

Acadia College

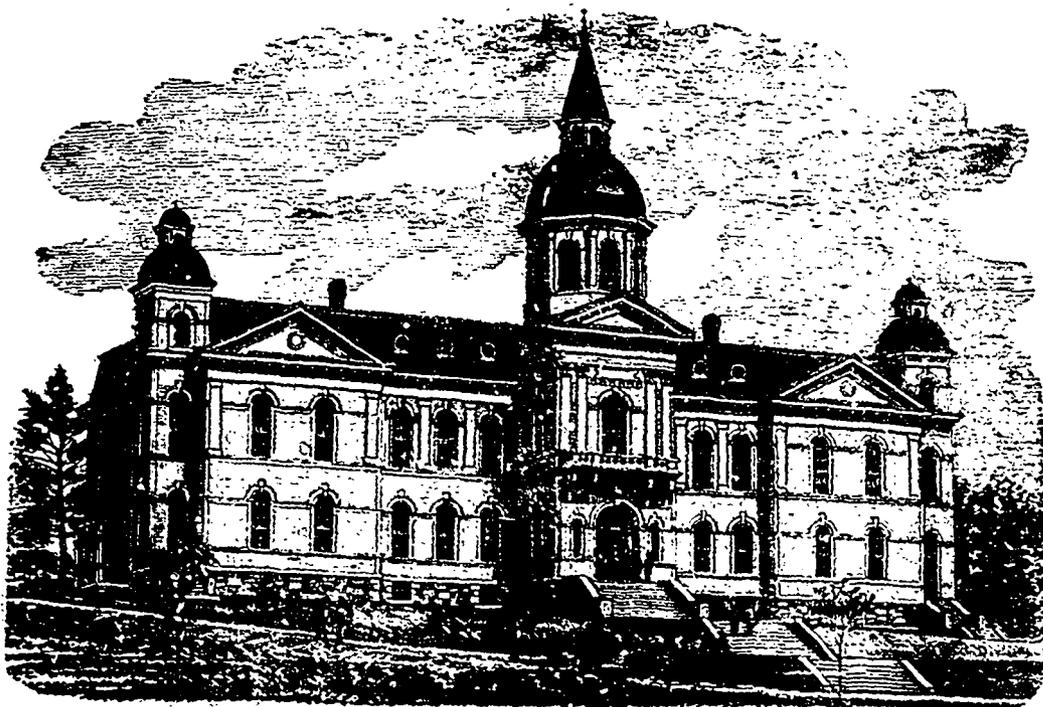
ACADIA ATHLETICUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY, 1888.

No. 3.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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THE
Acadia Athenæum.

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One Copy per Year, \$1.00. Postage prepaid.

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

→* The Sanctum. *←

WE wish all our fellow-students, all our teachers, and all our readers a happy New Year.

CORNELL University has completely abolished the marking system, and Columbia is on the verge of following her example. The main object of this movement is to help take away from the student all lower aims and induce him to seek knowledge and a trained mind solely for their own intrinsic worth. We are not prepared to advocate the same change at our own institutions; but we are prepared to say that if there is one student at Acadia who is "working for marks" he ought to be heartily ashamed of himself. His business is immensely small. Someone has said that wit is a very good thing, provided a man loves something else ten thousand times better than wit. So with marks. It is only natural and commendable for a student to want to make good standing in his class, but, if he knows what is best, he will want ten

thousand times as much to make good progress in his studies. When the true incentives to mental toil are present in the soul; when he opens his eyes and looks at the world; when he lifts up his eyes and looks out of the world; when he shuts his eyes and looks into the world that rushes and breathes and struggles in his own breast, learning what he is made for and what is made for him, then he has a grand ambition, and the value of the professor's pencil sinks into nothingness.

IN a recent issue of *The Examiner*, a writer on "The Abolition of Marking," makes a somewhat startling statement. He says: "College men who are the soul of honor among themselves, will lie to a professor, will cheat in recitations, and regard it all as a part of the game." "The soul of honor among themselves!" "The soul of honor anywhere!" Can men be the soul of honor among themselves and yet not be the soul of honor everywhere? Can a man who is the *soul of honor* act dishonorably? If he cannot, then, according to the above statement, it is not dishonorable to "lie to a professor" or "cheat in recitations." A strange use the world is getting to make of that word "honor." But we will not parley over words. Anyway, the character referred to is not the "soul" of *honesty*, nor so much as the shell of an honest man. Whoever lies to a professor is a liar, and whoever cheats him is a rogue. We may be on the broad road to pessimism, lunacy and ruin, but we believe there is no need of building colleges for men who want to "get an education" by any such means. They can cheat just as well at home and have a great deal better chance. No *honest* man, let him be good student, poor student, or no student, need be troubled about his marks. If he is worthy to be passed along through college generally he will be passed. If he is not worthy of it, he will not want it. A soul aflame with honesty would kindle to the finger-tips and scorch into a public conflagration any parchment from the President's hand not earned by honest toil.

“IF a boy is not a man at twenty, the probabilities are that he never will be a man.” It makes no difference who wrote the above sentence. The question is, is it true? It is a plain statement and worthy of careful consideration, even, if in some cases, it should prove a little discouraging. That there are exceptions it would be foolish to deny; that it is generally true we will not try to prove, but the most of the time we believe it, and the rest of the time we feel sure. Anyway it would be no harm for a fellow to *try* to be a man by the time he is twenty, although some seem to think it would be kind of foolish and wicked. It would be no harm for him to commence to try when he is only fourteen or fifteen, or as soon as he comes to the Academy. If he cannot be a man without a cigar he had better save up his pennies and buy one as soon as he can. If he cannot be a man without swearing and cards and rum, without bombast, conceit and florida water, without love of the truth, honesty, good sense and a kind heart, without indifference to the future, disrespect to himself, disregard to the right of others and bullragging the weaker; if he cannot be a man without scorning at all that is good and true, without striving after purity of heart, without yielding to every lust, without the companionship of the vile, without despising father and mother, without struggling to be like the best man that ever walked the earth and living not for himself, then the sooner he commences the better.

IF it is possible to feel the loss of anything without ever really having it in possession, we believe the experience has been ours. We purchased a large, interesting looking work last year, written originally by a philosopher, John Stuart Mill, and since mutilated by an American author, whose chief recommendation, so far as we can discover, is an apparently inexhaustible amount of presumption. The work is one on political economy, and we looked forward to an interesting course of study in a branch of science as universally needed as it was with us unsatisfactory. We were disappointed if not disgusted, not however with the subject the principles taught, the doctrines set forth, (so far as we anticipated them) nor in the manner in which the work was handled by the professors who had charge of the departments, for they made the most of every minute and opportunity, and

to a degree highly appreciated by those who had the benefit of their lectures, but in the pitifully short time which is allotted to the study of its principles, and the unsystematic division of even the portion that is given. One, lone, solitary hour per week running through one college year, or, counting out the loss for accidents, holidays, omissions, periods for examination, we have left probably twenty-five hours out of four years, devoted to one of the most important subjects in the whole range of English studies. The matter is too bad to be ridiculous. A subject of this kind has to be an unusually interesting one to hold the attention during a week's intermission, and when this happens not once but is continued, it is almost impossible to pursue it advantageously. The connection is lost; interest flags if it ever was generated at all, and the whole matter assumes the proportions of a solemn farce enacted weekly and with the same old company to play and no audience to appreciate. To cap the climax, however, just as a fair start has been made, and some of the leading questions loom up out of the fog of doubt and chaos, clear and well defined, thus impelling you to greater exertions for closer and more thorough examination, down go the sails, out runs the anchor and we are anchored hard and fast in the mud flats of June. The voyage is over; our cargo of political economy, it is safe to say, will hardly pay the freight.

Mill is one authority, yet only a mere smattering of even his work is mastered. Smith, Cairns, Malthus, besides a host of other eminent English writers, to say nothing of French and American authors, are wholly out of the question.

That a knowledge of the principles of political economy is most important is, perhaps, scarcely worth remarking; some of the grandest disasters in the affairs of nations of which we read in history, within a comparatively recent period, at least have had their origin in the grossly erroneous views which they cherished of the foundations of wealth, commerce and industry. It is a subject with which the *people* should be familiar. Mere ignorance causes them to rail at what they are pleased to call “theorists;” with many indeed, anything that savors of theory is deemed worthy of immediate and unqualified condemnation. This they justify on the same ground that they “stand by the faith of their fathers;” just what the faith is is known only and exclusively to themselves. To the

statesman a knowledge of the great questions stirring this nineteenth century is absolutely indispensable. The labour question, liquor interest, money market, trade relations, and a thousand others are of absorbing interest, and to-day are engrossing the thoughts of some of the most profound thinkers of the world, and are capable of solution only by a searching study of the principles which this science teach when viewed in its broadest sense. It is said that even the *politicians* have paid some little attention to the matter lately, but we imagine that this is only another attempt on the part of their traducers to ruin their characters. At any rate we refuse to believe them guilty.

But it may be said that it is far easier to see the want of more study than to suggest means by which it can be facilitated. Perhaps so, and yet in this case we think the principle does not hold true. There is of course an opportunity for those who wish to do extra work in this department to do so by taking an honour course. But even if all who wished could do this it is not to be compared with class work. We suggest at least that the matter receive consideration, it certainly deserves it, and no harm accompanies the suggestion. No branch of study which we have as yet had the pleasure of pursuing in our course is half as unsatisfactory, and we are sure our authorities have always been most willing to comply with any reasonable request of this nature whenever it was seen to be possible.

IN one of our recent exchanges we noticed a plea to the effect, that work done on the college paper should be recognized by the faculty of that college as part of the regular college work. There is an air of plausibility and ingeniousness about the article, which, by a superficial reader might be considered as sufficient to warrant the advocacy of such a system. A little reflection we think, however, will show that not only would the principle itself be a hurtful one, but its effects would be as pernicious as dangerous to the true object of college training. In the first place colleges are not societies for the promotion of the art of journalism, however valuable they may be as auxiliaries, and its practice is therefore merely a secondary consideration, introduced by the students themselves, and, in any institution with which we are acquainted, neither officially recognized nor upheld by the faculty,

notwithstanding they may encourage it incidentally. Adopting the principle would therefore be equivalent to opening up a department for specialists in this line, and, admirable as this might be in some respects, it would be a perversion of the objects of an arts college even if it could be made to appear that the plan would be at all successful. A journalist of this age wants an education as broad, liberal and general as it can be obtained; a special course, if one could be had, would then be advantageous, but before that premature and insufficient to lay a foundation for successful work. Again it would tend to defeat the insurance of progress in other departments. The tendency at least would be to neglect the general work for the purpose of concentrating upon this special branch. The fact is obvious, for supposing a man placed on the editorial staff, he at once under this system would feel it incumbent upon him to attain some considerable success in his own department, and as a consequence, while really doing himself an injury by neglect of other studies, would give more than a legitimate amount of time to his particular work. On the other hand, under the present system, while there is a sense of responsibility and so an accompanying stimulus to the successful carrying out of his duties, an editor does not, and cannot feel disposed to neglect any part of the regular work in attending to his particular work in connection with the paper. His position is merely one of additional burden.

As to the results which would naturally follow, they are neither few nor paltry. Countenancing such a step would be merely the introduction of the thin edge of the wedge. Forthwith pleas for the recognition of all sorts of extra work would pour in; literary associations, social organizations, debating clubs, *W. X. Y. Z.'s*, and *S. P. Q. R.'s* would consider it only just, the very minute any burdens began to be felt, to have their claims for extra work done recognized. Next, those who claim that the physical education and training are fully as important as the mental, would send along a deputation requesting the careful consideration and mature deliberation of the Faculty to facts presented in this behalf from their point of view, and at length the matter would amount to this: any man who read a newspaper 15 minutes, or jumped a fence, would have a claim for mental and physical work performed, and doubtless would present it. It is the encouragement of neglect in its indirect form. Lastly, we attend an institution

and are supposed to abide by the decisions of those who, by virtue of experience, wisdom and learning, are appointed to regulate, recognize and appreciate all that is done mentally, morally and physically in those who claim recognition in men of brains, brawn or brass; and therefore if such a system is not founded and encouraged by those whose chief business it is, surely it is a strong argument against the adoption of it by those who are by no means in as good a position to judge. If a position on the staff of the paper is accepted by a student, he either considers himself able to carry its responsibilities in addition to his regular work, or he is a fool to accept it. Any man who knows the difficulties and disadvantages under which a college editor labors, reads and judges accordingly; if he is not acquainted with the facts he has no business to criticise. The college paper reading world is, after all, limited, and does not expect to find displayed among young men inexperienced, laboring under difficulties and with attentions divided, that ideal journalism, that *ne plus ultra* in literary work, that highly wrought, beautifully polished, or profoundly abstruse style of composition which are found in the great reviews and quarterlies, and even dailies of the world to-day. The best possible, under the existing circumstances, is satisfactory and, to our minds, likely to remain so.

THE University students of Fredericton are again exercised over an affair which, though really of slight importance in itself, involves a principle deserving of some consideration. The students have seen fit, in accordance with an established custom to use one of their freshmen somewhat roughly and the result is, resistance on his own and the part of his friends. The freshman was, in technical language, hazed and otherwise threatened if he did not comply with certain regulations of the students own invention. "Now, while we do not entirely disagree with the custom by which certain restrictions are placed upon young men who carry themselves in such a manner as to become obnoxious to their fellow students, we yet think there is a tendency to carry the principles altogether too far; so far indeed, as to render it liable to the criticism that it interferes with individual rights and liberties to an extent wholly unwarranted. When a young man becomes intolerable by reason of some peculiar characteristic or characteristics which can be dispens-

ed with to the advantage of himself and associates, or commits some flagrant breach of student rules, or honour, or even persists in a spirit of culpable independence, we believe students are warranted in dealing with the offender in any manner which commends itself to their judgment; whether it be a resort to the cool and delightful waters of the pump, or merely the time honoured custom of gently tossing the youth to the ceiling and then kindly catching him again when he falls in the soft and luxurious embrace of a stout warm blanket. Such things have been done and in *extreme cases* we think properly. But authority can easily be carried too far, and especially is this the case when no *real* authority exists. Freshmen are human beings after all, and a first year in college is as necessary as a last. Moreover the majority of freshmen, though proverbially impressionable, are not right from the back wood; or barn yard, and therefore do not stand in need of such extravagant solicitude as is occasionally exhibited towards them by those who perhaps are *one year* in advance. Why therefore, they should not be allowed to carry canes if they wish, why it is denied them the right to cultivate that which even nature has seen fit to inflict them—a mustache or whisker—but above all, why they should be interfered with if, by any possibility they can manage to occasionally walk with ladies, is more than we can imagine. Taste justifies the first, ambition the second, the irresistible, spontaneous and most beautiful quality of the human heart, affection, which, in the freshman as yet flows out in its pure, unsullied and unadulterated sweetness, the third. Should such amiable qualities as these be remorsefully, cruelly checked? Blighted in their freshmanic virginity? Crushed in the ardor of their new-born enthusiasm? A thousand times a thunderous no. We think and trust that a truer enlightenment and broader views of toleration combined with a determination to forsake customs recommended solely by antiquity, will lead to sounder views with respect to the privileges of freshmen than at present seems to be entertained by many institutions of learning in this country.

ERRATUM:—In Ed. II. of last issue, instead of \$292, read \$19.48, and instead of 40 per cent., read 5 per cent.

IN the ATHENÆUM of last February there appeared an article, entitled "Biblical Knowledge as Part of an Intellectual Outfit." The writer shows more plainly than if he had said it plainly, that he would like to see the Bible used as a text-book in the college course. We are glad to find that he does not stand alone. At Wellesley two lessons a week in the Bible are required throughout the course. Yale and Amherst have this year put the Bible on the list of electives. The American college world seems to be waking up over this question. In *The Old Testament Student* for September there is a leader and a long symposium, by the presidents of ten colleges and the editors of six standard periodicals, on "The desirability and Feasibility of Bible Study in College." We will leave the editors out and give our readers a sentence or two from the letter of each President. The opinions of these men are worth listening to. They know what they are talking about. Their words are not the rant of some visionary novice, but the thoughtful outcome of years of experience in the very heart of college life:—

Pres. Seelye, of *Amherst College*:—"The effort to secure a larger study of the Bible in our Colleges is one of the healthiest signs of the times. I believe that the College which studies it most will be the healthiest and strongest. If other studies have to give way to this, any less thereby occasioned will be more than compensated."

Pres. Robinson, of *Brown University*:—"Some kind of biblical instruction to our College under-graduates I am disposed to think is both advisable and feasible. I would make a required study of it rather than an elective."

Pres. G. D. B. Pepper, *Colby University*:—"There is nothing that I so much desire as to see introduced into our regular college curriculum as a study of the great English Classics, and that not merely for the language and style, but for the valuable aid afforded to many collateral studies. If this be true of the secular writings, surely it must apply with more force to the systematic and critical study of the English Bible."

Pres. Bartlett, of *Dartmouth College*:—"I regard the study of the English Bible and related topics in college as exceedingly desirable and entirely feasible. For ten years I have conducted such an exercise with the Senior class in this institution on each Monday morning, and similar arrangements are now made for the other classes respectively."

Pres. Anderson, of *Dartmouth University*:—"Next year, by a special vote of the trustees, at their late annual meeting, I am to conduct a class in the English Bible, in which the study is to be compulsory, and is to include all the students in the University. In mapping out a course of study in "The Shephardson College for Women," that has just been organized here, I put the study of the Bible—making it compulsory—into every term of the collegiate course and the trustees of the

College adopted it with expressions of the most hearty approval. Is it not more important to trace God's providences in connection with the people to whom he gave his written law than in connection with the Greeks and Romans?"

Pres. Knox, of *Lafayette College*:—"In my judgement the study of the English Bible is an essential part of any well ordered College curriculum. The experience of Lafayette proves the introduction of the Bible into the regular College curriculum both advisable and feasible. The intellectual results are good and only good, and the moral are such as cannot be stated in words."

Pres. Fairchild, of *Oberlin College*:—"A weekly lesson in the English Bible for every class has been a part of the required course in Oberlin College through all its history. The time seems to be propitious for more effective work in this direction."

Pres. McCosh, of *Princeton College*:—"I may state that in this college every student is under bible instruction once a week."

Pres. Sims, of *Syracuse University*:—"I am well convinced that the English Bible should have a place in our college courses of study."

Pres. Scovel, of *The University of Wooster*:—"I confess to nothing short of enthusiasm in favor of the study of the English Bible in the curriculum of every college. Success to your efforts to have the Bible given again the place in higher education from which its displacement is a shame to our common Protestantism, and has proved a harm to our national life."

Acadia has no required course in the study of the English Bible. No objection to its introduction has ever been urged loud enough for us to hear it. Yet a strong prejudice against such a course does exist, though it sleeps for lack of disturbance. We call the objection a prejudice because it is weak, a mere assumption that cannot stand a critical examination. The one tacit reason for the proscription of the Bible seems to be the fact of its claim to divine inspiration. This is no objection at all. The question is: Is the Bible as worthy of study as any work now used in the prescribed course? The answer is that apart from the question of its inspiration the Bible just, solely on account of *what is in it*, is more worthy of man's careful, patient, earnest study than any other book on the face of the earth. Why then should it be given a back seat out-doors? What if its study in a few circles should be unpopular? So is the study of mathematics. What if a few men should stay away? Let them stay. Acadia will not be to blame if she scares them away by doing right. They need not be frightened any way. The Bible would not hurt them if it is divinely inspired. Acadia was designed and reared by those who loved the Bible, and her chief cornerstone to-day is the word of God. Take that away and she will sink.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Oh! the dear old year is dying!
 His children, the months, drooped one by one,
 And the last week died as the first had done,
 And the days all went with the setting sun;
 And the old, old year,
 Grand, hoary and drear,
 On his deathbed lone is lying.

Oh! the dear old year is dying!
 His brow is cold with the chill of the tomb,
 And his eyes are dark with a deathly gloom,
 And the hours are weaving on ghostly loom
 His burial shroud,
 Where silent and proud,
 On his deathbed lone he is lying.

Oh! save the year that is dying!
 Oh! stay the sands so cruelly flowing!
 Oh! stay the minutes so stealthily going!
 Oh! quicken the pulses so tremulous growing,
 Ere it be too late!
 E'en while we wait,
 The year on his deathbed is lying!

Oh! the year, the year is dying!
 And the shifting scene of sunshine and rain,
 The dear delight, and the dearer pain,
 The hope that fell, but to blossom again,
 The dreams and the fears,
 The smiles and the tears,
 All, all on that deathbed are lying!

Oh! help is none for the dying!
 The hours have woven a winding sheet
 Of the pale, white mist, and the falling sleet,
 And the midnight comes on its errand fleet.
 One word of command,
 One touch of its hand—
 And the year in the grave is lying!

Oh! weep for the year that is fled!
 The dear, old year that is ours no more,
 That stands aloof on the phantom shore
 With the ghost of the years that have gone before,
 Yet we weep in vain,
 For never again,
 Shall live the old year that is dead.

—Selected.

THE NEW NEW-YEAR.

New Year's Day has always seemed to us, to be in the south-west corner of the circle of the year. There is the splice now—the only break in the whole circumference. Its childhood memories are irresistibly associated with the frostiest show, the best fun, the merriest bells, the whitest, shiniest roads and the most beautiful trees—in the front yard, in the orchard, down in the interval, away up on the broad mountain-side—all dressed with hanging crystals glistening in the sun, and their pretty snowy tops seeming at the time to transcend the beauty of summer foliage as far as heaven shines above the earth, all sparkling into a joy that filled the youthful gazers raptured heart. The mountains loomed up on either side of our sheltered vale and promised protection for another year. The brook beneath the hill that used to be our daily companion, running cheerily by our side in the tulip months, now frozen over receives us with coldness, teaches us that some things change, and rushing past the air holes in the ice awakens beneath a thick fur cap strange, dawning thoughts of the rapid rushing, head-long year. A whole year older in one night. Coming up the hill he sees new thoughts in the smoke rising so straight from the chimney, a new beauty in the sky, a new response in the fresh aspirations of his new born soul. Grandfather's face and beard and cane, coming slowly along the shovelled, trampled walk, he scans with a wiser, intenser and kinder interest and lets fall his sled rope to think. In the evening seated around the fire, mittens hung behind the stove in the kitchen, father and mother look grander and dearer than ever before. His heart fills with a new appreciation of all their kindness with love not to die till he dies. He breathes perhaps his first petition—not to an unknown God—for them that they may live a long while yet, for strange things are opening before him and he knows not what this life does mean.

This new New-Year comes round with a strange and startling click. All that was torpid within us before, surprised, now springs to sudden wakefulness. Now the mind turns quickly. Now the recesses of memory give up their hideous and beautiful dead. Now do we look ahead with resolution and thrilling expectation to new creations of happier associations larger usefulness and sweeter toil. Why is it that just here the past and the future, two opposing seas, meet and foam about our breasts? Why

just here should forms come floating in fast from the dead past and stand before us in living accusation and approbation. Why just here like the sight of distant billows to the traveller on a pitching ship, should light from the white-cap of the future come floating into our cabin to make our hearts bound and rouse us to prepare for what is coming? Why just here? Why should not each folding night, each burning noon, each bursting morn, open our eyes to the same things? Who knows? Perhaps here is forcible proof of man's general repugnance to retrospection and reflection. As the hour goes by with the moping house-wife who dallies away the time until the clock strikes, starts her into wakefulness and makes her chide her own procrastination; so man mopes and eats and sleeps and sins away his little year until the ring of the frosty steel, that tells the merging into another year, wakes his torpid spirit and by this same shock heightening his sensibility brings out the meaning of life into bold relief.

This is a new New Year. It is the same kind of snow, the same sun (I guess), the same brook under the hill, the same old bowing elms and the same long mountain dikes out the blue flood on the north. Yet none of them are just the same, and home is not the same and we never found ourselves in just this place, this state, this attitude, this frame of mind before. The kaleidoscope of the universe has added another to its myriad former shuffles, and a panorama before unseen unfolds to our wondering eyes. Since last New Year, new lines of thought have been pursued, new difficulties struggled with, new pleasures and pains experienced new places and peoples visited, whose united influence has made a kind of recast of our minds and with them the appearance of the external world. Are we then so subject to constant sometimes capricious change? Another evidence of our gross imperfection and the smallness of our present attainments. Are we then constantly reaching out towards a fuller and more perfect knowledge with our environment, ever pushing wider and wider the horizon of the soul's earnest, flashing, almost frantic eye? Another evidence of the existence within us of that mysterious restless spirit, which cannot be altogether imprisoned by the body's presence, that shall not perish with its absence.

What shall we do this new New Year? Life has let fall her full reining on our flushing cheek. Nature has given us her gentle hand of love. A longing for purity

and usefulness has enthroned itself in our beating hearts. A deep love for all mankind now overflows like sunshine from our breasts and its reflection glistens on the faces of all the people we meet. What shall we do this year? Out from all the peaceful ether that lightens our hearts, out from all those deep regrets that float in like ghosts from the past, out from all the perplexity consequent upon the rapid vicissitudes of life, out from the lurid sky that lowers over the mysterious future there comes a happy thought:—Take some rule of life that will stand unscathed beneath the scathing showers, unchanged amid the crushing changes; permanent unbroken, eternal still above the wrecks of dalliance and low-down aims:—'Dare to do right.' "Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good." "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Who will bring all the solutions of *problems and motions of life, this year, to these touchstones?* Not every one who thus resolves. We need wisdom and persevering might from someone stronger and wiser than ourselves—from a kind, omniscient spirit. But as I thus bow down my independence there stands before me one in the form of a man. He sees not the Jehovah at whose feet I kneel, but he menaces me and stares at me and calls me weak. Yet his sunken eye, his quailing heart in danger, his cowering form beneath the sky's electric crash, his frequent utter helplessness when friends are in distress, his slavery to his own lusts, his cringing servility to the shallow favor of a weak comrade, and his father's grave all tell me with assuring voice that he is not the man for mine accuser. My former fear of him now turns to tender pity and the conviction rises in my soul that no puny arm or frowning brow on earth can ever quell that I can be a man and yet lean upon a stronger arm. I can be a philosopher and yet trust in God.

DREAMERS.

Ever since the dreams of Pharaoh's servants were interpreted by Joseph, dreamers have flourished on this mundane sphere. Indeed we have good authority for the statement that dreams are an institution dating back to the Garden of Eden. Milton, in his immortal Epic, puts in the mouth of Eve such words as these:

"Glad I see
Thy face and morn returned; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night."

But not trouble and sorrows alone follow man in his rambles through the mystic regions of dreamland. Unalloyed pleasure and intense ecstasy are felt by the dreamy wanderer in the realm of sleep. And thus man in his wild pursuit of pleasure, has sacked the storehouses of dreamland to minister to his insatiable desire. Solomon says: "God has made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." Not content with the cheering wine which charms the heart and sets free the fancy to roam at pleasure amid Amaranthine fields or dark Plutonian shades, he turns to the soporific poppy whose narcotic juice brings dreams at pleasure and makes heaven of hell, a hell of Heaven. Nor was he satisfied to find in these his earthly god; but with pipe and weed culled from the sides of Old Virginian hills, he enters dreamland, and with restful nerves soars 'mid the stars or ranges Pluto's realms.

The healthy dreamer scorns to play such tricks on Nature. The beasts of field, the birds of air, the falling rain, the rolling seas, and to a far greater extent, the sea of human life, conjures up before his fancy visions of rare loveliness or unsurpassed deformity. Is his attention called to the heavens stretched out with millions of twinkling worlds, he straightway falls a dreaming of the character and habits of the beings which may inhabit this countless hosts of worlds. Entering the domain of chemistry, the dreamer divides and subdivides the smallest perceivable quantity of matter until the limit of division seems reached, and then his fancy fertile in resources, compares the ultimate unit of matter with the smallest particle which may be seen by unaided vision, as a grain of sand on the pebbly beach with the vast globe on which we live.

We often hear the statement made, in speaking of the character of a man;—he is a mere dreamer, meaning, evidently, that he is fit for nothing practical, no genius of success is going to preside over his life work. And, indeed, the experience of ages regarding dreamers show that very many of the men who are noted for their lofty flights of imagination and vague wanderings in the shadowy mazes of dreamland, are ill-fitted to stand the rude shocks and the jangling turmoil of practical life. Of course we must remember that this rule, like all others, has exceptions, for what poet had a more vivid sense of the realities of life than Shakespere, and yet his imagination soars to heights unattained by any other English poet, or if we wish other exception we might note Milton, who carried on successfully the duties of a statesman, and yet was able to paint the world of

spirits in language so graphic that we seem to hear the jarring discords of pandemonium, or feel the silence and sensuous delights of that first evening in the Garden of Eden.

The student, who is tied down to the intensely practical side of life, whose mind is so moulded either by nature or environment, that he is unable to look at any study or pursuit in life in any other light than its immediate utility, may be very successful in re-organizing the mass of knowledge left him by men who have pushed forth into the great unknown; but his life work will not be likely to add a particle of new knowledge to the general fund. For to discover new truths, new fields of knowledge must be traversed. And like men searching for diamonds, we must go forth expecting to find true knowledge clad in homely garb and hidden 'neath the vast heaps of surrounding rubbish. Not always can we have our feet firmly established on the solid ground of known truth, when we set out in search after new knowledge. So then, that a place for dreaming exists on the road to lasting and true knowledge, may not, cannot be denied.

Were we to refer to the dreams of our own childhood and recall, how, while stretched on Earth's verdant carpet, we have viewed the fleecy summer clouds floating across the azure vault, thinking all the time they were God's messengers of peace and mercy, or if perchance the heavens lowered and the growling clouds flashed forth the forked lightning, we imagined an offended deity was chiding his erring children. Or as we gazed on the billowy landscape round us, and imagined that the wide extending scene with its undulating hills and valleys, was but the congealed surface of some great limpid ocean which had in past ages floated with unhindered motion round the globe. When we remember these past visions of our early life, and compare them with some of the (scientific?) theories of the present age, we are struck with the strange similarities between these theories, and the wild hallucinations of our own unlettered brains. And only when we remember that the spirit of science, which broods o'er the primeval ocean of benighted humanity, first reveals in visions and dreams of the night, to her reverent votaries, the great theories which are held as pillars of true knowledge, does our dreams seem clear, and these early and crude exhalations of our untutored minds appear as the vain efforts of the goddess of science to instil into our infantile minds the great truths of scientific knowledge, which we can only see now as through a glass darkly.

If we trace any of the popular sciences of to-day to their earliest beginnings we will find them mingling with the vague speculations of dreamers. Pythagoras, the author of a theory of the motions of the heavenly bodies, almost identical with the one lying at the foundation of the modern science of astronomy, has been styled by a modern scientist,

“Emphatically a dreamer”; and so also were the Chaldean and Grecian stargazers, whose observations of the facts and phenomena of nature, as revealed in the vaulted heavens, have been accepted by modern scientists and incorporated into the proofs of theories advanced by them in explanation of the moving causes of heavenly bodies. Chemistry, too, with its countless records of exploded theories, owes much to dreamers for the apparently firm foundation on which it now stands. One needs only to recall such names as Hermes Trismegistes, the founder of alchemy, or Stahl, the author of the phlogistic theory, to be assured of this fact. Nor is Geology the most recent of the sciences less noted for the number of dreamers among its expositors; men who, having come face to face with unknown and unknowable causes, attempt, with finite intellects, to decipher problems only discoverable by an infinite mind. Were the careful scientist to forsake dreamland and confine himself to the region of dry fact, few and meagre would be the discoveries in the scientific world. But his dreamy cogitations, like plant foliage or flower petals, seizes from the atmosphere and incorporates into solid and pregnant knowledge the unsubstantial and indefinite atoms of real knowledge; so that with fancy's eye he may behold the unseen, and with fancy's finger he may touch the impalpable facts of being, not less real because they are unseen by mortal eye or unrevealed to mortal touch.

Again, were the disciple of Aesculapius brought face to face with the stern realities of human life and mortality, what incentive could uphold him in the struggles for skill in combating the ills and diseases to which this flesh is heir, if he had not the bright dreams of youth and hope pointing him ever forward. The patriotic statesman enters the arena of public life with bright dreams and noble aspirations. Who will say that if on setting out with lofty courage he had known that ere his return he must bow to the tyrannizing will of a despot, or pass by a great wrong which he has not the power to right, or that the spotless flag of truth which in early morn he bore aloft, must be borne back at eventide steeped in corruption and soiled with bribery; who will say that he would not have suffered greater defeats or fallen lower if his youthful dreams of a purer land where right ever triumphs and justice is always meted out had not deterred him.

The valiant expounders of the truths of Christianity would be sometimes almost compelled to retire disheartened from their chosen fields of labour were they not upheld by dreams of returning prodigals who shall be gently wooed back to their father's house by the sweet persuasive accents which shall fall from their lips.

We have shown that dreams have been useful in indicating the path which leads to hidden truth and in upholding downcast mortals in their blind gropings after truth, let us only beware lest the plausible theo-

ries advanced by thoughtless dreamers be accepted by us as scientific truths; and then will we place dreamers in their proper place as the advance guard of the great army of seekers after truth.

[“CONTRIBUTED.”]

UNFAIR use of the privileges of advantage does not indicate nobleness of soul. Actions committed when under the dominance of passion, be it righteous indignation or otherwise, though fierce, are generally open and bold. To stab even an enemy in the back is, to say the least, small. It is always well to bear this in mind when sending forth any little narrow-minded, cranky disquisitions which are suggested by nasty vindictiveness of character, and justified by mistaken ideas of perfection, and loveliness of motive. As a rule, when our opinions coincide with those of the majority, it is wise not to try and establish them as ultimate, incontrovertible facts, to the exclusion of all other judgments.

From the liability of human discernment to err and overreach, discretion should advise us to give our opinions (when called for), with the suggestion that they are our very own; and thus the object aimed at may take them for what they are worth.

On account of the somewhat universal distribution of good sense and reason, digressions from the laws of propriety and policy are habits easily formed, but broken with difficulty. In a word: “Give every man thine ear, but few thy tongue.”

It surely cannot be just, though it is very perceptibly the inclination, that the minority has to close its mouth and act a lie in order to get, as it were, its daily bread from the hands of its more numerous opponents. Minding one's own business is a virtue worthy of cultivation even by those whose actions in other particulars are beyond the sphere of the critic. Notwithstanding a person may have that charity which cherishes nothing of malice, the gratifications arising from thrusts of opinion, etc., are not among those pleasurable sensations recommended to be indulged in by teachers of benevolence.

If enjoyment must be had in this way, let it be tempered with mercy. Though some individuals do pass under a spell when two or three years of age, and are thereby compelled to assume the sullen and morose, the poet who said “the gravest man is the fool,” was not necessarily correct, for we frequently find that previously-contracted habits of degeneracy will occasionally break through their austere propriety, and, unlike the Pharisee, they will be as other men are.

H.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

On Friday evening, Nov. 18th, for the first time in the history of the college, if we have searched the annals faithfully, a lecture was delivered under the auspices of Acadia Athenæum by a woman. Miss Wadsworth, Principal of Acadia Seminary, gave her beautiful lecture on the poet and novelist, Wm. Makepeace Thackeray. For a full hour she stood on the platform in Assembly Hall, and without a written note held the attention of her audience on one of her favorite themes.

The lecturer, in the course of her remarks, gave a brief biographical sketch of Thackeray, criticised his characters, especially his women, brought out some of his rich moral lessons, and made a critical comparison with Dickens, taking "Henry Esmond" as her novelist's typical work.

Thackeray was born in India. He was a pupil at Charter House, left college without a degree, got married, and began to earn his bread with his pen in 1837.

"Henry Esmond" contains all the peculiar characteristics of Thackeray's other novels, and possesses one all its own. It reproduces the age of Anne, imitates the style of Addison and introduces the wits of the period as seen at Lady Castlewood's party. His characters are life-like and well-developed. His women are true to life and not by any means inferior to his men; but Thackeray was too good an artist to make them faultless. He was a preacher by nature and a novelist by accident. He had great moral lessons to teach, and chose to teach them by means of the novel. His books are full of fun, e. g., in *White Squall on Mediterranean*, and in his selection of proper names, *Lady Jane Sheepshanks*, *Tom Eaves*, *Mr. Topp*, *The Newcomes*. Thackeray was a greater genius than Dickens, and a better artist. He tried to reform the novel and left upon it his own peculiar stamp. Other novelists, George Elliot and George MacDonald, have been following in his wake. Thackeray was a humorist, not a cynic, and he knew and loved his fellow-men.

None of our readers will think for a moment that the above bare outline is in any way a fair representation of Miss Wadsworth's full, pleasing and really excellent lecture. Thackeray is now a favorite study at the Seminary, and no one is allowed to graduate without having made a critical study of "Henry Esmond."

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

TUESDAY evening, Dec. 20th, found Assembly Hall lit up once more with cheery lamps and expectant faces. The weather was not the most auspicious, and the roads were in an ugly condition; nevertheless, a fair number of auditors were there from a distance, and the number of empty seats was very few. Down stairs in the chapel, the Juniors, surrounded by the other classes, waited nervously for the hour when led by the Faculty, they should march up in slow and winding procession to take their seats on the platform.

The whole nineteen essays had been previously recited before the Faculty, but on this more public occasion there was time for only seven. As the President called on these one by one, they stepped out and delivered their orations like men. The productions were all good, and nearly every word of every speaker was distinctly audible throughout the Hall. The interest of the audience did not flag from the time the first man took his stand on the floor until the last one made his final bow, and we need not say more than that the general verdict is that the Exhibition was a good one, and fully up to the standard. Mr. Fletcher's vocal, and Miss Buttrick's piano solo, interspersing the exercises, were both highly appreciated. Following is the programme in full:

Music. . . . Prayer.

ORATIONS.

- "The Office of Conscience."—H. T. DeWolfe, St. Stephen, N. B.
- "Disraeli."—E. M. Bill, Billtown, N. S.
- "The Epicurean."—A. B. Holly, Portland, N. B.
- "Success."—J. H. Cox, Cambridge, N. S.
- "Knowledge of the Past."—W. B. Crawley, Sydney, C. B.
- "The Philanthropist."—L. A. Palmer, Dorchester, N. B.

Music.

- "The History of Slavery."—J. S. Lyons, Somerset, N. S.
- "A Critique on Wordsworth's Excursion."—A. J. Kempton, Hopewell, N. B.
- "What is Eloquence?"—H. S. Blackadar, Halifax, N. S.
- "The Sword Superseded by Arbitration."—A. W. Foster, Bridgetown, N. S.
- "Dryden's Poetry."—C. S. March, St. John, N. B.
- "The Present State of Astronomical Study."—C. H. McIntyre, Springfield, N. B.
- "Edgar Allan Poe."—E. P. Fletcher, DeBert, N. S.

Music.

- "What is Civilization?"—M. C. Higgins, Wolfville, N. S.
 "The Obligations of Opinions."—S. H. Rogers, Windham Hill, N. S.
 "The Relations of Commerce, to Civilization."—W. L. Black, Salem, N. S.
 "More a Utopia,"—W. H. Jenkins, Johnston, N. B.
 "Turning Points of History."—O. O. Lyons, Waterville, N. S.
 "Literature Reveals us to Ourselves."—F. C. Hartley, Carleton, N. B.

"National Anthem."

"Benediction."

The speakers were DeWolfe, Crawley, Kempton, McIntyre, Fletcher, Jenkins, Hartley. The happy countenances of the Juniors next morning showed that they all believe their class motto and give ocular demonstration of its truth,—"*Acti labores jucundi.*"

PERSONALS.

A. J. PINCO, '81, and Mr. Stewart, proprietors of *The New Star*, have purchased the *Pictou News*. Mr. Pinco takes the management of the latter journal.

REV. J. A. FORD, '85, of Milton, Yarmouth, has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Fairville, N. B.

H. S. FREEMAN, '85, is now Principal of the High School at Amherst.

T. S. ROGERS, '82, has been admitted to the bar at the head of the list.

REV. W. A. C. ROWSE is studying Theology at Newton Centre, Mass.

H. D. BENTLEY, '81, is attending the same institution.

C. L. EATON, who, on account of severe illness, left Acadia in '80, during the last term of College course, has entered Newton Theological Seminary.

LOCALS.

"The year of Jubilee is come."

ON Wednesday morning, Dec. 21st, the platform of the railway station in this village was crowded with happy students—examinations over, home and Christmas in bright prospect just before them. Handshakings, seasons compliments, kind partings between those who were going and the few who were to stay, made the place cheery with youthful smiles and voices. The old train packed with its restless human freight started off for home. A few poor sinners trudged back up to the boarding house feeling as forlorn as goats, and when dinner time came they all huddled together around one table in the northwest corner of the dining hall, gave thanks, ate some cold meat and potatoes and sang "This world's a wilderness of Woe!"

A FRESHMAN explains why he went to the "Juniors" alone:
 "I can march right up to a Senior and ask for the loan of his hatchet;
 I can list to a Junior profoundly rehearse his oration at midnight,
 I can sleep mid the crash and the smoke, and the din of a Sophomore racket;
 But a harrowing "No" whispered loud through the building o'er yonder—
 'That, I confess I'm ashamed of nor am I ashamed to confess it.'"

CLASS in Geology.—Prof. "A vast amount of the sandstone formation in Cumberland has been manufactured into grindstones and exported."

MR. R.—Very timidly. "Perhaps this explains how it is that county has so few Grits left in it."

QUOTATION from a recent lecture, "Happy Married Life."

A FRESHMAN'S translation of N'avoir rien, "To have no flies on."

"In the time of Elizabeth and other Kings."

CLASS in Physiology. Soph. indicating the position of a bone in the skull. "Yes but you know there is a vacancy here."

THE other day one of our own students had a most appalling vision right in class—most intricate in its nature and horrible to behold.

LATELY half a hundred "Seminarists" were sitting on the front steps of the college getting their photos taken in group. With eagle eyes a Sophomore and Freshman from the village spied them there and each mistook them for his own class. Forthwith, each donned his cap and gown making a fearful onset followed by a hasty, dumbfoundered retreat.

HE made a mess of it.

SCENE I.—Five noble men and one gracious lady in conclave—a solemn and long meeting.

SCENE II.—Five men in the village general supply store selecting a huge staple and a heavy rope to which the staple is securely attached.

SCENE III.—Midnight, outdoors. At southeast corner of a majestic building. Snowball holding the light. Mighty Brian with ponderous strokes sending the huge staple deep into the sills. Five men standing in crescent form and solemn silence looking on.

SCENE IV.—The five men come to order and wheel into line and awakened into energy at the sound of their gentle leader's commanding voice, they grasp with both hands the now tough rope. "On! On!!" The trees behind the college bend their tall branches close to earth; tears flow unbidden from the eyes of unsuspecting sleepers in Chipman Hall; the old college bell, untouched by mortal hand, tolls in its watch-tower mournfully; the harnessed men drive their boots into the ground and bend forward. "On! On!!" The innocent dreamers above feel themselves tossed on a stormy sea, and the majestic building drawn by unwearied hands and fleeting feet, moves off, over hills, past waving forests, across sweet flowing streams to a sheltered tropic convent isle where students never molest nor make afraid, and spring locks will be needed no more.

THE December meeting of Acadia Missionary Society was held in Assembly Hall, on Sunday evening, 18th ult. The following programme was carried out:—

Essay, "The People of Jamaica."—B. H. Bentley.

Chorus, "The Ninety-and-Nine."—Ladies of Seminary.

Essay, "Wm. Knibb, Bap. Missionary at Jamaica."—H. G. Harris.

Reading, "The Rest."—Miss Nellie Parker.

Address.—By Dr. Sawyer.

Chorus, "My Saviour be Thou near Me."—Ladies of Seminary.

The choruses were a very agreeable part of the exercises. Dr. Sawyer chose for his subject a portion of the great gentle missionary's second journey and grouped the interest of his remarks chiefly around the work at Phillipi, closing the whole with several stirring and telling practical applications.

THERE seemed to be a corner in galleries Junior nights. "Two hearts with a but a single thought two souls which beat as one."

A NEW method has been discovered by which young men can be made to get out of bed before 8 o'clock, A. M. Further information given upon application.

PASSED AWAY.—The old landmarks are disappearing: old college gone, old Sem. gone, and now old Prince gone. Our Prince (not Albert Edward there is a difference between a Prince and an ass) sleeps with his fathers. Volumes might be written upon his history, he was "Honest, Independent, and Fearless," and died peacefully. We hope all such may. The last kick of his dying leg suggested the philosophical life he had led. He was

not much of a thinker though, considering their opportunities the same faculty is exhibited by many students. Prince lived in an intellectual atmosphere his whole life-long; matriculating at the early age of (17) seventeen, he never succeeded in getting through the entire course; this was perhaps due to the fact of his being "plucked" so often. He excelled in drawing. Classics was a favorite branch of study; Cicero in particular, received his attention. Physics bothered him; so did lunatics and the heavens, occasionally. Some little notoriety attached itself to him as a practical botanist. He worked too much by bits to ever achieve great success. Probably no student who ever entered college was ever hazed as many times as Prince and yet he bore all with that heroic steadfastness, that uncomplaining faith, that apparent unconsciousness of tyranny, oppression or ignominious insult, so distinguishingly characteristic of him throughout his entire career. One serious fault always clung to him, he never would go to church without being driven. Prince was a strict teetotaler in some respects; a great many people are built exactly that way. The last scion of a noble race, his last race is over. Friskiness was not a strong point with him. He was only in his thirty-fifth year and will long be remembered as one of the most faithful friends and supporters of the buildings. Truly the things of earth are as the grass; Prince thought so, anyway. He never was married. To be cut off in the very prime of life and horsehood suggests to us many grave thoughts. His motto was, "work for the last is coming." Requiescat in horsibus.

THE young man who exhausted the last of his lady acquaintances at the house of correction, without succeeding in getting an invitation accepted, has come to the conclusion that the way of the inviter is a hollow way.

MODESTY. Will you accept my kind invitation for, etc., etc.

THE new assistant editors of ATHENÆUM are:—W. B. Crawley, '89; L. A. Palmer, '89; N. W. Chipman, '90.

NEW officers of Athenæum Society:—Pres., J. W. Armstrong, '88; Vice-Pres., S. H. Rogers, '89; Cor. Sec'y, L. D. McCart, '90; Treas., W. B. Wallace, '90; Record Sec'y, Holloway, '91. Ex. Com:—H. L. Day, '88; C. S. March, '89; C. A. Eaton, '90; J. McDonald, '91; W. B. Wallace, '88.

MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday, Dec. 28th, 1887, at the residence of the bride's parents, Weston, Cornwallis, by Rev. E. O. Reid, Mr. G. Percy Raymond, of Hebron, Yarmouth, to Miss Annie E., daughter of C. E. Sandford, Esq.

On Wednesday, Dec. 28th, 1887, at Mount Hanley, Annapolis Co., by Rev. — Howe, Rev. J. W. Tingley, B. A., of North Middleton, Mass., to Miss Eliot, daughter of Zebulon Eliot.

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Johnson's Chief Lives of the Poets—Arnold.

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