

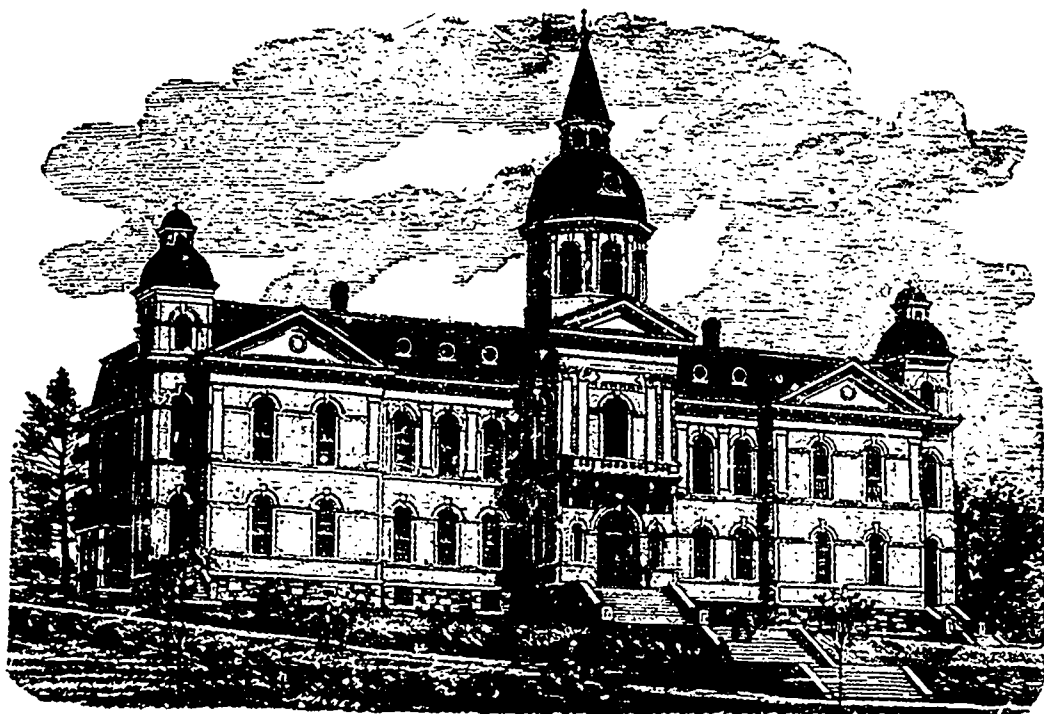
ACADIA ACADEMUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1887.

No. 6.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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The Acadia Athenæum.

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Acadia Athenæum.

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→* The Sanctum. *←

THE Seniors have read their "Theses," and a brief report will be found in another column. This is the third year since this custom was renewed, and a criticism upon the object of these papers in relation to the practical operation of the methods by which it is sought, may not now be out of place. The declared objects are to encourage the student to pursue an extended course of study in some particular direction, to assist him in setting forth his views coherently concerning any subject thus held in consideration, and to furnish a specimen of the work the student is capable of producing when thrown on his own resources. These are good. But does not the bald statement of them seem to cast a reflection upon the conduct of the extended system of essays incorporated into the regular course. Aside from this there are some features in the methods by which these ends are sought which call for notice. The student is required to write his thesis while under full pressure of class

work, and naturally one or the other is slighted. The time allotted for their preparation is too brief for any extended researches, and thus the first object is defeated. No criticism is received from any source to act as an incentive to improved forms of expression, and as a consequence the second object is not attained. The third object appears to be the satisfaction of a harmless curiosity, without any very definite beneficial results. If the student at this stage in his course requires this extra essay in order to complete the finish of his style of expression, why should there not be some special time allowed for its preparation? If the object really is to lead him to make researches and improve in his composition, why is not the subject matter presented by him, the logical sequence of thought, and the formation of his periods, rigorously criticised? And if the reading of them is supposed to be a general benefit, an undisguised blessing, to the body of students, why are not more present to hear them? When a class is large this reading consumes two or three afternoons. Generally a fair audience is present on the first day, but on the last day the audience is largely hypothetical. There seems to be some germinal trouble. The end sought is not obtained, and a successful demonstration of its possibility is yet to be given. Even the Professors petition to have the papers under twenty minutes, and some evade the rendering of them entirely. The public delivery of the essay is thus seen to be incompatible with a full treatment of a subject, and as plain facts are chiefly dealt in, that which is given is usually regarded as a bore. One remedy that suggests itself, a very agreeable one to some parties, would be their entire discontinuance. Another, less radical, would be to allow the Seniors a week or more for preparation. As to the public reading, this might well be discontinued, or at least confined to an examination of the papers by the Faculty. In this way the objects sought could be more nearly attained, and the work, at the same time, would prove far more pleasant and satisfactory to the students.

AMONG the increasing demands of our Institution, that of establishing a chaplaincy on the Hill is far from being the least. And with the steady increase in the number of students this demand is becoming the more imperative. It may be argued that, owing to our close relation with the village churches, that there are other and more urgent claims upon the finances of the College. Yet we believe that the time has come when the question of a chaplaincy should receive due consideration. If the high moral and religious standing of the College is to be maintained, we believe the settlement of this question in the affirmative to be of vital importance. If the student stands in need of pastoral labor, and if the pastor needs social intercourse with those to whom he preaches on the Sabbath, in order that he may administer with profit to their spiritual needs, these things argue strongly for a chaplain on the Hill, for pastoral calls are as rare among us as the visible forms of angels. The recent religious lectures which we have had on Sunday afternoons in College Hall, have given a new impetus to the subject of a chaplain. But our strong argument is the peculiar needs of student life. We wish it plainly understood that we are not finding fault with others who are doing their own work along their own lines, but are simply pleading our own cause, which we claim we have a right to do. That the student who lives largely in the subjective world, in the world of thought, needs a course of religious training, presented along different lines, and viewed from different standpoints, from those who live more in the objective world, in the world of sense, must be evident to all. And in this respect we think that our spiritual instruction should differ somewhat from the general course of religious teaching. We believe that one service each Sabbath so conducted would be productive of permanent good, in the moulding of moral and religious life among the students. And further, we think it possible, with a small financial aid from the College, to make this matter a success.

ONE of the most important branches of our educational work is that in connection with our Ladies' Seminary. We are glad to note the ever-increasing prosperity that attends this institution, and the favor it is now receiving from the public in the way of patronage. Additional accommodation for class exer-

cises, and a gymnasium to provide for the overflow of exuberant spirits and the development of healthy physical systems, are among the attractions of the future. The continuance of the present efficient management will be regarded as a guarantee for future success. In considering the character of the work done at this institution, a few important questions arise. The classes are large. Why is the number of graduates so disproportionate? Do our people consider that it is not worth while to give their daughters a thorough training? Or do the young ladies lack in appreciation for higher mental culture or in the requisite perseverance for its attainment? Without wishing to make invidious comparisons, we may point to the rapidly increasing number of graduates from the College. Why should young men be more desirous of thorough training than young ladies? A possible suggestion offers itself. The young men regard their education as so much invested capital from which they expect pecuniary returns. But with the exception of the teaching profession and matrimony, there are few remunerative openings for the services of educated ladies in our Provinces. Does this account for the prevalent apathy in regard to this matter, or for so many being content with a few months' work in selected studies? If so, there is surely a lamentable lack of appreciation of *culture for culture's sake*. Another reason has been suggested. Our country being rich in resources, the farmers raise a surplus. Their markets are distant or difficult of access, and so—the boys not being available for the purpose—they keep their girls home to consume their surplus. The desirability of a larger number taking the full course in this institution is undoubted. The acknowledged possibility only increases the desirability. Various reasons might be assigned in support of such a view. A thorough education is as good for a lady as to hold an insurance policy on a husband's life. No one is assured that they will not at some time find it necessary to support themselves. Moreover, only an educated person is in position to attain the highest enjoyments of life. And, apart from personal advantage or pleasure, it is the duty of every individual to develop as fully as possible the powers with which they are endowed. Present indications point to an improvement in this direction, and it may even be hoped that in the future the demand for increased culture for our young ladies may warrant the raising of the standard of requirements and the lengthening of the course at our Seminary.

TO another of America's great men has come the summons to withdraw from the battle of life. And with Henry Ward Beecher's death the questions as to the good and evil results, flowing from his manifold and widely-extended influences, naturally arise. The full extent and permanence of these influences cannot be known now. But fear has been awakened in men's minds, and perhaps justly, that the looseness of his theological and religious views, especially in later years, which has been heralded forth so effectively by his eloquence and popularity, has contributed much to the cause of skepticism, and has led many to wander away from sound orthodox principles. From his pulpit "the bread of life" has not always been broken for the waiting multitudes. His "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff" style of preaching, as far as simple gospel is concerned, and which has been patterned after by many preachers in America, will, it is feared, go but a short way towards the christianizing of the world.

Of his many excellent qualities, and he had many, the world will soon be, if not already, made acquainted, by the lauding American people.

Beecher was in many respects a typical American. With his broad non-sectional ideas,—his humane and benevolent affections,—his ardent patriotism —and, above all, the untiring enthusiasm with which he accomplished every undertaking,—we shall find a sum of attributes which the average American is proudly conscious of possessing.

We leave him with the hope that the evil tendencies which result from his teaching may soon be uprooted, while what in him was good may be cherished and imitated as far as his influence extends.

THE supreme importance of intellectual development should be so impressed upon a student's mind that nothing would be allowed to interfere with his efforts for its attainment. Strong temptations are constantly afforded to place ease, comfort and temporary pleasure foremost, and to make this a secondary matter. For instance, sufficient social advantages will be offered every student to destroy, if he yields to them, all possibility of success in his college course. The cry so often raised against developing a one-sided man is empty and misleading. The native gentleman, taking advantage as he should of the opportunities of

refinement offered by intercourse with his companions, will not long feel himself embarrassed in the best of society, even though his four years of college life be spent mainly in the seclusion of his study. But another source of distraction from study—the one to which we design to call special attention—is afforded by the opening spring. Dame Nature, adorned with bursting buds, and basking in the glorious sunshine, now competes with books for a share of our attention. The temptation now is to roam over the neighboring hillsides, to seek the modest Mayflower where it nestles close to mother earth, or spend our moments in the more masculine delights of the campus. A thousand things arise to divert the attention and to interfere with habits of consecutive study. Hence the greater necessity of each student rightly estimating the importance of his work, and applying himself to it with method and persistency. Desires for immediate gratification should always be jealously guarded and placed under the rational control of the will. Our energies are dissipated and our opportunities thrown away by giving a divided attention to our duties. In one aspect student life should be largely a course of self-denial—pleasure sacrificed to mental profit. And the honest ambition of the earnest toiler may well be stimulated by the thought that those who chase the phantoms of the moment never rise to the heights of fame or the glory of distinction.

HOLIDAYS are always appreciated by the laboring class. Students are hard workers. Therefore Acadia's boys thoroughly enjoyed the interim from the 17th to the 24th ult. Fallacy or no fallacy, this conclusion is true. The leave of absence from class work was felt to be a boon both by the overworked teacher and the patient student. In a college where the curriculum is gauged, not by the average, but by the most proficient student, the length of a five months' term in itself argues strongly in favor of a breathing spell. It is a matter of regret that some who were most in need of rest were not in a position to obtain it. Many of the students, however, conscientiously putting a book or two into their valises, started for home or somewhere else, and at length returned looking learned and happy, and ready with renewed vigor to resume their labors. A few, evidently reasoning that "if a little is good, more is better," did not reappear at the proper date. Care should be exercised, lest, by such thoughtlessness, it should be rendered necessary to discontinue a really healthful custom.

THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

LITERATURE, its development, progress, and present condition is a study occupying no small place in our college curriculum. It is one of the most interesting and also one of the most important studies which we, as students, can enjoy. To drop some hard mathematical problem, or to step out from the winding, sinuous paths of some metaphysical question, and take up the study of a literary work, following the author as he skilfully shows us the passions, the desires, and the motives urging his characters on to the accomplishment of their object; noting the beauties and deficiencies of his style; and tracing the development of his plot; is as complete a rest from the harder and more abstruse questions of metaphysics and mathematics, as would be a complete cessation of all study.

This study is of no small importance, since by its means only can we hope to gain a knowledge of many other branches of study and investigation. It is the store-house in which has been treasured the gems of speculative and practical thought, in their settings of philosophy, science and art, and the hard crystals of experience, gained only after repeated trials, and made clear and bright only after much suffering and labour. It is the repository for all other learning and so is closely connected with other studies. The relation between literature and history is especially important. The literature of a country interprets, and is itself interpreted by the history of the country. There is a mutual interdependence between the two, and only by the study of both can a fair conclusion as to the merits of either be reached. So close is this interdependence that to study the literature of a country, to trace its gradual development and advancement, to detect its peculiarities and to notice the marked changes in its character, which from time to time have been manifested, is to study the history of that country; to watch its political progress, and its social improvement; and to learn of the wars, struggles and conflicts endured, and the peace, prosperity and happiness enjoyed by the nation. And *vice versa* history is essential to the study of literature.

To fully understand and appreciate a literary work we must have some acquaintance with the circumstances under which it was written; we must know something of the life, character and personal habits of

the author. All literary works are more or less tinged by the character of the author's every-day life, and a knowledge of its distinctive traits will often explain passages whose force and beauty would otherwise remain undiscovered. Much of the wild, weird beauty of "The Raven" would be unappreciated had we no knowledge of the life history of its gifted, but eccentric composer. Tennyson's most famous work, "In Memoriam," would lose its high place in the literature of the day, did we know nothing of English social life in the 19th century; and were we ignorant of its author's friendship for Arthur Henry Hallam; of his quiet retiring disposition; and of his abstraction from, and repugnance to the common-place expressions of grief.

The study of language is universally admitted to be one of the best means for training and developing the mental faculties. And this is included in the study of literature, for a knowledge of the peculiar characteristics of a language must be possessed, and the rules relating to the formation of sentences and the sequence of ideas fully understood and mastered, in order to appreciate and discriminate in regard to the literary style of any work.

The literature of an age gives a graphic picture of the manners, customs and habits of the people living in that age. The literature of England, during the supremacy of the commonwealth, was of a nature corresponding to the stern, unrelenting, pitiless character of the Puritan. We cannot imagine a light and gay literature being produced by a people abnormally grave, serious and thoughtful, whose character was austere, rigid and harsh. But, when, after the Restoration, the pent up force of public opinion burst its barriers and, unrestricted, roared madly and furiously across the country, overwhelming all virtue and morality, then we see a change in the literature. Instead of works of a serious and weighty but refined character, there is the opposite extreme—a literature coarse and sensual in which there is not the slightest regard for decency, and which indeed considers virtue and morality as illusions—something tainting too much of the puritanic spirit to be pleasing to those living under the new regime. The literature of an age is indeed "the sum and product of the national energy." It is "the reflex of the country's history,"—the mirror of public sentiment, and shows the characteristics of the nation more clearly than they can be discovered in any other way.

The perusal of literature develops the intellectual powers; increases our knowledge of all other sciences and arts; fills out the vacancies left in our national history; and is in itself pleasing, interesting and full of profit, whether pursued as a recreation or as a study.

SIGMA.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1809, in an old-fashioned gambrel-roofed house, to which he feelingly refers more than once in his writings.

There is no doubt but that the precocious young Oliver received many a worthy lesson which played an important part in shaping his future destiny and in contributing to his greatness, from his father, an eminent and talented clergyman. At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College, where he soon distinguished himself, particularly by his class poems and poetical contributions to the "Collegian." Upon graduating in 1829, he entered upon the study of law. But the young poet could not find in copying deeds and perusing musty law-books, work congenial to his nature. He accordingly gave it up for the study of medicine, and going to Paris, spent some years in the famous hospitals of that city. He received the degree of M.D. in 1836, and two years after was chosen professor of Anatomy and Physiology, in Dartmouth College, and in 1847, was elected to fill the same chair in the Medical College of Harvard University, a position which he has filled with the greatest credit to himself and to the utmost satisfaction of those who came under his tuition. Through all this long period of professional labour, he has been an earnest and enthusiastic worker in nearly every department of literature. His genius shines forth with equal lustre in the lecture-room as in his poetry, in his table-talk as in his scientific researches. It would be difficult to find a man who has done so many things in the course of a long, busy life, and who, at the same time, has performed them so remarkably well. His character is unique and style peculiarly his own. While the intellects of some great men are not difficult of analysis, that of Holmes, while manifesting many strongly marked attributes, eludes all attempts at comparison and preserves its individuality in all his works.

He is a true poet "born and not made." His verse is overflowing with freshness and originality, in which tender sentiment, humour and mirthful satire are strangely combined. Some of his patriotic lyrics are scarcely surpassed in their high spirit by the best pieces of Campbell. The following stanza from

"Union and Liberty," will illustrate this class of his poems,

"Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us—who shall divide us?
Keep us, O, keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Spangled with starry light;
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore."

In the best of his poetry there is a delicacy of feeling, vivacity of observation and a literary elegance and ease seldom surpassed. The "Last Leaf" is one of those rare poems in which humour and pathos are successfully mingled. Perhaps no one, since Pope, has possessed a like faculty of condensing so much power into lines of such elastic and graceful movement. As an example of his great proficiency in this style, some lines may be given from his prologue to the Autocrat:—

"Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice was to kill
Knelt at the block to test the headsman's skill.
Bare-armed, swarthy-visaged, gaunt and shaggy browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd;
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armour flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade, he turned as if to go—
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
'Why strikest not? perform thy murderous act.'
The prisoner said (his voice was slightly cracked.)
'Friend, I have struck,' the artist straight replied;
Wait but one moment, and yourself decide.
He held his snuff-box—'now then if you please'—
The prisoner sniffed and with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled—bowed along the floor—
Bounced down the steps—the prisoner said no more.
'Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurks in it, oh how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die of love, and never dream we're dead."

Another characteristic of Holmes, as displayed in some of his finest poems, is his entire sympathy and love for children and all that is childlike. Nothing can be more touching than his description of the thrush-like thrill in the voice of the poor little girl lying crushed by a cruel accident in a Paris hospital. The great kindness and gentleness of heart of this man shine forth in such poems as these, and we almost forget the man and his achievements, in wonder at his extreme tenderness. In the estimation of the thoughtless, Holmes may have suffered as the author of comic verses. As he himself says, they—

"Suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon the shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at the root."

But in so doing, such persons see only the surface ripple and sparkle, while the wealth of thought and sentiment lie below. The very fact of his being able

to pass from the comic side of life to those sublime expressions which probe the very depths of our inner consciousness, are additional proofs of the versatility of his genius.

But it is probably from his prose works that he is best known. The first of these in order of production was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1857, as a series of essays entitled, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table." This met with astonishing success and proved to be one of the most brilliant events in contemporary American Literature. This was followed in the next year by a similar series entitled the "Professor at the Breakfast-table," and in 1872 appeared the "Poet." These works are as unique in their style as original in their execution. It is even more difficult to institute a comparison here between Holmes and other writers than in his other works. In the familiar confidences of the Autocrat, he might be likened to Montaigne, did we not in the very next moment come upon passages so full of tingling bits of humorous sarcasm, or of rollicking fun, that we feel sure he more closely resembles Sydney Smith. Pursuing our reading a little farther, and some abstruse question of philosophy is discussed, or he explores the concealed channels of feeling, flashing the light of his genius upon our inmost or half-acknowledged thoughts, and we are astonished at his knowledge of human nature and the motives that control human actions.

It is in this Table-talk that we see most of the man himself, and it is here that we are made acquainted with his private opinions upon nearly every topic of conversation, from the most common events of every day life to questions of most vital importance to mankind, and all clothed in such language as he only can invest the most commonplace subject, with its little thread of romance meandering like a rippling, silver stream through all. Here, we behold a man in whom egotism, extreme conservatism, selfishness, seem to have no part. He is ever the advocate of right, advancement and reform. A very thesaurus of wit and wisdom might be drawn from the pages of his Table-talk. The School-mistress and Iris, Little Boston and the Kohinoor, the Master of Arts, and that "Boy," who was so often found "splitting his face open with wedges of pie," are characters delineated with a master hand, and the humour, wit and sentiment therein mingled needs no comment of praise.

In the sphere of fiction he has been equally successful. "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," prove beyond doubt, that had he chosen to give his undivided attention to that class of literature, no American author would have excelled him. What a contrast is presented in the psychological truths and acute discernment between right and wrong which are presented in the former, to the trashy, love-romance of to-day, which is so eagerly devoured by those who ought to have more sense.

In his profession he stands equally high. Some idea of his popularity as a college lecturer may be gained from the fact that no matter how many previous lecturers had been slighted by absence of students, Dr. Holmes' class-room was sure to be filled with pleased, expectant faces, and they were never disappointed. His pleasant "I'll meet you to-morrow, gentlemen, at this hour," was sufficient to ensure full attendance.

In addition to his other literary labours, his researches in physiology, anatomy and other kindred subjects are shown by the large number of works he has written upon these subjects, among which may be mentioned "Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science," and "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," a most powerful essay upon the function of the brain.

On the whole, Dr. Holmes is one of the most remarkable men of his generation, and high as his place is in our literature, he holds a still higher one in personal worth and efficiency in active life. In the first place, he is a man of science and thoroughly in love with it; besides being one of the most popular of American poets, he yet understands how to take up the sternest lesson of morality and make the cast-away shell on the seashore teach both individual and nation to press forward in the career of improvement, or forfeit the great purpose and beauty of life. In the words of Mr. Bancroft, "his merits are as stars in different constellations, which no telescope can bring into one field of vision." He has been severely criticised by some for not having accomplished more in the way of achieving some one great work which would ensure him lasting fame; but it is doubtful if he could have accomplished more to benefit mankind by pursuing any other course than that which he has followed, for the memory of the "genial Autocrat" will remain as long as American literature continues to exist.

JEWELS.

Who says that a jewel is rare!
See! here's that which beliesth the warning—
Green fields all aglow in the morning
Flash a thousand gem rays in the air.

Bend lower; but not in the sun
That straight to each dew-heart is binding
Long tracks of his glory and shining
So that giving and taking are one:

Bend lower; here! just in this flower
Gleams the wealth of a radiant treasure.
'Tis naught but a dew-drop,—but measure
A gem by its flash—and it's power.

Diamonds and pearls
They're here every one!
Sapphires and emeralds
Thro' a bit of the sun.

Who says that a jewel is rare!
Ah me! for I would I could number
The hidden sky-fires that slumber
Thro' the measureless depths of the air:—

Hidden only with the sun in our eyes;
By and by will break out all their gleaming
And show us their glorious meaning,—
God's face in the light of the skies.

Is only that well called a gem
That has use for the grace of adorning?
That is just how the face of the morning
And the bosom of night shine with them.

Diamonds and rubies
All in a glow,—
Sapphires and emeralds,
Brighter they grow.

Who says that a jewel is rare!
There's a stream that is ever swift flowing,
Swift broadening and deepening and growing
With the manifold strength working there.

It flows through the heart and the soul
Of the life that is common to mortals,
And it bears as it sweeps thro' the portals
Countless treasures and riches untold.

The graces that pure souls have worn
Gleam soft in the deeps and the hollows;
Each thought has a sparkle that follows
As the river sweeps on to its bound.

Diamonds and pearls—
Fullest of measure—
Sapphires and emeralds,
These the King's treasure.

—B. B.

THE PRESS.

The perfection of the Printing Press should be one of the grandest achievements of the nineteenth century.

The modern newspaper is capable by placing in the hands of the people an upright and conscientious combination of facts, or becoming the most influential factor in the moral and political uplifting of mankind. The office of the newspaper, we refer more particularly to the dailies, is to furnish news, political, secular, and religious, endeavor to eliminate superstition, stop crime, and frown down political corruption.

Since the lower classes, those vast fluctuating waves of humanity, gather most of their ideas from the newspapers, both because they are cheap and because they are everywhere obtainable, the *character*

of the Press will to an almost infinite extent mould the character of the people.

Notwithstanding we live in an age of freedom as regards the lawful sphere of the press, in contradistinction from the days of Milton; and there is no need of an "Areopagitica" to plead for editorial privileges; yet virtually the true liberty of the press is being squeezed and contracted into a very narrow resting place. The freedom of modern journals is chained to the rock of partyism. Party politics and accompanying narrow mindedness, a shackle of ever increasing weight. Opposition organs, instead of elucidating their policy; cry, corruption! and misrule! Government sheets employ their time and brains to the *tit for tat* principal rather than to the intelligent defense of a political movement. Religious sects, basking in the rays of infallibility, have found it necessary, on account of the multiplicity of doctrines to establish organs, in which, rather than set forth in clear logical term the foundations they are building upon, devote themselves to picking out what in *their opinions* are flaws in other systems.

Money, or rather the want of it, is another quicksand into which monopolists have thrust the press. This is without doubt the most excusable cause for that inconsistency which is so abundant. The publication of sensational literature is calculated not only to lessen the power and true freedom of the press, but is also a stumbling block in the way of moral development and a sure stimulant to social indifference and degradation. The predominance of descriptions of horse races, murders, etc., over literature which would create greater mental activity, has grown and is increasing to such an extent that it now forms the most objectional feature of the modern newspaper.

The elaborate glorification of the prize ring and corresponding suppression of more moral subjects, not only tends to make strength the governor of reason, but is also a method of notoriety which supports these professors of the manly art, or rather bestial savageness, and makes the successful pommelling of one of the lowest individuals in existence, the modern pugilist, appear to be one of the grandest attainments of life.

Scandal, which is sufficiently disgusting from the fact that it must to some extent exist, is relished and emblazoned to satisfy the unnatural appetites of the make-troubles of our land. In its devotion to these things the press ceases to be an instrument of good and evolves itself into a tool through which by perjured and prejudiced statements, the diseased mind can find repose.

There must be a cause for this injustice and also a remedy. What is the cause? What should the remedy be? The coat is made to fit the wearer; man because of being accustomed to this wrong is blind

to its growing power. The elevation of the middle classes would be found a sure cure for this monstrosity. The idea that it is a necessity is erroneous, the result of habit, and only needs the use of will or reason to prove its fallacy.

When this is accomplished and not until then, will the press be what it was intended to be, and what it should be, the grandest achievement of the 19th century.

A CRITICISM.

It may be thought very presumptuous to offer any adverse criticisms on a production of the immortal Bard of Avon; but still it is possible that the dramatist may have shared in the common infirmity and imperfection of human nature. It is on this supposition that the remarks which it is designed to present, will be based. The particular portion of the works of the Poet which will be here considered is an "Interlude" in the play of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," namely, that of which Pyramus and Thisbe are the subject. It was to the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid that Shakespeare was indebted for the story, a story of which, as we shall see, he made so singular a use. According to the Roman Poet, Pyramus and Thisbe were lovers, who dwelt in contiguous houses, with a dividing wall common to both. In this wall there was a slight fissure, unknown to all but the lovers, "Quid non sentit amor?" or, as it is translated by King in his admirable metrical and poetical rendering, "The eyes of love are quick to see."

Thro' this fissure the lovers conversed, but secretly; because their cruel or prudent parents disapproved of their intimacy. "The course of true love never did run smooth." Pyramus and Thisbe sought a less restricted intercourse and contrived a freer interview. They agreed to meet, unknown to their guardians, by moon-light, the time sacred to lovers, at the tomb of Nisus, near which were a mulberry tree and a fountain. Thisbe was earliest at the trysting place, having successfully eluded her guards. The first object she saw was a lioness, coming from a recent slaughter, and with bloody mouth seeking to quench her thirst at the well known and welcome spring. Thisbe fled in terror to a neighboring cave, leaving in her haste her encumbering mantle. The lioness having satisfied her desires, saw the mantle, and in headlong wantonness rent it with her ensanguined jaws, and passed into the forest.

Pyramus now reached the spot and beheld the torn and blood-stained robe. Stunned and maddened by the sight, he in his haste and bewilderment concluded that Thisbe had been killed and devoured by wild beasts. In his grief and agony he resolved not to outlive the object of his affections and worship, and thus rashly plunged the sword he carried into his breast.

As soon as Thisbe supposed the danger to which she had been exposed, past, she left her place of concealment to meet her lover. She found him stretched upon the ground weltering in his own blood from a mortal wound. The sight overwhelmed her in misery and despair. With true instinct divining the cause of her lover's death, she seized the sword of Pyramus reeking with his blood, and plunged it into her bosom. Thus the affection and fidelity of the lovers were sealed with the life blood of each.

The story, as told by Ovid, is marked by all the tenderness and grace, of which he is the acknowledged and well nigh unrivalled master, and is most affecting in all its details; few of the ancient legends are as much so. But the great dramatist, in appropriating it to his own use in the play adverted to, changes its character throughout and transforms it into low burlesque. We would not have expected such a Metamorphosis; but poets and dramatists are a class by themselves, who live in a world of their own, and who see things with eyes different from those of ordinary mortals.

Another explanation is possible. It has been judged necessary by dramatists to associate in the same play, the sad and stately tragedy with the light and merry farce, in order to furnish matter suited to the varied tastes of the frequenters of the theatre. They must give their regards to the pit no less than to the private boxes. This will account for the presence of an Interlude; but still it seems strange that the poet should have invaded a region so hallowed by tender and faithful love for such a purpose, when the whole world was ever open to his broad survey, from which to command materials adapted to his purpose. Shakespeare possessed marvelous powers of observation and delineation, with a knowledge of human nature which has made his works the wonder and admiration of all succeeding generations; but here many will think he has failed. He not only does the rudest violence to our sympathies and feelings, but he does so at the expense of honesty; he introduces into the story a number of ludicrous incidents, for which there is neither warrant nor excuse; "Homer sometimes nods," and it was possible, it would seem, for Shakespeare to do the same.

In the legend, as given by the Roman poet, there is nothing about "kissing the hole in the wall," as some low clown is made by the Dramatist to express himself. A literal translation of the words of Ovid would be in metrical phrase,

"And empty kisses gave on either side,
Kisses that never met."

I have not the original at hand, and cannot therefore furnish the "ipsissima verba" of the Roman poet, for unfortunately, the "Metamorphosis," as a whole, is difficult to obtain, our classical purists having tabooed the work in its integrity as unfit for general use, and given us in its stead, their most

unsatisfactory "Expurgated" editions. But with provoking inconsistency these same conscientious scholars, who so vigorously exclude all passages which refer, however remotely, to the "tender passion" flood the world with editions of classical works, in which every other page is burdened with the praises of "wine" and with exhortations to unrestrained indulgence in its use.

Again, the *wall* is made by the Dramatist in some disturbing and incongruous manner to represent "Snout," the vulgar builder of it, and to be endowed with the faculty of speech. And the *moonlight* too is changed into a person with some grotesque mention of 'the man in the moon,' and it speaks—speaks, as did the wall, the veriest nonsense, jargon and trash. Verily, the words of the Dramatist, as put by him into the mouth of Hippolyta, in this very "Interlude," are most appropriate,—“This is the silliest stuff I ever heard.”

But a critic might object to these objections and maintain that Shakespeare did not err. Indeed, one of this class has formally examined this portion of "The Mid-Summer Night's Dream," and in the person of a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, has given it the imprimatur of his approval. He sees nothing inconsistent with true taste in the mixture of tragedy and farce, as instanced; on the contrary he commends and extols it. With him the words, "Well roared lion! Well run Thisbe! Well shone Moon!" are so supremely ludicrous and witty, that they have power entirely to dispel the beautiful and touching representation of Ovid and to command the undivided memory and admiration. According to this writer, we no longer remember the finished verses, the graceful imagery, and the touching story of the poet; what is recalled to our remembrance is the buffoonery which is mingled by the Dramatist with the legend, and which, it must be confessed, was made to occupy the most prominent place in it. In truth, critics must be a strange and curious race! Each sees with his own eyes, and all see differently. As no two mental constitutions are alike, nothing less than this diversity of judgment could be expected. Byron had but little confidence in the tribe, and as little have we, though, like him, assuming to belong to it. His words are sufficiently appropriate, with the exception of his ingenuous sneer at "woman;" he says,

"As soon seek roses in December, ice in June,
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman or an egyptian,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics, who themselves are sore."

In rendering the line referred to, one cannot but exclaim, poor Byron! the fault was not in "woman," but in you.

CRITO.

WOLFVILLE, March 17, '87.

EXCHANGES.

THE *King's College Record* for February does not contain any "very remarkable" articles.

It has been said, "by their works you shall know them," but of course absence of work eliminates all possibility of acquaintance. The exchange editor says rather ironically, somewhat knowingly, a little foolishly, that "The ATHENÆUM is an authority we dare not dispute." We hope that the manly spirit has not departed from King's to such an extent that she dare not dispute an article; but we may presume, as it generally takes some three or four men to run a college paper, that the late confession of weakness made in their organ is the general opinion of the body of students, that is, presuming the editorial staff to be an appreciable percentage of the whole number, say 25 p. c.

The *Record* says, "Oxford employs a Professor of Archaeology," yes and we are told that once upon a time a certain rich man employed one of his willing but less fortunate brethren to carry a brick to and fro, apparently to gratify a whim.

Perhaps if we were more interested in our friend's hobby—Archaeology, we would be better prepared to state our opinion of the validity of sentiment coming from King's, would perhaps be compelled to retire to the friendly cover of a cave entirely outdone. As we before stated we have no sympathy with Archaeology, care very little for fossils, take no stock in ruins and have-beens, and are therefore compelled to refrain from passing judgment.

If the little article we have referred to in the *Record* was the result of thoughtlessness we would say no more; and if it was serious we claim the privilege of smiling.

No one will dispute the fact that successful journalism, as regards college papers is not dependent so much upon the merit of any special production, as upon a carefully chosen and somewhat varied collection of articles calculated not only to amuse the students, but also, especially where comparatively disinterested subscriptions are respectfully solicited, to interest, and perhaps instruct the reading public generally.

When on opening a paper and finding that it has editors, that is men who are supposed to the best of their ability, to write *occasionally* for it and look after its interest generally, we naturally look for some evidence of mental application.

When we find its editorial columns filled with (not very heavy,) articles, such as "List of New Books in Library," "Going to try and have a Glee Club," "Overworked Seniors," etc., etc., we are led to the conclusion that the editors are either "overworked" or have lost interest; that the desire to please has been replaced by the rather unhealthy one to fill up.

THE *University Monthly* for February is, to say the least, slightly local in its editorial matter. We think it would perhaps be wise if disputes which occur between exchanges be left to be settled by themselves. The criticism of the *Argosy* does not show the best taste imaginable. With the exception of the continued story on Geology, of which we have lost the connection, (not contemplating having the *Monthly* bound,) the last is a fairly creditable number.

WE have the *Argosy* for March before us. Our friends across the line are very fortunate in their correspondents and contributed articles. If there is anything that will make an editor shed tears of joy, it is a good healthy stock of correspondence. We notice that they have been having a series of lectures lately in connection with the college at Sackville, and that a series of reports of the aforesaid, under the head of editorials, appear in the March *Argosy*. The reports are all right, but surely time could be found for something more original.

THE *Dalhousie Gazette* continues to come to us semi-monthly. As it was not convenient for us to publish an exchange column in our last issue, it is impossible to give the back numbers of this paper anything like a fair review; suffice it to say that the *Gazette* is generally pretty well filled with solid, sensible, interesting matter.

RECENT copies of *Acta Victoriana* would seem to show that its interest in college journalism is not flagging.

IN the correspondents' column of a late number of the *Acadian*, we see an article written apparently for the purpose of insulting a gentleman who contributed to our columns a short time since. Space forbids any lengthened criticism of this clap-trap quibbler of whom we want to know nothing more indicative of smallness, than the suppression of the name by which he or it is generally known; however, we think with Shakespeare that he or it would perhaps "smell just as sweet" and be appreciated just as much by the public under the existing conditions.

WE acknowledge receipt of *Oberlin Review*, *Rambler*, *Niagara*, *Index*, *Adelphian*, *Delaware*, *College Review*, *Gazette*, *Colby Echo*, *Chironomian*, *Beacon*, and others.

THE THESES.

ACCORDING to custom the seniors read their "Theses" about the first of March. The papers were of the ordinary merit and attested to much patient work on the part of those who prepared them. The

subjects were of historical, scientific, philosophical and literary interest, commanding a broad range of thought and investigation. Although these papers are designed to be chiefly concise statements of facts, yet they were not lacking in oratorical effect. Though possessing somewhat of the same interest as a lecture in philosophy for a careless student, one who is really in quest of useful information, will pronounce the time given to the reading of these papers as profitably spent. The subjects were assigned as follows:—

- "Glaciers and Glacial Phenomena" W. E. Boggs.
 "Volcanoes and Volcanic Phenomena" C. W. Corey.
 "The Public School as a Factor in our Educational System" E. M. Freeman.
 "Marcus Aurelius" T. S. K. Freeman.
 "The Application of Algebraical Formulæ to Geometrical Demonstration" R. W. Ford.
 "The Influence of Religious Truth on National Character" E. L. Gates.
 "Civil Law" C. H. Miller.
 "Self-government and the Best Method of Teaching a Nation to Enjoy it" O. S. Miller.
 "Spots on the Sun" J. B. Morgan.
 "Conservation of Energy" E. R. Morse.
 "Robert Browning's Poetry" I. W. Porter.
 "Triumphs of the Medical Art" J. T. Prescott.
 "The Development of the Comic Paper" J. A. Sharpe.
 "Epicurus and Epicureanism" S. K. Smith.
 "The Effect of Machinery on Labor" H. P. Vaughan.
 "The Natural and Supernatural in Jewish History." G. R. White.
 "Pericles as a Statesman" G. E. A. Whitman.

PERSONALS.

F. H. BEALS, B. A., '86, lately of Newton, has accepted a call from the Billtown Church, N. S.

H. H. HALL, B. A., '86, is studying at Newton.

I. S. BALCOM, B. A., '86, has graduated at Bellevue Medical College, and is visiting friends in Mass.

WE are pleased to note the presence in Wolfville of Edward Young, Ph. D., American Consul at Windsor. For several years Dr. Young contributed to the prize list of Acadia College by giving a gold medal for proficiency in the higher mathematics.

E. A. COREY, B. A., '82, has graduated at the Medical College, Virginia.

SILAS ALWARD, B. A., '60, M. A., '63, D. C. L., '83, has been unanimously elected to represent the city of St. John in the Assembly of N. B.

DEATH.

REV. P. A. McLEAN, the esteemed pastor of the Baptist Church of Hantsport, died on Saturday, April 2, aged 47.

LOCALS.

"OUR Choir."

JUDAS Maccabaicus.

"COLLEGE tramps."

"I ACCEPT the nomination."

"THE way of the transgressor is hard."

CHEER up and hope for the best.

How sweetly the birds sing.

THE "fair ones" walk from 4 to 6 o'clock, P. M.

"BRIAN of the strong breath" was in-*duct*-ed into his new office with little ceremony on Mon., March 28, at 12.15 P. M.

"So live that when thy summons comes, etc.," thou shalt have no remorse.

A CERTAIN Junior is very anxious to have a *modification* in the Reception regulations.

WHY is a neighbouring building like a sinking ship? Because the rats are deserting it.

A NEW definition of reciprocity,—“You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.”

IN answer to the question,—“what is the smallest animal mentioned in the Bible,” the following has been suggested:—The wicked *see*.

TUTOR to Freshman.—“Mr. E., find the centre of your weight-foot.”

Class-mates of Mr. E.—“Quite impossible sir.”

PROF.—You must remember, Mr. —, that you can never begin a Greek sentence with a nev. Mr. —.—Y-yes, Prof., I usually begin mine with a d—.

THE steps of the Chapel will soon need an additional coat of paint. This will make them more attractive to the weary traveller, as well as afford a protection from the elements.

MR. —.—What was the first mechanical invention?

All.—Give it up.

MR. —.—I think the crow-bar has the *prior* claim.

A SORT is responsible for the following:—How were arithmetical calculations graphically represented before the invention of slates and pencils? Ans.—They multiplied upon the face of the earth.

A LETTER has arrived for a certain person, addressed:—

“Rt. Revd. — — — D.D., L.L.D., &c.,
Proprietor of ‘Acadia College,’
Wolfville, Kings Co., N. S.,
Near Dan M——’s office.”

Will some gentleman please step forward and claim it?

MR. A.—Further remarks are unnecessary. Mr. B. is an ass, and he knows it.

MR. B.—But you, Mr. A., are an ass, and you don't know it.

MR. C.—Quite true in both cases.

MR. A.—Yes, and you, Mr. C., are an ass, and everybody knows it.

SENIOR M. (critically).—“No, the discourse was not logical.”

SENIOR W.—“What do you know about it? You don't even know the text.”

SENIOR M.—“Oh yes I do.”

SENIOR W.—“What is it?”

SENIOR M. (hesitatingly).—“Eh—ch—well, Sam knows it.”

O EDUCATION! thou art a curious thing. Thy ways are manifold. In some thou art a bulwark of defence; but in others a stumblingblock. Thou leavest thine observers in a quandary. If education is an antidote for *curiosity*, and a reprover to those who wilfully disobey the command, “let your conversation be yea and nay, etc.,” would that a few more had a small decoction. Some few at least, can testify to the unpleasantness of being peeped at over the rail, and made to act in the role of a dime museum.

THE displacement of Mr. Hamilton, who has performed the duties of Collego Janitor for five years quite satisfactorily to all, by Brian, has caused some commotion. Before the departure of Mr. Hamilton, the students made up a neat purse, which was presented to Mr. H. by L. A. Palmer, with appropriate remarks, expressing the good will of the students. Mr. Hamilton was diligent in business, and minded his own business. We would say to his successor,—go thou and do likewise, and it will be well with thee.

ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.—At the regular meeting for the election of officers for the Spring Term the following were chosen:—J. B. Morgan, President; J. W. Armstrong, Vice-President; H. T. Walker, Recording Secretary; H. S. Blackadar, Corresponding Secretary; A. W. Foster, Treasurer. Executive Committee:—G. A. Whitman, S. K. Smith, A. E. Shaw, W. B. Crawley, W. W. B. Wallace.

THE March meeting of the “Acadia Missionary Society” was held in the Chapel on the evening of March 16th. Original, instructive and interesting papers were presented by Messrs. F. C. Hartley and L. D. Morse, respectively, entitled, “Religions in Italy,” and “Shall I be a Foreign Missionary.” Then followed an address, pleasing and instructive, by Miss Wadsworth, Principal of the Seminary. Subject:—“The Freedmen of the South.” The College choir afforded their quota of entertainment.

IT is announced that Mr. H. N. Shaw, teacher of Elocution in the College, will give a recital in Collego Hall on the evening of the 15th inst. In his former appearances in this vicinity Mr. Shaw has acquitted himself very creditably, and we feel safe in predicting a very enjoyable time at the recital. Among other selections Mr. Shaw will read such popular pieces as “How Ho

Saved St. Michael's"; "How Girl's Study"; "Douglass"; "First Class in Reading," and Scenes from the plays of Shakespeare. A piano solo by Miss Buttrick, instructress in instrumental music at the Seminary, and choruses by the College choir, will add variety and interest to the entertainment. We bespeak a large audience.

CONVERSATION between A. and B. while perusing the locals:—

Mr. A.—I cannot understand why it is the editors seem so frightened to touch some of the boys up on their weak points. That is what the Local Column is for.

Mr. B.—I think the Local Column should be devoted exclusively to news and not to personals.

Mr. A.—We have plenty of newspapers, and I think a college paper might indulge in something a little more amusing and instructive. You know "the great unwashed" know nothing of the hits, and the students expect that sort of thing.

Mr. A. (a few days later).—If I only knew who wrote that local on me, or sent it down to the publishers, I would have such revenge that the gods would weep to behold—yes—him, if I had to wait fifteen years. That local column is a nuisance. All things change.

THE entertainment provided by the Athenæum Society on the evening of March 18, '87, proved, in the main, a success. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the seats in the Hall, including the galleries, were filled at an early hour. The programme, consisting of music, vocal and instrumental, readings and original papers, was perfection—"omitting its faults." The music, original papers and some of the readings were quite worthy the entrance fee charged, while some of the readings, it is to be regretted, were not quite up to the requirements. In the main the rendering of the readings was passable. Though in one or two cases there might have been a happier selection, the readings on the whole were well adapted to the occasion. A piece happily chosen and well rendered will never tire an audience, even though it be the second or even the third presentation. The programme, omitting encores, was sufficiently long to supplement any deficiency in the length of some of our public gatherings in the past. The audience chose to lengthen the entertainment to three hours, for which, it is hoped, they blame themselves. At our next entertainment, when "you pay your money and take your choice," let us hope that the readings, etc., may be such that even some of our local infallible (!) authorities may find no cause to reprove.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. F. Randolph, \$1.00; E. C. Whitman, \$1.00; G. P. Payrant, \$1.00; H. S. Freeman, \$1.00; E. Whidden, \$1.00; J. B. Oakes, \$2.00; G. B. Locke, \$2.00; Austen Locke, \$5.00; Dr. Parker, \$2.00; W. D. Patterson, \$1.00; J. R. Stubbart, \$1.00; H. B. Ruggles, \$2.00; J. Le Grandais, \$1.50; C. W. Williams, \$1.00; H. T. Walker, \$1.00; C. H. Fielding, \$1.00; Dr. J. Hall, \$1.00; F. H. Eaton, \$1.00; J. Steadman, \$1.00.—H. L. DAY, Sec. Treas.

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

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THE WAR SERIES

which has been followed with unflinching interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year.

Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's march to the Sea, by Generals Howards and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November.

Two Novelles by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritism Astrology, etc., by the Rev J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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H. N. SHAW	<i>Elocution.</i>
F. N. KELLY, B. A.....	<i>Mathematics and English.</i>

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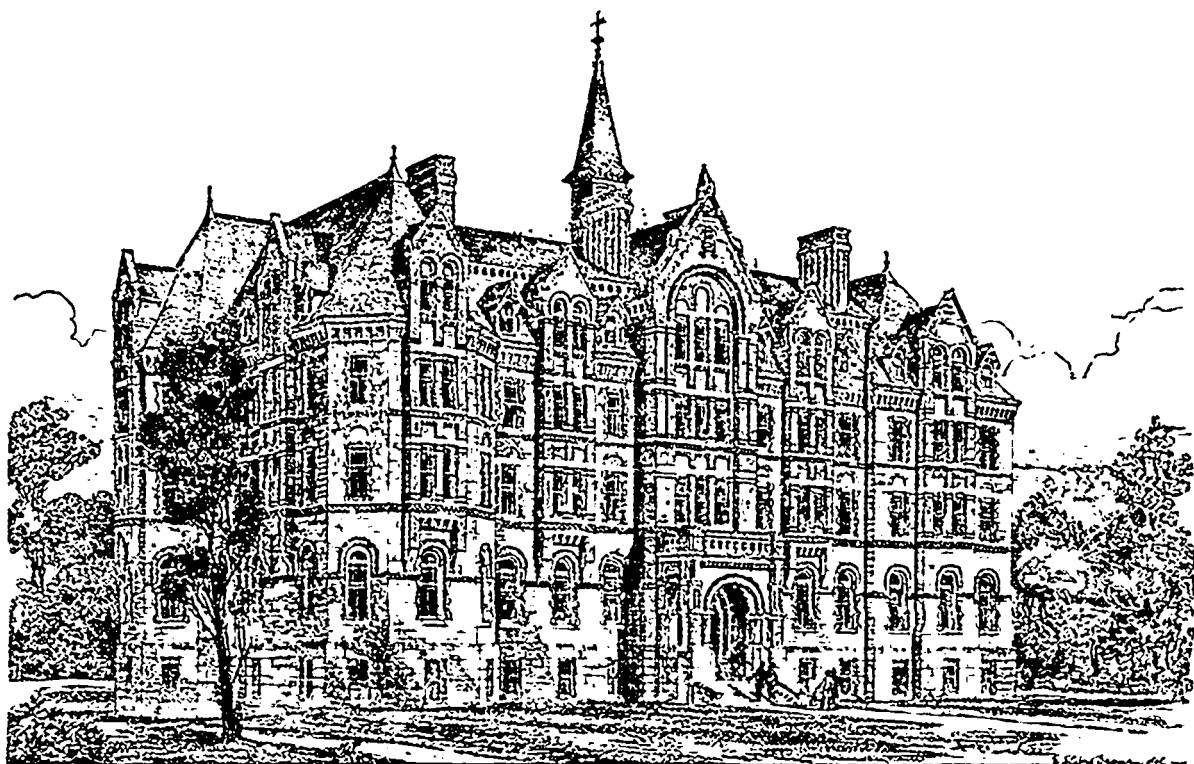
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