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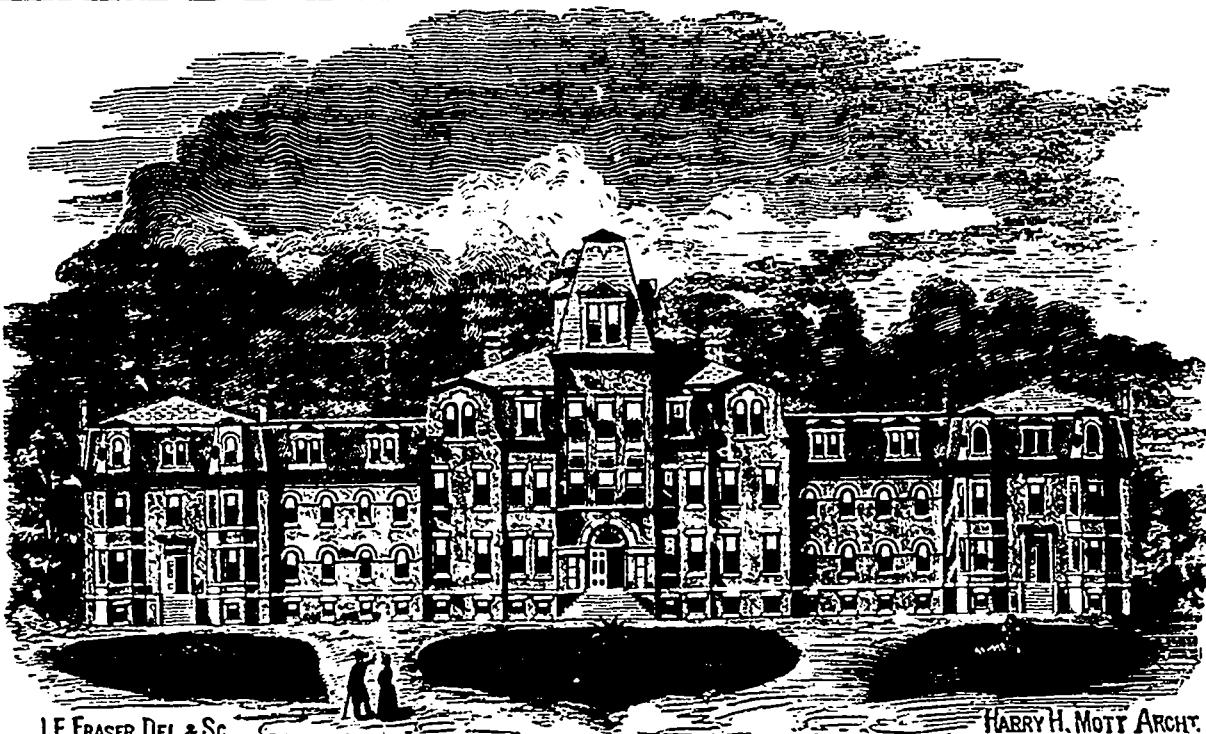
# THE SEMINARY BEMA.

No Niquen

Vol II.

ST. MARTINS, N. B. JANUARY, 1891.

No. 3



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# THE SEMINARY BEMA.

Vol. II.

SAINT MARTENS, N. B., JANUARY, 1891.

No. 3

## The Seminary Bema

— EDITED BY —

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNION BAPTIST SEMINARY.

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### EDITORS:

LIZZIE B. HUGHES, '91,      BREWER WAUGH, '91,  
MABEL DEWITT, '91,      MILTON ADDISON, '91,  
JENNY MCLEOD, '92,      W. R. REUD, '92.  
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Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent to DAVID LONG, Sec. Treas.

No doubt our subscribers have been disappointed in not receiving a December number of the BEMA, for this we make an apology. The term closed about the middle of the month, and as we had the terminal examinations to attend to, the paper was neglected. We will compensate for this by issuing an additional number later.

If we can rely upon what rumor says, a pleasant and busy future is awaiting our fair village—at any rate, so far as the summer months are concerned. The report is that an American company have chosen St. Martins as the place in which to build a large hotel to accommodate summer boarders. The building is to be erected at a cost of about \$20,000. Our opinion is that they have chosen wisely, for so far as climate, scenery, advantages, etc., are concerned, we know of no place in the lower provinces better suited for a summer resort than St. Martins.

The First Baptist Church in St. Martins is still without a pastor. The Rev. Isa Wallace, A. M., has supplied the pulpit the last month. He is an old student of the Seminary, and was Principal of it one year.

Rev. Mr. Sherman, rector of the Episcopal Church, having resigned, Rev. Mr. McKiel has been invited to accept the charge of the parish, and a public reception has been tendered him.

The Rev. Mr. Allison, a graduate of Princeton College, remains pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

H. D. Marr, a student of the Seminary, is supplying the Methodist Church. He contemplates taking a course of study in Mount Allison.

### SEMINARY CLOSING.

"HURRAH, I've finished!" "Oh say, that's the last paper!" "We'll all go home in the morning!" Such were the exclamations and songs that were most frequently heard on the evening of the 17th of December, '90, and faces that during the last few days had been drawn and anxious-looking, changed that expression for one of elation and freedom.

Well might they feel glad, for those so anxious to do well felt that they had done their best, and the consciousness of that was enough to give a satisfied feeling.

Then the thoughts of the goose supper were of a soothing and pleasing nature, and during the repast jokes and merry-making were indulged in.

Supper over, the pupils promenaded the halls, or gathered in groups around the reading shelves, while through the eager, excited company the professors made their way giving pass-cards, and ever and anon causing the brightness of some face to be enhanced by the discovery that the owner had done better than he or she expected.

Presently people from the village began to arrive and were ushered upstairs to the chapel, where at 7:30 p. m. a concert was held. A varied and entertaining programme of music and readings was carried out by teachers and students. Miss Powell's encore, "Especially Jim," being especially appreciated.

As though enough had not been done to make matters go pleasantly, ere the concert was done whispers of "ice-cream" and "refreshments" were heard, and soon amongst the waiting company were seen young men bearing aloft plates of ice-cream and cake, and seeking some young lady to aid in devouring it. Oh, what fun!

At intervals during the evening were heard sounds which suggested that the farmers' wives were summoning their masters from the field to their evening repast, and these, returning, were bringing with them the kine. But now these sounds broke forth with a fury, and halls and walls resounded with a horn, bell and yell, as the boys, in exuberance of joy, gave vent to their feelings, and let the people know they were still there.

6M  
B22sb

And lest there should be any doubt about it, to the village they went, and by toot, jangle and yell ontirely convinced the villagers that such was the case. Quite a number of the students took a walk to the village. Those that remained behind were upstairs, and the sound of the piano and merry laughter bespoke "tucker."

About twelve o'clock the tumult subsided, as each sought a short rest. for they must be up and away in the morning for home and Xmas.

Morning broke, but oh, such a morning! Within all was bustle; without all was rain. Down it came, the wind driving it fiercely, dampening the jackets and feet, as well as the ardor, of many a lad and lassie as, ankle-deep in water, they pushed their way to the depot. Soon they were carried away by the train—the engine, like a huge monster, heavily breathing and screaming at intervals, as if delighted with the precious freight given to its charge.

—o—o—o—  
*OUR RETURN.*

**S**CHOOL closed December 17th, to re-open January 7th. A few of the students returned on the 6th, indicating thereby, that they were glad to get back. Not a few, however, preferred to remain behind for a short time. This is not the best thing to do; as the faculty desire to begin the work as early as possible, hence lessons are assigned for those who are on time; and consequently those who come in late, find it hard to catch up with the various classes. Moreover, those who come promptly at the beginning of the term, have an advantage over those who linger, inasmuch as they can secure their old room and place things in order and be ready to begin work without the slightest hinderance; hence it is well to return early.

When we reached St. Martin's we were glad to see the old Seminary standing on "the hill," just as stately and presenting as imposing an appearance as ever.

On entering the main hall, the first thing that met our eyes was the great improvements of our reading room. Additional tables had been placed there, on which were the dailies and magazines; the dailies were locked to the tables, thus preventing their removal by any save the one who carries the key. We may now expect to find the papers on the table,—thanks to those who are always looking out for our comfort.

Nothing special transpired in the school during the sixth and seventh, thus we were afforded a privilege of going to the Baptist Church in the village, where the Rev. J. Wallace was conducting a series of meetings with good results.

On the eighth, lessons were assigned; and on the following morning we entered our classes, hoping to spend a pleasant and profitable term.

*IN MEMORIAM.*

**C**APT. GEO. W. MASTERS died at his residence, St. Martins, January 20th, 1891, and was buried in the family burying ground adjoining the Baptist church, on the 22nd inst. A memorial service was held as follows:

The Lord's Prayer, . . . Rev. F. W. MCKEIL, Episcopal Church Quartette, "Still, Still with Thee," . . . . . *Garrison* Scriptures, Psalm xxxix, Rev. xxii., 1-5, . . . . .  
Rev. M. G. Allison, Presbyterian Church Address, . . . . . J. E. HOPPER, D. D. Hymn, "The hour of my departure's come," . . . . . Prayer, . . . . . Rev. ISAIAH WALLACE "Lead, Kindly Light," . . . . . SEMINARY CHOIR Benediction.

The following is the substance of Dr. Hopper's address on the occasion:

"Dear Friends,—Once more we are brought into the presence of death. Time, like the scythe, cuts down all, both great and small. The sure thing in life is death. Of Adam's sons who lived longest the record runs, 'and he died.' When an old patriarch passes away there is a general sense of loss, and this feeling is strengthened in proportion to the extent to which the life touched society in its social, civil, political, financial, educational, and other respects.

"The friend and brother whose remains we have laid away in the faithful custody of the grave was a man among men, one of commanding personal appearance, great strength of mind and will, and possessing much self-reliant executive ability. He had thoughts on almost every question that touched his life, and the courage of his convictions. The removal of such a man from business enterprises, either by mental impairment or death, is always felt in the community as a public loss.

"I know little of Capt. Masters' life save, that his father was one of our pioneer ministers of the gospel, and his son often spoke of the straightened circumstances and trials of his father, in proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, in days when log houses and blazed roads were common. So vivid was this remembrance that Capt. Masters often spoke of making some provision to meet the wants of aged ministers who endured hardness for Jesus' sake.

The faith and hope of the father became about the only heritage of the son. In early life he sought the Saviour and experienced His grace. Henceforth the main current of his life—we speak not of side eddies

or infirmities—was to serve the Lord, and make the world the better of his having lived in it.

“In early life he followed the sea as a ship-master; afterward he built and owned vessels, and represented the French Lloyds in these Provinces. His ability and enterprise enabled him to amass a considerable fortune, a portion of which he expended in religious and educational work, with a breadth of intelligence beyond that of most others in similar circumstances, in his native Province. In St. John and St. Martins his church gifts, especially in the latter, are noticeable. The bell and town clock in this edifice are his donation. The Western Church largely was built by him, and the Seminary on the neighboring hill received from him the handsome cash donation of ten thousand dollars. This donation was the inducement which brought the Institution to your village, and whatever of worth it may be now, or in the future, his fellow citizens should cherish grateful remembrance of his noble gift as securing it.

“Owing chiefly to financial losses, coupled with the infirmity of four score years, the Captain’s mind for more than a year has been impotent and beclouded, but to his friends especially, and to us all, it is pleasing to know that conscious rationality was his in the last hours. He knew death was approaching, but had no fear. He had settled the matter with Christ with the exactitude to which he subjected all matters, and hopefully and peacefully, without a struggle, he took leave of his worn-out body till in resurrection power Jesus shall call it up for reunion with the happy spirit.

Ah, could we follow where they go,  
And pierce the holy shade they find,  
One grief were ours—to stay behind!  
One hope—to join the Blest Unseen,  
To plant our steps where theirs have been,  
And find no river rolls between!

“Capt Masters desired no eulogy pronounced at his funeral. In fact he arranged beforehand even minor matters in this connection, and left directions that remarks should be made on the following subject, which is an admixture of three texts: ‘Preach the word, declaring the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear.’ It seems that many years ago he heard the now venerable Dr. Bill preach on the first part, and was deeply moved by the sermon, so much so that when his first wife died he requested that Dr. Bill preach that sermon again. It shows one thing that our brother for many years has felt, that the great necessity of man demanded a faithful preaching of the gospel, and that this feeling was regnant in him to the last. . . . He desired a whole, un mutilated gospel preached, the love of God and the holiness of God, the mercy of God and the justice of God, the certainty of

salvation to the believer in Jesus and the certainty of the penalties of broken law, all the doctrines and the ordinances, in the order and in the proportion in which they are presented in the word of God. . . . Then he wanted this preaching persevered in irrespective of men’s likes or dislikes. Truth with him was absolute, it needed no relative adjusting to particular tastes. The tastes were to be conformed to the truth, and not the truth to the taste.

“To promote such proclamation our brother made large benefactions, and standing here as we do to-day on the hither, and he on the thither side Jordan, we urge you to heed this gospel—do all you can while living to promote it, and so act, if possible, that when departed your means shall still proclaim it as does our brother’s. ‘Be ye followers of them who through faith inherit the promises.’ Once they were mourners, &c. The grandest retrospect of a saved soul must be to see their means on earth as well as their souls in heaven praising God.

“We are here to-day; where shall we be to-morrow? One has said:

Life! we’ve been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Say not “Good Night,” but in some brighter clime  
Bid me “Good Morning.”

“Have Christ formed in you the hope of glory, then death gives place to life, time to eternity, earth to heaven forever with the Lord. Amen.”

RECITAL.

ON the evening of December 11th, a musical recital was given by the pupils of Prof. Annie Vaughan, assisted by Miss Kate Hopper, Messrs. E. A. Titus, D. Milton, and a sextette and chorus from the vocal departments.

The programme, as a whole, reflected much credit on the musical departments.

Those of Prof. Vaughan’s pupils who are in the last year’s work show the thoroughness and completeness of the training they have received, while those less advanced give promise of excellent execution. Much might be said of each number, but space will permit us to mention only the more striking ones.

The duet, “Poet and Peasant,” Suppe, by Misses Jessie Wallace and Mable Gross is deserving of special mention. The amount of expression put into it was particularly noticeable, showing a clear comprehension of the work. Miss Blanche Burnham’s solo was noticeable, and while the time was, perhaps, a little hurried,

yet the accuracy and smoothness with which the most difficult runs were executed was praiseworthy. The essay on "Mozart's Life," by Miss Hughes, was good, the essayist introducing, with telling effect, some very choice quotations. The vocal solos were well rendered and reflected much credit on Prof. March. Mr. Milton's solo, "Queen of the Earth," was especially enjoyed, and the closing chorus, "Good Night," shewed careful training.

The following is the programme :

<i>Mendelssohn.</i>	March.....	Miss Peters
<i>Wollenhaupt.</i>	Morceau Caracteristique, ..	Miss Blanche Burnham
<i>Diabelli.</i>	Duet, Op. 164, ...	Miss Hopper and Rourke
<i>Pinsuti.</i>	"Queen of the Earth," .....	D. Milton
<i>Spindler.</i>	Valse—"Aerienne," .....	Miss Lizzie Mack
<i>Suppe.</i>	Duet—"Poet and Peasant," ..	Misses Gross and Wallace
<i>Czerny.</i>	"Hunting Rondo," .....	Miss Lottie Rourke
<i>Rotoli.</i>	"Our King," .....	Miss Kate Hopper
	"Sketch of Mozart's Life," .....	Miss Hughes
<i>Mozart.</i>	Trio—"Mmuet," ..	Misses Wallace & Keith & Mr. Milton
<i>A. Durand.</i>	Valse, Op. 83, .....	Miss Churchill
<i>Lange.</i>	Duet—"Blumenlied," ..	Misses Steeves and Hoben and Messrs. Milton and Fawcett.
<i>Weber.</i>	"Invitation a la Valse," .....	Miss Gross
<i>Paul Rodney.</i>	"Calvary," .....	A. E. Titus
<i>Gurllite.</i>	"Northern Strains," .....	Emma Hopper
<i>Spindler.</i>	"Husariff," .....	Miss Hoben
	Chorus, "Good Night," from Opera of Dorothy.	

BOB D.

### THE VALUE OF READING.

"Reading maketh a full man."—BACON.

IN this age of books and newspapers, when for a trifle one can have access to all kinds of literature, it seems strange that so many of our young people are so ill-informed on current events. Ask our young men concerning the important events that are daily taking place in the world around them, and in many cases they have but a vague, or perhaps no idea of them. The same persons will tell you all about the Armada, the Fort-five, the Fall of Quebec, or other great events of the past. To be able to do so is, indeed, important; but there are many daily occurrences which will soon be written in the history of the past, and never will there be as good an opportunity for becoming informed on these things as the living present. With age come increased cares and responsibilities, and the leisure which young people have at their disposal is just the time for making themselves familiar with matters of this kind. Our school text books, admirable as they sometimes are, cannot wholly supply this information, nor can it be fully acquired in the school-room, and it is through our newspapers and magazines that

we must be largely indebted for a knowledge of the events that are taking place and the advancements that are being made. The boys and girls of to-day will be the directors of affairs in the near future; their attention will by and by be taken up with social, political, and scientific pursuits, and surely a knowledge of present things will be of great importance to them later on. The United States may have settled her Indian troubles, the Bohring-Sea difficulty may have been adjusted, Ireland may have obtained Home Rule, the Dark Continent may have been opened to the light, Edison and Dr. Koch may have startled the world with further discoveries in science—but questions just as great will have to be dealt with, and events just as important will occur.

With a reading-room such as we have here, fairly well supplied with the best literature of the day, and open to all, our young people are making a grave mistake if they do not take advantage of the privileges which it affords. In a reading-room where the literary matter is of such a miscellaneous character, what is to be selected? Now it is not the intention of the writer of this article to give a list of newspapers, books, or magazines, or even to recommend the writings of any particular author or authors, but it may be stated that every young man should have a knowledge of the politics of his country, and of the men who are directing the affairs of nations. Civil liberty is the birthright of every Britisher, and he should, therefore, be alive to what is going on in the state. It matters little to us if John Smith, of whom we have never heard before, did fall from a hay-mow and fracture his knee, or if two ruffians in New Orleans pommel each other, for the space of two hours, for \$500 a side; but when it comes to questions of national importance—when it is a question whether the United States shall annex Canada, or Canada annex the United States, it is worth being interested in.

Read books that contain something worth thinking about, that will have an influence towards building up character—for character you must have if you are to hold responsible and honorable positions—in short, read that which, on the authority of men of standing and influence in the best walks of life, are denominated *standard works*. By so doing you will keep abreast of the times, and have something to carry along with you through life that will be useful, not only to yourselves but also to those about you. Z.

Manners are not character, but they are dress of character. Character does not at once show for itself; manners show for it. Manners are the surface of the moment: they do not have to do with the depth and the long run; yet it is by the surface that we enter the depths and the moments make the long run.

*THE DESERTED VILLAGE.*

**F**Y far the sweetest and best of Goldsmith's poetical works is his "Deserted Village." It is written in that delicate and enchanting style so characteristic of both his prose and poetry. His beautiful thoughts seem to have flowed from him as easily as a song from the throat of a bird. Bishop Percy tells us that he sometimes wrote whole quires, and did not find it necessary to alter or correct a single word. One does not always agree with him in the thoughts expressed; but no one can criticise harshly the style of his composition or his use of grammatical concord.

Goldsmith possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power of description. All his scenes, events and people seem as real to us as if we had been living in the age in which they are presented to us. In our imagination we see his "Sweet Auburn." We feel the warm breath of its early spring, and delight in the balmy atmosphere of its lingering autumn. The farms and cottages, the brook with the mill beside it, the church on the hill, and the seats in the shade, are as familiar to us as if we had visited them one by one; while the simple pastimes of the people we can almost enter into and enjoy as if we were present.

Throughout his poem Goldsmith makes use of various figures. His similes are among the finest in the language. Even Shakespeare himself cannot boast of a simile equal to that which crowns the character of the village preacher.

We might almost say that this poem is divided into two distinct parts. There is no real separation, but certainly Goldsmith gives us two pictures of his early home, very unlike in even the most minute details. After several years absence from the place Goldsmith visits his native land. Instead of the pleasant and prosperous inhabitants of his early acquaintance he finds strangers. The numerous farms have been converted into parks and wasteland. The spots that were once so dear to him, all fallen into decay and ruin. They only remind him of the past. What was once the house of the village preacher is now only a sadly neglected garden. He cannot partake of the hospitality of this Godly and affectionate man. His labors of love and mercy are over; but his memory is dear to many whom he has helped and comforted. The old school-house recalls the stern but able master who, in his day, astonished the villagers with his knowledge and his scholars with his "rule."

Goldsmith attributes this great change to the effects of trade and wealth. He seems to think that where wealth and luxury abound honest labor cannot exist. Well, perhaps it was so then, but I hardly agree with

him. One does not find it so in our own day. Goldsmith thought that with the tide of wealth came vice and idleness as well. The land was left untilled, and the products neglected. The peasants, unable to subsist, are compelled to leave the country. The city, with its vice and sin, is not the place for them; their whole nature is averse to it. They must seek a home beyond the Atlantic, where vice and folly are unknown.

Very touchingly does Goldsmith describe their departure. Their homes are dear to them and cannot be given up without a struggle. But those to whom the yoke is heaviest are the first to put it on. The aged father is the first to seek a new home for his loved ones. One by one they join him. How different is the picture we have of the solitude of this wild and dangerous land and that of their former happy home. Goldsmith has some inconsistency in the way he speaks of America, but perhaps he may have had an object in doing so. He may have wished to discourage the people from going in such numbers from their native land.

At the close of his poem Goldsmith makes an appeal to poetry, as that alone of the finer arts which can help redress the wrongs of nations. He calls upon the poet to urge men to slight the luxuries of wealth and strive for that humble independence which can make and keep them happy.

M.

A LARGE and appreciative audience greeted Mr. A. O. Babel, the cow boy pianist, and Miss Mattie Babel, at Seminary Hall, on the evening of January 23rd. The whole performance was deserving of the greatest praise. Mr. Babel electrified the audience by his wonderful execution, and there can be no doubt that in his line he is unexcelled. He seemed to throw his whole soul into the work and to forget himself in his art. Placing a covering over the keyboard of the piano he gave an exhibition of "how they play in Texas," and performed apparently with as much ease as before. The toothpick solo was a new feature and was well executed. Miss Babel's playing on the cornet was excellent. Some of her productions were the richest and sweetest we have ever heard. We had only to regret that the end of the entertainment came so soon. We trust that we may have the pleasure of listening to them again at an early date.

Come again Babel,  
For you are quite able  
To astonish us all through your trade.  
And bring your wife-sister,  
For much we have missed her,  
Since the cornet so sweetly she played.

To serve a short time and fill it, is far better than a long and idle life.



### THE SHIPWRECK.

**A**T the time of the beginning of my narrative our trim bark, the "Blue Wing," lay becalmed on the Atlantic, twenty-three degrees north of the equator, and sixty degrees west longitude.

Two weeks before, we had set sail from New York for Hayti, for a cargo of sugar, with a light steady wind from the eastward.

We carried every yard of canvass that could be set, and for a whole week we scarcely had to furl a sail or change a sheet.

We were congratulating ourselves on the prospects of a prosperous and pleasant voyage; but on the morning of the tenth day the wind shifted to the north and west, and by noon had completely fallen. The calm continued four days. It seemed as if all nature had fallen asleep; not a breath of wind ruffled the slumbering sea; not a speck of land was in sight, nothing but a shining sheet of water as far as the strained eyes could see. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, save, when ruffled by sharks and shoals of small fish which kept in near distance, to catch whatever might be thrown overboard.

On the evening of the thirteenth day, the sun sank into the sea like a blazing mass of fire, shedding flames of golden light upon the heavens and the placid sea. Soon, however, the sky in the west changed from golden to a peculiar copper color. The captain appeared anxious, and after a time, ordered all the canvass to be furled with the exception of the spanker, and fore-top-gallant-sail, and everything put in order for a gale.

Next morning, contrary to our expectation, the sea was as smooth as ever; but as the sun arose from the water, it cast a dead leaden color upon the deck and rigging of the ship. The air was burning hot and apparently laden with sulphur, so that it seemed as if we would suffocate. At three o'clock, a strange haze arose from the sea, so dense as to hide the sun. Long even swells, like silent spies, came out of the mists in the distance, and passed out of sight on the other side.

About six o'clock, the sky in the east assumed a threatening aspect, and the blackness began rapidly to spread over the heavens, like a thousand evil spirits hanging a cloud of doom over our devoted ship. Occasionally, from the westward came the rumbling of thunder, sounding in the distance like the discharge of cannon. Every man was at his post, and the gallant "Blue Wing," like some animate being, waited the attack of the storm. She had not long to wait. Swifter than eagles it swept down upon her; its march was no longer with faint mutterings, but with a continuous roar, as the advance of a thousand cavalry. Flames of light-

ning burst from the inky skies, until heaven and water seemed a sea of fire, followed by peals of thunder that seemed to rend the very heavens from their foundation. By the glare of the lightning we could see at a distance, an angry wall of foam, seething, boiling, whirling, and like an evil, unconquerable spirit, sweeping upon us. We felt a sheet of wind-blown spray in our faces, and the next moment the storm was upon us. For a moment, the noble ship trembled as a wounded bird, then a mountainous sea swept her deck, laying her upon her beam ends, and with the report of a cannon, the fore-top-gallant-sail burst from its ropes. It seemed as if all the fiends from the lower pit had assaulted us. The air was full of shrieking, whistling, howling spirits, and streams of lightning like brazen, fiery serpents, seemed almost to be twining round and through the bow and anchor-chains. The seas were rolling in mountains over our ship, sweeping off everything that was not securely fastened. A huge sea had stove in a part of the main hatch, through which torrents of water was pouring into the hold. Our ship lay like a log, upon her beam ends, and fearing she would fill, the captain gave the command to cut away the masts. A few strokes of the sharp axe were all that was needed. There was a sharp report, a breaking and snapping of spars, yards and ropes. Slowly and heavily she began to right, the water pouring in sheets from her decks, and again crowding in mountains upon her as if determined to swallow her up forever. She triumphed however, and in a few minutes she was upon her keel and being driven like a kite before the tempests.

We realized that for the present we were out of imminent danger, for our ship was strong and well calculated to ride out a storm. As long as we kept at sea we were all right; but herein came the trouble. The wind was blowing from the north-east, and if it continued to blow thus all night, by daylight we would be upon one of the West India islands. Everything in the shape of a spar had been carried away; so we could get no sail on her, and therefore our bark was unmanageable, and at the mercy of the winds.

We had only to wait. Two men stood at the wheel and endeavored to prevent her falling into the trough of the seas. How slowly the hours crept. Each minute seemed an hour, and each hour an age. All night the storm raged without intermission or pause. All night the thunders rolled and crashed above us, and the lightning sent its awful bolts of fire through the heavens. Cold and weary and wet we stood upon the deck, straining our eyes for some trace of land, and yet breathing an inward prayer that we might not see any. To strike a rock or island meant shipwreck, and perhaps death, for it would be almost impossible to

reach shore with the sea that was running. No pen can describe one "jot or tittle" of the sufferings we endured that night, and it was with thankful hearts that we hailed the first streams of daylight. When it became light the scene about us was one of awful grandeur and sublimity. The whole ocean, as far as the eye could reach, was a boiling, whirling, seething mass of foam.

The captain went below, and soon returned with his glass and looked in the distance. A cry of terror burst from his lips—"My God, boys, there is land!"

With eager eyes each of us looked, and in the distance could see what we knew to be land, washed with mountainous waves. We knew it would be impossible to run our ship clear of the island, and therefore our only hope was in our lifeboat. An hour later we could see the island stretching away to the east and west, and battered by seas that, infuriated at the resistance offered them, broke like drifts of snow over the black rocks.

As time fled we drew nearer and nearer the fatal rocks. Directly ahead of us appeared to be a reef of rocks, over which the seas were breaking with awful fury, but inside this wall was a space of water comparatively smooth. If our ship struck there we might, in our lifeboat, start on the crest of a wave and be borne over the reef. This one chance for life inspired us with new hope and ambition, and we made preparations for the struggle, in which we were to be successful or swallowed up for ever.

Our ship was leaking badly, and so great was the amount of water within her that she scarcely rose upon the swells, and huge sheets of water swept her decks from bow to stern. A moment more and we would be upon the rocks. A huge wave caught her, carried her along, and sent her upon the rocks with such force as to send us headlong upon the deck, and stove in her bow. The next sea lifted her again, and hurled her upon the rocks with such force as to break some of the main beams that supported the deck, and laid her upon her beam ends.

Now for the attempt to man the life boat. Each realized the danger, and that what was done, must be done quickly. We secured the life-boat with a cable rope, and lowered her over the lee rail. At a given signal, we jumped in and seized an oar, and at the proper moment the man in the bow severed the cable. Like an arrow we shot from the wreck, each man straining every muscle of arm and body to keep upon the summit of the wave. Would it carry us over, or would it pass from us leaving the boat upon the rocks. A moment would decide the question; the former meant possible life, the latter, certain death.

Swift as an eagle we were carried over the reef, and then, for a moment it seemed as if we would be swallowed up forever; but our boat, having air-tight compartments, could not sink, and a moment later, we were clear of the foaming reef and landed upon the shore, where, with thankful hearts we offered thanks to Him, who, though he had not said unto the waves "peace be still," had nevertheless delivered us from the angry sea.

As we stood for a moment watching the waves marching upon and sweeping over the wreck, a huge wave struck her midship and divided her. One part sank beneath the waters, while the angry waves continued their work of destruction upon the other half.

F. A. CURRIER.

### THE MAN IN THE MOON.

HIS most celebrated character, who occupies so conspicuous a position before the eyes of the world, is unquestionably the most ancient personage of whom the inhabitants of this sphere have any knowledge. He certainly knows the secret of holding his age well, for he came into existence about a century after the creation, and although he is rather gray, his eyes are as bright, and his strength and activity as great as when he first took possession of his present position.

The "Man" is very fond of travelling. The Moon and he are inseparable; so he carries it with him wherever he goes, and takes care of it. We are told in astronomy that he travels at the rate of 54,000 miles a day. The earth seems to have great attraction for him, as he spends his whole time revolving around it, though at a great distance away, as if he were half afraid.

His name is unequalled for simplicity; he bears no christian name, and his family name is unknown. This was lost by a sad accident. A comet went whirling around the moon, and by its extreme swiftness ignited the parchments containing the record of this celebrated family. It is thought by some that Mother Goose is a near relative of his, as she seems to know more about his habits than any one else. If the "cow" she tells about, that jumped over the moon, could be found, we might get quite a lot of information from her, as she had a good chance for overlooking his movements.

Perhaps a few remarks about his personal appearance would not be out of place here. His countenance is very open, but lacking in expression, and if one sees only his full face, it has anything but an animated expression. But there is a fact that cannot be contradicted; although his features are very good, he is either all head and face, or his body is so small as to make him deformed, according to our physiological ideas.

It is said that "green cheese" is the "Man's" chief article of food. No doubt, he often gets tired of this one thing, and wishes for a greater variety. Mother Goose tells us a story which favors the truth of this supposition. One day he became very hungry and craved something else besides "green cheese," so he concluded to come down to the abode of men for something different. Early one morning, after arranging things so that the moon could get along without him for a while, he started riding on a ray of light at his usual rate, and reaching the earth within four or five days. It was just about noon when he arrived at Norwich, where Mother Goose is supposed to have lived, and sat down with her to a dinner of cold plum porridge. The scene that follows baffles description. It is enough to say that he burnt his mouth while eating, and after this experience he returned to the moon, where he has lived ever since.

His principal occupation at present seems to consist in taking a general survey of the earth, and keeping its waters in continual agitation; but sometimes he exerts a mysterious influence over people, which produces queer effects. Frequently we hear of people being "moon struck" while taking an evening walk. This is not as instantly fatal as sun-stroke; but it is said to be more lasting.

Some old bachelors say, that the reason girls look at the moon so much is because there is a man in it, but whether this is true or not I'll leave it to the girls to decide. M.

### RECREATION.

A GREAT deal is said in our paper about the work done by the students during the term. But as one who is extremely fond of the other side of the question, I think a few lines on it will not be out of place. If any of us happen to be the "dull boy," we cannot attribute it to "all work and no play." We must look elsewhere for the cause of it. It is true most of us find plenty to employ our time and keep our hands from mischief; but as often as the days come to us, so often are we allowed to throw aside "dull care" and enjoy ourselves as we please for a few hours.

The morning does not afford us this opportunity; but as soon as dinner is over we may take our recreation. The young ladies are allowed to go to the village or elsewhere outside the limits of the school grounds, until half past two, when the gentlemen are allowed the same privilege for the next hour.

Often the base-ball grounds afford more pleasure than the walk to the village, as on fine days the boys have been in the habit of playing this favourite game.

Now that its day is past for a time, we are looking forward to skating, snowshoeing, etc., for our afternoon pastime. Should any prefer remaining in the building, co-education kindly allows both sexes to mingle freely in the halls for a time, and enjoy each other's society. At 3.30 we must return to our studies for two hours. But it is a pleasure to do so. We have prepared our brain for the tax to be put upon it, by a few hours healthy exercise. After supper we have nearly an hour more in which to refresh ourselves for the evening studies. Of course none are allowed out of the building during this hour. As a consequence this hall usually presents a merry scene. In happy groups the students and teachers promenaded the long hall, or gathered in little knots to talk and laugh the hour away. Again in the evening, the students, in their respective departments, makes themselves both seen and heard for the half hour between the close of the days study hours, and the time for retiring.

Saturday, being a holiday, is an exception to the regular school-day routine. The gentlemen are allowed all the morning for exercise outside the grounds, and the ladies the afternoon. Students generally know how to take advantage of any privileges given them, and we are no exception to the rule. Their long hours are made the occasion of frequent visits to the village and surrounding country.

Thus between study and recreation our time passes pleasantly; and we are all looking forward eagerly to the short vacation just before us, when books will be laid aside for a few weeks and Christmas with its joys gladden all our hearts.

### CURLEY'S TEMPTATION.

CURLEY knew it was Sunday. All his dog-conscience was alive to the fact, as he sat on the broad stone door-step and looked off over the mountains where the road led down into South Cornwall. Of course he knew it was Sunday. Were not the cows milked early and didn't he drive them up "Pond Hill" feeling, like many another busy worker, that it would be a long day until he brought them home at night. It was still, too; no shouting at oxen, no rattle of carts, only a soft rustle as pa, in his shiny black coat, turned the leaves of the big Bible.

Mother was sitting by with folded hands, lacking the week-day knitting. Curley looked at her sympathetically, and wondered if she felt as he did. Her temptation would not be squirrels, but it might be knitting. She was not going to have the relief of going to meeting, for "the girls" were away, so that she must stay and keep the house, and Curley feared she would yield to

the knitting. He thought Tom never would come down, and when he heard, faint and far, the first bell ring he whined and thumped the step with his bushy tail.

Father closed the Bible, took up his hat and called: "We'll be late. Tom, first bells ringing"

"Yes, pa, coming," answered a strong voice from above, and the young fellow hurried down.

Curley was on his feet in a minute, gave a short bark of delight and started along. Dandy and Bashaw, with heads over the pasture bars, watched them pass and wondered at their own unwonted holiday, for when the women-folk went to church there was a family load instead of the two men tramping along the quiet country ways. Curley gave them a frisky farewell bark and trotted ahead.

They had gone down the steep hill, across the brook, and were climbing Prindle hill when Curley fell into a temptation.

Now, Curley knew what Sabbath manners were. He had strengthened his heart against all the wiles of red squirrels or chipmunks. They might pop out of unexpected holes, whisk along the wall, or rail at him from the top of the bar post—he would have nothing to say to them. He hoped no woodchuck would try his patience, but he believed that even if one were eating clover in the "medder lot" he should be able to reserve his vengeance until another day.

O, self-confident dog! You little dream of the temptations before you.

Just as they reached the half-moon lot, Curley saw a sight that made every hair on his body tingle as if with an electric shock. There, in the centre of the field, was a stout old woodchuck sitting on end, giving battle to a red fox. Chuckie sat up manfully, ready to defend himself with his savage teeth, while Foxie slyly swept around him, just bending the clover tops with his red brush, watching for a chance to take his enemy at a disadvantage. But Chuckie was old and experienced and turned a bold face to his foe at every point. Now, oh, Curley, where are your Sabbath vows? Gone in the twinkling of an eye. With one short bark, almost strangled with his excitement, he shot over the wall.

Even father exclaimed, "That beats all!" And I am afraid Tom shouted "Ste-eboy."

Chuckie gallantly turned to receive the charge of his new enemy, while Foxie, too courteous to attack him two to one, withdrew to a little distance and sat erect on end with smiling countenance to watch the fun. Poor Chuckie felt that the odds were against him. He did not feel sure of Foxie's neutrality and he could not keep his face to both at once. So, after turning Curley's second attack, he gave up his position and tried to beat a hasty retreat to his hole in the wall.

Alas, poor Chuckie! Did you not know that your enemy was better in the legs than you and that you had no rear guard? A short run, a scuffle, one or two angry shakes and Chuckie lay dead on the trodden clover.

Now, not only was Curley's Sunday broken, but the lust of slaughter was so roused within him that he thought himself equal to any hound, although he was only an honest farm dog. Never stopping to look at his masters (ought they not to have called him off?) he dashed at Foxie.

Poor Curley! Foxie fairly laughed in his face, and rising gracefully, moved off easily, with no exertion, keeping just out of Curley's reach, and yet so aggravatingly near that the tip of his red tail almost tickled the frantic dog's nose. Curley followed wrathfully for one or two rounds, then paused for breath, while Foxie wheeled around him as he had around the departed woodchuck, grinning all the while most insolently.

Curley now tried new tactics. Remembering that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, he began charging on Foxie in a direct and headlong fashion. Foxie knew a trick worth two of that, and enlarged his circle each time, so that he was always just beyond Curley's reach.

At last, after he had proved to every one but Curley that he was as safe in the same lot with the honest dog as if Curley had been a sheep, Foxie jumped the wall and trotted leisurely away.

Curley showed the blindness of his conceit by a little bark that said as plainly as words: "There, you see, he is beaten; don't wait for me. I'll bring him back when I've finished him," and started in pursuit.

Father and Tom, now that the fun was over, hastened on, ashamed of being late for so frivolous a cause. They reached the top of Prindle hill, and began the descent toward the village, and still Curley did not come.

"Well," Tom said, "he can't follow by scent, but he'll run as long as the fox stays in sight."

"I guess, then, he'll run all day," father laughed. "I never saw such a cool customer as that fox in my life!"

Just then Curley came through the huckleberry pasture and jumped the wall. Demure was no name for his appearance. He could hardly breathe, he was so fagged, but his whole attitude was meant to impress an observer with the fact that he was a sedate and orderly dog, who had just been taking a stroll for Sunday meditation. He refused to look at his masters and started ahead as if anxious to be at meeting on time.

But hardly had Curley jumped down one side of the wall, when, like a little imp, up popped Foxie on the other.

"Did you ever see such impudence?" Tom cried. "Sick-em, Curley!" But Curley was bound for meeting, and only gave a slight growl as if he would say: "Where, I should like to know, are your principles? Come, we are late," and hurried on.

Foxie, with his paws resting on the top of the wall, ears raised, and the same malicious smile, watched them out of sight.

Curley never again tried to be a fox-hound. He henceforth kept the Sabbath rigidly, and looked neither to the right hand nor the left on his way to church.

ANNIE S.

### A BOY WHO FOR SOME SELFISH PURPOSE PUT THE CLOCK BACK AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED

**T**HE small town of B— had but one school-house, and to this the people sent their children to be educated.

One little boy of about nine years of age was attending this school. He did not like it very well, so one night, being too lazy to study his lessons, he commenced running over in his head all the little schemes he could think of, to make him late for school the next day. Finally he came to the conclusion that to set the clock back would be the only way to accomplish his purpose, so he waited for a good chance.

His father was out during the evening, so he and his mother were alone. His mother had to leave the sitting-room to go to the kitchen and he thought, "Well, here is my chance," so he jumped up on a chair, pushed the long hand back thirty minutes, and down he jumped again, just as his mother came in. She heard the noise, and asked him what it was about. The boy said he had heard no noise; so there the matter dropped.

His bed-time came after a little. He kissed his mother good night; but somehow he did not enjoy that kiss as much as formerly. He went to bed, but could not go to sleep for a long time. At last he dropped off into a doze.

In the morning upon waking, the first thing he thought of was the clock, and wondered if they had found out and put it ahead again. He got his breakfast and started for school, in lots of time by their clock; but on arriving there, he found that school had been in some time, so, determining not to go in late, he went back home and told his mother. She let him stay at home that morning; but did not notice the clock until it was time to get dinner.

When her husband came home at noon the dinner was not nearly ready. Having a very important engagement at one o'clock he was compelled to go without

his dinner. All went on well until tea-time, when the father again returned and tea was not ready. Upon comparing his watch with the clock he found the clock half an hour slow; he asked his wife if she had put it back, she said she had not touched it. Then noticing his son in the room, asked him if he knew anything about it. The boy not being able to look his father in the eyes, and feeling his face get redder and redder, thought he had better tell the truth, so he confessed that he had done it. The father felt very badly to think that his son would do such a thing. Nevertheless, he felt that he should be punished, or he would be likely to do so again. So he knidly asked him to make a trip up stairs with him, to which his son consented with as good grace as could be expected on such an occasion. The boy's conscience troubled him greatly, as he was not yet a hardened sinner. Thus we see he received several punishments; he had grieved his parents and worried himself, besides getting "his feelings hurt by Mr. Birch."

A.

### PERSONALS.

G. C. Crabbe, '92, one of our theological students, has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Newcastle.

He made us a short visit the other day and has returned to his field of labor. We wish him success, as he is an earnest worker.

Thomas Todd, '91, lectured during the vacation in several places.

J. W. Keirstead, '92, supplied the churches in Penfield and Beaver Harbour, during the holidays.

D. Long, spent his vacation at Dover, during which time he preached in the F. C. Baptist Church of that place.

Prof. Lewis spent the holidays with his friends and relations, at his home in Moncton.

D. W. Milton, one of our old students, who made music a speciality, has not returned this term. He will be missed, as he assisted much in making our entertainments a success.

I. Colwell, '91, labored with the church at Hillsboro during the holidays.

M. Addison, '91, recently supplied the pulpit at the Baptist Mission, Haymarket Square for the Rev. E. Ingram.

Another teacher has been added to the staff of professors, Mrs. Spenser, who was formerly a teacher in Acadia Seminary.

Prof. and Mrs. Trefry spent the holidays at home—Barrington, N. S.

Miss Annie Vaughan, professor of instrumental music, spent the vacation in Boston, taking special studies in her profession.

B. Waugh, '91, supplied the second Moucton Baptist Church during vacation.

Among the new students of this term is Miss Matilda Fillmore of Harvery, Albert Co., who has been appointed by the Foreign Missionary Board as a missionary to India.

Prof. McLeod, teacher of English, spent her vacation at home in Fredericton.

W. R. Reud, assisted Rev. Wm. Downey at Keswick and Marysville during vacation.

Prof. M. E. Lyford, our preceptress, spent her vacation at home in Bangor, Me.

Rev. Isaiah Wallace, M. A., supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church, during the past two weeks. He also held special services which have resulted in much good. Mr. Wallace graduated from the old Seminary in 1849. Since then, in association with Dr. Day, he held the position of Principal of the Seminary for a short time.

F. A. Currier, '92, has spent his vacation delivering temperance lectures in various parts of the province.

Miss M. G. Powell, prof. of elocution, spent the holidays at Boston.

During the holidays Dr. Hopper worked for the interest of the Seminary. He also preached the dedication sermon of the New Baptist Church at Sackville.

Prof. March enjoyed the holidays at home in St. John, with his relatives and many friends.

Prof. Jenny Hopper, teacher of decorative art, remained at the Seminary during the vacation.

TID-BITS.

One of our students, who was late returning, must have been detained by a great *hill*.

"You better go out and wash your face and comb your hair."

Small boys will please keep their places after this, for the good of their health, and oblige the club.

What is the matter with the bell?

"Jamaica Ginger"—poor Tom

It was a shame to leave him in the hall; who will be the next?

He would be a Man.—"Poor boy in the long trousers."

Great Consolation.—Prof. to students: "Young gentlemen, you may see the old maids and widows home, but not *our* young ladies."

Jim ———, Woodstock.—Hurry up with those chocolates.

Why did one of our students sit on the floor.

"Certainly there are brains in the institution."

"I move and second the motion."

Padlocks are not to be moved, neither are keys to be thrown in the bath-tub.

Who was the rooster in the Squire's summer-house?

"Excuse me."

Prof.: "That is not sense, nor good nonsense."

Will the student who is anxious that the Prof. should have a piece of bread please take it into his room, and not leave it at his door.

"I second the motion—say, what was the motion that I just seconded?"

"Another bean, please."

"Is he going to sail?" "I don't know; but he goes near the creek quite frequently."

Ice-cream for seven; ginger tea for six.

"Oh ———!"

"And who, Miss ———, was the author of Paradise Lost?"

"And I will give you a paper of pins,  
For that's the way that love begins."

Professor: "Give an example of epigram." Student: "Man is too foolish to be wise."

Our new Deacon.

"All you have to do is wait."

Soft Matter.—Look out for the cracks in the hall floor.

"Why don't you pop the question?"

"Wife and mother."

"Kiss and make up."

But the brown bread that they longed for—never came.

Young man to young lady No. 1: "What is the matter, Miss D——?" Young lady No. 2: "O leave her alone; they are stock-taking."

"Oh for a man!"

"Where do you put that heifer?"

"Baby."

S. T. and B.

Oysters for nine.

Girls *do* hand me a chair, quick

Which one of the young ladies got left on the door racket?

What caused such a *cloud* of gray smoke in the parlor last Sunday evening?

Oh! say girls, how in the world will I ever answer this invitation, for I have not got a *single* envelope

### EXCHANGES.

We send New Year's greeting to all our exchanges. The Christmas number of the *Argosy* appears with a hearty greeting to all. Its new dress is tasteful and pleasing. It contains the cuts of the faculty, and has some pleasing articles on Christmas time.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* is at hand, neat and interesting as usual. Its article, "The Bible as a Text Book in College," is worthy of attention.

*Acadia Athenæum*, with a pleasanter look than usual, given, no doubt by its new cover, is at hand. True to itself it claims that "Politics and Christianity" are co-operative. "The Jew in England," is a pleasing article.

Also received, *The King's College Record*, and *University Monthly*, each containing articles of interest.

### OUR SOCIETIES.

*Eclectic*—The following are the officers elected for the present term: President, Mr. Waugh; Vice President, Miss Kate Hopper; Secretary, Miss L. Hughes; Treasurer, Mr. Seelye; Critic, Miss Powell; Managing Committee—Mr. Bridges; Miss Steeves, Mr. J. Titus.

*Christian Association*—The new officers are: President, Mr. Addison; Vice-President, ————; Secretary, Mr. Reid; Managing Committee—Messrs. H. Hopper and Waugh, and Misses Peters and Hughes. Look-out Committee—Misses Hoben and Keith, and Messrs. Seelye and Thorne. At the same meeting at which the officers were elected, it was resolved that a public meeting be held in the chapel on one Sunday evening in evening in each month. If possible, speakers from outside will be present to address the students.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Miss Georgene Vaughan, 50 cents; Mr. Jacob Titus, 50c.; Eliza Rourke, 50c.; A. Fownes, 20c.; John McCutchin, 50c.; S. Bruce, 50c.; David Strong, 25c.; Harry Rourke, 50c.; Geo. Crabbe, 50c.; Mrs. C. T. White, 50c.; A. L. Price, 50c.; M. Atkinson, 50c.; Mrs. N. C. Calhoun, 50c.; Mrs. W. F. Parker, 50c.; J. Harry King, 50c.; A. S. White, 50c.; Rev. M. B. Shaw, 50c.; Mrs. H. A. Calhoun, \$1.00; Rev. G. F. Currie, 50c.; John Stammers, 50c.; A. C. Day, 50c.; W. B. Jones, 50c.; Mrs. Kingston, 50c.; Nellie Embree, 50c.; Louise Trites, 50c.; G. W. Titus, 50c.; Rev. Thos. Todd, 50c.; H. V. Moran, 30c.; William Campbell, 30c.; A. E. S. Hatfield, 50c.; Mrs. M. M. Scribner, 50c.; A. H. Crowell, \$1.00; H. H. Reid, 50c.; Annie Steeves, 50c.; Mamie Keith, 50c.; F. W. Titus, 50c.; E. B. Seelye, 50c.; P. S. Hanson, 50c.; R. H. Davis, 50c.; Miss Hoben, 50c.; Miss Hughes, 50c.; Brewer Waugh, 50c.; Miss Hanson, 50c.; Miss Murphy, 50c.; W. B. Webb, 30c.; Miss Violet Kirk, 30c.; Alice M. Read, 30c.; Lottie Steeves, 30c.; Maggie Graham, 30c.; Miss McLeod, 50c.; Miss Lizzie White, 50c.; Miss Minnie Colwell, 50c.; Silas W. Thorne, 50c.; H. V. Condell, 30c.; H. V. Dewar, 30c.

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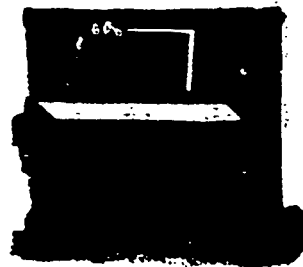
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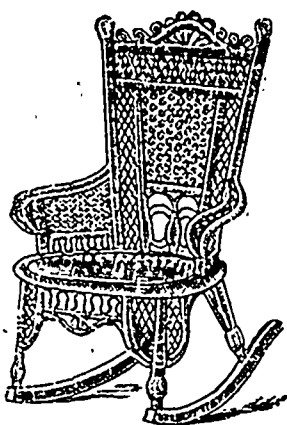
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