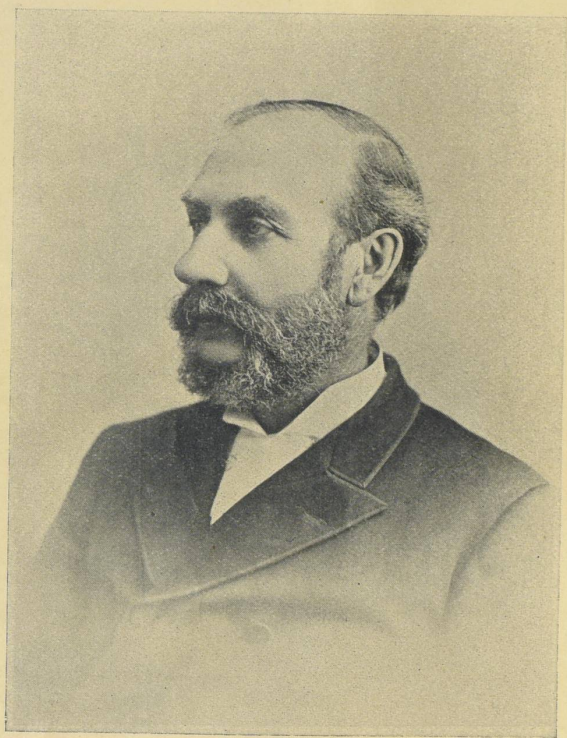


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Theodore Harding Rand.

By REV. D. A. STEELE, D. D.

Forty-two years ago I first saw him on the Hill at Wolfville. He was in his junior year on the Arts course,—a keen intellectual man then—busy writing on all sorts of topics; busy, too, reading omnivorously. He was undecided, I think, as to life-work; but his bent was all toward literature—poetry and *belles lettres* occupying him mainly, with a side-glance at philosophy and psychology as it was then. I could see that Emerson had profoundly impressed him, but as he went forward, like so many others, he found the sage of Concord unsatisfying. While cherishing no set religious phrases, he simply held by what I must call the Baptist Gospel: firm belief in the great Being who rules all things by the word of His power, and in His love for the creatures he has made. His reverence for Jesus Christ was all-pervading. You could not be with him without feeling this. All the modern movement in theology, that is, the great craving for re-construction, and the removal of old landmarks, was antagonistic to his thought. This is strange when we consider his independence, his own yearning after high expression, his innate mysticism, and his transcendental turn of mind. I never have met among any of the friends with whom I have held converse on these themes, a man so completely emancipated from catch-words, so little under the domination of formula, I mean of religious phraseology; and I never met one more under the influence of rigid adherence to the New Testament. The form of expression there was enough for him—it just told his thought. The motto he chose for McMaster University, "In Him all things consist," was a summing up of his belief in Christ. The Lord Jesus was central; all gathered around Him, all emanated from Him; all education must come from Him and go towards Him. Nor was this a narrow idea. It comprehended all within itself; all knowledge looks to Him; all science, all philosophy, all history, all poetry, go toward Him. All nature is but the expression of God; the face of the world, the creatures that are in it, the trees, the flowers are but the manifestations of God to us. So I un-

derstood him ; but I must confess that I did not wholly see as he did, nor all he did. I frequently told him so ; and often he would enter into explanations of his statements—poetical ones especially, and I would for hours hang over them endeavoring to see them in his light ; not always was he successful with me. His mind was of that uncommon order that sees plain lessons in cloud, and light, and color. He especially revelled in this last, as any one may see who reads his sonnets. But not so successful was he as an interpreter to me. When he leads me out, and pointing upward, cries :

“I watch the cloud soft poised in upper air
And feel a presence bodied in its folds,
The wind in dark and shine a voice aye holds,
The noontide forest listens to my prayer.
The trampling seas with rumbling chariots bear
Significant behests in heats and colds,
Urim fire throbs intense on barren wolds—
The crystal globed dew-drops love declare :—

I stop, and gaze, and catch his idea in part ; but I must own that I do not think I catch it all. It is true I am lured on to follow him. I am carried by the rhythms, as well as by the idea :

“The silence of the wheeling heavens by night,
By day, is but the pealing anthem sweet
Beyond the pitch of my dull ears to hear.”

is true enough—true indeed. But the lesson he sees, I must say again, is not for everybody.

His mind was of the poetical cast, tho’ not for poetry in its ordinary forms. There is no attempt to catch the public ear. There is not one verse, that I remember, which appeals to what is called “the great heart of the people”—it is rather poetry for thinking men—for those who are patient enough to study out the meaning half hidden in choicest phrase.

“’Tis very heaven to taste the wells of sleep,
The founts of supersensuous repose !—
The sibyl’s tune still murmurs on the breeze,
The purple night falls thick about the trees,
And blessed stars, like lilies white and rose,
Burst into bloom on heaven’s far azure deep.”

This is a sample of the manner of the workman ; it will better convey the idea of the uncommonness of Dr. Rand’s way of looking at things, than any descriptions of mine. He was himself “like a star and dwelt apart ;” saw nature in her beauty ; but an inseparable bar to interpretation lay across his path. He did not seem to care, however, so long as he fixed his impression in the form where souls like himself could catch the meaning.

I am speaking of a rare man, and am trying to place my own estimate of him in words ; that is all, I am not praising or blaming.

With all this poetical nature, side by side lay the practical ; of that others have spoken ; but there was a larger outlook ever before him. His horizon included states and statesmen ; he watched them with deep interest, and in his amused way, he would hit off the characteristics of some foremost man, it might be Dufferin, or Salisbury, or Sir John A. I think statecraft appealed to him more strongly than war or commerce, or science. Education, even, he saw from the government side. He had made so many Acts of Parliament in bringing out his life-thought, and had framed so many arguments in support of them, and had fought his way thro' so many councils, that he was full of the men with whom he had dealt. He came to have so fine an understanding of the functions of government, that he would have made an invaluable counsellor in any cabinet.

Two other strong points in his make-up : He was a man of large ideals, and of strong fighting power. When he had elaborated his plan, it must go ; he would press it to the very last. A man of larger powers of expediency would not have lost the Superintendency of Education in Nova Scotia ; and one of a less antagonistic nature would not have placed McMaster University where Rand did at last succeed in setting that institution. It was strife with him, a good deal of the time, for one and another idea, but it was the battling of a Christian nature for what he held to be a present good.

Men of like professions and hopes have not always been unwordly. But I never could discover that for pelf Rand cared anything. Show in dress, or household arrangements, seemed not to have entered his mind. He was happy in a cottage, provided that the elect lady of his youth was with him, and provided that the spruce and maple, and the hepatica, and the mayflower, and

“All the flowers that sad embroidery wear,”

together with the gray bird and the robins and the bobolinks, were about him—and particularly provided that the beach of his inland sea was not far away. These things made him rich :

“Had I two loaves of bread, ay, ay !
One would I sell and hyacinths buy
To feed my soul—or let me die.”

Out of the means he contrived to get—such as came to him for hard work—he helped the young. The boy was a grand subject for him ; the possibilities before youth appealed at once to his imagination and his heart. And so, as he could, he helped them, with priceless advice, and with the coppers as he had them.

I think I saw more of his heart when he took a child and talked with it, than in any other way. He wondered at the mystery of child-

hood, and loved to watch the opening of the bud, saw the promise of bloom there, and discarded upon the wondrous potencies lying hidden there. He would question a little girl; draw forth her ideas, and in the simplest way adapt himself to her intelligence. He would write a poem for her, persuade her to learn it, explain its meaning, and then have it set to music, and the child would sing it. He was always insistent on a child's knowledge of what he said to it. "He knows," he would say, "he understands," "they know!" "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," was his crystalization of this faculty of the child nature.

All this leads me on to another feature of his method. He saw the same kind of thing in those whom we imagine to have been the children of science and religion, the men of old who penned their observations, which are enbalméd in our sacred books. "They knew more than the world gives them credit for"—"Those old men were exceedingly wise—they saw things," he would say; "they were near to God, unspoiled by philosophies and civilizations; they kept their ear to nature's heart, and so we are taught by them and always will be."

Thus my friend was a seer, in a way, of things obscure from the ordinary eye—the things physical, and things psychical; in things written in the volume of God, whether in the large print of earth, and sky, or in the smaller type of révelation, or on the palimpsest of the human soul.

That is the kind of man he was - in partial outline. Perhaps sincere men will be able to discern these dim lineaments.

T. H. Rand, D. C. L.

By REV. E. M. SAUNDERS, D. D.

"How beautiful is genius when combined with holiness."

Theodore Harding Rand was descended from Puritan ancestors who emigrated from New England to take possession of the land vacated by the deportation of the Acadian French in 1755. There came, therefore, to him by birth the strong elements of character for which his forefathers were distinguished. His early years were passed at the family home in the eastern part of the Cornwallis Valley. Here the beauties of the natural world to which in later life he ever delighted to return, the secular and the Sabbath schools, life on the farm, the family worship, led by his honored father, deacon Thomas Rand, and that of the house of God, conducted by the great and revered Father Manning, and Rev. A. S. Hunt, his assistant and successor, did not fail to awaken and stimulate his juvenile thoughts and move and fashion his sensitive nature; but in this quiet place life was largely meditative.

About the time the boy was giving place to the man, with the consent of his parents he made his way to Boston. The influences of the new conditions and circumstances in which he found himself, called into greater action the powers and sentiments of his responsive spirit. Life there was fervid and intense. He listened to the finished, dazzling oratory of Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker as they called upon the young men of America to break in pieces the creeds of their fathers and follow them into the realm of intellectual and spiritual freedom. They posed as the heralds of civil and religious liberty for people of every color and creed. William Lloyd Garrison, then beginning his crusade against American slavery, stirred to their depths his instinctive and humane sympathies. He also read with avidity the plausible philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

By these means the dreams of his quiet country home gave place to earnest thought and deep feeling in that throbbing centre of life. To him it was a new spiritual and intellectual birth. Instinctively ardent and demonstrative, he was soon found among the youthful, talking free-thinkers. With a multitude of young fellows he was carried away on the strong current of false liberalism. To him the end to which they drifted was unseen, unknown. The cords binding him to his Puritan Baptist faith were snapped asunder, and he revelled in the liberty of his fancied emancipation. The brilliant men, the leaders of this revolt against orthodoxy, were his prophets. He dreamed dreams of future distinction for himself. His ambition was on fire. He cast about him to find the path that led to the dwelling place of these Boston celebrities. Education, education, that was the only road to these upper regions.

In answering the questions, how to acquire it, he called to mind the white walled college overlooking Grand Pre whose bell tones had often fallen on his ears while at play on the school grounds or at work in his father's hay-field. In pursuit of his new purpose he turned his steps toward the old homestead. He knew that there awaited him from father, mother, brothers and sisters a warm welcome. They would leave nothing undone to assist him in his quest for an education. He was not disappointed. In the autumn of 1854 he was a student at Horton Academy. His natural gifts and late experience easily made him the leader among his fellow-students. Nor was he silent about his religious speculations. For once in its history Horton Academy had among its students an advocate of freethinking, possessed to the full by the courage of his convictions. In the meantime the prayers of his father, mother and others had been heard, and the purpose of God in respect to this young sceptic was maturing. In the winter and early spring of 1855 a revival of religion of great power fell upon the Institutions at Horton and upon the surrounding community. T. H. Rand did not

escape. His religious speculations soon began to lose their hold on him. The old creed, preached by the Rev. Edward Manning and practised before his eyes by his parents, returned and was received into both his head and heart. After this and until the end of his life, he had no room for the speculations of Phillips, Parker, and Emerson. He became a convicted sinner and called upon the God of his fathers for salvation. The conflict was pungent and prolonged; but at last, while on his knees in the secret closet, the darkness broke away and the true light shone into his soul. Freedom and illumination followed, and he found himself in a new world. He was one of the converts baptized by Dr. Cramp during that wonderful revival of religion; and among them not one was found more sanguine, more resolute, of firmer conviction or clearer vision. He became an ardent student of the Bible and an active Christian worker. This zeal he never lost.

T. H. Rand belonged to the class of students who worship genius and learning. In him the New England leaders of thought had had an ardent disciple. In his changed state he did not cease to pay the highest respects to their gifts and attainments. But they were no longer to him the interpreters of life and religion. He now looked for men whose lives and teachings were in harmony with the precepts of divine revelation. The Rev. E. A. Crawley, D.D., the Rev. J. M. Cramp, D.D., Professors A. W. Sawyer, and A. P. S. Stewart, were on the staff of Acadia College at that day. They were men of rare and varied talents, of wide experience, and were well qualified to inspire, mould and guide young men, especially those of the T. H. Rand type. The prominent men in life at the time were Hon. Joseph Howe and the Hon. J. W. Johnstone, the respective leaders of the two political parties in the province. Howe had conducted the crusade against irresponsible government and had, fifteen years before T. H. Rand's school days, won the victory. Both were statesmen and orators. In addition to this, Howe was a poet and Johnstone an eminent jurist. Under the inspiration and instruction of these men, Rand's school days passed away. Another man who then had his reputation to make appeared in political life and added fuel to the fire of Rand's zeal. Dr. Tupper, now Sir Charles, entered into public life about the time Mr. Rand began his studies at Horton Academy. While holding the liberal principles of government for which Howe had fought, he found himself opposed to that great statesman in the practical politics of the day. Rand was a most appreciative onlooker under these influences. His course through the schools at Horton was a most brilliant one, not however in respect to exact studies and the mastery of the endless details of the subjects of a collegiate education; but rather in his extensive reading of both English prose and poetry, in the general knowledge he acquired of men and

public affairs, in the mastery of principles, in leadership among his fellow-students, and in his restless, contagious activity, felt by all his associates.

After graduating he was employed for a year in teaching in Horton Academy. At the close of this year he was solicited by the Government of Nova Scotia to take the chair of Classics in the Provincial Normal School. Here he came in contact with the Rev. Alexander Forrester, D.D., for whom he always cherished great admiration as an educator of exceptional breadth and enthusiasm. Dr. Tupper had at this time been ten years in public life. His talents and force of character had carried him into the leadership of the party with which he found himself identified. Thirty years before this the Rev. E. A. Crawley, D. D., discussed at length in the press and on the platform the great question of a free, non-sectarian common school system, supported by taxation, which he maintained would be essential to its efficiency. Various attempts had been made to give the province a good school law; but the hatred of taxation, wide-spread among all classes of the people, the opposition of Romanism and political intrigue, incident to party government, ensured for every such attempt a humiliating defeat. What the venerable political leaders, Howe and Johnstone, had found it impossible to do, was undertaken by Dr. Tupper. This was an eminently fitting thing to have done. Dr. Crawley had led the way in advocating a free school system of education, supported by taxation. Dr. Tupper was the son of a Baptist minister who, in following Dr. Crawley, was a warm friend and advocate of such a system. Dr. Tupper selected T. H. Rand, the son of a Baptist deacon, and who had been educated at the Horton Institutions, founded by Dr. Crawley, to aid him in framing the School bill and to superintend the system of schools to be organized under it. This, too, was a most appropriate thing for Dr. Tupper to have done.

Dr. Tupper soon found that he had in his youthful superintendent a man of talent and rare executive ability. In some respects the two men bore a striking resemblance to each other. Prescience, swiftness of thought, force of character, pronounced individuality, resolute courage, tact, self-reliance, strength of will, hopefulness, and power to manage men and circumstances so as to secure given ends, characterized both T. H. Rand and Charles Tupper. Before these two men opposition to the School law faded away, and victory crowned their efforts. They fully appreciated each other. After Dr. Rand had ceased to be the Superintendent of the Nova Scotia schools, Dr. Tupper urged him to enter upon political life, and offered to aid him in so doing; but this not being to his tastes was respectfully declined.

Taxation to support schools and confederation carried in the local

Legislature under the leadership of Dr. Tupper, evoked from a large section of the people an opposition which bordered on rebellion. In the initial stages of the school law its very existence was threatened. But behind it were two master minds, two indomitable wills. School meetings, angry and uncontrollable, litigation and the burning of school houses, discouraged neither the superintendent nor the author of the law. The opposition to the law, bitter and wide-spread though it was, yielded to the forces marshalled in its favor. It is within the knowledge of the writer that Mr. Rand, for a week at a time in the stress of the conflict, never took off his clothes. He would throw himself on a couch in his office for a few hours' sleep, and then return to his work. During the five years of his administration there was a revolution in public sentiment. The system when perfected and placed on a firm foundation became popular. To-day it is essentially as it was in 1870, when Dr. Rand left it. He spent the summer and autumn of that year in Great Britain and Ireland. During this time he enjoyed excellent opportunities for studying the school system of the old land. Dr. Tupper and T. H. Rand won for themselves in a short time places as successful leaders of men—the one a statesman, the other an educationist, each destined to be distinguished in his own sphere for wise and successful labors as master builders.

On Dr. Rand's return from Great Britain, at the request of the Premier of New Brunswick he assisted in the preparation of a bill for a free non-sectarian system of education for that Province. After this bill became an Act, he was tendered the position of Chief-Superintendent to carry it into effect. The administration of the system in that Province, as in Nova Scotia, was attended with great difficulties, among them the determined opposition of the Roman Catholic Church, reinforced by overt sympathies from provinces having systems of Separate Schools, contests in courts of law even to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England, and stirring political struggles on the floors of the Canadian Parliament. The work, however, was carried to a grand success. Dr. Rand's motto ever was: A righteous system of education righteously administered.

In 1883 he resigned his superintendency of education in New Brunswick, and accepted the chair of the History of Education in Acadia College. His influence was at once felt, both by professors and students. At the end of two years' service, he was induced by the late Senator McMaster and others, to take the chair of Didactics in Toronto Baptist College.

From 1871 to 1883 he was a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, and during a part of that time a member of the Senate and Board of Governors of Acadia College. He was for years

President of the Educational Institute of New Brunswick, and also of that of Nova Scotia. He was twice President of the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces. He was elected a member of the American Society for University Extension. While he lived in Halifax, he was an active member of the Granville Street Baptist Church, and during his residence at Fredericton he was equally useful and beloved by the church in that place.

There were occasional evidences in his student days, as well as in his laborious life, that he possessed in some degree the divine gift for poetic thought and expression. Fugitive verses from his pen were known to his fellow students, and from time to time in later years he published short poems in newspapers and magazines; but it was not until impaired health brought to him leisure, that the public was made aware of his ability to write such poetry as is found in his work, "At Minas Basin."

Dr. Rand belonged to that class of men who are not satisfied with mere routine work and the accepted state of things around them. He spurned finality: throughout his entire public life this was ever apparent. He surveyed the whole field of education from the primary school to the university, and studied the relations of part to part. The genius that works to this end was never dormant in him. The field chosen for the exercise of his versatile talents was in the realm lying between the pulpit and the parliament. He had the gifts and sympathies for either the preacher, the literary man, the poet or the statesman. But no work could enlist and engage his powers, stir his energies, kindle his ambition and keep steadily burning the fire of his enthusiasm like that of education. Throughout his entire public life he ever espoused the great principles of soul liberty and civil freedom for all classes and creeds. The splendid and triumphant fight under his leadership against Separate Schools in New Brunswick, when the influence of Ontario and the Dominion Parliament were utilized against the non-sectarian system for which he contended, is in evidence of his value of education for the masses and of the principle of individual rights and liberty. His self-reliance made him indifferent to the relative strength of minorities and majorities. It stood rock-like against all opposition. Difficulties had no terrors for him. With the increase of their numbers his hopefulness and assurance grew apace. Conditions and surroundings from which wire-pullers and opportunists would recede, could not drive him from the open ways of warfare. They confirmed his confidence in the principles at stake, and were a guarantee of ultimate success. Here his hope, courage, and faith were at their best. Either defeat utter and final or victory was his purpose in every undertaking; but the object aimed at must be worthy and the end sought the good of man and the glory of God. When strength was measured with strength, and skill with skill, he rose to the occasion.

United with the masculine elements of his character, was a feminine sensitiveness that made him capable of enjoying the highest pleasures or of enduring the most exquisite pain. As a friend he was ardent, generous, faithful and constant. His tastes were discriminating and of a high order. They were of the artistic, classic, poetic type. His nature responded finely to the beauties and harmonies of the natural world and to the æsthetic ministries of human life. Poetry and art had in him a devoted lover.

Dr. Rand was an intelligent, firm and warm-hearted Christian. He regarded his own work as God's work. He was a man of one idea at a time, but it was always a great one. He could concentrate the fervor of his zeal and the full force of his powers upon one subject for a long period; but so soon as he was released from special work, his interest was again renewed in general objects. He was assured of divine assistance in all he undertook. Hundreds of young men were blessed by his counsels and friendship. Students who came in touch with his enthusiasm, and discovered for themselves his strength of character, his high educational ideals, could go away leaving behind them the transforming stimulus which had entered into their lives. He has, in our opinion, no greater tribute to his life-work and memory than may be found in the ingenuous hearts of young men who have known him as friend and teacher.

Dr. Rand never lost his interest in the success of Baptist churches and the progress of their principles. Had he been able to command the use of large sums of money, he would have appropriated much of it for the founding of denominational academies and colleges in Canada, and in enlarging and fostering those already in existence. His plans were as broad and as unselfish as his principles. He earned for himself a good name as a successful laborer for public and denominational schools, as an author, and as a constant, loving friend.

Throughout his entire public life he had the inspiration and help of Mrs. Rand, on whose ministries he largely depended for all he accomplished. Her refined tastes and eminent Christian character qualified her to the help-meet of her noble husband. His name is embalmed in the hearts of thousands, and especially in the hearts of his few intimate friends. Praise God from whom the blessing of the life and labors of Dr. Rand flowed.

7

The Early Years In Ontario.

By REV. THOMAS TROTTER, D. D.

This article it is understood will make no pretense to chronicle in detail the steps of Dr. Rand's career after he removed to Ontario in 1885. It will contain simply a slight sketch and a few personal impressions by one who knew him somewhat intimately during the earlier years there, and loved and admired him deeply. It was in 1884, at the meeting either of the Baptist Convention or the Baptist Union, in the city of Toronto, that I first saw Dr. Rand. He came as a delegate from the East. I did not have the privilege of speaking to him, but remember the keen interest with which I watched him, and listened to his words. His life physical and intellectual was at the zenith. His eager strength, tempered by that deep sense of the beautiful which lent richness and charm to his thought and expression, arrested attention. Here was a man of vision, with a wide horizon, who kindled the imagination, and suggested vastly more than he said, a man of inspiring and unique type, who instantly cast a spell over younger minds.

In 1885 he accepted the Chair of Didactics and Apologetics in Toronto Baptist College. Not till a year later, however, did I come to know him in anything more than a casual way. At that time in pursuance of the strong desire of Mr. McMaster and many others to establish Woodstock College on a permanent basis, Dr. Rand was induced to accept the Principalship of that institution. I had become pastor of the Baptist church at Woodstock three years before, and so was pastor of the college community. The Woodstock pastor was also always a member of the College Board. These positions brought me at once into very intimate relations with the new Principal. I cannot feel that the two years of Dr. Rand's incumbency at Woodstock are to be counted among his happiest years. The life of the institution was deeply scored with peculiar and sacred traditions which Dr. Rand did not fully understand. He only partially understood the men by whom he was surrounded, as he in turn was only partially understood by them. Yet, much was accomplished: the handsome new dining-hall was built, there was a considerable addition made to the endowment, and that movement was begun which transformed Toronto Baptist College and Woodstock College from the separate close corporations they had been, into McMaster University, a joint institution controlled directly by the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec. Dr. Rand's educational ideas became during this period a masterful factor in helping to mould and direct the future policy of the denomination.

In the midst of the stress, however, which it would take a volume to narrate, what a fount of enrichment the strong, full, energetic, many-

sided life of the new Principal was to the young pastor as to many others. Dr. Rand was full of the spirit of worship, and dearly loved the House of the Lord. In earlier life he had passed through the frigid zone of rationalism, but that was long ago. He had come to hold deeply evangelical views of the christian faith; and so, if the service had a bit of genuine worship in it, and the preacher's message rang true at all to the essential things of the gospel, his strong face would grow radiant and tender, and it would not be easy for him to go home without leaving some gracious word of thankfulness and encouragement behind. If there was weakness and crudity in the ministrations, with what delicate indirectness, and care as to time and place, he would awaken thoughtfulness and inspire fresh resolve. How the prayer-meeting glowed as he prayed and held up his pastor's hands. And those numberless talks on the street, in the home, in the lanes and fields, how surcharged they were with illumination, with suggestion, with stimulus, that often made the soul quiver to its centre. He was a high priest of nature, and one sure result of fellowship with him in nature's haunts was that not only was the beauty of her face discovered, but her secrets were interpreted, and her soul laid bare. I write strongly, but not more strongly than I feel. There was clash and stress in those two years. On rare occasions my own spirit and judgment clashed with his, but fellowship with him meant quickening and enlargement for one's soul, and consciousness of a new epoch in one's life.

By the end of the second year after his settlement at Woodstock it had been decided to locate the Arts department of the University in Toronto, and Dr. Rand returned to that city and resumed his professorship in Toronto Baptist College. A year later he was appointed to the Chair of Ethics and Education in the prospective new department, being granted a year's leave of absence for purposes of rest and study abroad. Having been abroad for eleven months, and Dr. McVicar having resigned the Chancellorship, Dr. Rand was summoned in the early summer of 1889 to assume the Chairmanship of the Arts Faculty, the work of which was to open in the autumn. Two years later the Theological and Arts Faculties having been united, he was made Chancellor of the University, and Principal of the United Faculty, which positions he held until failing health compelled his withdrawal from administrative duties in 1895.

As pastor for a year at Bloor St. where Dr. Rand worshipped, and then as professor under him for five years, it was my privilege again to be in most intimate relations with him during the six years just sketched, from 1889 to 1895, and thus to be able to record impressions of this stage of his career. In my view they were sacrificial years. Other men there were both on the Faculty and on the Board who

wrought nobly in those initial times, but the chief burdens necessarily fell upon him. There was a curriculum to be framed, a student patronage to be created, a divided denomination to be conciliated, a cynical public to be borne with and won. There were problems of organization which must occupy years and could only be solved by slow and patient processes. There was the elaboration of ideals for the manifold life of the University, and the demand for sustained constructive effort that the ideals might be firmly established. To these tasks, in addition to his teaching, Dr. Rand gave himself with all the intensity of his nature, all the alertness and grasp of his thought, all the breadth and reach of his vision, all the practical wisdom of his planning, all the steadiness and resoluteness of his purpose, all the faith and courage of his spirit, all the many-sidedness of his being, literally pouring out his life in streams that the foundations of the University might be laid deep, broad, immovable. No wonder if this intense and constant forth-putting of energy sometimes wore the nerves to sensitiveness, and made the tireless worker impatient of opposition real or fancied. No wonder if those who saw him but occasionally, and encountered him spent with exhausting toil, sometimes misjudged the man. No wonder if while yet in the midst of his days the physical machinery began to fail, and the more wearing duties had to be resigned. Never did a man serve in the vineyard of the Lord more worthy to be called a "laborer" than he; and the fruits of his toil will be unto all future generations.

Happy is it to think that after these years of consuming toil there was given, before the Home going, a few years of quiet rest and grateful calm. These closing years however will be sketched by another pen. Space remains for only a remark or two of a general sort.

Were I to single out the most impressive characteristic of Dr. Rand's life as I knew him, I should fix upon his instinctive passion for influencing other lives. His ideals, his convictions, his judgments, his feelings, all the varied information with which his mind was stored, were in continual effluence, and that not for the mere sake of expression as an end, but with the distinct purpose of creating conviction, correcting ideals, awakening thought, and stimulating purpose in the minds of others. I do not think I was ever in his company for ten minutes, when an exchange of ideas was possible, without feeling the strong and vitalizing impact of his mind and spirit upon my own. His letters were full of sententious thought, happy suggestion, fine feeling, and beautiful expression. His interest in life about him, especially the expanding life of the young, was intense and unwearying, and to have a hand in helping it up towards the best was his constant delight. There must be thousands who received from him direction, momentum, inspiration, which greatly enriched their lives.

As to the motives which controlled the full, energetic, influential life of Dr. Rand, there can be no doubt. His poems saturated with thoughts of God and Christ and immortality tell the story. And what the poems disclose was unmistakably confirmed in daily life to those who lived and worked at his side. Whatever secondary motives may have seemed to sway him for the moment in those contentions and struggles which his aggressive life necessarily involved, the primal and dominating motives were clearly those glorious motives implied in a vital Christian faith. Jesus Christ was the world's Redeemer and the rightful Lord over all life. To bring men to share His redeeming grace, and to subject all life to His righteous rule, this was Dr. Rand's conception of the mission of Christian men. His own specific sphere was that of Education, and in it he wrought with consuming desire to vindicate the claims of Christ therein, and set the King upon His throne.

The Last Five Years.

As I think of Dr. Rand's closing years I am reminded of an incident of my summer outings. Through most of the night and the morning we had been storm-tossed on Lake Huron; toward noon, most welcome change, we glided into the calm waters of the beautiful St. Marys River. Dr. Rand's public life had known not a little of storm; the last five years, at least to all outward seeming, were peaceful and beautiful. The stress of great responsibilities, involving opposition and conflict both East and West called forth his educational enthusiasm, executive ability, splendid courage and marvellous will power; the quiet years, though they furnish fewer incidents for the chronicle, gave fuller play to other powers, and possibly won for him a name greater even than that to which his educational achievements entitled him. The man whom three Provinces had recognized as a sturdy man of affairs, became acknowledged by the Dominion as one of her foremost men of letters.

When Dr. Rand in broken health was relieved of the exacting duties of the Chancellorship, he was made Professor Emeritus and Lecturer in Education and English Literature. No subjects could have been more congenial. His whole career prepared him for the former; his richly endowed nature and glowing personality peculiarly fitted him for the latter. And so it was with great zest and devotion that he turned his thoughts toward this work.

The summer of 1895, and each succeeding summer, found him among the glories of Minas Basin. The cares of administration had

been laid aside, and he was free to indulge his passionate love of nature. The world was full of beauty to him and in its charms his whole soul revelled. I shall never forget our walks in sight of the Oxford slope near Woodstock and the delightful freshness of his interest in every phase of natural loveliness. Flower and forest, meadow and mountain, brooklet and ocean, all had attractions for his æsthetic soul. To him it was a joy to gaze upon the outer beauty of the world.

But that was not all. Nature as he saw it, was a manifold parable of life. How vividly I remember his sudden flash of enthusiasm two springs ago at the sight of the first bursting bud on Bloor Street. It was the miracle of life rather than the thing of beauty that fired him and human life especially he saw mirrored in the world. His own experiences had been many and varied, and in cosy dell and storm-beaten headland, in laughing brook and lashing breaker he beheld the counterpart of the calm and storm, the love and hate of life. It is easy to pass from that to the feeling that nature sympathizes with our moods and shares our experiences—a feeling that invests the scenes amid which we have moved with a strange dearness and begets love of country and a genuine patriotism. In strong and sensitive souls this feeling will be correspondingly strong. So when, on his first return from Ontario to the scenes of his childhood, Dr. Rand prostrated himself on the lawn and wept like a child, the wealth and strength of his nature were shown.

Above all, "in earth and sky and sea," with all their teeming life and varied splendors, he read lessons of the might and majesty, the mercy and wrath of God, and nature became an apocalypse. Her myriad voices told of *God*. Yet his knowledge of "that life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us," enabled him to interpret nature the better, and, while appreciating her teachings, to recognize her limitations and the measureless advance in her knowledge of God that has come through our Lord Jesus Christ.

So through happy summer days nature kept singing her messages to his heart, and he, transfiguring it by the light of the Cross, began himself to sing his own soul's message to the men of his time and of the coming time. In 1897 part of it was given to the world when "At Minas Basin" was published. From that time till the end his muse was busy. A second and enlarged edition was issued in the following year. His last work was his most ambitious and those who have had the privilege of reading his "Song-Waves," which he left ready for publication, are inclined to regard it as his best.

It is not needful that I should discuss the merit of these poems. It is quite clear that they are not of the popular sort. But if beauty of conception, justness of thought, felicity of diction, musical expression,

warmth of feeling, and reign of imagination are important elements in the subtle thing we call poetry, Dr. Rand deserves the name of poet. To my own mind, "The Dragonfly" is unsurpassed in Canadian literature. The glory of these poems is the Christian tone that rings clear in almost every one of them. Faith and hope and love are the great notes and all centre in Christ. Now that the singer is gone I find his message coming nearer and clearer to my own heart.

All this meant much for his work in the class-room. He could appreciate, as few can the beauty and power of literature, especially poetry. And in such enthusiasm as his there is something contagious. Gratefully do I acknowledge the stimulus he brought to me personally in our Woodstock days and later. And in his class-room year after year young men and women were being worked to a new and precious interest in the world around them, to an appreciation of the rich inheritance we have in our poets, and to truer and larger thoughts of life and its possibilities.

To hear him read a poem was an intellectual treat. The keenness of his sympathy made him an incarnation of the thought, and the rich-toned reading was its best interpretation. The dry bones of scholarship had little attraction for him. Students were not treated as mere receptacles for mummied facts, but as beings of feeling, thought, conscience and will, whose "possibilities should be turned into power" and to whom life should become the large and generous thing God meant it to be. This development of men he accomplished chiefly by the projectile force of his own intense personality. Scores and scores of men and women rejoice to-day that it was their privilege to come under his inspiring influence.

Apart from his lectures the chief outcome of his literary studies has been "A Treasury of Canadian Verse" which was published just a week before his death. It is a striking fact that a few hours after his death, but before tidings had reached the West, complimentary reference was made to that work and its author in his presidential address before the Royal Society of Canada by Professor Wm. Clark, D. C. L. of Trinity University, who now succeeds Dr. Rand in the Lectureship on Literature in McMaster. Dr. Clark characterizes him as a genius and a poet.

His interest in other matters did not abate. All that concerned McMaster's well-being concerned him. For the last two years he was President of the Fyfe Missionary Society. That Society with its Monthly Missionary Day involving the suspension of all lectures is one of the glories of the University. Its present constitution and status in the University are largely the outcome of his efforts years ago. His strong convictions on the value of Christian Education and the wisdom

of our Educational policy led him to follow with the utmost interest Educational movements in the various provinces. No one rejoiced more than he in the success of Acadia's recent forward movement nor was any one more gratified to see Brandon College launched on the same general lines as Acadia and McMaster. And all of us who talked much with him can testify to his lively and sympathetic interest in all matters pertaining to the onward progress of Christian principles in the social, political and commercial world. His views of current theological controversies showed remarkable insight and were refreshingly sane and practical. On all questions touching Church and State his convictions were clear, strong and thoroughly Baptist.

His influence on the general life of the University has been increasingly helpful during these later years as his character mellowed into greater beauty. Many of us will long feel the glow and stimulus of quiet conversations; the memory of his richly devotional reading and prayers in Chapel service will long linger as a benediction; while his ringing words of wisdom and cheer on more public occasions will remain as landmarks in thought and cherishers of hope.

We had all known for years that the summons might come at any time and that imparted a certain tenderness, I had almost said sacredness, to our relations with him. Mrs. Rand knew it and her loving ministry was weighted with heartache and haunted by a ceaseless dread. He knew it himself and that consciousness made his fellowship with the unseen more real. His poems showed the tinge of coming death, yet caught and reflected the light of the fuller life.

Still when at Fredericton, on May the 29th. in the midst of earthly honors, the summons came, it came as a shock to us all. To one it meant the giving out suddenly of earth's largest, clearest light. To teachers and students of McMaster it was a personal bereavement. To him it was what? Let his own prescience tell.

"I dreamed I drew my parting breath
And fell in sinking swoon of death,
To gulfs of utter night all chilly,
While woven hands held me close beneath.
And then—as thousand lights on shore
The radiant forms I'd known before;
And growing sound of kindly voices,
And flood of light through an open door.
And, lo, at stern and prow there stands
Close-veiled an angel winged!—the sands
Beneath the shallop's keel wake music;
Folded am I by the pierced Hands!"

McMaster University.

J. H. FARMER.

The Man of Thought, and the Man of Action in Education.

By ELDON MULLIN, M. A., Principal of the Provincial Normal School of New Brunswick.

Dr. Rand was both in the highest and best sense. He had the clear cool head to plan, to devise, to provide; and the warm and kindly human sympathies which drew men to him, and won their adherence to his plans through their admiration for the thinker and the man.

It was his high privilege to lay the foundation of free school Education in two provinces,—first with Sir Charles Tupper in Nova Scotia and a few years later with George E. King in New Brunswick. He had been growing equal to these great responsibilities in active Academic and Normal School work in Nova Scotia; and when the occasion demanded a leader for his native province in the great work of organizing her public school system, the man stood ready. His was the courage which rose with difficulties; and through the first dangerous years he steered the Educational ship in his native province steadily and skillfully towards his own high ideals. When, a few years later, he laid down his charge in Nova Scotia, the lines of her future progress were so clearly outlined that they cover yet substantially all the great advance which over thirty years have witnessed.

New Brunswick was then on the verge of the great Educational reform which crystallized in the Common School Act of 1871, and once more the man and the hour met.

Dr. Rand spent a winter in London and on the Continent before taking the helm in New Brunswick. The Rev. Dr. Saunders, who spent part of this winter with him, has told the writer how eagerly and how strenuously Dr. Rand threw himself into the work of elaborating the details of the New Brunswick system of schools, and how he refused highly advantageous offers of employment on the other side of the water.

Then came twelve years full of labor and the joy of achievement in the full strength of his matured powers. For the record of what he accomplished during that time one must retrace the Educational History of the Province, in his public reports, in his addresses and papers at Educational gatherings, in his incessant and vigilant supervision of every phrase of the educational life which had been and which was being inaugurated. Everywhere his masterful activity was in evidence—in season and out of season—in the Board of Education—in the routine work of his office—in the constant help and strength which he gave to all who labored with him. Truly he was the Horace Mann of the Maritime Provinces.

It was the writer's privilege to be closely associated with him for several years both officially and in a friendly way, and to know intimately his abundant labors in New Brunswick. The memory of what he thought and what he did for this Province will never be lost for those who were his co-workers. "His works do follow him."

In 1883, he tendered his resignation of the office of Chief Superintendent of Education in New Brunswick, and thereafter his life was given to collegiate education.

There is no department of educational work which he did not profoundly influence in Canada,—Common Schools, High School, Normal School, Executive and Administrative work at the head of two Provincial School Systems, and finally Collegiate and Denominational Education—all these felt in turn his master touch; "*et nihil teligit quod non ornavit.*"

To the striking and pathetic circumstances under which his life closed it is not necessary here to allude.

The Provinces of the Dominion whose Educational Systems he so greatly influenced should unite in erecting a stately monument in memory of this noble man, and on it might be fittingly inscribed, as on that of the great Swiss Educator,

"Man, Christian, Citizen. Everything for others. Nothing for himself."

College Days.

BY JOHN Y. PAYZANT, M. A.



T. H. RAND
From a photo taken soon after
leaving college.

I met Theodore Harding Rand for the first time in winter of 1855 at Horton Academy. He with other boys had gone to that excellent Institution to prepare for the Matriculation Exams. to take place the following year. Outside of my own family circle, he was my first intimate friend. I had come from my old home in an adjoining county where I had no associates and few acquaintances and the pleasant society of the good fellows I met on the Hill forms one of the most agreeable of the recollections of my early days. I was particularly attracted towards Rand; indeed from the outset we became strongly attached to each other and this early friendship remained unimpaired throughout our college course. In

1860 we finished at Acadia, received our diplomas, and with the other members of the graduating class of that year went out into the world from our College home to take up the work to which we felt ourselves respectively called.

I am asked to contribute to this memorial number of the Athenæum something relating to the character and life of our friend during the five or six years above indicated—that is the period of his life while at College.

It is not an easy matter at any time to give an impartial portrayal of a fellow student's character. After the lapse of forty years the mind as it travels back over the long interval is insensibly affected by many tender memories. At no period of one's life, I believe is a man so unselfish and actuated to the same extent by generous impulses, as when he is a College Student. His College is his all sufficient world—a world within a world wherein the noblest achievement seems possible, ambition fostered, exalted standards are set up, and a good deal of that cult called Hero-worship finds favor.

No youth to whom fate has denied the charm of residence in a community like this can quite understand how potent is its influence on one's life and how enduring the memory of the years spent therein. Such considerations therefore, must ever remind the reader, that historic accuracy as to a person or character is not to be expected on such an occasion, but only the impressions that survive the lapse of many years.

I will probably best perform the duty assigned to me, if in this small contribution to his memory I endeavour to recall the most prominent of those mental and moral characteristics that impressed me in those early days. Of these characteristics if I had been asked in 1860 to name the most prominent, I should have unhesitatingly referred to the poetic side of his nature. True, he had not then written many verses. He had read all the poets and he could talk in couplets; but these accomplishments do not make the Poet; what was more important was that his nature was poetic. His imagination was of that ethereal kind that we look upon as the peculiar property of poets. I well remember a trip that we with two other boys took to Blomidon the first year that I knew him. I can recall some of his conversation as we wandered around the grand cliff—words evidencing his kinship with nature in her grandest as well as simplest forms. That capacity so marked in after years for the discovery of some beauty or sublimity in the natural objects around him, did not escape even our youthful observation. An old farmer in Five Islands whom I encountered one day quaintly described the same to me. He had been telling me of all the visitors to this charming sea coast naming among them my old friend.

"And what kind of a man is this Dr. Rand," I asked. "Well," he answered "he is one of those odd men who go about the country finding what he calls beauty in every stone and stump along the roadside." So it was in the 50's at Wolfville. A sunset viewed from the portico of the old College building, a summer morning on the bridge road at points where the eye would take in the long sweep of the Gaspereaux, the moaning of the tides around Grand Pre, the old College bell, the autumn meadows dotted with herds and flocks, some peculiarity of a professor or the ambitious vaporings of a student were objects which it seemed to me appealed to him in a way they did not to the others of us.

Another prominent point in his character was his love of literature. The year we left College he told me that the literary profession seemed to present to him his proper field of labour and that he would like to be permanently employed on some Review or better class of Magazine. His Academic compositions were invariably of a high order and his graduating essay showed marks of originality and culture. All his extemporaneous addresses in the discussions of our debating societies were characterized by strong common sense, vigor of thought and much force of expression. No student in college of that day had read the English Classics as extensively, I should think, as he, and I can remember no one in the classes so capable of forming an accurate judgment on their respective merits. There were better students in our class, that is men more thorough and accurate in the exercises of the lecture room, but the native vigor of his mind carried him over difficulties that would have appalled others. I am afraid that no system of class ratings, then at any rate in vogue could gauge the fitness of a man like this for College honors. Students are not incorrect judges of the value of each other's scholarship, though the ground of their judgment is not always intelligible even to themselves. I would be conveying a wrong impression of our estimate of him if in these lines I referred to his literary and poetical tastes alone. It is not always that these qualities are united in the same individual with independence and force of character but they were in Mr. Rand. Not the least of the many vivid impressions I retain of him is that of the singular independence of mind with which in one so young he approached the consideration of a subject. He was not naturally disposed to criticise or to unfairly oppose the opinions of others or, as is often the case with young men, to argue for the sake of argument; but it seemed to be a necessity with him to think a question out for himself and to act in accordance with his convictions, whether others agreed with him or not. No wonder therefore that his ideas were often decidedly original and to us sometimes startling. I am afraid that he was occasionally a little restive under the restraint of college discipline. He was always the champion of the class whenever its liberties seemed

to be endangered and when snowballs had to be thrown by us he generally made them. Young men of like character have sometimes developed free thinking habits, but that was impossible with Rand, as we who knew his mind and heart so well could vouch. Religion also had at an early date touched his nature with the spirit of reverence and devotion. I do not think I ever met a young man with a nature so kindly and yet so courageous. He could be as tender as a woman and again as bold as a lion. We all loved him. He was the central figure in our little society and I am sure that if the few surviving members of that little band were questioned to-day they would agree with me that he exerted a strong influence for good on us all.

I do not remember that during his course he exhibited any special aptitude for the profession of teaching—either in the schoolroom or in the higher work of organization or administration—the field in which he subsequently labored with distinction. We looked upon him rather as a coming leader, as a possible politician, or a guide in the literary world, or a light in the sacred ministry of his church. But it must be remembered that at that date the common school system in this Province was much less scientific and complete than it subsequently became. He took as we know a prominent part in lifting the profession of teaching to a higher plane and in bringing its members into closer contact with the intellectual forces around them; so that the work he did as the head of what became a great department was really in line with the youthful forecasts of his fellow students.

I have thus briefly tried to describe our old friend as he appeared to us in the years immediately preceding that of 1860. There is much more that might be said; and others of our class who yet survive may not agree with all I have written, but all will agree, that he gave unusual promise of a useful career. Some men surprise their fellow students in after life either by attaining unexpected distinction or by suffering unlooked for failure. Dr. Rand's life was not a surprise I think to any of us. That his career was distinguished and that at death he left unperishable monuments of his genius and labor, was only what his classmates then hoped and believed would occur and what we their survivors to-day delight to record.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear ATHENÆUM:—

The happy days at old Acadia seem long gone by. The change from a student's life to that of a soldier is at least rather abrupt, and our regiment has certainly seen war in its hardest and sternest phases. To-day my thoughts turn to the past and I feel like a "talk" with absent college friends and class-mates of whom I have again and again found myself thinking. In the long hours of night duty on the silent kopjes, memory becomes a pleasant companion, driving away the thoughts of war and its horrors, bringing contentment in the midst of adverse surroundings.

Personally I have been most fortunate in this war. From the time of leaving Canada until to-day I have never lost a day's duty. I have participated in every march and fight of the regiment and have so far escaped unharmed. The newspapers give long and startling accounts of battles as if that were all of war, but our experience has been very different. Any man with ordinary sporting instincts will find in the excitement of the fight a certain wild pleasure that is indescribable. Death and destruction is all around but nobody notices this while the fever of the fight is in his veins. I remember one day at Thaba N' Chu, General Smith-Dorien remarking to our colonel that the operations were "just like an Aldershot field-day." For the moment his anxiety over the issue of the battle was overcome by admiration for the manoeuvres of both sides. It is the continuation of long hard marches on a scarcity of food that breaks so many soldiers down. We have done many marches suffering almost every physical discomfort, hunger and thirst, intense heat and blinding dust, or worse,—heavy rains and mud. If in addition to this a man has bad boots and blistered feet, no one need wonder why the temporary halt occasioned by a fight is often welcomed by the foot soldier or "grand-crusher" as he is styled by the other arms of the service. It may not be poetical but it is nevertheless true that a soldier is mostly "stomach and feet." Our regiment has now completed over 1000 miles marching and we know that a man must become a mere machine to stand the strain. An army rests because its animals are played out; they cannot do the work that men force themselves to do.

I will not attempt to give any description of the different engagements in which we have taken part. The ordinary newspaper accounts however, convey a very poor idea of this kind of fighting as it really is. Not one soldier out of a hundred ever gets a direct shot at an enemy,

their cover is so perfect. At Paardeburg we were within 100 yards of thousands of Boers and yet they were invisible. On the other hand, of necessity, we have to expose ourselves in the advance and hence the heavy losses. One man entrenched in a kopje is fully equal to a score coming at him across a plain.

Again, you often read of bayonet and lance charges but these as well as the sword have been of only moral effect, except on very rare occasions. The Boers never wait for us to get to close quarters and although I have seen and been in different charges I have never seen an enemy killed by the bayonet, lance or sword. Even the big guns are not so deadly against infantry as is often supposed. It is the rifle that tells after all. Artillery fire though is very annoying because you can hear the shells coming your way for several seconds and it is somewhat of a lottery where they are going to burst. Puffs of dust alone show where the rifle bullet strikes.

Our regiment now only numbers 400 men fit for duty. The rest have gone one after another. My own company "A" has lost two captains and five men killed in action, thirteen wounded and three dead of enteric fever. Those who are left though are in the best possible condition; it is no boast to say that the regiment has never met its superior in hard marching and this as we have said before is the severest test troops can have. When under fire I have found that all men are very much alike; one corps as good as another. During our last march we have had a band of singers chosen from each company and these have been a great success. Marching songs and choruses of all kinds make the time pass merrily enough. In the intervals good natured "chaff" and argument on every subject under the sun is indulged in. At night "sing-songs" are the fashion around the camp fires, in which sometimes hundreds of voices will join. Sometimes we will pay visits to chums in other regiments and often a very representative little party is formed, men of all branches of the service from every part of the Empire, but all equally attached to the cause they serve.

Whenever a chance offers we have Divine Service or a Y. M. C. A. meeting. Dr. Barrie has made himself the personal friend of every man in the regiment and has been a great service to us all. The Canadian Y. M. C. A. could not possibly have sent a better man.

We have noticed severe criticisms in the papers concerning the hospitals here but cannot agree with them. I have talked with men who have been in every hospital in the country and they all are perfectly satisfied with their treatment. Those I have seen appeared to me perfect Houses of Rest after the life on the wild. Even after our biggest fights I have never known a wounded man to be left out all night

unless he had crawled away out of sight. I think the Medical Service deserves every praise.

We cannot be home now within our year but all are willing to stay longer if required. If all goes well I hope to see Canada and all old friends again before Christmas.

STANLEY L. JONES, ('97)

ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT.

Pretoria, Aug 27th, 1900

[We are pleased to note that we are soon to have the pleasure of seeing and hearing another man who did good service in South Africa though his work was somewhat different. We refer to the coming of Mr. Frederic Hamilton, the war correspondent of the Toronto Globe. Mr. Hamilton has seen much of the war in South Africa, having been present at over thirty battles. He forwarded the news of the battle of Paardeburg and the list of the Canadians killed and wounded some forty eight hours before similar intelligence reached either England or Canada and established his position as a journalist by the feat. Mr. Hamilton will give his illustrated lecture in College Hall on Dec. 11th. and we predict for him an overflowing house.]

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In regard to all other matters address the **Editor Athenæum**.

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The Late Dr. Rand. It seems fitting that this the first issue of our College paper this year should be made largely a memorial number. Perhaps no other man ever exercised the influence that Dr. Rand did over the educational life of the Dominion. Certainly no other man of his generation did. As an educationist and as a poet he will long be remembered, and his name will be honoured by future generations; but especially will his name be cherished by his *Alma Mater*, since the splendour of his achievements has shed lustre upon the name of Acadia. We do not mean to say that Dr. Rand's greatness was the result of his attendance at Acadia College. Some men will never attain to more than microscopic proportions under the most favourable conditions, while others will develop even in adverse circumstances. Dr. Rand would have become a leader of men in any case. Still we do claim that the years he spent at Wolfville strongly influenced his thought and modified his life. In this sense then Acadia claims him as her own and points with pride to the noble example he has left.

Our Paper As our readers will perceive but few changes have been made in the appearance of the cover. It may be that the editors are wanting in originality. On the other hand it may be that through the wisdom of preceding generations there is left little scope for originality. Perhaps in the future we shall be able to obtain a design at once artistic and modest, but for the present the plain cover seems to us most suitable.

A return has been made at the request of the printer to the old ar-

rangement of the contributed articles. A correspondence column has again been opened and we are greatly pleased to present this month a communication from an Acadia boy who has seen much active service in South Africa. If noises such as college boys sometimes make are disagreeable to him we would advise him to keep the exact date of his homecoming a secret. This correspondence column we believe can be made the most profitable department of the paper if all the students will take an interest in it, and through it express their views concerning matters that directly touch our life. We would be pleased also to receive communications from those who stand outside the student body since that would afford us a much needed opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us.

But we are not to be understood as limiting the contributions of the undergraduates to a correspondence column. The whole paper is yours and we hope that you will make full use of your property. If the paper is to be in the highest sense successful this year each student must feel a personal responsibility in the matter. If you want a good paper help to make it good. If you can't possibly give us an article at least subscribe for your own paper and show your interest that way. And if you are a subscriber now don't wait until the Secy-Treas. has to ask you for your dollar. He does much hard work for nothing and you will lighten it by noticing that you are expected to pay in advance. With the co-operation of all we believe that our paper can be made this year the best in its history.

On account of the number and length of the contributed articles this month we have been compelled to hold several things over for our next issue. An account of the recent Maritime Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention which met at Dalhousie is among these. But the Convention was so good that the account will easily keep. The general election, too, demands a great deal of attention, but perhaps in regard to this facts may be more clearly seen when the smoke of conflict clears away.

The Old Class and The New.

The gentlemen of "1900" were far from being common fellows. They had no doubt a few small men among them but even these (Gulliver in Brobdingnag) seemed smaller than they really were. One is often able to indicate the dominant surface characteristic of a class in one short happy word; there is the "scrubby" class with all manner of heads of hair, the "studious" class quiet and doggedly attentive, the "spick and span" class clean-shaved and sprucely dressed;

but we are bound to say that this particular class defies any such attempt on our part at verbal economy. Sedate? Well, we thought of that, but tell me please, do sedate men butt each other in the stomachs or warble the melodious absurdities of "Bingo?" The difficulty which we find in the selection of some word that will appropriately designate the class *in toto* is due I think to the force and character of its *personnel*—strong virile fellows who decline to be squeezed within the narrow compass of an epithet. What we say regarding them must of necessity be general and somewhat vague (you will find the class dissected—tenderly and skillfully dissected—on another page) but we can at least pay them a conscientious tribute in the word Gentlemen—not "Gentlemen" according to the popular society notion which holds such to be men who look well, dress well, observe (when not at home) the niceties of social etiquette and converse in a succession of dainty nothings worn smooth by constant travel; but Gentlemen in the right sense of the word. Gentlemen of brain and character, a little lacking perhaps in superficial gloss, but rich in moral cleanness and native good-breeding. No doubt they had faults—what class has not? Some would say they thought too highly of themselves, seemed wiser than they really were, prided themselves on superior formality toward lower class-men, transfigured eccentricities into pet virtues—but *absit invidia*; perhaps friend, (whisper it softly!) we too are fallible and apt to study character through the perverting medium of our own imperfections. Whether that is so or not, we cannot but commend the "gentlemen of 1900" as singularly free from the paltry vices which pollute the stagnant surfaces of little minds.

Of the new class we know but little. The boys look well but one can hardly anticipate the ripe autumn fruit in the promise of the early spring bud. But if we cannot praise or censure we can at least counsel (which after all is more to the purpose) gently and modestly, from a standpoint of conscious fallibility, and three full years of college life. Remember young men, ("patriarchal humbug" I hear you say) that a college is not a gymnasium, nor a drawing room, nor yet a classroom. But remember too that Mind must be the first and highest consideration; that the Body should be cared for chiefly that it may become or continue to be a fit and proper place for the residence and growth of healthy mind; that the graceful ease which social culture gives (apart of course from good manners, which are born not made) is only to be valued in that it draws other minds toward your mind lending to your intellectual riches charm and colour for that polish which so well becomes a gem is wasted on a common garden pebble, and indeed serves really to accentuate the true poverty of the material. As students seek to be judicious, not omnivorous. It is true that for the first two years

the curriculum gives small scope (perhaps too small) for individual judgment and selection; but surely no student enters college life, or ought to enter it, without that instinctive knowledge of his own mental aptitudes which will persuade him to fix his mind *most strongly* upon studies adapted to develop it in harmony with the impulses of nature; and which will strongly forbid the stifling of intellectual whisperings beneath a weight of useless cumbrous erudition. Education is not, I take it, a strenuous chase after the first two letters of the alphabet, but rather the skilful quickening of dormant mind. It is not the mere college graduate, the emancipated machine, as he too often is, but the man of independent thought and judicious culture who holds within himself the "open sesame" to both intellectual felicity and material success. But *satis verborum*. We give the new men hearty welcome.

OBITUARY.

Once more Acadia has to mourn the death of an illustrious son. We refer to the decease of Prof. Eliphalet A. Read, Ph. D. who died at the home of his father, Rev. E. O. Read, at Waterville, N. S. on Wednesday, Sept. 19th. after a brief illness. Though he passed away before he reached what is generally regarded as the prime of life still his life was a singularly complete one and his eminent services in the cause of Christian education have given him a high place among the graduates of Acadia. So while all must grieve that a life of such promise has been cut short we rejoice at what that life accomplished.

The following brief account of Dr. Read's life has been taken mainly from the Athenæum of June, 1898.

Eliphalet Allison Read was born at Gaspereau, N. S. in 1866, being a grandson of the late Rev. Willard Parker, one of the pioneers of the Baptist denomination in Annapolis Co. His early education was obtained in the public schools of Berwick. He entered Acadia College in 1887 and graduated in 1891, taking honors in Political Economy and taking a high place in his class as well as in all other activities of the student life. In the autumn of 1891, Mr. Read entered Morgan Park Theological Seminary. In the following year he entered the University of Chicago from which in 1896 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy *magna cum laude*.

In the same year Dr. Read was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Pontiac, Ill. Here he was ordained to the ministry, and continued his pastoral work with marked fidelity and success until September, 1897, when he resigned to accept a call to the chair of Philos-

ophy in Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Mich. What his life has been since then may perhaps best be gleaned from the following extracts from the Kalamazoo Telegraph of Sept. 20.

"Perhaps never was such a shadow cast over the opening days of Kalamazoo College as that which came with the announcement of the death at Waterville, N. S. of Dr. Eliphalet A. Read, a member of the faculty, who held a brilliant position among educators of the west.

"They were sober, thoughtful faces, those of the students and faculty of Kalamazoo College, who gathered in chapel this morning. Many for the first time heard the sad tidings and there was scarce a dry eye in the assembly when at the close of the chapel exercises Dr. A. Gaylord Slocum, president of the college, arose and said a few words on the subject uppermost in each heart. It was at times with difficulty that he would complete a phrase upon his lips.

" 'It would be useless for me to say anything this morning,' said he, 'that might seem to attempt to cover at all the affliction which has come among us—this crushing grief and sorrow for us all, I feel it too deeply. It is not often that God gives us a man like that—it is not often that qualities are combined as they were combined in Dr. Read—the rare nobility, the splendid training, the definite purpose in life, the enthusiasm to arouse interest in life and to spur on latent attentions. It is not often that God gives us a man able to fill so many places and to fill them so admirably. You know too well those qualities of mind and of heart to need any words from me.

" 'The loss is not merely to the college. There is loss to his family, to the community, to the state, to the entire cause of Christian education, in this loss of one combining these qualities, one born to be a leader of men, one of such ability, such force of character. Such a man, I say, rarely comes into the world.

" 'I have loved him as a brother' said Dr. Slocum in closing, 'and the ties of brotherhood could have been no stronger than those with this friend who is gone.' "

With deep regret we record the death of Mrs. Marie Woodworth Tufts, the beloved wife of J. F. Tufts, D. C. L., our esteemed professor of History and Political Economy, which occurred at her home in Wolfville on Sept. 9th. Prof. Tufts and his family have the sincere sympathy of all the students in their sad bereavement. We hope to publish in our next issue an appreciative article from the pen of Mrs. T. Trotter, who has known Mrs. Tufts very intimately for many years.

The many friends of Miss Margaret Vanderpoel will regret to hear

of her death at the home of her uncle at Short Hills, Essex Co., New Jersey. No particulars of the sad event have reached us. Miss Vanderpoel for some time was a member of the class of '98 and made many friends during her stay in Wolfville.

De Alumnis.

CLASS OF '00.

Geo. L. Dickson is at his home in Truro.

E. N. Rhodes is pursuing a law course at Dalhousie.

Frank L. Cann is at his home in Yarmouth, N. S.

James A. Huntley is assistant pastor at Amherst, N. S.

Emerson L. Franklin is studying Science at McGill University.

Sheldon S. Poole is pastor of the Baptist Church at Sable River, N. S.

Ryland McG. Archibald has entered business with his father at Truro.

Horace G. Colpitts is studying Theology at Rochester Theological Seminary.

Louis M. Duval has charge of the Baptist Church at Kars, Kings Co., N. B.

W. Everett McNeill is the popular principal of the Public School at Montague, P. E. I.

Harold F. Tuf's is on the staff of the Wolfville agency of the Union Bank of Halifax.

C. J. Mersereau is pursuing a post-graduate course in Philosophy at his home in Doaktown, N. B.

E. H. Cameron is principal of the Public School at Bridgetown, N. S., where he is meeting with good success.

John A. Glendenning, Wm. H. Dyas and Harry L. Kempton are taking the Theological Course at Newton Centre.

Miss Elizabeth S. Colwell is enjoying a visit in Boston, and intends doing post-graduate work this winter at her home in St. John, N. B.

Laurie L. Harrison and Vernon L. Miller have entered upon a course of Medicine at McGill University, while C. A. C. Richardson is pursuing a similar course at Dalhousie Medical College.

Arthur H. Chipman is at his home in Kentville, N. S.

Miss Annie S. Clark is at her home in Bay View, P. E. I.

Austin F. Bill has a good position in the Auditor-General's Office at Ottawa.

Enoch C. Stubbert is in Beverley, Mass. and intends soon entering the teaching profession.

J. C. Jones is pursuing the M. A. course in English and Modern Languages at his home in Wolfville.

Fred B. Starr is studying Medicine at Harvard. Roland R. Sanford and Robie S. Leonard are studying at the same university. The former is taking a Medical course with a view to become a Medical Missionary to India; while the latter is pursuing his studies in the Department of Arts.

The Month.

Editors: O. B. KEDDY AND MISS B. M. McMILLAN.

The yearly reception given by the Y. W. C. A. to the new college girls and the students' wives was held in College Library on Saturday evening, Oct. 6. The tastefully arranged decorations consisting of prettily arranged college colours, the proverbial couches adorned with cushions displaying here and there the various class colours, presented a striking contrast to the ideas usually associated with that room and caused to sink in deep oblivion all thoughts of laboured acquisition of knowledge, or of what *has been* enjoyed there perhaps little less frequently—an occasional sup. During the evening readings were given by Miss Blanch Bishop and Miss Pearson. The former who is the third lady graduate of Acadia, read selections from O. H. Holmes and synoptic sketches from "The story of an African Farm" accompanying these with an exhibition of original and vivid illustrations which elicited words of admiration from all. Miss Bishop has rare talent not only as an artist but also as a writer. After ice cream was served, toasts were proposed to the wives of the Professors, the graduates, the students' wives, and the new girls, and were responded to respectively by Mrs. Trotter, Miss Yuill, Mrs. Bustin and Miss Phillips. The singing of college songs ended by Auld Lang Syne brought to a close the evening's entertainment.

About a year ago the Professors of the College being urged by the Athenæum Society, consented to give a course of lectures each year for the benefit of the students. It was understood that each Professor

would lecture along the lines of work in which he was particularly interested. Accordingly a few days after the students returned to Acadia to resume their work, it was announced that Professor Haycock would lecture on Monday evening, Oct. 8th., in College Hall; subject,—“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything” from a geological standpoint. This very suggestive subject taken from Shakesphere’s “As you like it” was a most happy selection and to say that the lecture was looked forward to with great expectations is putting it very mildly. The appointed evening was not very pleasant, yet notwithstanding the disagreeable weather a crowded Hall was ready at eight o’clock to receive the lecturer with hearty applause. To say that it was very instructive, both from a geological standpoint and as a literary production, is to mention but one of the many excellent qualities. If the attention and interest of the audience can be taken as indications of excellency, then was it most excellent. Although the lecture was an hour and a quarter long, yet the attention of the audience was fixed on the speaker until he resumed his seat. I think we are voicing the sentiments of all those who were present, when we say it was one of the best lectures ever given in College Hall. We are pleased to announce that it will be printed in full in the columns of this paper; and we would suggest to those, who had not the good fortune to hear the lecture, that they get the Athenæum and give it a careful perusal. Nor do we think that those who heard it can spend an hour or two more profitably than by giving it a second reading.

The student, who comes for the first time to Acadia or whatever College it may be, is, almost without exception and quite naturally, possessed with a feeling akin to shyness, which feeling gradually loses its hold as the circle of student acquaintances broadens. This year as in former years the College Y. M. C. A. was not slow to take advantage of this fact in order to make new students feel perfectly at home among their fellows. Scarcely had the daily work of the students been resumed, when it was announced that a reception under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. for the male members of the University would be given in College Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 9th. All spent a very enjoyable evening. After a short and varied conversation during which many new acquaintances were formed, all joined in the singing of familiar songs till they made the Old Hall ring. After everybody became perfectly satisfied as to their vocal ability, all united in enjoying a suitable repast consisting of beautiful golden apples grown on the “Land of Evangeline.” When all felt themselves repaid by the fruit for their toils, they sang “God save the Queen” and said *Au Revoir*.

One of the memorable and of course agreeable events in connection with the student life at Acadia is undoubtedly that which is long anticipated and longer remembered—a reception. The Seminary, always taking the lead in this line, entertained the Academy students on Friday evening, Oct. 12th. Frequent rings of the bell at about 8 o'clock announced the arrival of new bands led by the most heroic. The guests were received by Mr. McDonald, Miss Johnson, Miss Flemming, the President of the Pierian Society, Miss Darrach, President of the Y. W. C. A. and Miss Lounsbury, President of the class of '01. The entertainment consisting of blowing soap bubbles was very enjoyable because of its juvenile attractiveness. Prizes were awarded to those who excelled in the art—Miss Ebbett and Mr. Steele. Refreshments having been served the familiar chords from the piano informed all that the time had come to say “Farewell but not Goodbye.”

The word “football” is one which invariably arouses interest and enthusiasm. Accordingly the announcement that a game was to be played on Wednesday, Oct. 17th. was gladly received. Notwithstanding the cold, quite a number assembled on the grounds at four o'clock to witness the first match of the season between the upper and lower classes. Professor Jones refereed the game in a most satisfactory manner. One of the most noticeable features of the game was the good spirit which prevailed throughout; never has any game been played between the classes with less discord and ill feeling. Some good playing was done by both teams and the result was 5 to 0 in favor of the lower classes.

LOCALS.

“Who said Bill was caught?”

Prof:—Who wrote the Epistle to *Titus*?

L—mb—rd:—Tingley.

Freshie:—Why do the Cads wear big hats?

Soph:—So as to fit their swelled heads.

We understand that the Sem garrison is very strong, as they have had this year a large reinforcement of *Infantry*.

The *Hot time* auction sales of Chip Hall dry goods and crockery-ware was this year a great success; every type of Chip Hall life was present from the venerable auctioneer Hot Time himself to the long slim one, the last of the Bancrofts. Many of the articles posted for sale were not forthcoming and the whereabouts of these *Ken* not be found.

Although only four at the freshie table, yet it was a surprise to the upper class men the other night to see the way the grub did *slip* down.

All students are advised to make a special study of an Indian Lexicon in order that they may be able to appreciate the poetical expressions of the Freshmen yell.

The absence of a fair Messenger from the Sophomore class evidently produced a deep impression upon the *amber* haired member, as he seized the first opportunity to inform his classmates of their loss.

We wish to notify the freshmen that after this year all applications for rooms at the Seminary must be handed to the principal by October 1st. This will dispense with any confusion, such as was experienced this year.

At a recent Seminary reception, the entertainment which consisted of blowing soap bubbles, was peculiarly adapted to the dignity of the guests. The most proficient blower was presented with an Academy pin of the finest *steel*.

Portion of freshie's letter home:—"Oh mamma, we have such funny things here, we have the funniest man here you ever saw; a big senior told me he was on wires. His name is Currie and he is going to be a politician. He jumps around like that little doll you bought me, that when you pull the wrong string he kicks. Say, Ma, I would not like to be a politician."

After much serious deliberation the Freshmen have finally selected two yells, but they are leaving it to the more mature judgment of the Seniors to decide which they will retain.

Ah goo, mamma,
Ah goo, papa,
1—9—0—4
Rah, rah, rah.

Or

I'll be goodie boo hoo nursie
Mishemogua rah!
Wants a cookie, wants a cookie
Wamaluke hah!
Papa kisses, papa kisses
Mamma kisses more!
Here's to old Acadia
Class of '04.

Oh there's just one Sem, only just one Sem,
There are others I know, but they're not my Gem,
At the window or on the street
She is always sweet,
Boggs is smiling forever at just one Sem.

Chip Hall will soon be bankrupt as there are two *Eaton* all the time.

There is really no doubt that the Bible course laid down in the College Curriculum is positively necessary. One example will show this. Dr. Sawyer in Bible:—The dates of Solomon's reign are 1015-975 B. C.

Senior:—This is New Testament history, isn't it?

The ancients were wise men. The Science of Astrology was well known to them; but it has been left to later times to discover that the names of stars are highly appropriate to men. This was well established during one of the star gazing expeditions of the Astronomy class. Our clever Prof. with that instinct innate to greatness, electrified Mr. St——le with the question—"What is the real meaning of Capella?" Having not yet a realizing sense of his nature Mr. St——le did not know. Later however, he was revealed to himself when he found that "Capella" is the Latin word for goat.

Acknowledgments.

Balance from Secretary-Treasurer, 99-00 \$61.11; Leonard Slipp, \$1.00; E. C. Stubbett, \$1.00; Mrs. J. W. Beckwith, \$1.00; F. B. Starr, \$1.00; W. McNeill, \$1.00; Grace B. Reynolds, \$1.00; Schaffner & Robertson, \$1.00; J. E. Forsyth, \$2.00; Austin Bill, \$1.00. Total, \$71.11.

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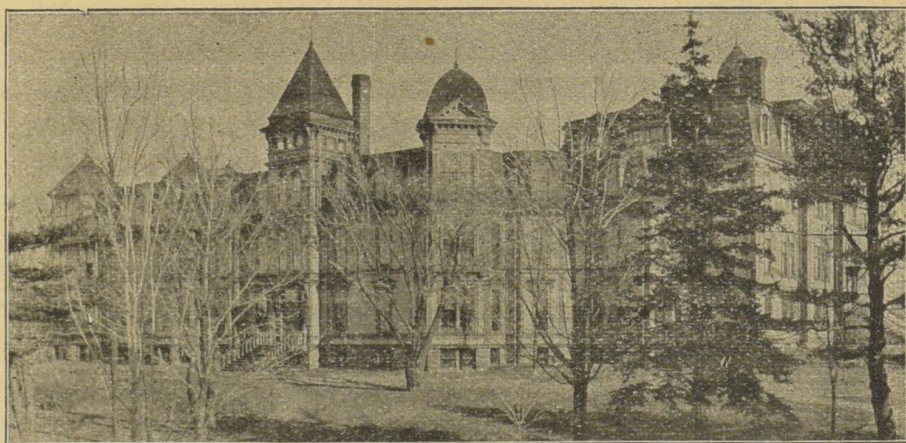
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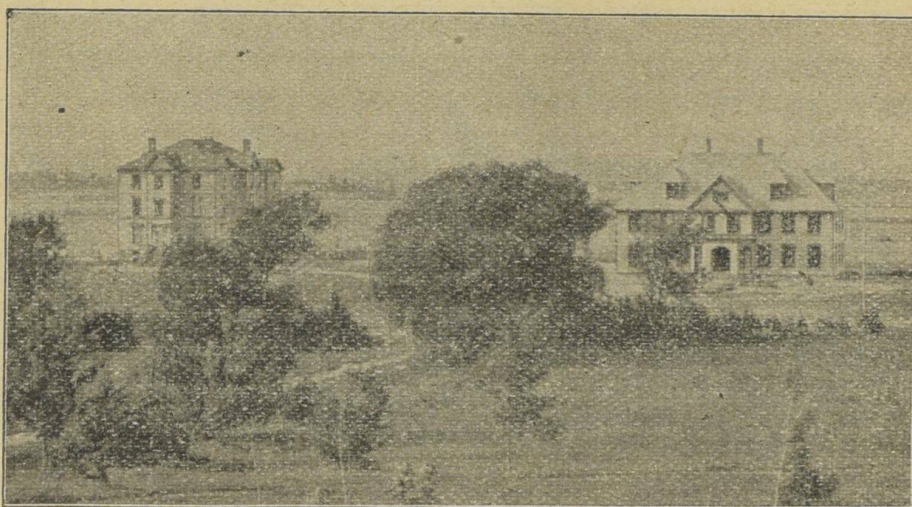
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