Wilcott, James Logan, Cadwallader Colden, Thomas Clap, Jonathan Dickinson. The Virginian writers were Robert Beverley, Hugh Jones, and James Blair. The most noted men of the period were, however, Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. Edwards was born in 1703, and died in 1758. He was the son of a preacher, and was himself ordained as a member while yet in his teens. His preaching was, however, obnoxious to his congregation, and, after twenty years of toil in his church at Northampton, he gave it up and went as a missionary to the Indians at Stockbridge. Here he found opportunity for study and writing. From this place he was, however, called to the presidency of the College of New Jersey. He was received with great enthusiasm, but a month after he died. His works are numerous, the chief being the "Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will," the "Life of the Rev. David Brainard," a "History of the Work of Redemption," and "A Treatise Concerning Religious Affections." He was a profound metaphysician, and his literary and moral qualities are equally admirable. Early in life he established a series of rules to govern his life. William Orme says: "His works will live as long as powerful reasoning, genuine religion, and the science of the human mind continue to be objects of respect." Benjamin Franklin was born in 1706, and died in 1790. He was the son of a poor candle-maker, and received but very little education in his youth. At twelve years of age he was apprenticed to his brother in the printing trade. In four years he had become proficient in his trade, but, resenting the tyranny of his brother, he ran away to Philadelphia. While there working at his trade he gained the notice of the governor, but he proved a faithless friend.

Franklin next went to London, where he spent one year, and then returned to Philadelphia and set up a newspaper called the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. He also published "Poor Richard's Almanac." He was a great reader and student of the sciences, especially that of Electricity. He invented the lightning rod, which is now in universal use. He was famous as a member of the Assembly, as founder of the American Philosophical Society, as one of the founders of the first hospital in the land, as an investigator in science, and as an author. His works were published in eight volumes, as follows:

1. Autobiography.
2. Essays on Religious and Moral Subjects and the Economy of Life.
3. Essays on General Politics, Commerce and Political Economy.
4. Essays and Tracts, Historical and Political, before the American Revolution.
5. Political Papers, during and after the American Revolution.
6. Letters and Papers on Electricity.
7. Letters and Papers on Philosophical subjects.
8. Correspondence.

His style is characterized by clearness, force and naturalness. Lord Jeffrey says that he has all the vigor and even conciseness of Swift without any of his harshness. In George Rancroft's opinion he was the "greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century."

M.

THE ART OF READING.

READING ALOUD is an art, a real art; but as difficult as it is real, and as useful as it is difficult." An art, the study of which has been neglected in our system of education, until the ability to read the King's English with accuracy, taste and force has well nigh become a lost art. The number of good readers to be found, among the most intelligent and educated people, is amazingly small. Even among those classes where its possession is a necessity to effective work, the same general inability is found.

To all people good reading should be deemed one of the greatest accomplishments; and we do not mean by an "accomplishment" a mere external polishing, but something broader and deeper. Reading is certainly an ornamental art, an enjoyable art; but it is, also, an eminently useful art, and should not be the possession of the few, but is a necessity to all.

History bears witness that the most cultivated nations of ancient times classed oratory as one of the highest arts. It should occupy a place of no less im-

portance now. At the present day, with advancing intellect and culture, we must learn to speak and to read, for we are all continually liable to be called upon to speak or read. The incessant commotion of modern life is multiplying public assemblies so rapidly that there is no end to discourses and readings.

Meetings, receptions, committees, industrial and commercial organizations, literary and scientific societies, etc., are but so many new forms of public life springing up; in which, at almost any moment, the humblest citizen may be called upon to play the part of speaker or reader.

Pupils leaving school enter into this public life, each to fill a certain sphere and discharge special responsibilities which none other than himself can. Hence, as duties multiply and the demand becomes greater in every sphere of professional life, it should become more and more the duty and aim of the individual to seek to give a higher and more graceful character to the various modes of expressing his ideal and purpose in life. Of all our ways of giving utterance to the inner-life, speech is the most important. Through it our collective inner-being—the life of the mind—the life of the soul, which feels the want of diffusing and multiplying itself, is made manifest.

Language is the bridge between souls. It is the medium through which thought is transported, making the conquests of one mind to become the property of all. It therefore follows that the study of language claims a place of high importance. But of much greater importance should be the study of that art in which language is but the material of the artist. As are the canvas, paint and brushes to the painter, so is language, spoken and pantomimic, to the orator. The painter or sculptor, through means of his material, makes live grand conceptions and ideas. The speaker or reader makes manifest the life of the mind and soul through means of the human voice and powers of speech.

Hence we see that the training required in the latter is a broad and responsible work. The art of so called "elocution" means to many a mere study to obtain proper enunciation and an elegant use of language. This is all well enough, as far as it goes. But these relate to *manner* alone, which is of far less importance than *matter*. It is the purpose of the speaker or reader to impress upon others the attitude of his mind in relation to some subject, and to reveal the emotions and instincts of his soul. So that unless the training is deeper than that of mere external delivery, it is artificial and mostly superfluous. The training which is to aid us in expressing the life within, includes the training of the whole being—mind and soul, as well as

the agents through which these are brought to the surface. For it is the soul that speaks; the character, experience, in fact it is ourselves that goes out to the hearer.

In learning to read it is not sufficient that we learn to read intelligently and understandingly; we must read impressively. Therefore, we must have cultivation of both mind and heart. For we can never show truly, more than we are capable of experiencing. But, rather, the more deeply we feel ourselves what we seek to say, the more surely shall we communicate the same feeling to others.

Learning to read is learning how to learn. It stimulates and makes easy assimilation. For the art teaches literature just as well as it improves the diction. And learning to interpret and appreciate the works of the best authors is one of the highest steps towards true culture. It is a lamentable fact that in our institutions of learning more importance is not placed upon the development of the artistic tastes. For it is these that broaden man's nature and make him more whole-souled and sympathetic. And without them we cannot obtain that degree of culture and that standard of true education which calls for the development of the whole being, and makes, not a one-sided, but a well-rounded man.

TIME seems to go pretty fast with us down here at the Sem. Before we know where we are the terminal examinations will be upon us, but I think most of us will be ready for them. But, though the term has gone rapidly, it has gone pleasantly as well.

We have all been extremely good children since Christmas—so good that to day "Pa" and "Ma" concluded they would leave us for a few days and go to town. Of course, in every large family like ours there is a little friction once in a while, but I think we get along very peaceably. Pa's "rod of correction" quite appals us young ones, and so we keep pretty quiet, and the older ones try to set us a good example, for they have been through the mill and know how it grieves our "parents" when we disobey them.

Every day we have more or less fun, but once in a while we dress up in our best, and have a real good time. Last Friday evening, for instance, we had the best time we have had since vacation. I heard the big boys call it a *conversazione*. We went up to the Seminary Hall about eight o'clock—day students and all. They had their friends and relations up; but those of us who stay right here at home, of course, could not.

We walked and talked and played games for a while, and then we were all still while one of our teachers—Miss Powell—read us a piece. It was called "Mice at Play," and we all enjoyed it very much. It told about what the children in a small family did when their "Ma" was away. They did not do just as they did when she was at home. I hope we will not be like them while "Pa" and "Ma" are in town. Then, after she was done, Prof. March gave us a lovely song. We liked that so well that we got him to sing something else. Then we had refreshments—ice cream and cake. I guess I need not tell you much about that, for you know it would be good, and that we would enjoy it. About half-past ten the people from the village said they were going home, so we went to our rooms and soon were asleep.

We hope that some time soon we will have a chance to spend another evening and have as good a time as we had on Friday night. We think we will, for "Pa" and "Ma" are always planning for our enjoyment, as well as our welfare.

SMALL BOY.

ANALECTA.

"'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what he would be."—*Browning*.

"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."—*Owen Meredith*.

"Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

"Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny."

"Live not for a day, but for a lifetime; not for a lifetime, but like the ancients of old, for generations."—*Dyera*.

"All actual heroes are essential men, and all men possible heroes."—*Mrs. Browning*.

"The hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire."—*Emerson*.

"Speech is but broken light upon the depths of the unspoken."—*George Eliot*.

"Books are a real world, both pure and good, Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

—*Wordsworth*.

"The action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt and left unsaid, than in that which is said in any conversation."—*Emerson*.

"We needs must love the brightest when we see it."—*Tennyson*.

"The truth is within ourselves, and it takes no rise without."—*Browning*.

"Do the duty that lies nearest thee: thy second duty will have already become clearer."—*Carlyle*.

"Not a truth has to art or to science been given, But brows have ached for it and souls toiled and striven."

—*Owen Meredith*.

"What a glory doth this world put on,
For him, who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent."

—*Longfellow*.

PERSONALS.

Prof. March and Mr. Leonard, 92, spent a few days very pleasantly in St. John recently.

Dr. Hopper started for Prince William, York Co., on the 6th inst., to preach the dedication sermon of the new Baptist Church of that place, but owing to a railway accident he had to return home.

Mr. Addison, 91, supplied the Second Moncton Baptist Church recently.

Mr. Colwell, 91, preached at Hillsborough last Sunday.

Dr. Hopper has supplied the pulpit of the First Baptist Church, St. Martins, for the two past Sundays. On the last Sabbath he delivered an able discourse on the subject of Romanism, as related to our Public Schools system. On the 19th, accompanied by Mrs. Hopper, he went to St. John, en route for Wolfville.

Mr. Peters, one of the Board of Directors of the Seminary, and his wife, drove up from St. John and spent Sunday at the Seminary with their daughter, Miss Charlotte.

On the 19th we had a short visit from Messrs. C. N. Skinner and J. D. Hazen, of St. John, who, on the previous evening, had lectured in the village on behalf of the Liberal-Conservative party. They expressed themselves much pleased with the Seminary and its surroundings.

LOCALS.

One Sunday last month was truly a charming *day* for one of our young ladies; and if all accounts are true it was *mo(o)re* charming to a young gentleman. But to be *frank* with you, dear reader, I see no reason why it should not have been an enjoyable afternoon, for with the language of a lawyer('s son), and that of a printer('s son) what young ladies could fail to be entertained?

My paragraph may be *loose* but you could not expect any better from one who is but beginning the study of English Composition.

Will the Prof. carry the report of the *crowd* to the members elect?

"A light under a bushel."

The *Gagetown Courier* has received correspondence from the Tobique.

The Professor in music receives *duets* by the *peck*, and persons wishing to sell will call at No. 6.

The "Summer" climate near Moncton was very agreeable to one of our ministerials who spent the Xmas vacation in that vicinity and enjoyed the *summer* air.

The beautiful Ves(ture) of one of our Professors is much admired by the young ladies of both Seminary and village.

The Ministers of the Marine and of the Interior, accompanied by an *aide* and a select number of followers, spent a Saturday in the vicinity of Upham. While the Minister of Marine was looking after the interests of the coming election, (which promises to be a very *Tight* one) the Minister of the Interior was keeping an eye on the condition of the bridges. It was noticed that the Ministers took with them a fine *emery*, proving conclusively to onlookers that they possessed the "finesse" requisite for the occasion.

Who will get the *reward* if she is in e(a)rnest.

"Our *muff*."

Young lady student down town:—Oh dear, look at that Hen; I hate to see him standing on one foot.

A handkerchief—lost, strayed or *stolen*.

Young lady, excitedly: Oh, I am so glad some person else has a Will, too.

Prof.:—Have you prepared your lesson?

Student:—*Some*.

Prof.:—That isn't correct.

Student:—*A few*.

I'm not "Luce" in the alto.

"Absent, but not forgotten."

Who talks "baby talk"?

Prof.:—In what metre were all Shakespeare's plays written?

1st Student:—Short metre.

2nd Student:—No, long metre.

Prof.:—Isn't it about time for some one to say common metre.

One of our ministerial students has a great interest in South Carolina. Some day he will Mar(r)y and settle down as a wealthy Baptist pastor. Correspondence will be opened at once concerning a West Quaco contract.

A senior is negotiating for a f(r)ee mail contract with the Miltown Post Office.

The *Rooster in the Summer House* has been "march"-ed out.

Elocution Class—Professor giving exercises for the production of a pure tone. Mr. T—, a freshman, sitting serenely gazing at the Professor, is asked if he felt that tone. He replied, "No." Why not, Mr. T—? Because I didn't make any.

EXCHANGES.

The *University Monthly* is the first to come to hand. We note, with pleasure, the attention bestowed in its columns on the Literary and Debating Society connected with the institution it represents. In this respect we might take a hint. It contains several poetical and prose articles of interest.

The *Acadia Athenæum* looks at us brightly; its columns are full of discussions on interesting topics. We endeavour to appreciate their value.

The neat articles and interesting discussions of the *Dalhousie Gazette* are always welcome. From the accounts we see in its columns of the Munro Celebration we conclude that the promoters thereof are highly satisfied with this manner of doing honor to their patrons.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF BEAUTY.

Mrs. Langtry's beauty was an endowment worth about \$1,000,000. As a business venture she has paid interest at 6 per cent. on two millions, but then she has off years, such as the one three seasons ago, when she dyed her hair, and this year, when she is harassed in a grim, malignant, and rasping way by the gout. The Langtry's beauty was more productive of gold than the genius of Rachel Rosa, Bonheur, George Sand, Oui'a and George Eliot combined. In view of all this, why sneer at beauty on the stage? It makes the world wobble always on its beaten track, and casts a blush over the face of the moon.

Had Mrs. Brown-Potter been as beautiful as she is reckless, she, too, might have been quoted in seven figures.

A vivid idea of the commercial value of beauty may be had when one considers the cases of one or two actresses conspicuously lacking in physical attractions. Agnes Booth would have been more than a second Adelaide Neilson if her superb figure had been crowned by a beautiful face. As it is, she is undoubtedly the most capable and artistic actress in America, and her art has lifted her to a higher plane than nature at first designed. But the fatal gift is not there. Despite her maturity, she occupies a commanding position in the first stock company in the country; but whereas a statuesque and wooden Langtry makes \$60,000 or \$70,000 a year, the exquisite art of an Agnes Booth, unaided by beauty, must be content with one-sixth of that sum.

Theatre-goers, according to dramatic experts, are growing weary of the older professional beauties. Lillian Russell and Pauline Hall have trained off a lot of superfluous flesh, but a good deal of the charm has gone. One does not like to think that they did not grow so, but were forced down to their present symmetrical lines by bicycle riding, a starvation diet, tremendous walks on dusty roads, and the renunciation of half the good things of life.

Be noble! And the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

James Russell Lowell.

If a man is faithful to truth, truth will be faithful to him. He need have no fear. His success is a question of time.—*Professor Phelps.*

The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—*Ruskin.*

Helping another may be the best possible method of helping ourselves. Selfishness will often prompt us to desire help from others; but it is not selfishness that impels us to give help to others. Therefore it is that we may be losers through the gratifying of our selfish desires, when we would be gainers through the exercise of our selfish endeavors.

Within reach of every one there is an ability to be and to do which is in one sense outside of and beyond one's own natural ability. This ability is a willingness to hear and heed good advice. It was Goethe who said that to be willing to take good advice is practically to have the same ability that is shown in the advice itself. And so the man who refuses to consider the proffers of an adviser deprives himself of a power at once greater than his own, but which he yet might have as his own.

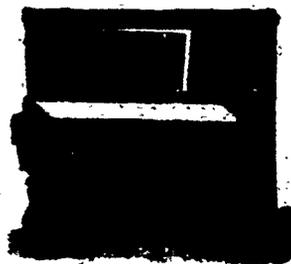
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The thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.—*Rushin.*



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