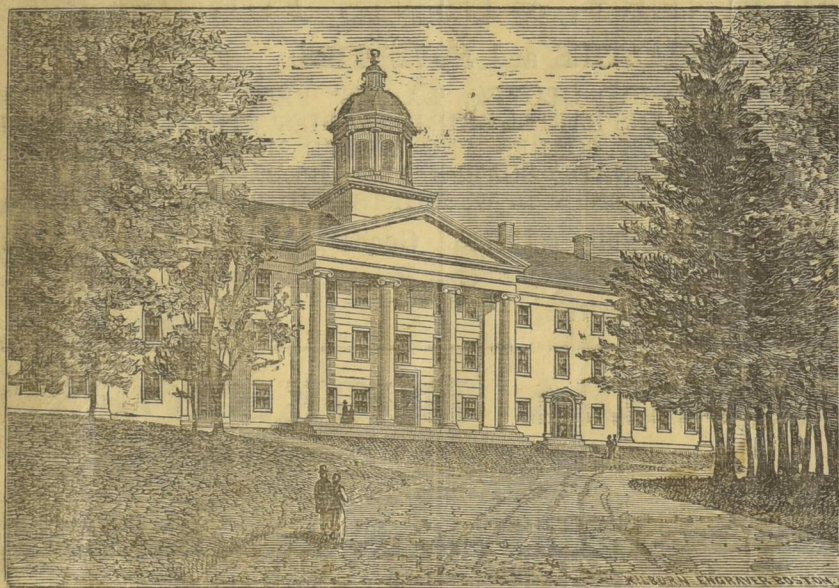


June, 1878.

Vol. IV. No. 7.

The Acadia Athenaeum.



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(Founded 1838.)

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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. 4.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1878.

No. 7.

The Gaspereaux.

By JOHN LEANDER BISHOP, M. D.

(Concluded.)

Twice six-score years their web sublime,
Have woven in the loom of Time,
Since in thy wild-wood canopied,
His dance the kilted Norman led,
When, by thy bright and beauteous shore,
The Abenagein dwelt of yore.
Not less in wonder viewed, I ween,
De Monts and Pontreincourt the scene;
When belted by his leaf-clad hills,
Fair Minas drink his tribute rills,
And those twin islands far away,
Skirt the green margin of the bay,
When the primeval pine on high,
Points his dark cone against the sky;
While Blomidon in stately pride
Heaves his huge form above the tide;
And king-like o'er the main afar,
To royal Henry of Navarre
Sent largisse of each princely gem
To grace his royal diadem.
Then thronged that stranger back to view,
Thy dusky subject Mamberton!
And saw yon waters' blue expanse
Give back the lily flag of France;
And then in pledge of friendly league,
Devoid of guile or base intrigue,
In leafy hills beneath the trees,
Thy warriors smoked the pipe of peace,
In pledge unto the pale-faced brave
The beaded belt of wampum gave,
And spread before the stranger's eyes
Their stores of fury merchandise;
Skins of spring beaver, spread to view,
Spoils of the moose and caribou,
Of silver fox and ermine too.

Then by the birchen hut began
From Normandy and fair Bretagne,
The peasant Frank his thatch to rear,
Where glide their amber waters near;
And where the wild deer came to lave
His hot flank in thy cooling wave,
Reared on the fair and verdant sod,
His altars and each household god;
And still thy borders to adorn,
With memory of his native Orme,
The branching willow fondly gave,
To tremble on thy lucid wave;
And when the sea with fritful sound,
Beats vainly on the clay-built mound,
With laboured mole and toil severe,
Won his fat marshes from the mere.

O, were it mine to fitly tell
Whate'er that simple race befel!
The sweet contentment of their lot;
How frequent from embowered cot
Like grateful incense seen to rise,
The smoke curled upward to the skies;
And how the peasant loved to twine
Tendrils of his ancestral vine,
And in the opening glade to view
The ripening apples' ruddy hue;
Or scattered widely o'er the lea,
Rejoiced his flock and herds to see.
How grew beneath the maiden's hand
The flowerets of her native land,
Herself as pure, as blushing fair,
As any flower that blossomed there;
Or saw beside the golden grain,
The slender flax adorn the plain,
With flowerets blue of purple stain,
Rejoicing saw it blooming there,
To claim her own peculiar care.

But ah! to paint the rural skill,
The happiness unmixed with ill,
That filled thy vales—the artless life,
Its tenor all unmixed with strife,
Or emulation, save with good,—
That blessed, that peaceful brotherhood;
Their fealty to their king and God,
Their love for their own native sod,
Till fate consigned to their embrace
The miseries of a banished race,
Whose weal or woe, sweet stream 'twas thine
To know,—claim other hand than mine.
But though my reed unskilled may be
To grace with fitting minstrelsy
So fair a theme, or give thy name
And story to the breath of fame;
Yet linked by art and genius still,
And pencil of supremest skill,
Depicted by no common hand,
The Acadian and Arcadian land;
And scenes, to latest time, shall go,
With Grand Pre and with Gaspereaux,
O'er which the lustrous names shall shine,
Of Gabriel and Evangeline.
Fair stream! thou once did'st proudly own
A native lyre of sweetest tone,
That thrilled beneath the touch of one
Who knew and loved thy haunts full well,
Could tunelessly thy legends tell.
But Elder's graceful pipe no more
Shall fill thy grottoes as of yore;
His song is hushed,—and from thy strand,
An exile in a foreign land.
The simple Norman long since gave

His parting look upon the wave,—
 Gone are the wonders of the woods,
 That filled thy primal solitudes;
 But thou, fair stream, shall murmur on
 When I with him and them are gone,
 When all who love and rhyme like me,
 Have poured their ardent strains to thee,
 From age to age with joy and pride,
 In light and music thou shalt glide;
 Nor woo a lover's partial eye,
 To prize thy waters more than I.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1861.

English Soldiers.

It has been the fashion of late for many to cast reproach on the martial qualities of Englishmen. The contemptuous phrase of Napoleon, "a nation of shop keepers," has become widely current, but Napoleon knew very well that an army of English Soldiers would have won him Waterloo. The truth is, that English Soldiers in the past have shown themselves to be more effective than those of any other nation, not excepting the army of Frederick the Great. During the seven years war, the battle of Minden was fought between the French on the one side and the combined English, Hanoverians and Prussians under Prince Frederick on the other. When the battle commenced, the English regiments which were by far the least numerically, were placed in the centre of the line of battle opposite to the complete force of the enemy's Cavalry. By some blunder, the work given to the English being done in a few moments, they were left without orders, when taking the matter into their own hands they decided to try their hand at the Cavalry. They advanced, the British Grenadiers pouring in the musket shot, firmly and steadily as the work of destiny. Amazed, the Cavalry made onset after onset in vain, and to make a long story short they were broken and routed at the point of the bayonet, a feat unheard of in the annals of war before. This won the victory for the whole army.

At another battle, disastrous to the English, fought early in the same war and between the same nations, when Cumberland, brave but brainless, commanded, there were deeds of valor performed by the English department of the army never outrivalled. The French were entrenched on heights. The Dutch regiments

stormed on the left, but as the fire was hot they dodged under some shelter and waited there for the enemy's fire to slacken. Meanwhile the English columns had charged on the right. They went on on up to the cannon, over the entrenchments, breasting the storm of war like, well like Britons. They poured out their musketry shot as steadily as machines. When their ranks were decimated, they closed up and forward! with smoke and thunder and death around and before. They meant to drive the enemy before them and they did, but where was the rest of the army? The Dutch or Hanoverians and German mercenaries were hiding from the balls waiting for a chance to charge safely. Meanwhile the British troops, having swept all before them, were at last surrounded and overpowered by numbers, having no reserves to support them and no simultaneous attack on the right wing of the enemy. Leaving out of reckoning Agincourt and Poitiers, etc., and confining ourselves to latter times, where will you find an army of trained English Soldiers which has not been victorious under possible conditions? It is admitted that Cromwell's Ironsides were the most invincible troops that ever bore arms. Without a doubt, they would have beaten the Spartans with their own weapons. There could be no braver Soldiers than those who fought at Inkerman and Balaklava. How about the American War of Independence? The Campaigns of that memorable time, the dreary scenes of Valley Forge where the patriot army fought and suffered, only show what the nature of a Briton is when he fights for the right, for those Americans were the veritable English, not the hired Hessians whom the old dotard on the Throne bought to butcher them.

If an English army cannot whip and drive from the field an army of equal numbers of any other people, other things being equal, than the past is no index of the Future.

Walter Raleigh's Sonnet on Spenser.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn, and passing by that way
 To see this buried dust of living flame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen

At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen ;
For they this Queen attended, in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse ;
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heaven did pierce ;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' access of that celestial thiefe.

Critics have said that the above sonnet was one of the finest in the English language. Contrast it with Milton's sonnet on the Massacre of the Piedmontese :—

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie whitening on the Alpine Mountains cold, etc.

Or with Keat's sonnet on Chapman's Homer. The sentence composing it is long and involved according to the style of the age ; yet there is a deep fount of poesy there. Laura was the woman whom Petrarch, the great Italian poet, adorned, and whose love inspired his verse. The quaintness of the thought and figures add zest to the poem. It is like a "draught of vintage that hath been cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth," but lacking altogether the taste of "dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth." To our taste, it is rich. We doubt if Spencer himself ever wrote a piece of equal brevity which excels it. Poor Raleigh, the victim of the drivelling fool whom a licentious woman brought forth ! "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," he said on the scaffold. His last words were, "Now I am going to my God?"

English Colleges.

THE most conspicuous object on Broad Street is the new south front of Balliol College, built at an outlay of £20,000. This "Front" is much admired "for the boldness of its outline, and the varied character of its detail." Entering the gateway above which is a four-storey-high tower, you stand within the main quadrangle bounded by the "Hall," the "Library," the "Chapel," and the Students' apartments.

In this connection, it may not be unnecessary to repeat a portion of a previously written article. John Balliol, of Banard Castle, instituted the College which bears his name about 1264. Six years after laying this foundation he died. His

wife, the Lady Devorgilla, in compliance with her husband's earnest request, vigorously prosecuted the work which he began. She rented old Balliol Hall on Horcemonger Street as a place of residence for the Students. The Statutes of the foundation reach back to 1282, and are still in possession of the College. The Lady Devorgilla, in 1284, purchased Mary Hall of John De Ewe, an opulent citizen of Oxford, to which added a refectory, kitchen, &c., suitable for College buildings. These she settled on the scholars of the College for ever, to the honor of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. Catherine and the whole Court of Heaven. Sir John De Balliol, afterwards King of Scotland, confirmed the Charter.

But the Royal Charter which the College now holds, was granted in 1588, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The title of the charter is, "The Master and Scholars of Balliol College." The Masters of the College were styled first "Procurators," then "Principals" or "Wardens," and thirdly "Masters," which now obtains. John Wicliff, the translator of the Bible, was the fifth Master ; Dr. Scott, elected in 1854, the forty-seventh. The latter, as many know, is one of the authors of a large Greek Lexicon.

Balliol can boast of a long roll of illustrious men ; among them may be mentioned John De Wycliffe, styled the "Morning Star of the Reformation," whose talents alone procured him the Mastership of Balliol in 1361 ; Abp. Tait, Canterbury ; Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," of whom Pope sung—

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse, and sing the "Man of Ross."

Benjamin Jowett, the present "Master" ; Dean Stanley, Scholar and Divine ; Dean Scott ; Dr. Adam Smith, the eminent political economist ; Lockhart, Editor of the "Quarterly" ; Southey, Poet-Laureate, and Sir William Hamilton, Bart. The latter is acknowledged to be one of the ablest mental philosophers of his or any other age. His lectures on logic and metaphysics, his notes and dissertations on Reid, are well known to all scholars. M. Cousin calls him *le plus grand critique de notre siècle*. Of him the British Quarterly Review remarked : "The slightest perusal of Sir W. Hamilton's works will be sufficient to convince the reader that he

is in intercourse with a mind of the most extraordinary comprehension and acuteness. He combines in a degree unequalled since the time of Aristotle, the power of analysis and generalization. The degrees in which these counter-powers exist in any mind, together with their relative proportions, determine a man's philosophic character.

Balliol has not always occupied the high position she now holds. Dr. Jenkins, (Dr. Scott's predecessor), was the man who first nobly resolved to place the Institution under his charge, upon a better footing. Scholarships were thrown open to public competition. The competitors were the picked men of England's great public schools, and thus Balliol became a centre of life and progress, while the other Colleges remained apparently dead to sound ideas of progress.

The new life, so timely infused, would have become feebler under the Mastership of Genkyn's successor, Dr. Scott, had it not been for the vigorous efforts put forth by one of the Tutors of the College, Mr. Jowett, of whom a few words may be said as one of Balliol's most distinguished sons. Mr. Jowett's career has been quite a marked one. In 1837 he won the Hartford Latin Scholarship; and the Latin Essay Prize in 1839. He was placed "First Class" in classics. His essays on the "Interpretation of Scripture," even though regarded as heterodox by some, are exceedingly able and learned. Perhaps no scholar of the age has studied with so much success the works of Plato, and his translation of that great philosopher's works, published in four thick octavo volumes, is too well known to need any commendation from me. Men of learning have long ago acknowledged the scholarship and critical ability therein displayed. The following paragraph, bearing testimony to the kind heart and executive ability of the present Master of Balliol, may be given without apology:

Mr. Jowett had not been a tutor more than a few years before he became a power in the University. He had a singular habit of winning the confidence of young men. Hardened reprobates used to seek him out of their own free will, own their faults, and promise to turn over a new leaf;

and when they had done so they used to find the young Balliol tutor a very Shylock in holding them to their bond. Dull or stupid, or nervous men who mistrusted their own powers, and wanted encouragement, were inspirited and consoled when Mr. Jowett took them by the hand, pointed out to them how promising their work really was, cheered them with an expression of his good opinion, and so taught them to have confidence in themselves. Nor did he confine the range of his sympathies or his influence to his own College. Whenever he heard of an undergraduate really in need of assistance of any kind, whether in his work or in matters of a more delicate kind, Mr. Jowett would enquire into the case, satisfy himself about it, and give precisely that amount of help which was really needed. So in time he became a leader of Oxford thought and life. This is now some six or seven years ago, and ever since the prestige and influence of Balliol has been gradually extending, until she has become beyond all possibility of question the first seat of learning and education in Europe.

The foundation called Balliol College consists of a master, twelve Fellows, twenty-four scholars and thirty-six exhibitioners. Master's income, £918; sum to be divided among the Fellows, £2,340; £1,607 among the scholars and exhibitioners. The lands, 3,662 acres, yield £4,436 annually. The college has in its gift twenty benefices.

Trinity College was founded by Sir Thomas Pope in 1554. As its site is almost identical with that occupied by a College of the Benedictines, founded in 1285, its original name was Durham College. It is dedicated to "the Holy and Undivided Trinity." Pass the iron gateway reached by "Broad Street," and, with the buildings of Balliol towering on your left, walk towards this famous and venerable seat of learning. Soon the archway under the chapel is reached, and you stand within the first quadrangle. The "Chapel," built after the Grecian school, is justly admired as a fine specimen of the Corinthian order. The interior is praised for its "beauty of proportion, but more particularly for the exquisite carving of its screen and altarpiece, where with the cedar is also a mixture of lime, in the best style of Gibbon."

The "Library" to the east of the first quadrangle, and opposite to the "Hall," is well worthy the attention of the visitor. Here, six hundred years ago, when Trinity was a "nursery for the Monks of Durham," did these recluses pour over their favorite authors. Nor will he who loves mathematics and would fain gaze again upon the faces of the grand old Geometus, fail to scan minutely and continuously the curious manuscript of Euclid, reputed to be seven centuries old. In this Library, too, Walter Savage Landor, the poet and essayist, read and studied. The history of this remarkable man, trained in Rugby School and "Trinity," is well worth the attention of the student of literature. At one period of his life he became a colonel in the Spanish army, and enthusiastically and ably supported their cause against the first Napoleon. He was a splendid Latinist, and so sensitive and guarded was he on the point of the purity of his Latinity, that the falsely attributing to him a classic ode, extorted the following note:—

Dear Sir,—

I understand that the verses which have appeared in your paper have been ascribed to me. I can only say that if I had written such bad Latin at twelve, I should have hung myself at thirteen.

Yours truly,

W. S. LANDOR.

Passing through the second Quadrangle we are admitted to the "Gardens" of Trinity "Gardens," which, to me at least, look most beautiful when viewed from the "gateway" on Park Street. In them is to be seen the famous "Lime-tree Walk," formed of twenty-four limes on each side, "fantastically woven into a beautiful rustic roof in the interior."

Among Trinity's distinguished men, may be mentioned William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the peerless statesman under whose efficient administration England became the mightiest nation in Europe; Thomas Warton; Landor, the poet; John Bampton, the founder of the Bampton Lectures; Henry Birkenhead, founder of the Poetry Professorship, and Sir John Denham, Poet, the author of the "Sophi" and "Cooper's Hill," his chief and best work. In the latter

Poem appears that oft-quoted and justly admired couplet:

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without overflowing, full.

The foundation consists of a President, twelve Fellows, twelve scholars and sundry exhibitioners. It owns 2,656 acres of land, the interest accruing from which is £1,366, and has in its gift twenty benefices.

Fallacies.

It is a fallacy that our blessings are greater than our deserts, that our punishments are always more lenient than our crimes merit. For the truth is, that in this world the opposite frequently happens.

It is a fallacy that human reason is deceptive. Reason is the revelation of God in the soul, and is perfectly valid. That which is deceptive is not Reason but Unreason. In all the revelation of God there can be nothing unreasonable.

It is a fallacy to say that the fact of the toleration of evil for a time is presumptive argument that it will be tolerated for ever.

Stern Law-giver thou yet doth wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads.
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are
fresh and strong.

—Wordsworth's *Ode to Duty*.

—At the date of the Reformation, the English Language was the vernacular of 7,000,000 people. To-day it is the speech of 80,000,000

—CARLYLE's health is so poor that he can work but two hours per day.

—PROF. JOHN K. LORD prepared a history of Dartmouth College for the Centennial.

Acadia Athenæum.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1878.

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FARE thee well, Acadia, said a sad Senior about to graduate, fare thee well dear mother of mine, I go forth but not unloving, for if thy stripes have been severe, thy caresses have been endearing. But O! I tremble as I go forth into the clamorous strife of men, already in imagination longing for thy verdant wind-swept hills and thy musical screams; but strange, yet true, I feel with all the wondrous depths of knowledge, I must have have sounded, that I have no panoply to withstand the unknown shocks of that most doughty warrior Mr. Practical Actuality. All the novels I have perused, alas have they taught me how to live, had those pure heights of Mathematics whence I wheeled into infinitude through a parabolic curve, or became resolved by a series of differentiations into value infinite or infinitesimal, will these avail me now? Will the boxes of chalk scraped on blackboard in endless plusses avail to make me a positive and significant quantity? Heavens! Methinks rather the horoscope of my destiny was cast in the sign of minus, and the spectre of an eternal negation stares at me from the future.

But let me take stock. Primus smattering of Latin and Greek. But could I harangue an Athenian mob or read with ease a tragedy of Sophocles? No! But that is more my own fault than yours, Alma Mater.

Yet I have not been altogether with the divine Plato, but he poor fellow, knew more about sphere-music than dollar-coining; of thee stout Stagyrite I know too little to be benefitted. As for mathematics I was cheated the other day by a street boy selling apples, and I would have to review Greenleaf to repeat long measure or work out a foreign bill of Exchange. Can it be that I have ascended such heights that my soul under ethereal inspiration speaks such sub-astral and common things? Can a man who has exulted over the mysteries of the Cycloidal arc be expected to think of simple interest? I trow not, forbid to powers that wait on aspiration, forbid the degradation of intellect. Still may it be mine to meddle with the infinitely great and infinitely little. Logic! I could not be puzzled on Barbara, celarent, etc. I had the dictum of Aristotle complete; and (let me not brag) could steer my way through the horns of a dilemma and drag the ray of a *petitio principio* from the brow of a Sophist, and yet, my father beat me in an argument on the book of Job last Sunday.

There is no doubt I am exceedingly learned, but I have been doubting lately about my practical mother wit. But you can't help that Alma Mater.

If I fail, your skirts are clean, yea, by the memories of four years your hands are free from blood, guilt.

THE last meeting of the "Acadia Temperance Society" was held in the Acadia Hall, May 11th, and proved to be one of the most interesting of the year. In the way of entertainment, the ladies were more than equal to the emergency, as they have shown themselves on former occasions, and on their part, presented a capital programme. Readings were given by Misses Whitman and DeBlois, and an essay, subject: "The Abuse of Genius," by Miss Lovitt. The regular programme was supplemented by interesting speeches from Dr. Sawyer, Prof. Tufts,

and others. It augurs well for the success of the Society, as well as testifies to the beneficial influence it has already exerted, that Dr. Sawyer was able to say there were fewer cases of intemperance among the students during the past year than in any year since his connection with the College. The student of Acadia who now indulges in the ardent beverage is a "rara avis."

Anniversary Exercises.

THE 6th day of June was cool and beautiful. A breeze blew away the sultry air and replaced it with salubrious. At 11.30 a. m., the procession of students started from the ruins of Old Acadia, and marching down to the church as usual, walked up the aisles to slow grand music from voice and instrument. As this day was the period of a successful half-century of life for Acadia, it was honored by a more experienced quorum of speakers than the graduating class would have been. The church was filled to overflowing. The venerable Dr. Crawley led the way in the celebration discourses. His subject was the Rise and Progress of the Educational Interests of Baptists, with historical and biographical incidents connected therewith. His oration was interesting and instructive. He was followed by Rev. Dr. Cramp, who spoke of the religious history of the College, and mentioned the pregnant fact that 500 students have been converted within its walls. Rev. S. DeBlois gave biographical sketches of the graduates of classes between 1843-57 in a peculiarly happy style, abounding with witty strokes of characterization. Rev. Dr. Tupper gave a portion of his long and interesting experience, after which the class of '78 received their degree. Prizes were distributed.

Freshman Class, prize \$20—Howard Schofield.
 Sophomore " " " —G. Cox.
 Junior " " " —C. K. Harrington.
 Senior " " " —M. R. Tuttle.
 Prize Essay, " —C. K. Harrington.

Honor Certificates taken by Messrs. Denton, in History and Classics, and Lockhart, in Classics. Gold Medal of Sophomore year, for excellence in the Higher Mathematics, was awarded

to W. O. Wright, who did the required work in 1876.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon J. F. Covey of '73, and G. E. Good of '75.

The Concert in the evening was conducted under the auspices of the Baptist Church of this place. The programme was select, and the performance delightful. The church has lately been presented with a fine organ by the son of an old resident of Wolfville, Mr. Richard Pineo, who has lived for some years in Ceylon. The gentlemen sent from the firm in Boston, where the organ was manufactured, for the purpose of putting the parts together, being present, we were favored with some magnificent executions on the instrument by one of them, Mr. C. Gilbert. The audience was large and appreciative. We thank the choir for the excellent entertainment afforded us.

The Associated Alumni of Acadia College.

THIS Society held its annual business meeting on Wednesday afternoon.

E. D. King, Esq., President, in the chair.

The attendance was smaller than usual owing to the Governors being in session at the same time. Besides the usual routine business, two amendments to the Constitution were adopted, one combining the offices of Secretary and Treasurer, the other adding two to the Board of Directors.

The officers elected for the incoming year are the following:

Albert Coldwell, A. M., *President*.
 Rev. G. O. Gates, A. M., *Vice Prest.*
 B. H. Eaton, Esq., A. M., *Sec. & Treas.*

DIRECTORS.

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 Rev. Geo. Armstrong, A. M.
 Rev. E. M. Saunders, A. M.

The Society this year gives in prizes, about \$115, besides being the medium of the Vaughn prize of £20 stg., won by Mr. Albert Coldwell, A. M.

On Wednesday evening

AN ORATION

was delivered before the Society, by the Rev. C. H. Corey, A. M., President of the Richmond (Va.) Institute.

His theme was *God's Training of Man*, or "the Perfection of Human Character the Final Cause of the Universe."

In explanation of his subject, the lecturer stated that ancient philosophy recognized in every action, four causes: the *formal*, *material*, *efficient* and *final*, the latter being the purpose subserved by a given result. Man's constant and continuous development he affirmed to be the final cause of the various processes that go to make up the created universe. All the causes simple and complex, exhibited in Nature, whether formal, material or efficient, have for their co-relative final cause the perfection of the human race. This outgrowth may be slow, as there is a sublime patience in Providence. God, seeing the end from the beginning, may provide centuries of causes to effect a given result, but that result is certain of accomplishment. The intelligence exhibited in all the processes of the natural world, incontestably prove the existence of a divine mind lying back of the Universe.

The Rev. gentleman sustained his positions by a variety and copiousness of illustration, a beauty of imagery and a gracefulness of diction that could not fail to carry conviction to the reflecting mind. Such lofty and noble conceptions, sustained by such force of logic and so many graces of rhetoric, we rarely hear from the platform.

On Thursday afternoon the Alumni and friends of Acadia College, to the number of 150, sat down to their

ANNUAL DINNER,

in the commodious dining-room of the Academy building. The managers of the boarding department deserve much credit for the very excellent dinner furnished on this occasion, and for the orderly and efficient arrangements made for serving it. Owing to the lateness of the dining-hour and a further session of the Board of Governors, fewer post-prandial speeches were made than usual, but these were exceedingly entertaining. Rev. C. H. Corey gave some very pleasant reminiscences of his student life at

Wolfville twenty years ago, and spoke of the beautiful landscapes surrounding the College abiding in his memory during all these years. He was delighted to renew his acquaintance with these scenes once so familiar.

William J. Stairs, Esq., Vice-Chancellor of the Halifax University, spoke of his early connection with Horton Academy, as a student, reaching back to 1832. This was his first love, and he had never been disloyal to it. He had differed from the Managers of the Wolfville Schools, in some respects, believing that secular Education should be entirely dissevered from theological, but he was free to confess that the Baptists had successfully worked out the problem they had undertaken, and that Acadia College and Horton Academy had become an indispensable educational force.

Rev. William Newcombe, of Hallowell, Me., spoke of the educating value of the surroundings of a College. In this respect Acadia possessed advantages over most Universities which no money could purchase. He had watched narrowly the educational work of Maine, and he was ready to say that in many respects that State was twenty-five years behind Nova Scotia. The more experience he gained, the more he was convinced of the value of the education obtained at Wolfville.

J. W. Longley, Esq., of Halifax, made one of his humorous and thoroughly enjoyable speeches.

THE PUBLIC EXAMINATION

of the classes in Horton Academy took place on Tuesday and Wednesday. The branches examined were Latin and Ancient History, by Prof. Tufts; Algebra, Arithmetic and Geometry, by Mr. Coldwell; British History and Greek, by Mr. Shafner; Rhetoric, by Miss Woodworth, and three classes in French, by Mlle. Huguenin. The examinations were very satisfactory, and indicated diligent and accurate studentship on the part of the pupils, and faithful and earnest work on the part of the teachers.

THE PRIZE READING,

held in the Academy Hall on Wednesday evening, was an entertaining part of the general programme. The selections were from Shakes-

peare and Scott, and were given in a manner highly creditable. The Misses Wallace, McLeod, VanBuskirk, Steeves and Fitch, and Mr. W. C. Goucher, were the competitors, of whom Misses Wallace and McLeod were successful in obtaining the first and second prizes, respectively.

On Monday afternoon,

A RHETORICAL AND MUSICAL EXHIBITION

was given by the pupils of Horton Academy and Ladies' Seminary, in the Baptist Church, in accordance with the following

PROGRAMME.

Duet—"Rigoletto"—*Par les Freres Billema*—Misses Cann and Perry.

Essay—"British Enterprise"—Mr. Emerson Reed, Kingston.

Essay—"The Unknown"—Miss Carrie Hammond, Andover, N.B.

Solo—"Sonata"—*Mozart*—Miss Alice Hamilton.

Essay—"The World of Books"—J. A. Ford, Bothwell, P. E. I.

Essay—"Le Mois de Juin"—Miss Jennie Lovett, Kentville.

Duet—"Overture de L'Opera Die Felsenhuhle"—*G. F. Rössiger*—Misses Newcomb & Killam.

Essay—"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit"—S. Daniels, Falmouth, (excused.)

Essay—"The Failure of Ideals"—Miss M. McLeod, Brooklyn, Queen's.

Solo—"Volksleid"—*Mendelssohn*—Arthur Troop, Dartmouth.

Essay—"Survival of the Fittest"—Miss Laura Gourley, Great Village, Col. Co.

Duet—"Radicuse-Valse Brillante"—*Gottschalk*—Misses Sawyer and Brown.

Essay—"Fundamentals"—Miss Ellen Freeman, Canning.

Solo—"Rondo Capriccioso"—*Mendelssohn*—Miss Cann.

At the close of these exercises, Misses Ellen Freeman, Laura Gourley, and M. McLeod, having completed the regular course of study, were granted diplomas, and the following prizes were awarded:—

Latin I.—1st, Lyman Chute; 2nd, Rettie Chute.

" II.—Minnie Perry.

" III.—Alice Hamilton & Alice Fitch, (even.)

Greek I.—1st, Lyman Chute; 2d, Rupert Dodge.

" II.—W. C. Goucher.

French I.—Ellen Freeman.

" II.—Laura Gourley.

" III.—Minnie Perry.

Arithmetic I.—(Dufferin Medal) Chipman Parker.

" II.—Mattie Cox.

Algebra—J. B. Bogart.

Geometry—1st, George Andrews; 2nd, Albert Eaton.

Geography I.—Amie Cann.

" II.—Flora Bishop.

History, (Ancient)—Ellen Freeman.

English Studies—Emma Olding.

Literature, (\$5.00)—Ellen Freeman.

Elocution—1st, Laura Wallace; 2nd, Mercy McLeod.

Department—C. Haverstock.

Neatness of Rooms—1st, Lottie Whitman; 2nd, Laura Gourley; 3rd, Jennie Lovett.

The prizes were generally given in books.

During the week several meetings of the Governors were held, to decide upon the location of the New College and Ladies' Seminary; the ultimate decision was that the College should be built on the brow of the "Hill," about 200 feet North of the former site, and the Seminary situated at the East extremity of the old site, and partly on it. This decision cannot but receive the hearty approval of all interested in the future growth and success of these institutions. Under the existing circumstances, we regard this the best possible arrangement.

Mr. Demaresque's plan for the College, and Mr. Dewar's for the Seminary, were finally approved and accepted.

Of the many tenders presented, that of Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co., Amherst, was accepted, for the whole work,—\$20,679 for the College, and \$13,821 for the Seminary. Total, \$34,500.

—CLASS IN LOGIC:—Subject, the Analogical transfer of the meaning of words.

Prof.—What would you say of the expression "A sweet woman"?

Soph.—I should say it was a case of "Confusion of ideas" Sir.

THERE are about 70 Theological Seminaries in the United States.

Things About Home.

THERE is one item of the course of Acadia which gathers about it an interest peculiar to itself. Prominent, conspicuous, dream-tinted, it rears itself above other objects of importance, and holds the eye with singular fascination. Matriculation Examination, that shadowy gateway into the fields of College life; the first Reception; Sophomore night, with its moonlight and moonshine; Anniversary, with its feast of reason and flow of soul, to say nothing of its Alumni dinner; the yearly cricket match; all these droop their heads and take a back seat, when this important incident is mentioned. The light thereof is flung back in ever dimming rays across the shadows of the whole course. The prospective Matriculant considers it and the diagrams of Legendre are tinted with a beauty not their own, while a new melody sings through the verse of Virgil. The toiling Freshman catches sight of it, and the cloud passes from the cheek, and the corrugated brow grows smooth as a school-girl's, we do not mean a Sem's, for she would have to corrugate her brow about as much as the rest of us, we imagine, and he chuckles grimly, even amid the stormy paths of the Greek Composition, and the special Expedients. The sober Sophomore, with an expression that belies his name settling down on his face, hails it from the summit of some new Hill Difficulty, and a restful feeling steals into his heart, while conic sections weave themselves into a panorama of gilded parabolas, and silver-plated hyperbolas and blossom-wreathed ellipses, passing radiant before him. The gay and festive Junior, drawing nigh the Delectable Mountains, builds fairy castles glowing with all the beauty of earth and air and ocean. The Solid Senior, with the remembrance of this episode on the one hand, and the anticipation of it on the other, views it as the silver lining to every cloud. It yields inspiration for the dreaded graduating oration, it soothes his heart as he thinks of the old class-rooms he is soon to enter no more forever, it softens the sigh that he heaves as he remembers that soon upon his ear shall the laughter of the hash-bell fall for the last time, that soon his shadow will linger for the last time at the Seminary threshold. Like the music of a never-failing stream, the thought of it steals upon us whenever the

bustle of daily work and daily recreation slackens for a moment, gladdening, refreshing, energizing. It is the Geological expedition.

It came off this year as usual, only more so. Like a thing of beauty, it was a joy, and at the same time a source of discussion and anxiety during the winter time, especially with the Geological class. Every time the Mica Schist, the Argyllite, and the Eurychuries Irobachieusis made the circuit of the benches, there was seen written in scale and lamina, and spesie, "Expedition." From time to time, as the weeks trod one upon the heel of another, the ulstered Juniors might have been seen clustering about the leeward side of the Scientific Porch, calculating the probabilities of a fair May, or resolving upon the number of places they would honor during their absence from the ruins of Acadia. As *tempus irreparabile fugit*-ed an elaborate list of the various dishes required was prepared, and the amount of provision necessary for a two-days' trip, calculated with all the precision which a course in General Geometry (Olney) and the calculus could afford. At the proper time the schooner *J. E. Graham*, Capt. Davison, was engaged for the trip, the usual preparations were made, the theoretical part of the year's geology was brought to an end, and on Thursday forenoon, May 16th, 1878, A. D., the memorable excursion began. Prof. Kennedy, two Graduates, four of the Seniors, twelve Juniors, one Sophomore, one Freshman, a gentleman belonging to Wolfville,

"The captain brave and the mate so bold,"

with a couple of coloured boys, made up the party. The ropes were loosed, the mud-hook hoisted, the bow pointed out to sea, and soon, with prodigious waving of handkerchiefs, and noise of cheering loud, we left the green shores of Wolfville and started for the North. The long anticipated moment had arrived. The toils of the winter were over, the shadows of terminal examinations lay behind us, and care-free was the brow that was bared to the sea-breeze. The wind was contrary, and our progress Northward was slow; but we had plenty of time, there was no Mechanics, or Greek, or Philosophy, to get up for next day; we went out with the spirit of the winds and the waves and of jollity, so the hours wore pleasantly away. Late in the afternoon, as we finished one of

our numerous tacks, rugged old Blomidon stood beside us. This bold headland, honored in song and story, which we had viewed wistfully from the casements of lamented Acadia, presented a very fine appearance, as we passed near its base and stood away for Parrsboro'. We knew that it was an important moment, and that we ought to feel it to be so. We had often anticipated it, and pictured to ourselves the flood of feeling which should sweep over our soul when Blomidon and we should enjoy a nearer acquaintance; but we remained perfectly cool and collected. We were not disappointed, but merely dispassionate, observers. A severe training amid the prosaic realities of mathematics had perhaps curbed the emotion in our natures, and with a quiet smile playing over our intellectual countenances, and our ulsters buttoned up to our classic chins, we stood along the side of the vessel, and scanned the tree-crowned bluffs.

A brisk run across the Channel brought us to Snagville, a couple of miles from Parrsboro', about 7.30 P. M. Here we ceased our travels for the day. We had a very picturesque resting-place. To our left—when the bow pointed shoreward and we faced the bar—was Partridge Island, rising abruptly in rocky steeps from the tide, and covered with hardwoods and evergreens. Before us was the ruined Village of Snagville, with its falling buildings and deserted street, and the hill standing guard over it, like a lion watching over the bones of an antelope. To the right the shore, diversified by wood and meadow, stretched to the blue limit of vision. It was too late when we came to anchor to do much among the rocks, so we deferred our first attack till the morrow, and spent the evening as the idle fancy of the moment directed. Half the company, fond of seeing strange faces and studying the architecture of foreign lands, strolled over the hills to Parrsboro'. In the cabin, under the swinging lamp, the printed page rustled, and the stumpy lead-pencil duskied the white spread of the growing manuscript. A stranger, seeing the initial words of the different letters on the table, would have come to the conclusion that a spasm of unusual filial and paternal affection had fallen upon the writers. But if he had kept his eye peeled till the lengthy epistles were wound up, and had seen the rubber end of the pencils slily

obliterating "Dear Mother," "My Dear Sister," "Dear Bill," and the lead extremity still more slily replacing them with "Dear Susie," "My Molly," "Dearest Angie," and so forth, he would have turned away a sadder and a wiser man. One by one the letters were closed, sealed and directed. We follow them no further. Perhaps they went to Halifax, and perhaps not, and perhaps they went to the Seminary, and perhaps not. We tell no tales. One by one the books lazily closed, and writers and readers, yawning and rubbing their eyes, sought their beds, on the floor of the hold and in the bunks of the cabin. Darkness and quiet reigned, save when one or two persevering pencils waded through the second postscript, or the foot of some restless-hearted individual paced to and fro on the quarter-deck. Meanwhile the Parrsboro'-goers had *done* that pleasant village. Finally all were mustered again on board, and sleep slowly stole down through the hatches. Oblivion and dreams,

Of things of earth, and sea, and air,
Of wealth, or fame, or maidens fair,
Or ancient stigiliar, etc.

Of troubles past and lessons done,
Of Summer's speedy rest and fair,
Of Polly-hem! and poly-gon, etc.

Next morning we were up betimes, and, snatching a hasty, rather than a scanty, breakfast, prepared for a day's geologizing on Partridge Island. Hammer in hand and satchel on arm, and smile on cheek, we lowered ourselves over the side of the *Graham*, and passed beach-ward over the tide-deserted sand-flats. Along the shore, beneath the cliffs that rose hundreds of feet, almost perpendicularly above our heads, over the tide-worn and weather-beaten rocks, which formed a giant's terrace at the feet of these cliffs, we sought things strange and fair. Excellent specimens of Stilbite, Dog-tooth Spar, Moss Agats, Acadialite, with many other mineral formations of beauty and value, were bagged, or rather satchelled, here. The sun shone, the tide laughed below on the crannied beach, the breeze whispered above amid the fir-thickets, and the fresh verdure of beech and maple, and merrily rang the hammer on the hard trap of the grand old rock mass. About dinner-time, with a good collection of curiosities and a better appetite, we turned our toes to the sea-side again and boarded the *J. E. G.* The early hours of the afternoon passed in the same manner as the morning had, but midway between noon and night we weighed anchor, hoisted sail, and, rounding Partridge Island, pointed down the

Channel. West Bay, a most exquisite bit of nature, Point Sharp, rugged and picturesque, and shores unnamed, but made interesting by crag and grove and green hill-side, were slowly passed by, and our course laid for Spencer's Head. Hardly a breath stirred the sails. Like a sea of molten glass lay the waters of the Channel. To our right were the shores of Cumberland, thronged with long shadows East by the setting sun; to our left ran the tree-capt heights of Blomidon and North Mountain. Slowly the sun sank, while under the glaring skies and over the radiant tide the *J. E. G.* and her goodly company drifted toward the painted West. Again night fell, and again the voice of the snorer was heard in the hold. Saturday morning woke calm and clear. It found us still tracing the Cumberland shore, with Cape d'Or behind us and Cape Chiegnecto rising on our weather bow. Away to the South, blue-tinged by the distance, lay the hills of Kings County, with a white village, like a flock of gulls, nestling here and there along the shore. During the morning, a party of seven took the boat, the usual geologizing gear, and a supply of provisions, and left the vessel to visit the Isle Haute, some six miles distant.

The water was smooth, and for a few miles all went well, but then the tide which runs here with great strength, set out against them, and for several hours the boat was either stationary or retrogressive. However, the crew had come from the vessel with the intention of visiting the island, and they vowed to reach it if they had to row all day. At length the violence of the current abated, the distance lost regained, and finally the keel grated on the shore of the island. They had been six hours on the water. Meanwhile the *J. E. Graham*, a light wind which had sprung up during the morning having died away, had dropped anchor in a picturesque little nook and was awaiting the evening breeze. The live stock, launching the other boat, visited the land and fished, and bathed and strolled. When tea was over, we bore down on the Island, took aboard our fellow-travellers, and bore away for Spicer's Cove, where we lay till Monday 10 a.m. Sunday afternoon and evening was passed in Eatonville, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, and we will not soon forget the kindness shown us by the people of that very little village. Monday morning the Geological Staff turned out in style. Stigmara, Stigillaria, Calamite, &c., took up our attention.

Passing over pleasant but unimportant hours and incidents, we find ourselves on Tuesday morning, off Hillsboro', a pretty village on the Petitcodiac River, Albert Co., N. B. A trip to the Albert Mines and Demoiselle Creek, where we studied carboniferous and calciferous forma-

tions consumed that day, and the best part of the succeeding was taken up in a visit to the plaster mills at Hillsboro'. In the afternoon we turned us homeward again. The homeward experiences were pleasant, varied, interesting, and sometimes amusing, to us; but what careth the general reader. Already this description is too long. Why need we tell of the day spent at Apple River, 'mid rain and sand, of the Queen's Birthday, of the Dory rips, of Cape Split and Scott's Bay, of Whitewaters, with its amethysts? Suffice it to say, that all went well and that on Saturday afternoon, shortly before tea-time, the crowd of students on the Wolfville wharf flung back the cheer of the returning voyagers.

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