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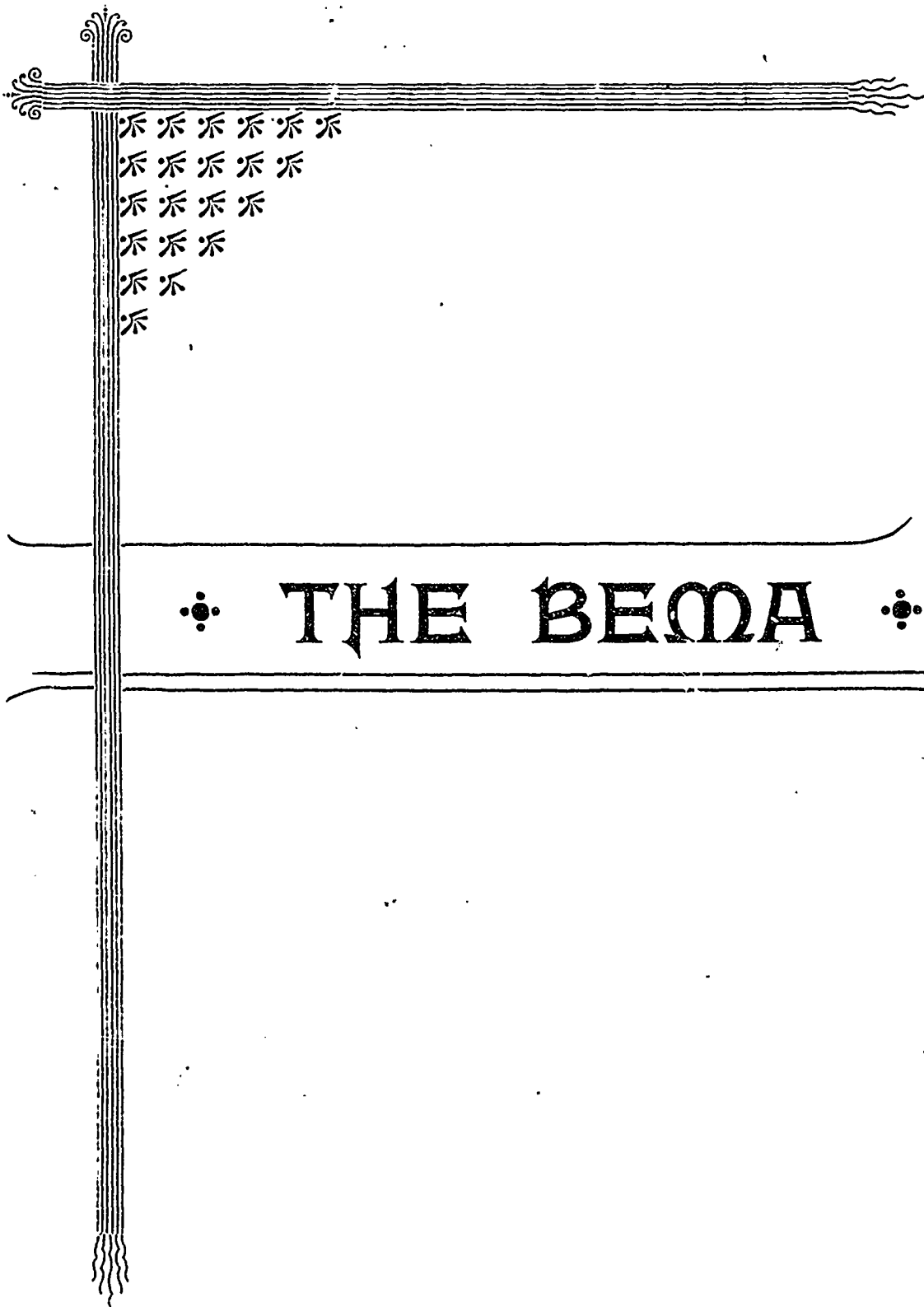
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❖ THE BEMA ❖ ❖

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# THE BEMA

Vol. IV.

SAINT MARTINS, N. B., MAY and JUNE, 1893.

No. 7



## THE BEMA

— EDITED BY —

THE STUDENTS OF THE UNION BAPTIST SEMINARY,  
And Published Monthly during the School Year.

PRICE 50 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE  
Single copies 10 cents.

Any person procuring six new subscribers for the BEMA will be entitled to a copy free throughout the school year.

### EDITORS:

H. H. REID, '93, Manager. MAUD SPRAGUE, '94, Personal.  
Y. A. KING, '94, Local. KATE PHILIPS, '94, Current Events  
A. A. FANJOY, '94, Exchange. WINIFRED DICK, '94, Society.  
F. W. TITUS, '93, Sec'y-Treas.

Subscriptions and all other business communications should be sent to F. W. TITUS, Sec'y-Ereas.

THE most successful year's work known in the history of the school since its establishment at St. Martins, has closed. Throughout the year there has been perfect harmony in the school, and as the students part they have nothing but the most pleasant memories of the year spent at the Seminary.

The work done this year has been very satisfactory to both teachers and students, also to those who are deeply interested in our home school. As our Principal and teachers canvas the country this Sum-

mer in the interests of the school, they can say of this school what can be said of few schools, that during the year, out of sixty boarding students ten professed faith in Christ, and were baptized, and about ten more were converted. This number, together with the large number of earnest workers for Christ, who came to us last autumn, the number of unconverted students is very small. We believe that ere many years of their lives have passed, the influence made on them while they were students at the St. Martins Seminary will deepen, and the seed sown by the faithful band of workers in our school will bear much fruit.

We feel now that our school is firmly established; that it has a place in the heart of every student, and we know that as they go to their homes to spend vacation, they will not forget to work for the Seminary at St. Martins. We believe that the influence of our school will be felt throughout the province, for the students have gone out, many of them who came to us ignorant of Christ's love, determined to make their influence felt for Christ.

The prospects for the coming year are very encouraging. We hope to see the majority, if not all, the old students with us in September, together with a large number of new students. While those who completed their course this year will not come back to us, we trust they will not forget us; but will con-



Reading, The Chariot Race, Ben Hur, Lew Wallace. Miss Maud Sprague.	
Reading, Hanging a Picture,..... James K. Jerome. William Wynne Hatfield.	
Vocal Solo, Fleeting Days .....	Bailey.
Miss Mabel Murray.	
Reading, A Tale of Sweethearts,.....	Anon.
Miss Annie McDonald.	
Piano Solo, Rondo Capriccioso,.....	Lichner.
Miss Bessie O'Brien.	
Chorus.....	

The competitors were so nearly equally matched, and rendered their several readings with so much feeling and naturalness that it became very difficult for the judges to decide as to who was entitled to the prize, but their decision to award it to Miss Annie McDonald met with general approval. Miss McDonald, who is the daughter of Mont. McDonald, of this City, was then called to the platform by Rev. Mr. Lockwood, who, in a few well chosen words, presented her with the medal. The thundering applause with which Miss McDonald was greeted testified to the popularity of the judges' decision.

The evening's entertainment, both in its musical and literary performance, was of a very high order, and reflects great credit on Prof. Robinson, who is evidently an enthusiast in his department, also on the students, who have evidently given close attention to their studies in this department. One cannot mingle with the students in this institution without being convinced that the strongest bond of sympathy exists between the professors and students, and that the moral, social, mental and religious influences exerted by the former over the latter are of a very high order.

All previous exercises dwindled into insignificance, however, when compared with the closing exercises of yesterday. The day was delightfully fine, a trifle warm if anything, and the institution and its surroundings looked their best. The seminary flag, as well as the Ensign and the Stars and Stripes floated at the peak and yard of the fine flag-staff erected last year. Hundreds of people flocked to the place to witness the graduation exercises. The large assembly hall, which was beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers for the occasion, was crowded long before the time set for the event. Among the many prominent friends of the seminary who were to be seen were: Rev. C. W. Williams, Rev. J. W. Clarke, Rev. G. O. Gates, Dr. McFarlane, Dr. Jonah, of Eastport, A. C. Smith, M. P. P., James Rourke, J. J. Bostwick, G. W. Titus, Rev. A. J. Kempton, Rev. A. E. Ingram, Rev. S. McC. Black, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. B. Vanwart, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Hay, C. B. Pidgeon, Miss

Pidgeon, Miss Weldon, Mr. and Mrs. Mont. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Forbes, W. H. Fowler, A. A. Wilson, W. H. Rourke, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sheldon, A. Rowan, Rev. J. W. Manning, Rev. C. T. Phillips, of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harding, Mrs. Armstrong, and Mrs. Allan.

Principal DeBlois occupied the chair, and the members of the teaching staff and several of the gentlemen named above had seats on the platform.

The programme is appended:

Music—Processional march.  
Prayer by Rev. J. W. Clarke.  
Essays by members of the graduating class.  
The Medical Profession, by W. E. Jonah.  
Egyptian Architecture, by F. W. Titus.  
Phillips Brooks, by Frank Patterson.  
The Future of Canada, by H. H. Reid.  
Valedictory, by R. E. White.

The essays of Messrs. Jonah, Titus and Patterson were exceedingly good, being well thought out and nicely put together.

Mr. Reid's essay on the Future of Canada was enthusiastically received, all present applauding his views as to the future of our country. Canada, he said, was a country which had no superior in any respect. It was rich in resources, and contained a people who were well fitted to make it great. He said it was open to us to choose one of four things: 1st. A continuation of our colonial connexion with the mother country; 2nd, political union with the United States; 3rd, independence; 4th, political alliance with the empire of which we formed a part. He then began an investigation with a view to ascertaining which of these four courses it would be best for us to pursue. A radical change he considered necessary—it was sure to come. While it was true times were dull here in Canada, it was equally true of every country. If our progress had not been rapid it had been sure. Political union with the United States he condemned as out of the question. If we wanted to be a great agricultural country why unite with a nation that was worse off than we are? England was better off than the neighboring republic. Canadians would never submit to a policy that had for its chief aim the injury of Great Britain, the country that had stood by us so nobly. It was patriotism that Canada wanted. Independence, he contended, was an impossibility. Canada was too weak to start out alone. As we were now we had England to protect us. There only remained for us imperial federation. The United Kingdom was our best market. The people of England consumed annually \$600,000,000 worth of goods such as we exported to the States. We were British, and let us determine to remain Bri-

tish. To go in for annexation was to deny all our past history. (Applause.)

Mr. White's valedictory was a creditable effort. He began with a reference to the mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that filled the members of the graduating class. This year, he said, had been the most prosperous in the history of the institution, the attendance being larger and better. The staff of teachers was the best the seminary had ever had. Numerous valuable additions had been made to the library, which was all the time growing. Many glorious gifts had been made to the school. The cloud of debt had been removed to a great measure, and the friends of the institution had every reason to congratulate themselves on the position in which it stood to-day. The class congratulated the teachers on the success which had attended their efforts. The class was leaving the seminary, but fond remembrances would bind them to it always. They thanked the citizens of St. Martins for the warm interest they had taken in the class, and trusted they would always be remembered. The valedictorian called upon the students who remained to be faithful to their alma mater. After a passing reference to BEMA, the seminary paper, Mr. White bade farewell to all.

A vocal solo, Branbury Town, by Miss Lillie McLean, of Moncton, which was given in a pleasing manner, and a double trio—Last Night—by Misses O'Brien, Dawson, McLean, J. West, E. West, and Davis, added not a little to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Immediately after the valedictory, the graduating class ascended the platform and were presented with their diplomas by the Principal—Mr. Titus in the classical course, and Mr. Jonah in the matriculation course. The other three graduated in the English scientific course.

Dr. DeBlois then announced the winners of Diplomas and prizes as follows:

Diplomas:—Shorthand and Typewriting—Misses Hattie Fowler, of Hammond; Nellie Brown and Gertie Fownes of St. Martins; Nellie Keith and Minnie Fowler of Havelock, and Mary Newsome, of Bedeque, P. E. Island.

Prizes:—McKeown Medal for Elocution—Miss Annie McDonald.

Excellence in Scientific Studies—Prize donated by A. C. Smith, M. P. P.—Leonard Crandall.

Highest Standing in Mathematics for three years—Prize given by T. H. Hall—Frank Patterson.

Excellence in English Literature—Prize given by J. J. Bostwick—H. H. Reid.

On Discussion of Current Topics—Prize donated by Alfred Seely—J. B. Daggett.

Highest Average in Freshman Class—Prize given by Principal—J. Wallace Ferris.

Mr. Titus received the Matriculation Diploma.

Dr. DeBlois addressed the graduating Class in feeling terms, pointing out to them their duty. He urged them to let their future be governed by the holiest and highest purposes it was possible for man to have.

After announcing that Joseph Mills had carried off the prize for excellence in Greek, the Principal made his report on the past year's work. The school, he said, had been filled all through the year. He was able to submit a report that could not help gladdening the hearts of all interested in higher education and the advancement of the cause of God. There were 104 students enrolled, of whom nine were studying for the ministry, and five members of the graduating class. Ten of the students had been baptized and they united with the church at St. Martins. In 1892-3 he wrote 1,100 letters and documents, travelled 6,000 miles on railways and steamboats, and 1,200 miles in other vehicles, and addressed 40 public meetings in the interest of the seminary. The institution had been greatly blessed, the staff doing exceedingly good work. The literature department was better equipped than ever, Miss Tucker being the teacher. That clever lady would be with them next year as preceptress. Two ladies' colleges had sought her services, but she preferred to remain at St. Martins. Professor Trefry, the mathematical teacher for several years, was leaving to continue his studies. He had proved a faithful teacher in every way. Prof. Robinson had been a tower of strength to the school. He would remain with them. Prof. Chipman would be vice-Principal next year. The shorthand and type-writing department, under Miss Pye, was a valuable addition. One of the young ladies, Miss Lillie Miller, had acquired a speed of 129 words. Miss Marian Vaughan in the drawing and painting, and Miss Fitch in that of French and etiquette, had been invaluable. He did not see that any improvement could be made in the staff. The standard was high, and the work done of a good character. An art studio was needed, and already a lady had given \$30, to be expended for that purpose. Numerous other donations were acknowledged, particularly those of Rev. Messrs. Allaby, Martell, and Crowell. A number of carpenters and masons had offered to give their services free of charge, in order that the upper story of the school might be finished. In speaking of the inner life of the seminary Dr. DeBlois said all had been blessed in their social lives, the utmost harmony prevailing between teachers and students. Its religious life had seemed to be the key-note of the school.

Rev. Mr. Phillips then presented to the school a

portrait of the late Rev. Ezekiel McLeod, the gift of his son, Rev. Dr. McLeod.

The exercises closed with the national anthem.

The annual dinner of the alumni society was then held in the dining hall, the room being prettily decorated with bunting. The tables were well laid out, reflecting infinite credit on the matron, Mrs. Scribner. After the dinner excellent speeches were made by Rev. C. W. Williams, the president of the alumni; M. McDonald, Rev. J. W. Clarke, Rev. G. O. Gates, Dr. McFarlane, Dr. Jonah, J. J. Bostwick, A. C. Smirh, M. P. P., G. W. Titus, Rev. A. J. Kempton, Rev. A. E. Ingram and E. J. Sheldon. The last named gentleman started a subscription list with ten dollars for the purpose of decorating the assembly hall. In less than five minutes \$120 was raised.

In the evening at the closing concert in the assembly room the audience was a large and appreciative one. The programme was as follows:

- Instrumental Duett..... Rossin.  
Misses Purdy and Bostwick.
- Vocal Solo—Gates of the West..... Lowthian.  
M. B. Ring.
- Reading—Mignonne..... Balzac.  
Prof. Grosvenor M. Robinson.
- Aufforderung zum Tauz (two pianos)..... Weber.  
Misses Dick, O'Brien, Davis and Dawson.
- Angel's Serenade—Violin Obligato,..... Brags.  
Miss Maud Davis.
- Scene, Witch's Cavern (Last Days of Pompeii) Lytton  
Witch.....Miss Maud Sprague.  
Ione.....Miss Annie McDonald.  
Glaucus...Prof. G. M. Robinson.
- Piano Solo—Polka de la Reine,..... Raff.  
Miss Winnie Dick.
- Double Quartette, Ade'! Baby Mine,..... Gee.  
Misses McLean, O'Brien, Dawson, and E. West,  
Messrs. Robinson, M. King, Leonard,  
and Crandall.
- Zampa, (two pianos)..... Herold.  
Misses Vaughan, Hughes, Dick, and O'Brien.
- Reading—A Search in the Dark,..... Woolson.  
Mrs. J. H. Treffrey.
- Instrumental Trio—Minuet..... Mozart.  
Misses E. West, Sewell, and Phillips.
- Vocal Solo—La Tortorelle..... Arditti.  
Mrs. Austen K. DeBlois.
- Statue Scene—Winter's Tale,..... Shakspeare.

CHARACTERS.

- Leontes, King of Sicily,.....Miss Maud Davis
- Camillo, } Sicilian Lords { ..... Miss Dick
- Cleomenes, } .....Miss B. Bostwick
- Polixenes, King of Bohemia,.....Miss A Purdy
- Florizel, his son.....Miss Sewell
- Hermione, Queen to Leontes.....Miss M. Fowler
- Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Her-  
mione.....Miss Hattie Sheldon
- Paulina, wife to Antigonne.....Miss B. O'Brien
- Huntsman's Chorus

All the young people acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner.

The Principal stated during the exercises that the school had been a success financially as well as in every other way; and besides being able to pay its bills for the current school year, it shows a surplus on the current expense account of \$400. This is a remarkable showing for a school of this kind, which is compelled to pay high salaries in order to secure teachers of so high a grade of ability and character as those of which St. Martins can boast. An audited report of the financial status of the school will be printed and circulated in a few days. Although the people were in a hurry to catch the train, and the programme was a long one, the audience could not refrain from giving a most enthusiastic encore to the vocal solo by Mrs. deBlois, the charming wife of the principal Mrs deBlois already has an enviable reputation as a musician.

Principal deBlois, Professor Chipman and Prof. Case will work in the interests of the school throughout the summer months, visiting every part of the province. Several applications have already been received from students who intend entering the seminary in the autumn, and it is confidently expected that the work of the teachers during the summer will result in a very large addition to the members in attendance. Nearly all of the old students will return.

HONOR LIST.

- Science—Jonah.
- Classics—J. Mills.
- Mathematics—Leonard Crandall.

The following is the result of the class examination at the close of the year together with the standing of each student.

Standing for the year class 1, 80 per cent. and upwards; class 2, 65 to 80 passed 50 to 65.

Bookkeeping—Class 1, Miss Rommel, Farris; class 2, McGee; passed, Miss Davies; (single entry), class 2, Miss McCain, Faulkner; passed, Miss Newsome, H. Merritt.

Junior Algebra—Class 1, Mills; class 2, Miss Davis, Fanjoy, Miss Brown, Y. A. King, Leonard, Miss Dick; passed, M. King; (1st term), class 2, W. McDonald; 1st and 2nd terms), class 2, H. Davies; passed, Miss Phillips; (3rd term), class 1, Crandall, Titus; pssed, Reid, Jenkins.

Senior Algebra—Class 1, Crandall; class 2, Mills.  
Mensuration—Class 1, Crandall, White, Patterson, Reid; passed, Titus. Additional—Class 1, White, Crandall, Reid.

Trigonometry—Class 2, Crandall, Patterson, Titus, White; passed, Reid.

Senior geometry—Class 1, Crandall, Patterson, White; Class 2, Jenkins, Reid, Titus; passed, Stackhouse (1st term). Passed, Hanson.



Chemistry—Class 1, Crandall, White; Class 2, Patterson, Reid; passed, Titus.

Psychology—Class 1, Patterson, White; Class 2, Reid, Hanson, Irvine, Thorne.

Political Economy—Class 1, White, Reid, Patterson, Titus (1st term). Class 1, Irvine, Thorne, Hanson (2nd term). Class 2, E. C. Jenkins.

Ethics—Class 2, Daggett, Patterson, White; passed, Reid.

Senior English Literature—Class 2, Reid, White, Miss Sprague, Miss Murray, Patterson, Seelye, Stackhouse, Titus; passed, Miss Dawson (2nd and 3rd terms); class 1, S. Jenkins, Jonah (1st term); passed, Thorne, Hanson.

Physics—Class 1, Crandall, Jonah, Miss Murray; class 2, Miss Dick, Leonard, Miss Brown; passed, Miss Day, M. King, Stackhouse, Miss Phillips.

Christian Evidences—Class 1, Patterson, Crandall, Reid, White.

Senior French—Class 1, Titus.

Senior Bible study—Class 2, White, Reid, Titus, Patterson.

Freshman Arithmetic—Class 1, Miss E. West, Farris; class 2, McGee, Scott, Miss J. Bostwick; passed, Misses J. West, Davies (2 terms); class 2, Daggett, Miss Rommel; passed, Kershaw (1 term); class 2, Lloyd, Miss F. Washburn; passed, Miss Keith, Miss Baldwin, M. King, Miss McCain, Miss Day.

Junior Arithmetic—Class 1, Crandall (one term); passed, Miss Brown.

Junior Geometry—Class 1, Fanjoy; class 2, Mills, Miss Dick; passed, Miss Brown.

Current Topics—Class 1, Daggett; class 2, Fanjoy (two terms); class 1, Mills (one term); class 2, Crandall, Miss Hughes, Irvine, Y. King; passed, Hanson McGee.

General History—Class 1, Patterson, White; class 2, Reid; passed, Thorne (one term); class 1, Crandall; passed, E. C. Jenkins, Titus, Irvine, Seelye, M. B. King.

Rhetoric—Class 2, Fanjoy, Brown, Davis, Dick; passed, Mills, Y. A. King, Phillips.

Classical Geography—Class 2, Seelye; passed, Stackhouse.

Zoology—Class 1, Miss Brown; class 2, M. B. King, Dick, Day.

English Grammar—Class 1, Daggett, Farris; class 2, Miss J. B. Bostwick, Miss J. Davies, Miss Sprague; passed, Miss H. Fowler, Scott, Ingram, McGee, Miss Keith (one term); class 1, Miss F. Washbourne, M. Washbourne; class 2, Newsome, Lloyd, Rommel; passed, Miss McCain, Miss Sewell, Kershaw, Miss Baldwin, L. Merritt, Fowler.

Senior Latin—Class 2, Titus; passed, Stackhouse, Seelye (two terms), Jenkins (one term).

Junior class—Class 1, Wells, Crandall (one term); class 2, Fanjoy, Stackhouse, Y. A. King; passed, Miss Bostwick, Hatfield, Miss Phillips, Leonard.

Freshman Latin—Class 1, Farris; class 2, Daggett; passed, Fowler, Cowan, Ingram.

Physiology—Class 1, Daggett; class 2, Miss McCain, Miss Rommel, Miss L. Merritt, Miss J. Bostwick, Kershaw, Miss Davies, McGee, Farris, Fowler, Miss A. McDonald, Ingram; passed, Scott, H. Merritt.

British History—Class 1, Daggett; class 2, J. Bostwick, J. Davies, Ingram; passed, Farris, McGee, Scott.

British History (one term)—Class 1, Crandall; class 2, Lloyd, Rommel, H. Fowler, Kershaw, E. West; passed, Brewster, Baldwin, J. West.

Physical Geography—Class 1, Crandall, Daggett, L. Merritt; class 2, Rommel, Murray, J. Bostwick, J. Davies, Kershaw; passed, Scott, H. Wishart, Farris, Ingram, H. Merritt.

Composition—Class 2, Daggett, Farris, J. Davies, J. Rommel; passed, Miss G. McCain, J. Bostwick, L. Merritt, A. McDonald, Ingram, Kershaw, McGee, E. Newsome.

Freshman Bible study—Class 1, Miss O'Brien, Miss Davis; class 2, Miss J. Bostwick; passed, Miss Rommel, Miss Baldwin, Miss Merritt, Miss J. West, Miss E. West, Scott (two terms), Miss McDonald, Farris.

Junior Bible study—Class 1, Miss Dick; class 2, Fanjoy, Miss Dawson, Y. A. King; passed, Miss Phillips, M. B. King, Miss Brown, Miss Day; (1st term), H. Davis; (2nd term), Miss Davis, E. C. Jenkins.

Political Geography—Class 1, Crandall, Daggett, Miss J. Davies; class 2, Miss J. Bostwick, McGee, Ingram, Farris; passed, Miss H. Wishart, Miss A. McDonald; (1st term) class 1, Kershaw; class 2, Lloyd, Miss Rommel, Miss L. Merritt; passed, H. Fowler, Miss Baldwin, Faulkenar.

English Composition—Class 2, Daggett, Farris, Miss J. Davis, Miss Rommel; passed, Miss McCain, Miss J. Bostwick, Miss Merritt, Miss McDonald, Ingram, Kershaw, McGee, Miss Newsome.

Senior Greek—Class 2, Jonah; passed, Seelye, Stackhouse.

Junior Greek—Class 2, Mills, Fanjoy, Y. King; 1st term, passed, Davies.

Junior English Literature—Class 1, Mills, Miss Dick, Fanjoy; Class 2, Miss Brown, Y. King, Davies, Miss Day, Miss Phillips; passed, Hatfield, L. King, Cowan; 1st term, passed, Miss B. Bostwick, Miss Purdy.

Astronomy—Class 1, Miss Dick, Miss Davis; Class 2, Miss Brown; passed, Miss Phillips, McDonald, M. King.

#### EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

THOSE who visit in the passing months the great Exhibition at Chicago, will have an ample opportunity not only of inspecting the natural products of the world, but will be led also through a world of art. That noble city will have sprung into the sky columns that shall rival in splendor and grace any previous attempts on this continent. Money has been yoked with genius in carving and bending, and elaborating the united victories of America and the world. The poet's dream has been followed, and his sparkling imagination encompassed by hammer and chisel.

The admirers of the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Gothic will find pleasing models. The five classic

temples, the massive building dedicated to the liberal arts, the antique mosque of Omar, the Turkish Minaret, the flat roofed slightly gabled mansion of Italy, and the lofty structure of the practical American, appear to the wonder and claim the attention of every beholder.

Poems of Architecture, to the genius of the modern artist, and to the engineering skill of the nineteenth century, are on every side. But while we stand in admiration, we must not forget to pay tribute also to the sources from which its architectural variety sprang. Every thought or idea, whether expressed on written page or in imposing structure, has its progenitor. Our present is bound to the past and we are a harmonious whole. Let us study briefly the source and origin of the architectural achievements of our own bright age.

Come with me to the bank of the Nile. It is in the year 3000 B. C. No Suez Canal, with its bustle and roar of merchandise, cuts through the land. No treacherous and mendicant Bedouins gather in lounging groups. No alert Frenchman or scarlet-coated Englishman walks the streets. Upon the river banks another nationality lives and has its being. A peculiar race, with striking features, rather slender figure, a weak chin, a round head, retreating forehead, dark brown eyes, a yellow complexion, appear as masters of the land.

The royal city of Memphis attracts our attention. The streets along which we pass are lined with obelisks and sphinxes from the banks of the river to the doors of the palace. The palace itself rises in varied colors, arranged almost as harmonious and beautifully as nature sets her hues in the rainbow. The courts are paved with large slabs elegantly patterned the doors swinging on flashing hinges with arched tops, adorned with rose and lotus. The long chamber of the audience hall, lined with alabaster slabs, is designed with wonderful skill and executed with great minuteness. Hunting scenes, sculptures of tree and flower, sieges and battles, executed with remarkable variety of attitude and size, decorate the walls.

More than 20,000 inhabited cities occupy the banks of the river. Those cone-shaped masses called pyramids, invite towards Gizeh. The royal steeds soon carry us into the confines of the city. Looking back upon its fast retreating towers and obelisks we are dazed with the brilliancy that flashes out among them like the moon hanging in a clear blue sky, like a great electric globe flashing in a dark night. This is the temple of the sun sacred to Osiris the greatest god of the Egyptian. Its oval roof, covered with tiles of silver trimmed with gold, under the light of the eastern

sky shines so brightly that no eye can look upon it.

From this brilliant spectacle we turn our thought to the vast gloomy phantoms that rise before us. Obelisks and groves of statues begin to multiply and adorn the way, until we halt beneath the shadow of the towering Pyramids of Cheops, and gaze up with intent eye at the dark mass above us. These solid mounds are raised over the sepulchre chambers of the king; for the first act of the Egyptian monarch was to prepare his eternal abode. For this purpose Cheops raised this mass into the air 450 feet high. It has a base 764 feet square, covering an area of more than 13 acres—twice the size of any other building in the world. It took half a century to build it, and employed more than 100,000 men during that time. Immense stones of many thousand tons, quarried from hills many miles away, were lifted into their place by a power and skill that baffles modern engineering. If we mount its sides, in the commanding view of the surrounding country situated back from the Nile, we can see more than 70 Pyramids almost as great in size.

It is 3,000 years before Christ and yet another 1,000 years ago this was builded, and when finished was covered from base to apex with green silk; the King saying that: "I—I builded this—'tis easier to tear down than to build up. He that comes after me and thinks he is greater let him tear it down in as many years as it has taken me to build it. I—when it was finished, covered it with green silk from base to apex; if he that comes after and thinks he is greater let him cover it with green sods." Upon its sides, at various intervals and at the top, are arranged chapels, cut out of the whitest marble, around whose altars the priests performed the mysterious rites of the Egyptian religion. At its base were clustered Sphinxes, and Obelisks, one sacred to some deity, the other cut with fantastic figures sketching the history of the land they all so gracefully ornament. We descend and approach the great Sphinx. 172 feet high, carved out of the solid rock. It has the head of a man and the body of a lion. We march up between its fore paws and ascending a stair-case of thirty steps, come to the inner sanctuary. The beauty there cannot be described.

Retiring from this object of beauty and grandeur, we again pass down the esplanade between its columns of statuary and pass through the ornamental gates. We ride the royal highway to visit the King's Lake, and as we proceed we notice on either side the manner in which the building of his public works is conducted. There men, women and children are driven on by cruel taskmasters. Thousands of these captives

are mixing mortar, other thousands making bricks. Soon passing by this scene of woe and depression we come suddenly upon the lake. This lake the king has made for his own pleasure by digging a hollow of many miles in circumference upon the border of the desert, the water being brought from the Nile many miles away. Its shores are marble-terraced, and tropical plants in gardens laid out with the most careful art bloom there. An artificial island we find built in the centre of the lake, and upon it the king has raised a monument to himself.

We again roll back to the metropolis. Night settles down upon the twenty thousand cities of Egypt and her colossal works of art. A night in which her dynasty passes away as a scroll. Twenty centuries look down upon the sands of Egypt. Solemn and grand, and still a relic of the misty past, Sphinx and Pyramid have looked for twenty centuries into the serene sky of Egypt.

Foreign hands possess now her commerce and rule her shores. Strange people come to look upon her fallen greatness, rifle her tombs, and snatch away her broken marble and slender Obelisks. Her science, mathematics, astronomy, and literature she bequeaths to other nations. Egypt is a tomb. But we reverence her as a relic of the past. The ambitions that swayed her, and the cares and follies that rested upon her, were of the same nature as those that agitate humanity to-day, and teach that man, whatever his schemes, whether in public or private life, aspires Godward; and that he who seeks to build his structure against the heavens shall not fall short of the immortal.

F. WARREN TITUS.

#### THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

THE most important and far reaching question that can possibly engage the attention of the people of Canada is the future of their country. As time passes they are beginning to realize more and more clearly that the problem is a difficult and many sided one, but one that must be faced in the near future.

That we Canadians live in a country richer, broader, ampler than that of any other nation that looks into the sky, and that its people are industrious, intelligent, enterprising, peaceful, law-abiding, home-loving, self-governing, and representatives of the highest moral type cannot be denied. But in the midst of all this there has grown a feeling of restlessness, caused, apparently, by the wide spread depressions in commerce, and the many evils that attend the same. In the effort to dispel this feeling we, the people of Canada, have the choice of four alternatives.

*First*—The continuation of our present colonial relations to the empire.

*Second*—Political union with the great English speaking nation lying beside us on this continent, with which we are intimately associated and connected by geography, race, language, laws and civilization.

*Third*—Independence.

*Fourth*—A direct political alliance with the empire, involving representatives in the Imperial Councils, and a share in the responsibilities and achievements of the whole nation.

These are the four alternatives that present themselves to us as Canadians. Of course we are at liberty to seek an alliance with France, Germany or any other nation, but such alternatives are of a minor importance and need not attract our special attention. A solution must be sought along one or another of the four lines that have been indicated. Which of the four stands for the best interests of Canada, and which will do most to build up her commerce and make her a great nation is the problem in which all other problems centre. Much could be said in behalf of each. All of them are in the minds of thoughtful people, and each one should be considered very carefully, and no decision given until every contingency has been unfolded and weighed.

That the Canadian people are free to choose their own destiny is clear to all, also that they have a right to fairly discuss and freely decide with reference to this destiny.

It is generally admitted as a fact that a radical change of some kind is sure to come in the near future. Is this true? Are the people of Canada in any greater state of depression than the people of any other nation? As we cast our eyes hither and thither amongst the nations we find that commerce is becoming slothful and progress is slackening her pace, and that all nations seem to be hindered by similar obstructions to their desired advancement and prosperity. As we compare our nation with others we find that although our progress is not as rapid as some, yet it is sure, and we are encouraged to press on and strive to calm the restlessness that is so prevalent. And yet it is right that we should consider the question as to whether by some change in our form of government we can better our condition and open up avenues for greater prosperity in the future. As we ponder along this line there comes up before us the great problem of Continental Union. That is a political union with the United States. To this alternative we should endeavor to give a careful consideration and a fair and unprejudiced decision. The opinion of many is that the depression among Canadian people is caused by the need of "free ex-

change." Therefore we may rightly ask ourselves, would Continental Union bring about the desired effect and remedy the trouble? If we are desirous of becoming first of all a healthy, vigorous agricultural country, why should we annex ourselves to a nation whose agricultural condition is as bad as, if not worse than, our own? Do the advocates of Continental Union, who are farmers, know that the five richest agricultural states of the Union—Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska—have a mortgage indebtedness of over \$1,000,000,000? If they will compare these figures with similar figures concerning England, a country of 445 people to the square mile, against 17 in the United States, they will find that the financial condition of the people of England is so much superior to that of the people of the United States as to hardly allow of any comparison.

Continental Union might benefit a few southern Ontario farmers, but would make very little, if any, difference to the farmers throughout the Dominion. Why should it? The United States exports more produce than we do, and that is a proof that as a nation they do not require to buy from any other country.

But apart from the question of commerce, do the advocates of Continental Union imagine that Canadians would submit to the humiliation of being compelled, not only to countenance, but to participate in a foreign policy, consisting chiefly of senseless and undignified attempts to embarrass Great Britain, a nation that has always shown herself to be a friend to Canada? No, surely not!

It is patriotism that Canada needs, rather than the dollars and enterprise that the United States might give. It is men whose breasts shall burn with pride and power, as standing on their country's soil they say, "This is my own, my native land." Such men will be ready to die for their country, not because it is the best and most powerful in the world, but because it is theirs as no other can be.

The proposal of independence is open to similar objections. Doubtless independence would give our representatives power to deal directly with nations in negotiating treaties or claims, instead of negotiating through Great Britain. This might be preferable from the standpoint of dignity, but certainly would not be from that of finance. Moreover, if we should cut ourselves loose from Great Britain, where would we look for protection? What would we do for a navy? The handful of naval ships which Canada has would soon be swallowed up by foreign power. Probably our powerful neighbour south of us would make a desperate effort to gain possession of the country endowed with natural resources of more value than those of any other country upon which the sun shines. If such should happen the people of Canada would be brought under a yoke still harder to bear than the present one. Thus by choosing independence we might have the power to make treaties or claims, but not the power of enforcing them, unless we went to the enormous expense of building and maintaining a fleet of our own. But shall the aspiration be towards independence? With our present population and our yet undeveloped resources, with our limitations, which the wisest policy alone will overcome, moreover, with the debt of gratitude which we owe and will ever owe to our dear mother land,

before our eyes and on our thoughts, let us not for a moment cherish the idea of a life entirely separate and distinct from that of England.

By Imperial Federation we can have all the advantages of Independence without the disadvantages, and take one step toward the accomplishment of universal Free Trade and the knitting together of our Empire. This is based upon the natural and only sound principles of co-operation and full exchange.

The fact that able and eloquent Canadians, after giving years of their lives to the study of this problem, and visiting both the mother country and remote colonies in order to gain a comprehensive view of the Empire and its industries, come before us to advocate Imperial Federation as the true solution of the problem, goes strongly to prove its possibility and benefit.

It is impossible for the present relations of Canada to the Mother Country to continue much longer. We should be ashamed of the name of Canadians if we are going to claim the protection of the British flag against all the world, and are not prepared to assume our share of the responsibilities.

Let us then consider what is the simplest idea involved in Imperial Federation? It is that the United Kingdom, the Canadian Dominion and the British Colonies may remain for a long time, perhaps forever, united in the unseparable bonds of love, and under the grand "old" flag that has floated over the millions of heroes who fought for their country's rights. Why should we desire a change of flag? Do we not cherish the associations that cluster around our national emblem? Do we not feel a pride in the achievements of the heroes of our nation in times past, and in all parts of the world at the present time? Has it not been found that under the British flag we enjoy the greatest amount of freedom and security, both as individuals and communities? Is it not capable of inspiring as noble and pure patriotism under all circumstances, in times of adversity as in times of prosperity? Many of us Canadian born and bred have so much love for the "old" flag that we would fight to the last ditch, to the last drop of our blood, if any attempts were made to drag it down, or to substitute any other in its place.

As we turn again to the prosperity of our country we find it depends largely upon having the best and most steady market for our products. We find the best market for all our exports is without question the market of the United Kingdom. This is the only country in the world that imports largely grain, cattle, lumber, cheese, and in fact all of the principal articles that Canada produces. Every year England alone imports \$600,000,000 worth of articles, such as we send to the United States. The imports of the United Kingdom are enormously greater than those of the United States, and the prices are much better. It is necessary simply to exercise care in packing and shipping in order to capture the market completely for our Canadian products.

If our commerce is to extend to every corner of the world it is to our interest to keep the most efficient agency to guarantee that this commerce may be carried on most safely and under the most advantageous conditions.

Although the age of pirates has passed is there any reason to suppose that men-of-war are no longer needed

to protect commerce? I think not. If the British flag were swept from the seas I think it can be assumed that our foreign trade would not be so . . .

Is there anything less than Imperial Federation worthy of the aspirations of Canadians, both young and old? To aspire to annexation to the United States is to deny all our past history, to abandon the great designs of the founders of our "fair Canada," those who fought and died for their country and its rights.

To attain to independence is to place ourselves at the mercy of our enemies.

Then shall the present condition of affairs continue? It must not and cannot. Our industries are hampered; our development is hindered; progress is impossible.

One remedy there is, let us be its advocates, Imperial Federation. This will bring us into closer touch with the great beating heart and noble life of England, and link us with all England's far-spread Colonies. It will at the same time strengthen our national life and make us true to one another. It will mean success and limitless power. It will make us more truly British. It will make us more truly Canadians. Then let those who love Union declare that it must be Union with Britain and British Connection forever and forever. Let us say, whatever the difficulties be, they shall be overcome; we are British now, and are determined to remain British forever. HARRY H. R. D.

#### PHILLIPS BROOKS.

**P**RONGFELLOW, in his "Psalm of Life," gave utterance to the beautiful sentiment of the oft-quoted lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.  
Footprints that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother  
Seeing, shall take heart again."

The author was not referring to any particular person when this grandly true thought was formulated into words, but as we speak them now, our minds turn to one, from whose life we may gain the purest and most noble inspiration; a life from which there issued everything of grandeur and strength, of sympathy and tenderness; a life of perfect symmetry, of rare and beautiful development of the three-fold powers of man. What can be more conducive to high and lofty aims than the memory of such a life as was lived by the late Bishop of Massachusetts? the life which shadowed forth so much of glory, of high born courage, and Godlike wisdom and purity?

"The tragedy of life," said Emerson, "lies in the poverty of human endowment." The cause of the wretchedness of humanity cannot be expressed in a more suitable manner, nor clothed in stronger or more fitting language. But as in a garden of neglected and sickly roses we often notice scattered here and there a few strong, healthy bushes, which have produced bright and beautiful blossoms despite their unfavorable surroundings; so amid the weak and struggling human

beings who tread the earth there are some vigorous men and women who have risen superior to their fellows, who have conquered all obstacles in the way, and because of superior natural capacity, have attained that splendidly developed manhood, which is at once sweet, firm yet gentle. These seem to shine out as stars amid the darkness and depravity of mankind. Such a man was Bishop Brooks, and such an influence did this man exert among his fellows, that when, on Jan. 23rd, 1893, he stepped into the light of the perfect eternal day, men were astonished, struck dumb for a moment, then, as the sense of their great loss burst upon them, they trembled and wept. Hundreds who had never seen him, who had never heard his voice, were grieved and startled when they learned of his death. They did not grieve so much for the loss of the Bishop; they did not grieve so much for the loss of the famous Episcopal clergyman as they sorrowed for Phillips Brooks, the loving, great-hearted man, the friend of everyone who needed friends.

Phillips Brooks was born in the City of Boston on December 13th, 1835. His father was William Gray Brooks, a descendant of the Puritan preacher, John Cotton; and his mother was Mary Ann Phillips, a grand-daughter of Judge Phillips, founder of the well-known Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. Thus from both parents he inherited aristocratic blood, his family being one of the first in Boston society. Home influence tended to the formation of a deeply reverential character, but neither home training nor the discipline of his college life shaped his career. He prepared for college at the Boston Latin School, and matriculated for Harvard at the age of sixteen, from which institution he graduated in 1855.

His college record was one of good earnest class work, although he was not particularly distinguished in any line of work except in his essays, which were always eminently superior to those of his classmates. There was nothing remarkable about him as a student, and even his teachers saw nothing of the latent talent in the tall, ungainly youth.

When he decided to devote his life to the ministry, he was advised by his life-long friend, Dr. Vinton, to enter upon a theological course at the Theological School of Alexandria, Va. He finished a course of study there, and was ordained at the age of twenty-four. During this course he began his work of preaching. His first sermon, delivered in the chapel of the Seminary, from the text: "The simplicity that is in Christ," was not regarded by his fellow students as a very masterly effort; some of them, in fact, criticised it unmercifully; but as Sunday after Sunday he stood in the school-room and addressed his audiences, always informally, it gradually dawned upon them that he was exerting a wonderful power over the people of the neighborhood. Large crowds flocked to hear him; he was rapidly becoming the most popular preacher in the school, and when one of his class-mates went to his home in Philadelphia, for a vacation, he carried with him the story of the wonderful work which was being done in college by Brooks. The Church of the Advent in Philadelphia was at this time without a rector, and it was decided to appoint a committee who should go to Alexandria and, without young Brooks' knowledge,

listen to his preaching, in order to ascertain if he would not be a suitable person to call to fill the vacancy. They were charmed by his eloquence and pressed upon him their request at once. He hesitated about accepting the charge, but finally decided to go, having first made the proviso that he was bound to remain for only three months, at the end of which period, if the church was entirely satisfied with him, he would think about settling permanently. It is needless to state that when the three months were over his congregation had become so attached to him that they persuaded him to remain. He acceded to this desire and remained there for three years, during which he was very often invited by Dr. Vinton, rector of Trinity Church, to occupy that pulpit. When Dr. Vinton became rector of a church in New York it was quite natural that Phillips Brooks should be invited to take the rectorship of Trinity Church in that city, but it was not until the matter had been urged upon him for the third time that he decided to accept. He entered this field on January 1st, 1862, and remained until 1869, when he was called to Boston to become rector of Trinity Church in this his native city. Here he won laurels thick and fast; his hearers realized that in him they had a rector who was head and shoulders above those of surrounding churches; and so when their church was destroyed in the fire of 1872, they came nobly to the front and erected a magnificent edifice near Back Bay.

In 1877 Harvard conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and never has she bestowed that degree on a more truly loyal and illustrious son. As a preacher Phillips Brooks was without a peer in his denomination, if indeed he had one on this side the Atlantic. A prominent Methodist says that the loss of Phillips Brooks is the greatest loss which could have been sustained by the Church universal. Edwin D. Mead declared him "the greatest preacher in the world." His style of delivery was remarkably rapid, thus rendering it almost impossible for any but the swiftest stenographer to report his addresses. But this rapidity did not render his sermons any the less intelligible. His flow of beautiful rhythmic language has been compared to a silvery cascade descending from a mountain. But all who have attempted to describe his form of address have fallen far short of the real picture of the Bishop as he stood in his pulpit dropping tender, helpful, strong words of truth and encouragement into the hearts of his hearers. He was known far and wide. He who preached before England's Queen was not too proud to help the poorest man or woman in the slums of Boston.

On October 14th, 1891, he was consecrated as Bishop in Trinity Church. The election of Brooks to the Bishopric of the State was hailed with rejoicing. One clergyman, in speaking of it, said: "The election of Dr. Brooks as our Bishop is one of the most important events in the history of the diocese of Massachusetts."

Brooks was a man of powerful and fine physique. He was about six feet four inches in height and was built proportionately. His was a most magnificent figure as he stood in the pulpit, but not more impressive was he there than when he walked through the streets, scattering kind words and acts along the way, throwing into many poor miserable lives a gleam of sunshine.

Several volumes of his sermons have been published, as well as other of his works, such as the "Life and Death of Lincoln." In describing his works some one has said: "Every page scintillates with gems gathered from far and near, but packed by him into the closest space." He was an indefatigable worker, often speaking three times a day. His correspondence was immense, but he attended to every detail of it in so far as was possible.

Archbishop Farrar referred to him as being "every inch a man." And still another friend, having vainly endeavored to pay some tribute worthy of such a memory, turned to Brooks' own words with regard to Lincoln: "In him was the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness."

After an illness of only a few days he passed into life eternal with the words "I'm going home." Thousands flocked from every walk and position in life, attended the funeral, not because they wished to be present at the funeral of the celebrated Bishop, but because they loved the man, and his memory will ever live in the hearts and minds of those who knew him or knew his life-work.

No grander tribute can be paid to him than that given by Dr. George A. Gordon when he said to the students of Harvard University, "Let us strive to be manly as Phillips Brooks was manly, rich and pure as Phillips Brooks was rich and pure." For him to be held as an example for the young men of the United States, yes, and of the world, is surely the most fitting acknowledgement that could be given to the noble character of Phillips Brooks.

"His memory is a Christian date  
His work a chapter from the skies,  
Nor earth a name so good and great  
To latest time can cease to prize;  
For love that made his grandeur sweet  
In his glad words to men will come,  
And hearts that knew him not will beat  
To name our new world Crisostom."

FRANK PATTERSON.

#### VALEDICTORY.

EVERY day brings its events, but to us, the class of '92, this is an especially eventful day, one that will never be forgotten by us. This is the closing and the commencement day; it marks the closing of the academic year, and, for us, the commencement of life's battle with the world.

Through the longer or shorter time which we have spent here we have met with various measures of success, sometimes with discouragements and disappointments. But at last we have reached the goal of our strivings, meeting the requirements and conforming with the standards of the school. Our training has given us a love and desire after knowledge for its part, and has increased our ability to acquire and analyze and systematize that knowledge.

Having finished our work here we are about to leave these halls, some of us perhaps forever. When we think of this it awakens within us varied feelings. We have joy because we have attained the end and aim, which at first seemed so distant, as measured both by time and by work. But mingled with this joy is a sin-

ere and heartfelt sorrow, for we know that we must part with teachers and fellow-students whom we have learned to love, and bid a last farewell to the institution which has become so dear to us.

The most prosperous year in the life of our school has just closed. During this year the institution has had a better and more complete staff of teachers than ever before, and naturally these teachers have made a number of changes and improvements in the curriculum. Just a year ago our principal, in his closing address, said that shelves were to be put up for a library, and asked for donations towards it. The shelves were put up, and when we returned to resume our work we found awaiting us a generous supply of books, magazines and newspapers, and all through the school year this supply has been increasing, so that now we have an excellent though by no means complete library. The progress of the school has been greatly hastened by other generous gifts. Besides all this the number of students has been larger this year than ever before. This large attendance is clearly indicative of future and continual growth. The dark cloud of debt has also to a great extent been removed during the past year. All these facts show in what esteem our Alma Mater is held throughout the Maritime Provinces.

Respected Principal and Teachers allow us to congratulate you on the success you have made of this school. May you long continue in the positions you now hold, extending the good work which you have begun. The respect and esteem in which we hold you cause us deep regret at this time of parting. You have been our friends and helpers, doing all in your power for our good, and patiently bearing with our oft-times dulness of apprehension. You have made the uninteresting text-book fascinating, and have kindly guided us onward and upward, clearing the mists from our pathway as we journeyed. It is not strange that we shrink from parting with you, but affectionate and loving thoughts are with us as we say farewell, and fond remembrances will bind us to you throughout all the coming years, for you have strengthened us and been a blessing to our lives.

Citizens of Saint Martins, though you may not be acquainted with our class as a whole, nor with the students generally, yet you have shown a lively interest in us and in all that pertains to our noble school. The lectures, concerts and entertainments given in this hall you have well patronized. For your many many kindnesses we thank you. It is quite right and natural that you should show an interest in the welfare of our

Seminary, which is also yours, for its power and influence have been educative and uplifting in their tendencies, and though a benefit to the entire province indirectly, this school has been to your fair, quiet village a more direct and permanent good. May a much closer acquaintanceship grow up between you and the students of the future, and as we speak our last public word to you we join to it the wish that in return for our thoughts of you you will remember, now and then, the boys of '93.

Fellow students, we have been greatly benefitted by our associations with you, and it is with regret that we break these associations. We will think of you, months hence, when we are scattered far and wide. We will think of you in chapel and class-room, at concert and lecture, in your hours of study and in your times of recreation. Our hearts will be with you though we wander far. May you realize your responsibility as students. May you do honor to our beloved school and to yourselves. May you ever be faithful to our Alma Mater. To be truly faithful to her you must make the best of your opportunities. The BEMA, which has been so successfully managed this year by one of our class, will, next year, be given into your charge. May you strive to make it an even greater success in the future than it has been in the past.

Dear classmates, after, as a body, bidding all farewell, we too must part. Before doing so let us glance for a moment at our present place. We have stood side by side in the battle for knowledge; we have walked and talked and sympathized with one another. Now our paths diverge. One or two of us are to continue our studies at college. The rest of us will probably begin active life in the near future. This is, therefore, a critical time in our lives.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

This is the tide in our affairs, and we must decide quickly, but calmly, before the flood passes. While deciding, and after having decided, let us keep ever before us the motto which we have chosen, "Vertigia Nulla Retrorsum," no steps backward, and let us ever press forward, toiling, trusting, hoping, praying, doing all in our power for our God and for our COUNTRY.

Again to each,

"Fare thee well! and if forever,  
Still forever, fare thee well."

RALPH E. WHITE.

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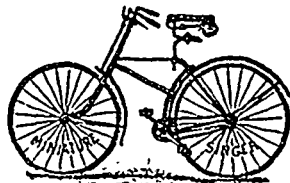


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