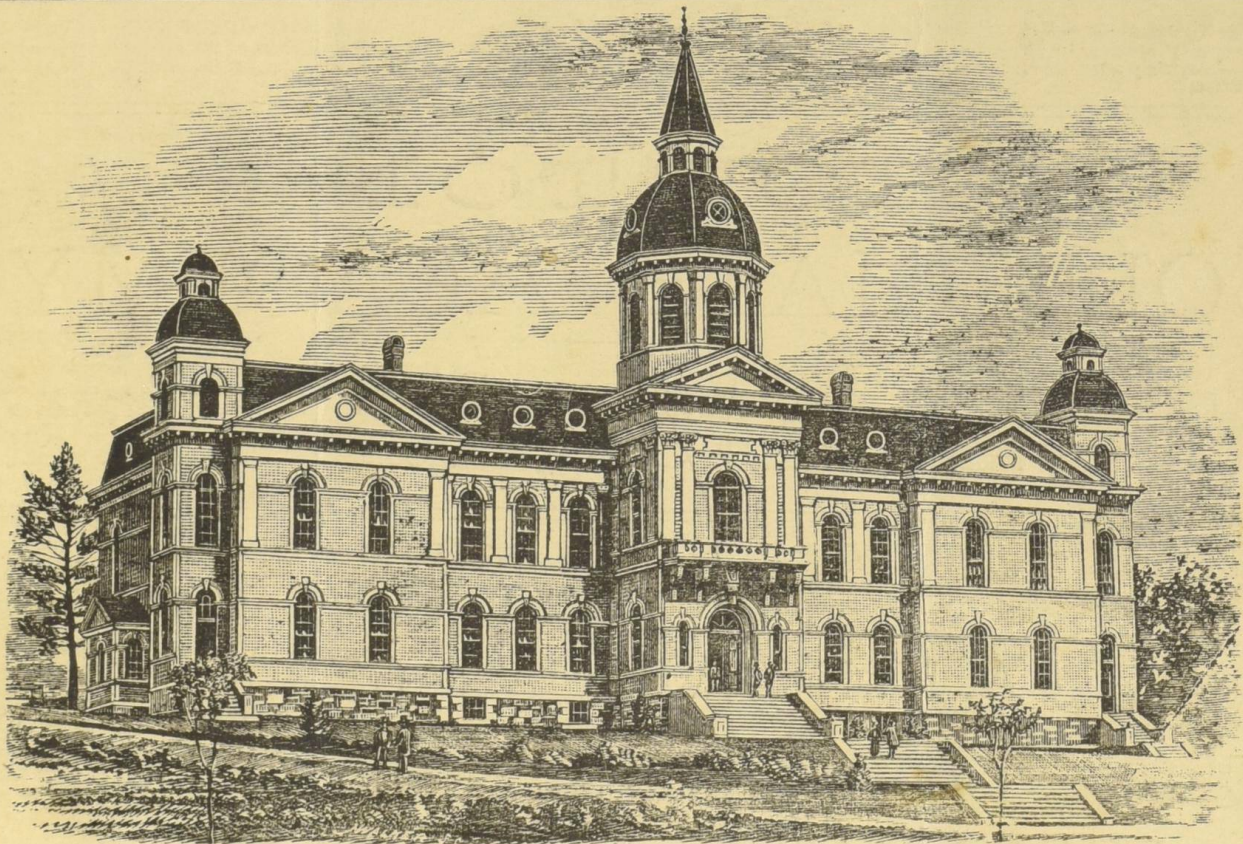


THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

VOL. IX.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1883.

NO. 8.



The University of Acadia College.

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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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WOLFVILLE, - - - N. S.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1883.

NO. 8.

The Acadia Athenæum.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the
Students of Acadia University.

CHIEF EDITORS:

T. S. ROGERS, '83, D. S. WHITMAN, '83.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

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TERMS:

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Business letters should be addressed to A. L. Powell, Sec.-Treas. Upon all other subjects address The Editors of the Acadia Athenæum.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—All business in connection with the "Athenæum," will be transacted during the summer vacation by C. W. Williams, A. B., Wolfville. Those in arrears will confer a favor upon the students by remitting the amount of their indebtedness to him at once.

OUR friends will understand, and therefore excuse, the lateness of this issue. The Anniversary was unusually late in June, and consequently the ATHENÆUM is correspondingly late in making its appearance.

WE aim in this number to give our readers as full an account as possible of the different exercises held during the Commencement Season. For this reason we have little room left for the classes of matter that are generally represented in our columns. A letter from "Nemesis" in reply to "Grad," on the Marking System is crowded out,

but it is quite probable that this interesting discussion will be again taken up next year.

WHAT College Hill now wants to give it a more finished and still more beautiful appearance is a hedge around the whole plot in front of the building. President Sawyer is succeeding admirably in his attempts to improve the looks of the Hill; but it seems that there is still something wanting. A spruce or thorn hedge could be set out at very little expense, we should think, and it would be well that this be the next step in the direction of improvement.

IN presenting our readers with this our last issue, the board of editors has to thank many of them for their prompt payment of subscription and their many words of encouragement during the year's work. It can hardly be imagined by those unacquainted with college journalism what many difficulties we have had to contend with; but we forbear making an extended farewell address. If we have at all succeeded in raising the standard of the paper, our best hopes are realized.

THE FUTURE OF OUR COLLEGE is in the hands of the Baptist Denomination. During the vacation, Associations and Conventions will meet, and in these educational matters will doubtless be subject for deliberation and legislation. What the issue will be we will not venture to predict; nor will we attempt to discuss the heresy of the so called "one college doctrine," nor yet urge its claims to consideration. But we would seek to impress upon one and all the gravity of the present crisis and obtain for Acadia the attention she merits. It may be, as the Baptist papers say, that the educational policy is settled; but however clearly and emphatically it may have been embodied in words, we dare to say that these have not been supported by strong tangible evidence. Evidently the denomination is either insincere in its utterances, or does not understand the nature of the burden it has assumed, for otherwise, why would the college be left so miserably unable to cope with the demands of ad-

vancing times simply for want of money? To us it seems like dogged folly and blatant nonsense continually to boast an educational policy which will maintain the integrity of Acadia and make her the fear of rival institutions, and at the same time allow her to rot for the lack of paint, her Professors to live on the wind, and her students to be dwarfed by meagre and inferior fare.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 11.

As the last two *echoistic* effusions did not come up to the previously established standard of "good form," in containing no examples of poetry (except the black-board epigram whose point was extracted by the printer), this one is intended to make up for the defect, while furnishing some parting "tho'ts" for the new "grads." By the way, does "thoughts" still rhyme with "shots" in Freshmanic utterance?

Here are three fragments, the productions of as many old grads. The first is from the pen of a genial soul of the class of '64, whose subsequent profession tends more perhaps to pedantry than poetry. It was read at what is called now-a-days an open session of the Athenæum, then styled a "semi public meeting." Many readers will recognize it as a parody on "Marco Bozzaris," by F. Halleck.

AN 'EFFUSION OF A WASTED YOUTH.'

One morning, on his unshook quills,
The Soph was dreaming of the hours
When youths, unscathed by College ills,
Were free from x's powers.
In dreams, through ancient scenes he roved;
In dreams, an ancient maiden wooed;
In dreams, his happy fate he heard;
Then knew the joys that poets sing—
Then felt the pain that fetters bring.
Wild were his thoughts, but short of wing
As Shanghai's long-legged bird.

An hour passed on—the Soph awoke —
That bright dream gone at last.
He woke to hear his class-mates shriek,
"There goes the bell!—the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke, to curse the Grecian lore,
And swear the Classics were a bore,
And shower *sacres* thick and fast
As rain drops from the mountain cloud;
And, in wild assents fierce and loud,
He raging eased his mind.

"Work! till the moru succeeds the night!
"Work! till your senses wing their flight!
"Work! yet never get things right,—
"But always go it blind!"

Then his frightened room-mate saw
The fearful look that then he wore,—
As then and there he loudly swore,—
"You might have woke me up before!
"It's no use now—I'll be too late—
"Go, tell the Prof. he needn't wait.
"Tell him I'm sick—my head's confused—
"Tell him I'd like to be excused!"
His room-mate said it should be done;
Then saw in sleep his eye-lids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Our second piece was written in the Spring of 1861, by a very prominent member of the class that graduated that year, who, with a number of fellow-students of succeeding classes, accompanied by a party of teachers and pupils from the Seminary, had been out over the hills to Black River (a tributary of the Gaspereaux) and there enjoyed a delightful picnic—the occasion of the poem.

THE BLACK RIVER EXCURSION.

It was not in the full flush of Spring-time,
But the paleness of Winter had fled:
And the stream, with a musical murmur,
Gambolled over its rock-fretted bed,—
When a party of teachers and pupils,
From their hard mental drill were set free,
To ramble at will o'er the mountains,
And mix with the cataract's glee.

* * * * *

Far over the wood mantled hills,
Drinking deep from earth's cisterns of beauty,
Till we came to the flood-ruined mills.
There, sparkling with pleasure exultant
Over mischief so wantonly done,
The rioting, revelling river
Now laughed and then leaped as it run.
We crossed, and away thro' the woodlands,
We caught the faint roar of the falls,
Where the rocks, frowning grandly above them,
Re-echo the cataract's calls.
Deep down through the rock-channelled ravine,
The waters, like school boys at play,
Now gambolled, then galloped, then bounded
With deafening clamor away.
No pen can describe their wild rapture—
To ours words are but alloy—
As we stood on the spray-smoothed rock-terrace,
And gazed on their tumult of joy.
We left them with pleasure and sadness,—
With pleasure at having been there,—
With sadness that life's sterner duties
Could not atway their joyousness share.

* * * * *

The following poem will touch a chord in the heart of many an alumnus of Acadia. It should be read by the class of '83 before they part from each

other and from Alma Mater. The author, a member of the class of '58, now fills an honorable place on the Nova Scotia Bench.

FAREWELL TO ACADIA.

Four years, my brothers! O how strangely swift their days

Have one by one gone down the winding ways
Of the dread past! Those days are all with Thee, great God,—

Those sinful days,—O Father! spare the rod.
Four years into Eternity!—We marked them sink,
And, standing now * * * upon the brink
Of the broad future, let us breathe a sad good bye,
And then go forth, to dare and do and die.

Farewell, our Mother! fare thee well! We feel this word,—
That, parting here, the lips can scarce be heard.
Good bye, my Mother, and my brothers! We must go,—
But going, linger oft with footsteps slow.
What though the years are rolling from beneath our feet,—

Why sad that we on earth no more may meet,—
Since through one Christ, who bled and died upon the tree,
Our band shall yet again united be?

The birds are warbling forth a farewell on the Hill.

I would their voices for an hour were still;
For, as I go, it pains my heart that I must hear
Their mournful echoes die upon the ear.
The boat is off—The sails are filling with the breeze—
And I, if I but turn, my blood shall freeze.
But I must turn,—one long and lingering farewell gaze,—
A sigh—a tear—for dear, departed days!

A memorial tablet to the late Rev. Dr. Cramp was placed in position in the college library by the Alumni Society, during the anniversary season. The tablet is fixed to the north wall of the library, between the two windows, and has a very neat appearance. It bears the following inscription:—

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN MOCKET CRAMP, D.D.,
President
of Acadia College

for many years.
Died at Wolfville, Dec. 9, 1881,
Aged 81 years.

“The Second Founder of Acadia,”
First Elected President in 1851,
He continued his connection
with this College
upwards of 30 years.

Erected by the Alumni
of the College.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—*Clip.*

'83—ANNIVERSARY SEASON—'83.

A Grand Success.

The following is a general statement of the exercises, during the three days, June 5th, 6th and 7th:—

TUESDAY, 8 p. m.—Lecture under the auspices of the Acadia Athenæum, by Silas Alward, Esq., of St. John, N. B. Subject, “Glimpses of the Eternal City.”

WEDNESDAY, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.—Public Examinations of classes of Horton Academy and Acadia Seminary. 3 p. m.—Closing Exercises of Horton Collegiate Academy. 8 p. m.—Closing Exercises of Acadia Seminary.

THURSDAY, 11 a. m.—Anniversary Proper. Orations by members of the Graduating Class, &c. 2 p. m.—Alumni Dinner in Chipman Hall. 8 p. m.—Grand concert under the auspices of the Graduating Class.

As early as Monday, strangers began to pour into our little village, Wolfville, in numbers apparently greater than is usual even on such occasions. By Thursday, all the accommodation the village could supply was engaged, and the streets assumed a city-like aspect. In our reports of the many exercises of the week, we begin with what must be considered the most important.

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES.

Long before eleven o'clock, Thursday morning, Assembly Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. At sharp eleven, the procession, consisting of the Faculty, Senate, Governors, Alumni, Graduating Class and under graduates entered the hall, while an excellent processional march was being played by Misses King and Hanson, of the Seminary. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Alex. McArthur, of Halifax, after which President Sawyer introduced the programme as follows:—

Literature and Life, T. Sherman Rogers, Amherst, N. S.
The Future of the English Language, W. C. Goucher, Truro, N. S.

Political Responsibility, *I. W. Corey.
The Idea of the Sermon, *† J. S. Brown.

MUSIC.

The Value of a Variety of Industries in the Nation, H. R. Welton, Wolfville, N. S.
The Influence of Thought on Action, *A. L. Powell, Amherst, N. S.
The Relation of Art to National Development, C. O. Tapper, Amherst, N. S.
Practical Education in the light of History, *J. S. Lockhart, Lockhartville, N. S.
The English in India, Chas. W. Williams, Wolfville, N. S.

MUSIC.

The Interdependence of the Sciences, Clarence W. Bradshaw, Centreville, P. E. I.
Hildebrand, *D. Spurgeon Whitman, New Albany, N. S.
The Influence of the Invisible on the Greek, O. C. S. Wallace, Canaan, N. S.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees, and Awarding of Certificates.

ADDRESSES.

National Anthem.

Benediction.

*Excused from speaking.

†Of the Theological Department.

The friends of the College, as well as the class of 1883, have reason to congratulate themselves on the great success of the present anniversary. Many who have been acquainted with Acadia's affairs throughout her entire history are of the opinion that the exercises of Thursday, June 7th, were the most successful ever held in Wolfville. It is unnecessary and perhaps unfair to the class to refer particularly to any of the essays here, so we refrain from so doing. The ladies of the Seminary who so kindly furnished the music merit great praise for the excellence of their singing and playing. Music is always necessary on such occasions, and there is a sense of satisfaction in knowing that musical talent suitable for any of the exercises can be procured here on the Hill.

The graduates received their degrees in the usual manner, being arranged this year in the order of class standing. The President's address to the newly made Bachelors in Arts was earnest and impressive. We are glad we are in a position this year to give our readers a good abstract of it.

In opening, he remarked that it was natural for young men in such circumstances to have aspirations in respect to the future. These should be cherished; but it is wise to seek to give them the right direction. The men of every age have thought their own time to be the most important. But the young men of the present day have reason to feel that they are entering on one of the most eventful epochs in the history of the world. The phenomena of life cannot be stereotyped. Change is the great fact of nature. Each generation is called to accomplish its own tasks, by its own methods. This is no accident. Some law, some power determines this order of events and gives character to the work of each generation. Wise men, then, will seek to read the signs of their times and discern the tendency of the forces of social life. A comprehensive survey of the various departments of intellectual activity reveals the fact that the laborers in these several spheres, without any purpose of concerted action on their part, are giving prominence to the community of interests that is involved in human so-

ciety. The great teachers of biology are showing how each generation is what it is, because the preceding have been what they were. The lesson derived from this study of nature is that improvement will come in the future only as it shall be evolved by the action of new elements or new combinations in the processes of life. As we are the heirs of the past, so we are to be the creators of the future. The acknowledged leaders in the most popular school of practical ethics, while they maintain that the well being of the individual is the test by which the laws that regulate human conduct must be tried, nevertheless are diligent in enforcing the doctrine that the interests of the individual are so interwoven with the welfare of the community, that no one can promote his own happiness, while he is regardless of the condition of society around him. Indeed, some of these guides assert that no one can wisely seek his own good, unless he forgets himself in his desire to increase the happiness of others. The most prominent class of scientific investigators, while they profess to hold themselves rigidly to facts and to have sundered as much as possible, all connection between themselves and the religion, the theology and the traditions of the past, nevertheless, find the ineradicable and irrepressible sentiments of the human heart asserting themselves with such power that they are constrained to idealize the hard conditions of life by teaching that the men of one generation, while they submit to the laws governing their growth and decay, ennoble their lives by helping to produce for the generations yet to be, conditions of existence that may permit an indefinite expansion of human happiness. Thus the service of an ideal humanity is made the supreme object of life. Or if we consider the questions most profoundly agitating civil society to-day, we shall find them for the most part to be concerned with the relations between capital and labor and the interdependence of the various classes on one another. Statesmen are obliged to heed the expressions of opinion on these subjects and to mould legislation accordingly. Whatever may have been permitted in the past, governments must now recognize the community of interests that binds together all parts of the civil organism. The neglect of this will be followed by agitation and, perhaps, scenes of violence that will compel the most reluctant to give serious attention to what the masses are coming to believe to be a most important truth. The same tendency is revealing itself in the sphere of diplomacy. The

Ishmaelitic nation is no longer tolerated. Each must acknowledge its obligations to promote the general welfare; and each is honored in proportion as it faithfully meets the duties growing out of its relations to others in the family of nations. Now it cannot be by accident that in so many independent departments of life and action, the lines of thought are converging to the same point. Evidently some power is controlling these activities and giving forth tokens of events which may be effected in a near future. These indications should be heeded by us. They all testify to the value of the truth contained in the volume which we accept as the highest authority in practical philosophy, that, when we live aright "none of us liveth to himself;" and they define for us the range through which the spirit of the second part of the great precept of man's duty is manifesting itself, namely, that he show that the love of God is in his heart, as he loves his neighbor as himself. If these lessons brought home to you in such a variety of ways are fixed in your minds and you labor in the exercise of the spirit here contemplated, your lives must be noble and useful.

In closing attention was called to the fact that in the past the graduates of the College, though they had honorably discharged the duties of the various professions, had not devoted themselves to any great extent to literary pursuits, and the members of the class were advised to cultivate any aptitudes they may have for such employments and not to neglect the obligations which to some degree must bind the graduates of our colleges to promote the growth of a native literature.

A number of the higher degrees were conferred. Messrs. E. M. Chesley, I. B. Oakes, Lewis Hunt, M. D., I. C. Arichbald, and B. W. Lockhart received A. M. *in course*. E. M. Kierstead, Professor of Logic and English Literature, a B. A. of the University of N. B. was admitted to the same and also to the A. M., *causa honoris*. Silas Alward, Esq., of St. John, N. B., received the degree of D. C. L.

The following is the list of Honor Certificates awarded for extra work in different departments:

CLASSICS:—Wallace, Senior; Hutchinson, Sophomore.
PHILOSOPHY:—Wallace and Whitman, Seniors.
HISTORY:—Wallace, Whitman, Welton and Bradshaw, Seniors.

POLITICAL ECONOMY:—Lockhart, Junior.
ENGLISH:—Ross, Sophomore.

J. S. Brown, who successfully completed the three years' course of the Theological Course, was presented with a certificate of the same.

Upon the conclusion of these presentations,

President Sawyer called upon Dr. Alward to address the assembly. The Dr. made a short, but very clever address, and was loudly applauded upon taking his seat. The exercises were then brought to a close by the singing of "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

THE ALUMNI DINNER.

About half an hour after the conclusion of the morning exercises, some one hundred and seventy-five persons partook of the Alumni Dinner, provided as usual in Chipman Hall. The following is the list of toasts with the speakers to them:—

"The Queen," proposed by the President, E. D. King, the company singing the National Anthem.

"Alma Mater," proposed by the President and responded to by Dr. Rand and A. J. Denton.

"The Dominion and Local Legislatures," proposed by the Vice-President, Mr. H. C. Creed, and responded to by D. B. Woodworth, M. P., and J. W. Longley, M. P. P.

"The Board of Governors," proposed by J. W. Longley, M. P. P., and responded to by Mr. D. R. Eaton.

"The Senate of the University," proposed by Mr. J. B. Mills, and responded to by Judge Johnston.

"The Faculty of the College," proposed by Dr. Saunders, and responded to by Dr. Higgins.

"Our Fathers and Founders," proposed by Mr. E. D. King, and responded to by Revs. Drs. Pryor and Bill.

"The Graduating Class," proposed by Prof. Kierstead, and responded to by Mr. O. C. S. Wallace.

"Our Sister Colleges," proposed by Prof. Jones, and responded to by Mr. Wallace Graham and Prof. Kierstead.

"Our Guests," proposed by Mr. H. C. Creed, and responded to by His Worship Mayor Fraser.

"The Press," proposed by Dr. Rand, and responded to by Mr. Selden, of the *Christian Messenger*.

"The Fair Daughters of Acadia," proposed by Prof. Caldwell.

The speeches were all excellent, but, we regret to say, too long for the programme. When less than half the toasts had been spoken to it was evident that many of the people were getting impatient, and numbers left the hall. If the speeches—we of course do not refer to all—were made short, the interest would be much greater and the room would be full to the end. The last toast was not drunk until nearly six o'clock, and as a consequence in the presence of only some dozen persons.

In spite of our complaints, however, the Dinner was a success. The feeling of unswerving loyalty to Acadia was just as manifest as it is wont to be. Speakers who in any way referred to the consolidation question were strongly opposed to it either in principle, or on account of its impracticability.

THE GRAND CONCERT.

The concert, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Graduating Class, was a grand success. The

announcement that the Kempa Ladies' Orchestra and Herr Pieczonka, the great pianist, assisted by two superior vocalists would supply the place of local talent, heretofore employed, drew an immense audience. Before the hour approached, the sale of tickets had to be stopped, and as a consequence, scores of people were turned away. Assembly Hall was packed with an audience, which could well appreciate the following

PROGRAMME.

Overture, "Stradella,"	- - -	Flotow.
	Kempa Family.	
Violin Solo, "Concert de Beriot,"	- - -	
	Miss Eva Kempa.	
Song, "Should He Upbraid,"	- - -	Bishop.
	Miss Hunt.	
Concert Stuck for Piano and Orchestra,	- - -	Weber.
a. Larghetto of fettsuo, (Departure).		
b. Allegro, (In the Battlefield).		
c. Martia, (Entree).		
d. Rondo Jucoso, (Wedding).		
	Herr Pieczonka and Kempa Family.	
Song, "Thou Art The Star,"	- - -	Gunebert.
	Mr. Miller.	
Valse, "Morgenblatter,"	- - -	Strauss.
	Kempa Family.	
Piano Solo, "Grande Fantasie Dramatique,"	- - -	Liszt.
	Herr Albert Pieczonka.	
Duett, "Barcarole Nina,"	- - -	Guercia.
	Miss Hunt and Mr. Miller.	
'Cello Solo, "Gavotte,"	- - -	Offenbach.
	Miss Helena Kempa.	
Overture, "Zampa,"	- - -	Herold.
	Kempa Family.	
Song, "Angel's Serenade,"	- - -	Braga.
	Miss Hunt.	
Fantasie for Orchestra, "Olivette,"	- - -	Audran.
	Kempa Family.	

The audience was from the overture perfectly enraptured with the many novel performances. Miss Hunt sang to the delight of all with a sweetness of voice and an excellence of expression seldom met with, and was repeatedly recalled. But it is needless to enlarge. Every number was received with the loudest applause. It is doubtful that an audience in Wolfville will ever again have the pleasure of listening to so rare a musical treat. The class had at first some difficulties to contend against, but they should feel satisfied that their final success has fully repaid them for their trouble.

ACADIA SEMINARY.

The closing exercises of the Ladies' Seminary this year were of an intensely interesting character. The evening of Wednesday was selected instead of the afternoon, as on similar occasions, and the change was without doubt a proper one. The attention of the immense audience was most closely

held throughout the whole performance. The following is the

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Processional March,	- - -	Clark.
	Misses Holley and McLellan.	
PRAYER.		
Piano Duet:—Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2,	- - -	Liszt.
	Misses Robbins and Gourley.	
Essay,	- - -	Ancient Cities.
	Emma V. Johnson, Wolfville.	
Vocal Solo:—Goodbye,	- - -	Tosti.
	Mary H. King,	
Essay,	- - -	The Marbel Waiteth.
	Leonette M. Crosby.	
Piano Solo:—Rondeau Expressif, op. 71.	- - -	Moscheles.
	Alberta S. Brown.	
Essay,	- - -	John Ruskin,
	Vinona Alward, St. John, N. B.	
Piano Solo:— { (a.) Consolation, } { (b.) Spring Song, } -	- - -	Mendelssohn.
	Mary H. King.	
Vocal Quartette:—Where Art Thou Beam of Light,	- - -	Bishop.
	Misses McLellan, Hanson, Gourley and Wallace.	
Essay,	- - -	English Verse.
	Harriet A. Harris, Wolfville.	
Piano Solo:—La Charite,	- - -	Liszt.
	Lizzie C. Hill.	
Essay,	- - -	Language in Art.
	Mary E. Melville, St. John, N. B.	
Vocal Solo:—Forever and Forever,	- - -	Tosti.
	Bessie J. Robbins.	
Essay, with Vaedictory, - What the Rocks Tell Us,	- - -	
	Alice R. Hanson, Kentville.	
	Presentation of Diplomas.	Addresses.
Vocal Duet:—On Mossy Banks,	- - -	Gilbert.
	Misses Robbins and Margeson.	

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

We have not the space at our disposal to refer to the excellencies of the different pieces. The programme was a most successful exhibition of both musical and literary talent, of which all interested in the promotion of female education have reason to be proud. The essays by the numbers of the graduating class exhibited carefulness of thought and good language, and their delivery was especially worthy of note. Miss Hanson's Vaedictory was deservedly applauded to the echo.

The diplomas were presented to the six young ladies by Dr. Sawyer. He gave an admirable address, assuring them that they had been known while students only to be esteemed and respected for the perseverance and earnestness with which they had prosecuted their studies. Were he to look forward ten years, he might have much more to say, but for the present he would only remind them that wherever their lot may be cast, in what-

ever community, in whatever circumstances of life, their influence as educated women must be felt. This influence would be noticed in the development of characteristics, which would not exist, were their presence not felt. As years come and go these sentiments will arise to strengthen them in all their undertakings. The Doctor closed his address hoping that their class motto—"ad altiora"—would be fulfilled, and that nothing but honorable reports of their future life would be heard.

Miss Graves then called upon several of the gentlemen who sat on the platform.

Dr. Rand, Chief Supt. of Education in N. B., spoke of the responsibility resting upon women, and the consequent importance of female education. It is difficult to estimate the influence which women of intelligence exert upon the world, and the degree of degradation which is so often the result of ignorant mothers. He heartily congratulated the ladies upon their evening's entertainment and the graduates' successful completion of their course.

Hon. Dr. Parker said he was greatly pleased with both essays and music. There was a time in his life when he held the opinion that woman would not be educated to nearly so great an extent as man, but experience has taught him a different lesson. Everyone must feel that these antiquated ideas are fast being banished from the world. Science can detect no difference between the brains of man and woman, except that denoted by the formula—quality vs. quantity. The mind of woman is as capable of receiving instruction and imparting it as that of man. In his capacity as a professional man for a large number of years, Dr. Parker had become of the opinion that there were other needs besides that of mental culture. He meant acquaintances with domestic duties,—familiarity with the use of "the darning needle and the ball of yarn," as well as with the "ins and outs" of kitchen work. He sincerely hoped that the ladies now leaving school would not devote their time so exclusively to mental training as wholly to neglect these apparently minor but really most important duties. In closing he trusted that each of the ladies would ever have on her table a Bible—always open. He wished them all every success, admonished them that "the marble waiteth," and hoped that at the end of their earthly life they would pass to the happy world beyond.

Rev. Dr. Bill also spoke a few words. One's first object, he said, is to get good, his second to impart it. The ladies have now obtained the good,

which will ever be ready to sustain them as they pass to the other side, and he trusted they would now consider it their next duty to impart some of it to others. In conclusion he invoked the blessing of God upon them all.

A vocal duet, and after it the National Anthem closed a most successful entertainment.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

The public examinations in connection with the Male Academy and Ladies' Seminary were held on the 6th. Quite a number of the students had dropped out toward the close of the term making the number in attendance at the public examinations smaller than usual.

In the Senior Class, examined by Prof. Tufts in Latin, 18 were present, 6 of whom were ladies.

Prof. Tufts classes are always thoroughly drilled and the present one is no exception. After the classics Mr. Armstrong, the Principal, conducted a mixed class through an examination in Composition and Analysis. The work was elementary in its character and the class displayed a fair efficiency in training.

Following an exercise in Geometry, conducted by Mr. Schofield, Miss Gourley examined a class in Physiology. The wide range of questions, the prompt intelligent answers of the students, the enthusiasm the class manifested for the subject alike attest to Miss Gourley's popularity, carefulness and efficiency as a teacher. It is hoped that the Seminary may long retain her services. An exercise in Ancient History, by Mr. Armstrong, brought the examinations to a close.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE ACADEMY.

A slight shower laid the dust, but despite the shower and threatening clouds the spacious Assembly Hall was fairly filled in the afternoon.

The exercises by the matriculating class, assisted by the Ladies of the Seminary, fully satisfied the expectations of friends.

The follow programme was carried out:—

	MUSIC.
Prayer.	
Piano Solo	Gavotte.
	Miss Eaton.
Essay:	Study.—an Occupation and a Pleasure.
	Walter Evans, Wolfville.
Recitation:	Driving Home the Cows.
	Miss Holley.
Essay:	Charlemagne.
	Harry Wickwire, Canning.
Vocal Duet:	Oh Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.
	Misses Wallace and E. Bridges.

Essay:	- - - - -	Chivalry.
	C. H. Miller, Clarence.	
Recitation:	- - -	Budge's Version of the Flood.
	Miss Read.	
Essay:	- - -	The Luxury of Doing Good.
	G. R. White, St. Martins.	
Recitation:	- - -	"How they Saved St. Michaels."
	Miss Wallace.	
Piano Solo:	- - -	Soldier's Song.
	Miss McLellan.	

ADDRESSES.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Evans delivered his essay in a low but pleasant voice. He considered ours was an age of education; study he said was conducive to physical health and backed up his statement by quoting considerable authority. Miss Holley's speaking was low; her action graceful and perfectly natural. Wickwire bespoke the qualities of Charlemagne as a hero and warrior and recounted his successes in peace and war. Miller told of the halcyon days of chivalry; he considered the good results of the institution around which Scott and Tennyson had thrown the charm of matchless verse out-weighed the evil; though the forms of chivalry had gone, chivalrous deeds were still done in our 19th century. Miss Read's recitation was rendered in a way that would do honor to one of more dramatic pretensions; her personation of Budge, a very little girl who concluded she could tell a better story of Noah and his ark than her uncle, was complete. White considered the pleasure that rises to a luxury was found in doing good; but all depended upon the motive. His essay was finally delivered. Miss Wallace possesses much dramatic talent, her action is free and always suitable, and her enunciation clear. The repeated applause attested to the success of the programme.

Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. W. Manning, A. McArthur and Inspector Roscoe.

At the close of the exercises the Principal made a statement of the year's work. The whole number attending the Academy during the year was 70. The Senior class numbered 18, the majority of whom would probably enter College; the Middle class, 24; 47 studied Latin; 24 Greek. We since learn that Mr. Armstrong has resigned the Principalship of the Academy, and Mr. A. J. Denton '80 has been appointed to that position. Mr. Denton has already much experience as a teacher and his appointment will be hailed with satisfaction. We predict for him success in his new field of labor.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

The closing lecture for the year '82-'83 under the auspices of the Acadia Athenæum, was delivered in the Assembly Hall, June 5th, by Silas Alward, Esq., of St. John. The audience that gathered to listen to Mr. Alward's "Glimpses of the Eternal City," was large and select. The lecturer began by saying that it had been the dream of his youth to visit the eternal city, and that dream was realized in 1867. He traced the journey from Florence to Rome noting the places of historic interest on the way. Rome itself was disappointing; most of the streets were narrow and filthy. In it was found poverty the most abject, and wealth the most imposing; some of the families tracing their descent back 2000 years. But Rome—that once great heart of the world—was chiefly interesting to the tourist for what it had been. Its vigorous pulsations were once sent throbbing to the furthest limits of civilization, and there are still legible the characters graven by the centuries; while her enduring legacies of art, law, principle of government still exert mighty influences upon the destinies of mankind.

At the time of the Easter carnival the streets were thronged with thousands and tens of thousands of all nationalities. The ceremonial at Easter performed in the presence of the Pope within the precincts of St. Peter was most imposing. At its close the Pope raising his hands before 200,000 persons gently lowered and folded them on his breast, and then retired to the Lathren Palace amid ringing bells and cheering crowds.

From the dome of St. Peters a grand view is obtained of the Tiber until it is lost in the Appenines—of the bridge defended by Horatius—of the seven hills on the opposite side of the Tiber now scarcely more than undulations owing to the debris that had collected in the valleys. Yonder the clear blue sky—yonder the Sabine hills mantled in snow.

St. Peters covered 15 acres, cost \$75,000,000, and was 4 centuries in building. Adjoining it was the Vatican, for 10 centuries the home of the Popes, rich with treasures of painting and art. These with the castle of St. Angelo were the principal objects of interest on the left bank of the Tiber.

The lecturer's description of the *Venus of the Capitol*, the *dying gladiator*, the ruins that overspread the seven hills, the forum where once the crowds thronged to hear the matchless orations of Cicero whose inspiration the student still might

catch, the streets where throngs once pressed to see Caesar or Pompey come in triumph, and his reflections on the departed glory of Rome were graphic vivid and elevating.

But a visit to Rome without seeing the Catacombs would be incomplete. Into these 6 are allowed to descend at a time. Here tomb after tomb succeeds one another in endless continuity. There are some 60 excavations containing nearly 6,000,000 human bodies. Here the early Christian martyrs whose sublime faith, and heavenly constancy led them to give up life rather than forsake their principles were buried.

To true Canadians his peroration which naturally grew out of his treatment of the subject will be of especial interest.

"It is true," said the lecturer, "that we cannot boast of as sunny skies or beautiful scenery as Italy possesses, yet our sterner latitudes are more favorable to the development of such qualities as best tend to impart vigor and moral stamina to a people. It is true we cannot boast of a remote antiquity; yet our country bears none of the traces of decay, but rejoices in the maiden freshness of youth and blooms in almost primeval loveliness. It is true, our annals are not illustrated by brilliant deeds or remarkable exploits "on field or flood," yet they are not stained by revolting acts of cruelty or oppression, nor is our record entirely a barren one.

On the 18th of May last we sought to celebrate, in a fitting manner, the centennial of the landing of the Loyalists at St. John. Sometimes we have heard much said about the great mistake our forefathers made in espousing the cause of the King. I stop not here to discuss this point. I think there are fewer mistakes made in life than we wot of. Men who act upon conscientious motives, and do what their best judgment dictates, in the long run make but few mistakes. I believe "there is a Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." I regard the coming of the United Empire Loyalists to this country as one of the great migrations of the race—second only to that of the landing of the Puritans on the New England shores. All we are to-day we owe largely to the forty thousand United Empire Loyalists, who brought with them to these shores from over the estranging sea the tough Saxon fibre and wrestling sinews required to lay the deep and lasting foundations of a great state. The record of these hundred years is one of which we need not be ashamed. From a few struggling colonies with no bond of union and but limited means of inter-communication our population has grown from one hundred thousand to over four millions. We now are full possessors of 8,000 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of one million three hundred thousand, valued at \$40,000,000—occupying the proud position of being the fourth maritime state in the world. The mileage of our railway system is one half that of France. The amount of our imports and exports is far greater than that of Spain. We possess, too, a country of limitless possibilities, stretching from ocean to ocean, soon to be bound together by bands of iron, constituting one of the great highways of the east. I think then, Sir, in view of all this I need not offer any apology for invoking a spirit of patriotism on the part of the sons of this the last born of nations. Our form of Government is, I believe, the best and fairest in the world, I speak not in the spirit of party; neither as a conservative nor as a liberal; but as a Canadian; as one who loves his native country. And, thank heaven, there is common platform broad enough for all of us to stand upon irrespective of creed or party. I feel assured, we all have as our strongest

aspiration and we desire to make British institutions a grand success on Canadian soil. Patriotism is one of the most ennobling traits of character. It was love of country that built up the commercial supremacy of Holland. It was love of country that fired the hearts of the people of the lower countries who rather than submit to Imperial dictation broke their dykes and welcomed the invasion of the sea. Who knows what lies in our immediate future? There doubtless will come a time amid its changes and uncertainties, when some sacrifices greater and dearer than houses or lands or anything material will be demanded. The legend of Macilius Curtius as depicted in the pages of Livy, is one of the most beautiful in Roman story. Some fearful convulsion had opened a chasm in the very centre of the former, No apparent effort could fill or bridge it over. The people applied to the Oracles; but they were dumb. They applied, likewise, to the sooth-sayers and there came the doubtful response—"To it must be devoted that which Rome holds the most sacred." Macilius Curtius, hearing the reply, all armed and mounted, urged forward his steed and leaped into the yawning chasm, shouting as he did—"What more sacred than arms and life?" The chasm immediately closed and Rome was saved. I feel assured, should the exigency arise in our country demanding, not only material, but a higher sacrifice, with the hour will be found the man. Let us then, emulating the patriot of other times work cheerfully together for the consummation of this glorious object—the building up along the lines of these northern latitudes a powerful nationality, which in the onward march of civilization will keep step with the great English speaking countries of the world, and towards which will be turned the eyes of all looking for the better time to come."

Mr. Alward who has already achieved a wide reputation as a lecturer, enchained the attention of the audience throughout. His manner in pleasing; his delivery clear, forcible and bold; his genuine bursts of eloquence irresistible. In him Acadia has a son of whom she may well be proud, for Mr. Alward has well requited her expectations of him since he left her halls.

Locals.

The reports for the year show that 218 students have been pursuing their work at Wolfville. Add to this, the 84, who are enrolled at the N. B. Baptist Seminary, and we have the large number of 302 for the total enrollment in our denominational schools.

During the final examination in Greek a Freshman was observed to draw one after the other, from their hiding-places about this person, Bryce's Greek Reader, Hadley's Greek Grammar, Spencer's Greek Composition, Mahaffy's Old Greek Life. He also had a copy of Euripedes' Hecuba. Although so careless as to leave the remainder of his library in his room he passed successfully.

On Tuesday evening, May 1st, the members of the Senior Class entertained themselves at an oys-

ter supper in the dining hall of the new building. After voracious consumption of the bivalves, the boys departed to one of the rooms, where in response to some dozen toasts, speeches which evidently showed a want of sleep, were in order. The class manifestly considered oysters a rare treat.

The following are the officers of the Alumni Society for the ensuing year:—

- President,.....H. C. Creed, A. M.
- Vice-President,.....Judge Johnston.
- Secretary-Treasurer,.....W. L. Barss, Esq.
- Executive Committee.—J. F. L. Parsons, A. M., B. H. Eaton, A. M., J. W. Longley, M. P. P., Prof. R. V. Jones, A. M., E. D. King, M. A., Rev. E. J. Grant and F. Andrews, A. B.

The Alumni Society has now the privilege of nominating two members for appointment to the Board of Governors. Silas Alward, D. C. L., and H. C. Creed, A. M., were chosen this year.

ART GALLERY.—There was on exhibition in the mathematical room of the Academy on Wednesday and Thursday, June 6th and 7th, a large number of paintings, in oils and water colors, executed by the painting class of the Seminary. The room was visited by crowds during those days, and the people seemed to become fully alive to the fact that Acadia Seminary offers splendid advantages for cultivating an art, which is fast becoming an important factor in all true education. All the work exhibited was good and much of it superior.

The graduating class of 1880, which organized during the senior year at college, agreed at that time upon triennial re-unions. Only five members of the class were enabled to meet this year, but from a letter in the *Messenger* from the pen of the secretary, they must have enjoyed their meeting. Four members of the class are ministers, two teachers, two students in law, two engaged in agriculture, one is in mercantile business, and one as yet without distinct occupation. The officers for the ensuing three years are as follows:—

- Convener,.....E. J. Morse.
- Vice-Convener,.....G. W. Cox.
- Historian,.....G. E. Croseup.
- Secretary-Treasurer,.....Walter Barss.
- Executive Committee.—G. J. C. White, the Convener and Secretary.

THE PASS LIST.—Students were much surprised to see posted on the bulletin board at the close of the year a list, in order of merit, of those who had successfully passed their year's work. Many were no doubt surprised at their positions, while others looked in vain for their names. It is quite certain

that this new move, which, it is to be presumed, is the work of the Senate, will be productive of good rather than the opposite. The following is the list for the year just passed:—

- FOURTH YEAR of graduating class in order of standing, Wallace, Rogers, Whitman, Bradshaw, Welton, Williams, Lockhart, Tupper, Goucher, Powell, and Corey.
- THIRD YEAR—Miss Clara Marshall, Lockhart, Haley, Kelly, Ellis, Sweet (conditioned in classics.)
- SECOND YEAR—Hutchinson, Ross, Kempton, Freeman, Fitch, Schurman, McGee, Tingley, Walker, Balcom, Longley, Donaldson, Cummings, Ford.
- FIRST YEAR—Armstrong, Davison (conditioned in classics) DeBlois, Beals, Brown, Higgins, Day, Whitman, Lovett, Shaw, Smith, Eaton, and Balcom.

DEDICATION OF THE SEMINARY FLAG.—Acadia Seminary is no longer without a flag. Inspired no doubt by the approach of the Queen's birthday and the anniversary season, the ladies took the matter in hand, and of course succeeded. As a result of their evident earnestness in a good cause, it was announced that the Dedicatory Exercises of the Seminary flag would take place on the lawn on Monday, May 21st, at 3.30 p.m. The entrance gates were tastefully arched with evergreens, the railings were also decorated, while over the door could be distinctly read the appropriate motto—"God Save Our Queen." Invitations for the exercises were extended to the members of the Faculty and their families, the teachers of the Academy, members of the Graduating Class and others. Dr. Higgins presided and becomingly introduced the participators in the following

PROGRAMME.	
Chorus, - - -	March of the Men of Harlech.
Recitation, - - -	Home and Country
	Miss Wallace.
Vocal Solo, - - -	The Englishman.
	Miss Harding.
Recitation, - - -	The Homes of England.
	Miss K. Campbell.
Address, - - -	The British Flag.
	Mr. Williams, Acadia College.
UNFURLING OF THE FLAG.	
Solo and Chorus, - - -	Rule Britannia.
Recitation, - - -	Ye Mariners of England.
	Miss Read.
Address, - - -	By Mr. Wallace, Acadia College.
Solo and Chorus, - - -	Our National Defenders.

Addresses in response to invitations from the Chairman were given by Rev. Dr. DeBlois, J. W. Bigelow, Esq., Profs. Jones and Kierstead and Rev. Dr. Sawyer, upon which the celebration was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

Further comment is hardly necessary. The guests were of course surprised that everything was so interesting. The music and recitations

were of characteristic excellence, and the Senior Class was admirably represented by Messrs. Wallace and Williams. The unfurling of the flag was the occasion of loud cheering, and immediately afterwards the College flag was three times dipped in salutation of its sister. The ladies deserve great credit for the enthusiasm displayed both in procuring the flag and in carrying out the exercises with such eclat.

'85 ON THE RAMPAGE.—Monday evening, April 30th, was the occasion of unusual jollification on the part of the members of the three lower classes. The exams. were over and demonstrations were in order. The Freshmen entertained themselves in a class-supper at the Village House, and were not at all anxious to retire to their "feathery couches." To the Sophs., the period seemed especially opportune for extraordinary celebrations. Not content with satisfying the cravings of the inner man from a richly set table in Chipman Hall, they determined to inform some of their Professors of their feelings of freedom. In solemn procession they formed, the dreaded Calculus of Dr. Edward Olney their companion, on high they held their burning torches, and marched in funeral pace to the ground of cremation. The spot selected was, naturally enough, the lawn facing the residence of Dr. Higgins. Informing the Prof. of their approach by song and wild hollowing, they called for a speech, and seemed satisfied with a sympathetic response. Snatches of music, mournful (?) wailings, and a word or two from oratorical lips floated far and wide to many a listening ear, telling their tale of Olney's sad fate. Yet another Prof. must leave the arms of Orpheus,—however distant be his home. "Jones must wake up," and he did. The genial Prof. made, to use his own expression, "a brilliant speech," and '85, apparently appeased, left for quieter scenes, but not without first adorning the flag-staff with an effigy of Olney himself.

We give for the edification of those of our readers, who can appreciate the pranks of college youths, the oration delivered over the burning leaves of Olney, by J. A. Ford:—

MY CLASSMATES,—This is a solemn hour. Reminiscences from the past, like morning mist, come floating across the horizon of our minds, only to fade away in the sad experience of the present. To-night we gather round the funeral pyre of a departed friend, and our hearts are touched with sadness as we remember that the ties which once bound us are eternally severed, that the companion

of many a weary hour, the friend who clung to us during many a lonely vigil, the instructor whose sublime discussions tempted us so often to burn the midnight oil, is now a mass of silent dust. Who is there here so cold, who so callous-hearted, who so utterly destitute of those nobler feelings which tend to exalt our common manhood, that he will not shed a silent tear and heave a parting sigh over the hallowed ashes of the lamented Edward Olney?

But our grief is not solitary. Hark! Nature responds. She murmurs her sorrow over the remains of the mighty dead. She grieves that he who could explore her most distant worlds and calculate the orbits of planets and stars, that he who could pursue the flying comet in his course and measure the length of his tail is now about to mingle his dust with "mother earth."

But while we deplore his sad departure and realize, to some extent, the magnitude of our bereavement, we can still point with pride and satisfaction to the reputation for consistency and truthfulness which he has left behind him. In this respect, there are no vulnerable points in his character. There is no foe so fool-hardy as to assail the faultless *problem* of his life, no critic so daring as to question the accuracy with which he has deduced the *equation* of the *straight line* from the cradle to the grave.

Our acquaintance with him has been of the most intimate nature. His influence will be felt by us till the latest hour of life. He has been with us by night and by day. He has flitted across our pathway at the most unexpected seasons. We have seen him in the most quaint and startling forms. How often has he glided before us in the religious assembly and interrupted, for a time, the sacred flow of exalted reflection! How often has he appeared to us during the hour of private devotion, in the form of a *general equation* or a *function*, and put language in our mouths not to be found in any orthodox Prayer Book! What Sophomore has not beheld him perched on a *point* or moving gracefully around in a *continuous curve*! Who has not seen him setting astride the *abscissas* and grasping the *ordinates* of an *Ellipse* or floating away dim and phantom-like upon the focus of an *Hyperbola*! Who has not marvelled at his *eccentricity* as he saw him careering along on a *Conic Section* with Boscovich's ratio for a guide! What brain-weary student has not beheld him in his dreams, peering at him from the ray-form of the *Cisoid*, or standing by his bed side in the weird and ghostly attire of the "Witch of Mantua." All these memories troop before us to-night. They come! They come like spirits from the shadowy Past. They breathe upon our hearts with an influence gentle as a summer zephyr, noiseless as the beating of a cherub's wing, as we gather round these dying embers.

Voices, too float down to us to-night—voices of the Sophomores of the By-gone. They are borne to our ears on the night wind. They whisper words of sympathy and encouragement. Their shadowy

forms flit through the curling smoke—forms once attenuated by struggling to grasp the abstruse discussions of the deceased, but now proudly standing in the vanguard of intellectual strife and beckoning us to destinies worthy of college students and faithful disciples of Olney.

Alas he is gone! In the bustle of the mathematical room, that *sanctum sanctorum* of the Sophomore in the quiet stillness of the study we shall behold him no more. Other forms will take his place, other counsellors invite our confidence, but none in whom we may place more implicit confidence or for whom we may entertain more profound respect than the great departed.

The sun may hide his face behind *MacLaurin's formula*, the moon may be turned into the *Witch of Agnesi*, the stars may forsake their *elliptical* orbits and rush in *hyperbolic* curves through the boundless fields of *infinitude*, the great globe itself may be converted into a flaming *spiral*, but though *constants* may become *variables*, through the *asymptote* may meet the *curve*, yet no change in the laws of nature or mathematics can erase from our minds the impressions which have been engraven there by contact with the mighty spirit whose genius blessed the world with Olney's Calculus.

But we have come to cremate Olney, "not to praise him!"—

The evil that men do live after them,
The good is frequently interred with their bones;
So let it be with Olney.

Great as he was he could not escape the inevitable doom. In his case are verified the words of the immortal Horace:—

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tibernas
regumque turres.

May nothing obstruct his flight to the gloomy Plutonian shores. May old Charon speedily ferry him across the dark-flowing Stygian river. May Cerberus greet him with a friendly howl. May no vengeful shades of perished Sophomores pursue him through the dreary realms of night, but with the kindred spirits of Euclid and Archimedes may he spend the revolving years in the sublime discussions of mathematical science.

The moment has now arrived in which we must leave the remains in their silent resting place, and though we erect no *tumulum inanem* to his memory, though we do not thrice invoke his shade with a loud voice, yet our grief is none the less intense. But over our sorrowful hearts breathes this cheering reflection that though dead to us, he will live again, that in the years to come when we shall be treading with firmer footsteps the ever broadening fields of College life or striving for honor and fame among the busy haunts of men, Olney, the departed friend, the lamented companion, will again be guiding the faltering footsteps of plodding Sophomores through wavering *curves* and *circles* to that higher culture which has stamped Acadia's students as men of thought.

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