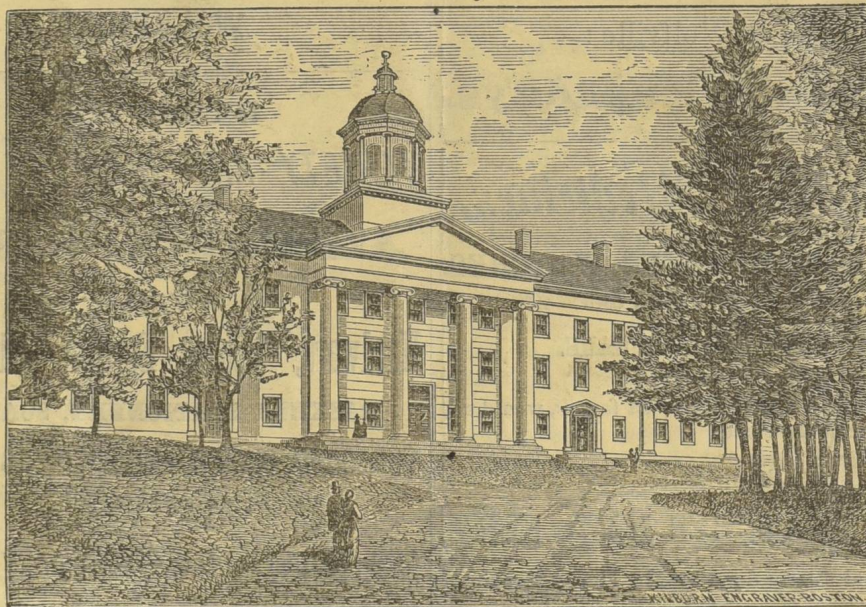


December, 1876.

Vol. III. No. 2.

# The Acadia Athenaeum.



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Sept., 1876.

# THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 3.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1876.

NO 2.

(Original Poetry.)

## Fragment.

Our higher life brings opposites extreme,  
The child that lives and plays,  
Recks not of passing days,  
Thinks not he sleeps in visionary gleam  
Of Youth an azure litten dream,  
Which fled, torments with glory that hath flown.  
The joy that comes from early innocence,  
The bliss that springs from careless ignorance,  
Are dissipated soon and are forever gone.  
The cattle on the hills, the birds that sing  
Content to eat, live, love and die,  
Possess an heritage—perennial Spring,—  
Untasted by the soul that soars on high.  
On life's lower stages  
We live in golden ages,  
Wrapped in the silver fleece of sensuous joy.  
Nor from boding hearts within  
Do we hear the brazen din  
Echoed from the destined strife of swift coming years.  
The iron deeply lies  
Hid from our listless eyes  
And fancy loves the boy  
Who night and day doth dream he hears  
The subtle music choired by the spheres.  
Contentment lies below.  
He who would look above  
Should count the agonies of the remove.  
In every human heart  
Are germs of infinite contraries  
And infinite possibilities,  
Which when developed, become part  
Of our incorporate immortality;  
The history of inner life that's penned  
In strife and silence, and unkennd  
By any foreign eye,  
But scanned exclusively  
By our secret selves and the all-seeing Eye,  
The one who scorps to count his life by years,  
Must count in part by tears  
Shed or pent, burning; and by deepest fears;  
High hopes; strong cries;  
The bolts of doom that mar our destinies;  
The gleams of light which do inspire our eyes.  
True life is onward ever, and the way  
Is difficult and weary, to the feet;  
And syren voices from the past cry, stay!  
But in the unsunned gloom we look for day,

And the high honors to our dangers meet,  
At every stride new worlds come into view;  
New hopes and pains and fears from out their sleep  
In the low-lying caverns of youth's deep,  
Bound to a birth fraught with vast influence.  
Though it be at the terrible expense  
Of capabilities of grief intense,  
Give me the power to know and understand  
What may be known of life and faith.  
Teach me the secrets of yon boundless sky;  
Teach me the secrets of the sea and land.  
Far as imagination's wing can fly,  
Let me explore mysterious paths and grand;  
When the soul thrills with harmony of faith  
What boots this unsubstantial mortal breath.  
Then let me solve the awful problem—Death,  
Give me the God-like power to know and bear;  
Give me the God-like joy, the God-like care;  
“Tears from the depths of some divine despair.”

## A Glance at what Canada has done for History.

It was before Prescott, Motley, Brancroft and Parkman took their place alongside of the historians of the world; before Longfellow, Bryant and Lowell vindicated their right to share in the praise given to Pope, Cowper and Wordsworth; before Cooper wrote his novels and Hillhouse “built the lofty rhyme”; before Kent wrote on Law, Porter on Metaphysics, Carey on Political Science, Pickering, Anthon, Felton, Whitney and Burritt on Philology;—that an English Reviewer contemptuously asked, “Who reads an American book?” It was more recently that an English publisher rejected the MS. of a Canadian author because “No one would read a Colonial book.”

It is true that in the realm of literature, Canada does not now occupy such an exalted place as does England or (even the) U. S.; yet that is due to her geographical and *historical* position, rather than to the absence of those mental characteristics, or the inferiority of those mental powers, which a people must possess before they

take their place in the world's guild of letters. Her intellectual possibilities are as great as those of any country under Heaven; if she cannot overtake England it is because the latter has had seventeen centuries the start of her; and the impetus the U. S. received a century ago left behind her more tardy neighbor. Canada has done more for literature, however, than the world is probably aware of; and, as Canadians, it is our fault that there is not entertained abroad a just conception of our standing in the world of authors. We do not sufficiently study our literature and its history, neither do we keep before the world that history as G. B. and the U. S. do their's, or as much as it is entitled to.

It may be well for us then to take a glance—hasty, though it must be—at what Canada has done in the three important departments of letters—Poetry, History and Science.\*

In the first mentioned we can point to names that would do honor to any country. The dramatic poems of Heavysege—who died recently in Montreal—have been pronounced by both English and American critics as approaching an equality with the best that have been written since the “Prince of Dramatists” reigned. The poetical eloquence of De Bellefeuille, “which he has uttered from his soul like a lyre which produces every note,” and the high and philosophical intellect of Allan, are beautifully apparent in the poems they have written. If Ford does not equal his English name-sake of the seventeenth century in the depth of pathos, he has beauties for which the latter poet was not at all celebrated. The *Mes Loisirs* of Freckette drew forth from Longfellow a letter of congratulation to the author. “His genius,” says Vibert, “sheds on his fatherland a gleam of his own glory.” Among the first of the Celtic bards that have breathed the air of the Highlands is Eran McColl, whose poems—both English and Gaelic—are held in high esteem. “His ode to Lochduich is inimitable. Rich in the splendid imagery of nature, represented to our admiring gaze through the burning vista of poetic genius, we sit on the author's lips, float with him on its glassy surface, or dive into its transparent

bosom.” See also Dr. Norman MacLeod's eulogy of his *Clarsach nam Beann* and *Mountain Minstrel*. (Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, p. 256.)

Take another Scotch Canadian, Alexander McLachlan. T. D. McGee has placed him alongside of Motherwell. Sir Archibald Allison speaks of him as truly inspired with the genius of poetry. His address to Garibaldi is pronounced equal to Burns' immortal “Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.” With McLachlan stands Chas. Sangster, whom some have considered the greatest of native Canadian poets. It is little wonder that his masterly verse should elicit the praise of such writers as O. W. Holmes, Jean Ingelow, Prof. Daniel Wilson and Bayard Taylor. The following extract from the Rev. E. H. Deuart's excellent volume on Canadian Poetry—quoted in the *Biblioth. Canad.* will give a good estimate of the poetry of these two great Canadian bards—McLachlan and Sangster:

“In elaborate elegance and wealth of descriptive power, in the success with which he has treated Canadian themes, and in somewhat of Miltonic stateliness and originality of style, Sangster has certainly no equal in this country. But in strong human sympathy, in subtle appreciation of character, in deep natural pathos, and in those gushes of noble and manly feeling which awaken the responsive echoes of every true heart, McLachlan is peerless.”

In the limited space of an article it is impossible to do justice to even a small number of our poets who deserve more than a mention. The charming verse of Gray; the tender lyrics of Miss Murray; the *Aeolian Harp* of the sisters Herbert; the graceful epic and lyric poems of Fiset; the exquisite rhythm, and the deep and tender verse of Miss Vinning; the melodious, pathetic and original poems of McPherson, one of Nova Scotia's poets, who died at the age of twenty eight years, the sad, touching story of whose baffled life told by J. and T. Thompson, reads so much like that of Keats told by Lord Houghton (Richard Moncton Milnes); and the smooth pleasing elegance of the style and the happy sweetness of versification, with the descriptive power, of the *Rising Village* of Oliver Goldsmith, another Nova Scotia poet, and a

\*In this sketch we include as Canadian writers both those born in Canada and those who are Canadian by adoption.

lineal descendant of the inimitable author of the *Deserted Village*.—Such are the characteristics of a few of the poems, and these are the names of a few of the poets, of Canada.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—

HAVING been requested to furnish an article for your next issue, and feeling myself incapacitated on the scores of both time and ability from communicating to you anything of a nature calculated to instruct your readers or to elevate the standard of your periodical, as I suppose it should be called, it has occurred to me that it would not be out of place to point out something in the affairs of the college, which, I think, might be remedied, and give you my ideas of how the remedy could be effected.

The matter which I have in my mind is one peculiarly within the province of the students, and is calculated, I believe, to have a strong bearing on the future course.

I am aware that in this I will hardly have the sympathy of a certain class of scholastics, who appear to take a cast iron view of the Collegiate Course, and consider that the only safe way to achieve success is by working at the curriculum as the blacksmith at his bellows, keeping the iron at a continual white heat. But I consider a human being something better than a hard surface to be beaten into shape by classic sledge-hammers. As a being endowed with great capacity for employment, and possessed of social qualities, of which he has the sole right and title to the exclusion of all other created things, he should refuse to be welded into intellectual shape by any such process.

I do not, by any means, wish it to be understood that I under-value strict application; on the contrary I have all that regard for it which we are apt to bestow on advantages which have been disregarded, but at the same time I object to the ultra process.

Now what I wish to direct your attention to, is this: As far as my observation extends, colleges turn out two classes of men, one consisting of those who have applied themselves unceasingly to study, taken honors innumerable, stand

high in their respective classes, and probably are broken down by their exertions. If the latter contingency has been avoided through bodily vigor and physical strength, yet they are only prepared to class among their fellows as mere book-worms, holding the same relations to other men as an encyclopedia or dictionary, and having their natural instinct for lively intercourse and cheerful association among their kind, nipped in the bud by the hard frosts of an intellectual winter. These may be called the laboring classes in the words of learning, who never rise to mental affluence, but content themselves with a life of drudgery.

In the other class are those who have not strength of mind or of purpose to apply themselves as their diligent neighbors, and are engaged in a perpetual struggle to worry through the course with the least possible exertion to themselves, and with a view of denying themselves as little as may be of the comfort of life. They form a class of intellectual sharpeners or vagabonds, living as to mental achievements by their wits, and depending on what they can obtain from others for their advancement.

Now let me suggest a mean to be observed between these extremes and I have done. I speak particularly to the plodders, and to them I would say relax occasionally in your efforts. You may be in the habit of taking bodily exercise. That is good and proper in its way, but you want also a healthful mental recreation.

There is too much lack of sociability among you. It is far from being the least among the requirements of a public man to be able to tell a good story and indulge in witty observations. I put it to you not only for the safety of your physical capacities, but as a means of perfecting the end for which your present position is intended, that you cultivate the habit of mingling among your fellows in friendly association and cheerful companionship. For this purpose I would advise your holding social meetings with a view to cultivating these engaging properties, and perfecting yourselves in the requirements of social life. Have in these gatherings sufficient system to exclude all low or unseemly tendencies among the performers. Practise the art of story-telling, indulge in passages of wit and

humor. Let your stories be free from vulgarity; your wit from satire, and your humor from coarseness. Make it a point too to encourage all attempts of beginners. Many a wit has been lost to the world by chilling rebuffs received at the start.

Finally my brethren, attend to all these things without allowing them to interfere with your sterner duties, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are fitting yourselves more surely for usefulness and encouraging those who, if left to themselves will drift away on the tide of indolence and follow to the sea of oblivion and perhaps of degradation, but who, through your efforts may become bright and shining lights in the great world of letters.

Yours truly,  
GRADUATE.

#### A Couple of Sober Ideas.

As we wander through the mighty galleries of history we cannot fail to notice the numberless portraits of human character that meet our gaze. There is no event, but has caught a tinge from the mental life in which it received its birth and began its mission. From the midnight sky shine out upon us stars of every hue and brilliancy, from the faint twinkle of far off orbs to the steady beam of nearer planets: fit illustrations of the names that peer through the great space that stretches behind us into years, sunless and lifeless. We see through long vistas gigantic forms striding on in invincible strength, beating down the bulwarks of established order, demolishing hoary institutions, tearing up and scattering to the winds social frameworks, hurling back with one brawny arm avalanche-like oppositions, and with the other, lifting high a banner with strange unknown device. We watch with the closest attention and deepest interest towering spirits as they bend the numberless subtle elements that work among nations to the accomplishment of some comprehensive scheme of conquest or legislation, and we seem to hear prolonged acclamations rolling from nation to nation, and from continent to continent. The question arises, are these the unfoldings of the highest success. Do they indicate success at

all. All that glitters is not gold. Shadows pass for substance. Still waters are not always deep.

108 B. C. saw C. Marius consul at Rome. Though neither rich nor honored by birth he cut his way up from obscurity and poverty to a post of honor in the army. His name was synonymous with dauntless valor and warlike skill. When the populace gathered in the forum to elect a consul, who so deserving of the lofty title as Marius? What though he was a native of Arpinum and had worked for wages as a common peasant! Had he not performed prodigious deeds of prowess for the Republic! Had he not dared to humiliate the haughty tyrannical nobles! Yes; and mighty thunders of assent rolled up the Capitaline and Palatine, and swept through the temples of the Gods.

“O Fortunatus Marius” doubtless passed from lip to lip and from crowd to crowd like watchfire from height to height. The low-bred but heroic soldier mounted the gorgeous car—the highest honor in the gift of his countrymen. A few years afterwards a lonely fugitive might have been seen wandering amid the swamps that mark the course of the sluggish Liris. He has been the object of many a search, and ere long he sees the forms of malignant foes closing about him. We follow him as covered with mud and with a rope about his neck he is led before the authorities of Minturnæ where he is condemned to a disgraceful death. But Atropos refused to cut the thread, and the life of the wretch was his own a little longer. Ere long we hear from the lips of the outcast. “Tell the prætor that you have seen Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.” How startling are the vicissitudes of history. How foolish to pronounce a career successful or not till we witness its close, and view it in its entirety. Napoleon humbled a mighty continent and played with crowns like footballs, and with kings like puppets, but his dazzling and desolating track ended in defeat, ruin and exile. Thwarted ambition with grim visage haunted the closing years of the lonely despot. Could this be the culmination of true success? rather of raging all consuming lust for power. But there is always sunshine somewhere. Our night is to our friends the other side the globe the effulgence

of day. History boasts of Howard, Wilberforce, Cary, Martyn, Judson Brainerd—men who achieved the grandest success. Let their deeds be told at the fireside, and repeated in the halls of science, in the centres of commerce and in the haunts of corruption and vice. Let the mighty enginery of the centuries bear them world-wide. Their freshness never dies. Their power never lessens. Their touch is as full of magnetism as ever. They ever greet with a “sort of hand in hand warmth.” In them still beat the great heart of their illustrious authors.

These are but examples. On the same page of the historic past lie side by side lives that unfold the principles of true success, and others that reveal its miserable counterfeit.

Call no man successful till you see how he dies.

#### The Student's Dial.

ONE of the first lessons, necessary for a student to impress upon his mind, as he launches forth into the wide domain of Literature, is to make a proper use of his spare moments. As he views with anxious countenance the *Dial*, which indicates that time is rapidly flying, let him redouble his efforts, and determine that the world shall be the better for his having lived in it. As we employ ourselves in the work of this year, let us endeavor to cultivate that spirit which prompted the utterance of these words from Gladstone, “Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature beyond your darkest reckonings.” Could we but have the sentiment here expressed indelibly stamped upon our minds as we enter upon any sphere of action, how great would be our surprise, at the benefits accruing. He, who wastes the precious hours of life's seed time, finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. It is indeed true that lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study; but lost time is gone *forever*. If we should attempt to hunt out those men who have acquired the greatest distinction in the literary world, as

well as in any calling, would we find them to be the wealthy class, who have oceans of time to themselves and nothing to do but to eat, sleep, and vegetate? No, you will most frequently find them to be the overworked class, that class which seems to be swamped with cares, and are in a ceaseless paroxysm of activity from year to year.

The greatest things achieved by man were not the results of fitful or prodigious effort, but of steady unremitting toil. A continual dropping wears the stone. Rely upon it, fellow-student, if you turn to good account the spare moments “your careful gleanings at the end of life will have formed a colossal and solid block of time, and you will die at last wealthier in intellectual acquisitions, wealthier in good deeds harvested, than thousands whose time is all their own.”

The results achieved by those with whom the clock has never “clicked lazily behind the door” is wonderful. John Quincy Adams might be mentioned as a notable example; he rose early (in this most assuredly a good example for students) to redeem the time. “I feel nothing like ennui” he said, “time is too short rather than too long, if the day were forty eight hours long, instead of twenty-four, I could employ them all, if I had but eyes, and hands to write.” Who, among students, does not waste at least thirty minutes per day? This turned to advantage would yield abundant results. Did not Henry Kirk White learn Greek, while walking to and from a lawyer's office, and Elihu Burritt master eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, by employing the bits and fragments of time stolen from his occupation as a blacksmith?

While we would thus impress upon you, fellow-student, the importance of what has been already said, we would not recommend that you should rob yourself of the necessary amount of recreation and sleep, but bear in mind the oft-repeated quotation “Sana mens in sano corpore.”

“NOTHING is so favorable as virtue to the prosecution of honorable studies. It inures to industry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, master of itself, disencumbered of those bad passions, and disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficiency.”

# Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1876.

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PROGRESS is the motto of this age. Advancement in the arts. Advancement in the sciences. Freedom of thought is in the highest degree tolerated. The wheel of practical investigation and discovery is being actively impelled onward by the lever of men's ambition and their insatiable love of knowledge.

The gratification of desire is the prime motive power in the great machine of life; hence those agencies which lead to the accomplishment of this end are most eagerly sought.

Each of the grandest steps in human improvement has, connected with its history, proceedings, strange and mysterious, yet grand and noble.

Amid persecution, starvation, and torrents of ribaldry have some of the world's greatest benefactors labored. Years of incessant toil frequently passed with no encouraging results. With unabated zeal on they plodded, regardless of the taunts and jeers of those narrow spirited drawbacks to every worthy enterprise. Standing

against all opposition, and feeling that their object, if gained, would confer a lasting benefit upon their race, they bent every energy to bring about its final and complete success.

They persevered and the world is reaping a glorious harvest; the fruits of their diligent and indefatigable efforts.

What vast results have been reached in the past by the workings of mind power. What may we not expect in the future?

The preeminence we claim above the uncivilized and most degraded is largely due to the interest taken in developing the mental capacities. Yet, how many raise a hue and cry against our institutions of learning, designed for the purpose of cultivating and disciplining the mind. They cannot in their judgment see the utility of a young man devoting from six to eight years of his life to study. The argument is: so much precious time wasted; so much money spent for which they cannot perceive any tangible results.

It is true that Colleges and Seminaries are not mints for evolving metallic coins; neither are they machine shops for grinding over, reconstructing and supplementing deficiencies of nature, but what they will do is to take the creature man in his rough, irregular and natural state and by a thorough course of mental training fit him, if he has any brains, for some worthy and noble sphere of action and influence. There are many young men and women in these Provinces who possess natural ability of no ordinary kind, who need but the discipline and fostering care of a few years institutional training, to enable them to fill stations of influence and honor.

We do not mean to intimate, that no man can fill any important office without such training, but we do say, that with such mental drill he will be the better prepared to discharge its duties and so increase by much the sphere of his usefulness.

We regret that too many parents rather discourage than encourage their sons and daughters when they speak of education, and begin at once to relate their own experience—how they worked and managed, and by so doing have been fairly successful in life. The inference is: "Do as I have done, there is no necessity for improvement.



If I have blundered and stumbled through, you may do the same. Keep in this old rut and do as your fathers have done. Wanting to go to College is only an indication of idleness. Better go to work." Such reasoning is most erroneous, and would be most disastrous if adhered to strictly. Those parents seem to forget that we live in an age of steam and telegraph. That where men once moved at the rate of ten miles an hour, we now move at the rate of forty and sixty. That whereas, it would once, and in their day, be considered a miracle to receive a message from across the Atlantic in less than three or four weeks, we now hear of any important event in so many minutes.

Then how any one can make it appear that study is not hard work the very hardest is beyond our power to conceive.

How is it that any work is accomplished with less labor, and in less time now than twenty years ago; and in consequence such a vast increase in the results of all labor! Must it not be ascribed to the fact that the minds of some men are becoming enlightened by active mental research, and they are thus learning to expend labor to the greatest possible advantage.

We want educated farmers, educated mechanics and tradesmen as well as educated lawyers and clergymen. We want men to till our fertile soil whose minds are sufficiently stored with knowledge to enable them to do so on the best, and hence on scientific principles.

If educating the mind be attended by such grand results, should not every citizen who has at heart the welfare of his country do all in his power for our institutions of learning. Too many men seem stamped with utilitarian principles and the intrinsic value of every institution is estimated in dollars and cents. They tread cautiously in a new pathway till their anxious breasts are satisfied that its windings lead to some rich mine where the purse may grow fat.

Such a spirit is narrow, contracted and unworthy to say the least, and should rather be spurned than indulged.

Then let parents send their sons and daughters to our colleges and seminaries, and send also of their means to support them.

By so doing they not only educate their own, but confer a benefaction upon our land.

**Eminent Modern Charities.**

JOHN HOPKINS' Estate in Baltimore,  
value \$7,145,841.

John Hopkins' University has received  
*in cash* ..... \$160,000  
*in R. R. stock* ..... 2,195,400  
*interest in the Estate* .. . . . 793,447  
 \$3,148,847

John Hopkins' Hospital—  
*in stocks* ..... 937,006  
*in leasehold property* ..... 822,326  
*interest in Estate*..... 795,959  
 \$5,706,138<sup>00</sup>/<sub>100</sub> } 2,557,291

Benjamin Atwood has given away  
 455 checks anonymously of £1000,  
 or \$2,275,000  
 To his poor relations ..... 2,000,000  
 \$4,275,000

Daniel Drew, in 1866 (Methodist  
 Centenary) gave at first. .... \$500,000  
 afterwards.. 200,000  
 \$700,000

to found the Drew Theological Seminary near New York. Dr. James Hurst, Dr. James Strong, Dr. Kidder, Rev. Prof. Bultz, Rev. Dr. Klider, Rev. Prof. Whiting, are the Professors; their houses cost \$200,00 each.

Peter Cooper, born in New York, Feby. 12th, 1791, on the 29th April, 1859, deeded to six trustees the *Cooper Institute*—a free school for practical science and art—which had cost him \$630,000; and an additional sum of \$10,000 was given for apparatus

There is the ring of true metal in the above facts. When men back up their professions of charity with arguments like the above, they strike paralysis through the stolid heart of a sneering, canting opposition, and exalt charity to her rightful dignity. He who energizes his "God speed you" with a generous gift not only infuses fresh vigor into the oft-times drooping hearts of philanthropic toilers, but enlarges the sphere of

his own happiness. He who clinches his talking by giving, wields the thunderbolts of an unanswerable logic.

Old Tight Fist may chuckle in his sleeve over the crazy recklessness of those who will invest without bond or note in schemes for sweeping away evil and cherishing good. In his sordid mind, walled up by avarice, never entered the truth that there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth.

Every department of benevolence needs not only the sympathy of lip, but also of pocket. Men of means great or small can make no more paying investment than to take shares in some enterprise whose object is to elevate the race, and whose dividends return ninety, yea one hundred per cent. not in gold and silver, but in riches that endure forever. We recognize with thankfulness the fact, that the streams of human charity are broadening and deepening. We are proud that the Baptist denomination can boast of men who give as well as talk. Still we have to lament that their number is so small. Our Educational Institutions have received but dimes where they should have received dollars. Yarmouth is doing a splendid work for Acadia, but where are Kings, Annapolis, Digby, &c.? We need the hearty co-operation of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Let the whole denomination open its eyes to the inevitable and tremendous issues of the position we have taken respecting Acadia. The facts stare us in the face. Let us beware of proving recreant to plain duty. Our endowment fund has precious claims upon our money. We may slight but we cannot weaken them. Let the example of our Yarmouth brethren stimulate us to more energetic action. But if we slumber on, burning defeat will sooner or later brand its execrable stigma upon us.

#### Horton Collegiate Academy.

This Institution has entered upon another year with encouraging prospects. The staff of teachers remains the same as last year, except that in the elementary department Miss Wile takes the place of Miss McGee. The Boarding department, in connection with the New Academy Building, is

under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Keddy. All the matters connected therewith are in an extremely satisfactory condition and we venture to assert that there are very few, if any, Boarding Schools in America which furnish such excellent fare at such moderate rates. The young ladies, we understand, are equally well provided for, so that parents need not fear in sending their sons and daughters to Horton Academy, lest they shall lack home comforts. The last twenty years have effected a great change in this particular and the meagre and poorly served fare which used to be inseparable from Boarding School life, has given place to tables which in their furnishing and in their plentiful supply of well-served wholesome food leave very little to be desired.

The attendance at the Academy is at present about one hundred. The class preparing for College already numbers twenty-eight, and more are expected.

We can scarcely over-estimate the importance of the work done at Horton Academy. As a feeder to the College it supplies us with nearly all our students; it trains large numbers for teaching and business, and gives to the young ladies who attend it a sound and useful education. From the last Annual Report of the Sup. of Education it appears that during the calendar year 1875 there were in all 224 pupils. For the same period the ten County Academies report only 415. Horton Academy had in Latin 132, in Greek 69 pupils,—the ten County Academies had in Latin 119, in Greek 39. The other special Academies report 170 in Latin and 47 in Greek.

It thus appears that our Academy does considerably more classical teaching than all the county Academies and nearly as much as all the other special Academies. Notwithstanding this, we are informed, that, as a separate institution it does not get one dollar of provincial money, while Pictou and Yarmouth received \$2600.00 and the County Academies \$6000.00. This is certainly not payment by results.

Horton Academy, both in its male and female departments deserves the patronage of all lovers of a thorough, solid education; and we hope to see during the coming winter numbers of our young people availing themselves of its advantages.

### Things around Home.

OUR course of monthly Lectures, an institution of the Acadia Athenæum, has among other good results, that of enlivening the monotony of student life up in this pretty, but quiet, little village of Wolfville. The series for the present winter was very happily begun by a most interesting lecture on "John Bunyan" by the Rev. G. M. W. Carey, A. M., of St. John. The immortal Tinker was handled in a masterly manner. After a striking word picture of the social, intellectual and civil condition of England in the days of Bunyan, the lecturer sketched for us in clear-cut thought and choice language the different periods of the great dreamer's life. He carried us in sympathy and imagination to the home of the Gipsy tinker, as he told of the early life of him who "came of an inconsiderable generation;" to the humble festivities of honest John's marriage, to the gloom and loneliness of Bedford jail. The sturdy worth, the simple, straight forward manliness, and the true genius of the hero of the evening were dwelt upon in such an expressive, vigorous, glowing manner, that we felt like stretching out a hand of hearty admiration, and laying it on his honest, homely palm. We always did look upon Bunyan as one of Earth's truly great souls, but we can and do thank the lecturer that his vivid outlines of the man's life and character have shown us new features to admire, that the sterling moral worth and surpassing, unassuming genius of the Baptist Tinker have been displayed to us in a light, and surrounded with a glow of interest, in which we have never before beheld them.

The second lecture of the season, "Six Weeks on Wheels," by Mr. Fletcher, of the Island Argus, was one which made us all feel that it was good to be there. We always feel in a good humour when we think of it; a little ripple from the great wave of merriment that swept over us comes purling back till it breaks in a satisfied smile over our thoughtful visage. As soon as the lecturer commenced to speak, we felt that we could lean back and enjoy ourselves. And we were not mistaken. From the time when we stepped with him out of the editorial sanctum in P. E. I., till he brought us to the busy marts of San Francisco in the "Golden State," we knew what it was to be in jovial company, and in profitable company withal. Wit, good humor,

practical philosophy, picturesque description, these were the wheels on which he hurried us across the continent, and a very pleasant ride we had. His pictures of prairie and mountain scenery were striking and interesting; his sketches of California, and its customs and manners, were instructive; but his story of the rise and progress of a western town was simply overwhelming, and carried the audience away beyond all the bounds of sobriety on a great flood of joviality. We think we have never before, in Wolfville, seen an audience so thoroughly abandoned to uncontrollable laughter. We believe we gained a pound of flesh over some of the jokes which the genial editor perpetrated. It were idle to add that we went back to our studies that night refreshed and rejuvenated. And now when the blues steal quietly over us, as they are so apt to do during this dreary fall weather, we remember our last lecture, and it is pleasant, though not mournful to our soul.

ONE of those joyful events called Receptions occurred not long since, when the young ladies of the Seminary opened their hearts and flung wide their parlor doors for the entertainment of the students of the sterner sex, who live in the shadow of these walls. Shut out as we necessarily are here from many of the pleasures, refinements and relaxations of social life, these receptions are matters of no light moment, and it is only a source of regret to the students that these pleasant evening re-unions are not more frequent during the long and almost monotonous winter months. They tend to keep alive that social feeling which is apt to be killed out to a great extent amid the seclusion of a student's life; they are pleasant, green milestones which break the long march of the winter hours, and they cheer us in various ways. But in regard to this one. Of course we all went in, except a few social hermits, and of course we enjoyed ourselves immensely. It is the after-thought of such hours as these which cheers us in times of Calculus and gloom.

AMONG other articles crowded out of our last issue was an account of a Concert in aid of the new Academy Building, which was given by Messrs. J. S. Harding and Akerley, and Misses Smith, Prudie Hart and Lottie Hart, all of St. John. We are sorry that it is now too late to give this very enjoyable, and much enjoyed musical treat, its due. We can only say on behalf of the institution in whose interest the concert was given and of the audience by whom it was so well appreciated, a tardy but a hearty "Thank You" to our friends across the Bay.

**Professor Blackie and his Senior Greeks.**

THE various classes in Edinburgh University were opened on Wednesday by the professors. Professor Blackie delivered an address at nine o'clock to the junior students, which was listened to with comparative quietness. The second Greek class was opened by Professor Blackie at eleven o'clock and the students here were a great deal more uproarious than those at the junior meeting. The entrance of the Professor was the occasion for a more vigorous outburst of that rapping of sticks and whistling and howling that had prevailed for about a quarter of an hour previous to his appearance. Silence having been partially restored, the Professor, looking around the room, and evidently seeing that some of the students were bent upon a disturbance, said: I hope you will remember the compliment that was paid you yesterday by the Principal. (The sound of a whistle and a squeaking noise at the back part of the room.) Allow me to mention if that noise is repeated in this class I shall stop my lecture, and shall request the students to put that person out. (Rapping with sticks and tramping with feet.) I shall stop my lecture. I hear that silly instrument again in that part of the house. I have simply to state I will not tolerate this noise. I will not proceed if you don't put out these two poor, insignificant creatures making that noise. (Laughter and continued uproar.) I shall give you three minutes, and if they are not put out then I shall give you no lecture. That is my law; there shall be no lecture here. (The Professor sits down, with the noise unabated, and amidst cries of "No, no.") Silence having been regained, the Professor resumed—It is a matter of no consequence to me one way or another. I do not lecture. To-morrow we begin with the fifth chapter of the fourth book of Herodotus. (Hisses, and rapping of sticks and feet.) I presume, from this exhibition of disorderly feeling, which I did not experience in the first junior class, that it is not your intention to behave like gentlemen. In the meantime you will have to put the persons out. (Laughter and desk-thumping.) I shall gain an hour and you shall lose a lecture. There is one here and another there that ought to be put out. You should not allow yourselves to be made fools of.

(Hisses and laughter.) I shall go down and enrol students; there seems no inclination in you gentlemen, to purge yourselves of these noisy persons. Now (the professor looked at his watch) there is just one minute more. (Hisses and tramping noise.) It is my duty in this place to allow no disturbing element to come into the college, and it is your duty to put them out. (Loud noise.) The lecture will not go on. The Professor then lifted his book and left the room amidst a deafening noise of whistling, stick rapping, and feet tramping. The students then dispersed.—*Glasgow News.*

**Acknowledgements.**

We have received the amount of subscription from the following:—Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D.; Rev. E. A. Crawley, D. D.; Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D. D.; Prof. J. F. Tufts, M. A.; F. H. Eaton, M. A. \$1.20; Albert Coldwell, M. A.; Jas. S. Morse, A. B.; Augustus Freeman, A. B.; Howard Barss, A. B.; Dr. Mulloney, \$3; John Dickieson, John Haley, J. B. Mills, R. W. Goodwin, Miss Fowler, Melatiah Kinsman, J. N. Armstrong \$1, Austin Locke \$1, Churchill Locke, Rev. E. Whitman, Freeman Payzant, James Hayden, Edwin Locke, Colin Ringer, Clifford Locke, G. Budd, George Stairs, Rev. T. A. Higgins, Rev. G. F. Curry, B. H. Eaton, A. B.; J. Moser, S. R. Sleep, F. Brown, Esq.; E. D. Bishop, H. B. Witter \$1.50, G. V. Rand, N. J. Bartlett, George E. Tufts, A. B.; Samuel Tufts, J. M. Muir, J. W. Barss, W. T. Piers, C. W. Bishop, G. H. Wallace, J. S. McDonald \$4.50, W. M. Wallace, J. A. Payzant, T. H. B. Witter, J. D. Longard, Miss Eunice Eaton, James Higgins, Reuben Reid, C. Y. Johnson, Mrs. Vanbuskirk, Miss Ada Floyd, J. D. Kedy, Amy H. Casey, Letitia Langille, Lydia Wile, Laura Clinch, Ella Rice, Annie Robbins, M. McLeod, Sarah E. Masters, Joseph D. Masters, Mrs. Mark Curry.

We would tender our hearty thanks to those of our subscribers who have promptly forwarded their subscriptions, and would also express our gratitude to those who have sent in addition words of appreciation and encouragement. We are earnestly desirous this year to pay for each issue as it comes from the press, and we feel assured that our readers will put us in a position to do so.

Small amounts may be remitted in Postage stamps.

### What's in our Exchanges.

LIMITED as our time for general reading is, we always make it a point to indulge ourselves over our exchange table. The young, hopeful style in which College scribes bring out their ideas, is refreshing in the last degree. The early efforts of intellect, the bold, strong stepping forth into the walks of literature, the live, wide-awake genius of our College fraternity, always win our sympathy. They are leaves of comfort in cheery type.

THE *Packer Quarterly*, published by the girls of Packer Institute, first, of course, gains our attention. The last number is replete with pleasant reading. To con over some of the racy articles by our fair sisters of the quill, is as great a treat to us as to go into the Seminary. They—the sisters—have the happy faculty of writing in a familiar, natural, breezy way that takes our hearts by storm. We lingered long with "A Lady in Cameo"; grew interested in "A Little Girl," and had a pleasant time over the "Editors' Table." "My visit to the Polar Star Mine," is a mine of interest. "Doings at Packer," is done well.

LAYING aside the *Quarterly* for the *Wittenberger* we step into quite a different atmosphere. Here every thing is solid, deep, weighty. Evidence of profound meditation, and thoughtful expression shines on every page. From the Baccalaureate Sermon to the Literary Notices, etc., the articles are of such a serious, logical turn that to digest one or two of them is almost as improving as an hour's skirmish with Olney. Still, as we generally come to our exchanges as a source of mental recreation when we are already wearied with the deep things of earth, we are soon forced to lay by, albeit with a feeling of respect, the worthy *Wittenberger* with its German logic and gravity.

THE *McGill Gazette* for November is chiefly occupied with articles of local interest, games, etc. We notice a football match between the "Saints" and the "Sinners," which was decided in favor of the latter. It is not well to "stand in the way of 'Sinners'."

Other exchanges on our list, some of which have not yet come to hand, are: *Argosy*, *College Journal*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *Oberlin Review*, *Rapid Writer*, *Tufts Collegian*, *University Review*, *University Monthly*, *University Review*, *Yale Courant*, etc., etc.

### Our Museum.

THE following notes, concerning the Museum connected with Acadia College, have been prepared with the twofold object of supplying, to the readers of the *Athenæum*, some information with reference to the above department, and also of publicly acknowledging the donations which the friends of the Institution have made to our collection of objects of Natural Science. These notes only extend over the period from 1874 to the present.

|  |   |     |
|--|---|-----|
| Number of visitors registered on the Museum Book | from June 1st, 1874 to May 31st, 1875.... | 197 |
| " " " 1875 " " 1876....                          |   | 386 |
| " " " 1876 to the present date....               |   | 160 |

#### DONATIONS TO THE MUSEUM.

John W. Barss, Esq., (Wolfville).—Specimen of Spruce Partridge, from near Liverpool, N. S.  
J. W. Hamilton, Esq., (Wolfville).—Specimen of Porcupine, from near Blue Mountain, South of Kentville, N. S., also, a Spruce Partridge, from near Halifax, N. S.

Thos. R. DeWolf, Esq., (Wolfville).—Specimens of corals, sea-weeds, fancy shell-work, stalactites and calcite from "the caves" from Bermuda. Fishes, sea-fan, spices (in alcohol), and sea-urchin, from West Indies. Portion of trunk of cocoa-nut tree from Mayaguez. Piece of marble from the ruins of "Blue Beard Castle, St. Thomas, W. I. Stuffed specimen of the "Harbour Seal," from Labrador. Shells and sponges, from Nova Scotia. "Indicator" &c., saved from wreck of S. S. "Atlantic." Bottle with model of ship inside. Piece of wood with copper spike, brought up from the wreck of French Man-of-War sunk in Bedford Basin, near Halifax, N. S. Small case containing idols of the Hovahs, in the Province of Ankovi, Madagascar.

T. S. A. DeWolf, Esq., (Wolfville).—A wasp's nest from Wolfville.

Rev. A. A. R. Crawley, A. M., (per F. D. Crawley, A. B.).—Burmese idol "Gaudema" (in marble), also an umbrella, and a walking stick from Burmah.

Mrs. Dr. Sawyer, (Wolfville).—Specimens of the young of *Mytilus hamatus*, say—taken from oysters.

Capt. David Smith, (Hantsport), (per Prof. D. F. Higgins, A. M.).—The cast-off skin, or slough of a snake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Personals.

INFORMATION has just reached the United States that Professor C. F. Hartt, Chief of the Geological Survey of the Empire of Brazil, has been amassing some very interesting collections, and making important discoveries in the provinces of Pernambuco, Sergipe, and Alagoas. The specimens obtained consist of reptilian and other vertebrate remains in considerable number and variety, many of them new to science. Prof. Hartt is now fitting out one division of his corps under Mr. O. A. Derby, to explore the Amazonian region.—*Harpers Weekly*.

J. F. TUFTS, Professor of History, and Principal of Horton Collegiate Academy, has lately received a communication from the President of Harvard University, offering him a Tutorship in that institution for three years from Sept. 1st, 1876, with the view of a Professorship at the expiration of that period.

Though we may not be in a position to fully appreciate the sacrifice made by our Professor in not obtaining his release from Acadia to accept this very honorable and highly remunerative situation, yet we do feel grateful, and also glad that our institutions shall still profit by his faithful and efficient services. We trust that his year's work may be one of pleasure and satisfaction.

PROF. D. M. WELTON entered upon his studies at Leipsic about the first of October. We are pleased to learn that owing to his previous knowledge of German he has quite overcome the many difficulties attendant upon his arduous, yet noble undertaking, and can already avail himself of the lectures delivered in the University. We extend to him our hearty congratulations, and trust that his year may be eminently successful.

PROF. R. V. JONES is now at Oxford, pursuing his linguistic studies. We wish him a pleasant and prosperous year. Though absent from Acadia he is not forgotten.

The following is an extract from one of his letters: "During my drive that afternoon one thing especially struck me; it was the substantial finished, and prosperous appearance everything wore; no pole fences greet the eye in this country. Thorn hedges and often stone walls may be seen in all directions. And what flocks of sheep were grazing in the fields; they could be counted by hundreds, indeed by thousands. I know from what I have observed, although I did not know it before, that the English pay great attention to the raising of stock, especially sheep. Let me say in passing that the grass in this country has

a deep peculiar tinge or hue of green which I have never seen in Nova Scotia. In fact it is one of the first things that strike you."

### Funnyisms.

A JUNIOR being foiled in his attempts to curtail the lecture in mathematics for the following day by a *divinity* classmate, exclaims, feelingly:

"There is a *divinity* that spoils our plans  
Devise them as we will."

AN intelligent foreigner, passing through the streets of Philadelphia took out his note book at the end of a long walk and made a little memorandum to the effect that 89 per cent. of the population of Philadelphia are members of the powerful family of Rooms-to-let.—*Ex.*

"SHE is in the objective case, to night," exclaimed a Prep, as he turned away.—*Clip.*

A JUNIOR, who has been a student of Physics during the past few weeks, thus moralizes: "The lever is a sad instrument. When I leave her I weep. The arms are waisted for the moment, and there is more or less friction at the point of osculation.—*William's Athenæum.*

A CERTAIN Soph, whose acquaintance with poetry is in inverse ratio to his knowledge of mathematics, in returning from the class-room, where the subject of infinitesimal calculus had been the assignment for the day, was heard to soliloquize, in the words of another:

"Which way I fly is hell,  
Myself am hell,  
Infinite and infinitesimal."

"THAT is where the boys fit for college" remarked the professor, admiringly, as he jerked his thumb toward the Academy Hall. "Why, how you talk," replied the old lady with animation. "Then if they fit for college before they got in, they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes, but with the head, not the hands." "Butted, did they," said the old lady, with a pensive smile, as she moved away.

A SOPH who looked upon the human visage as an index of a man's mental culture, was somewhat taken aback while crossing the yard the other day with a wood-saw, by an elderly man who was cutting wood in a corner, looking interrogatively toward him and articulating: "Do you work round here all the time?" And now that Soph thinks Physiognomy a fraud.

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