

this is a true gospel plan for the support of public worship, and we believe this our Master's house none too good or too elegant in which to illustrate it."

For the Christian Messenger.

THE MEETING AT AMHERST.

DEAR SIR,—

Judge McCully has failed to convince me. I regard the proceedings of the meeting at Amherst as altogether irregular. But as a newspaper discussion of the subject would be inexpedient and useless, since nothing further can be done till the Convention holds its regular and lawful meeting at Hillsburg, I will not trouble you with any further observations; I shall await the decision of the Denomination.

Yours truly,

J. M. CRAMP. Wolfville, June 5, 1875.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE NEW ACADEMY BUILDING.

DEAR EDITOR,—

We think the crisis is past. From the encouragement received from our friends who have favored us with their presence this week, the Committee have decided to go on with the work. About two thousand dollars were pledged to the enterprise yesterday. The building is to be ready for occupancy by the 1st of September. It will be, when completed the finest building of the kind in the province. It will give accommodation to one hundred pupils, and the present prospect is that it will be filled.

The old boarding-house is to undergo repairs and to be given up entirely to the young ladies. It will accommodate about thirty-five.

The Anniversary passed off gloriously. The Governors have considered the educational question in all its bearings—have started upon the line of a broad and liberal policy in which the education of the gentle sex has not been overlooked—a policy which it is hoped the friends of our Institutions will help enthusiastically to carry out.

About four thousand dollars have been subscribed towards the building now in process of erection. Eight thousand more will be required, and we mean business.

The following are a part of the subscriptions alluded to above; the others will be acknowledged at another time:

Table of subscription amounts: A Friend, \$500.00; J. W. Bars, Wolfville, 300.00; Holmes Chipman, Japan, 100.00; A Friend, 52.00; Francis Webber, Sackville, 50.00; L. Mortimer Smith, Halifax, 50.00; Jas. Morse, addition to \$100.00 previously given, 30.00; H. H. Read, M. D., Halifax, in addition to \$10.00 previously given, 20.00; James E. Irish, Halifax, 20.00; William Faulkner, Turro, 25.00; A Friend, Halifax, in addition to \$50 previously given, 20.00; J. E. & E. Rand, Cornwallis, 20.00; Rev. Joseph Jones, Wolfville, 5.00; Burpe Witter, 10.00; Edward H. Eaton, Cornwallis, 10.00; A Friend, New York, 5.00; W. Wallace, Wolfville, 5.00; Mrs. Olivia Freeman, 5.00; Wm. Shatner, Annapolis, 5.00; Mrs. Wm. Shafner, 5.00; Miss Masters, Kempt, 5.00; Two Friends, 10.00; E. M. Beckwith, Cornwallis, 10.00; Miss Minnie McKeen, Pereaux, 3.00; Collections at the door, &c., 5.20; A Friend, 4.00; H. S. Harding, 1.00; Edward Longley, 2.00; E. R., 0.50; A Friend, 40.00; Previously acknowledged, 2043.25; Total, \$3,460.95.

For the Committee,

D. M. WELTON. Wolfville, June 4th, 1875.

The Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, N.S., JUNE 9, 1875.

THE ANNIVERSARIES AT WOLFVILLE.

The past week has added another to the many seasons of deep and stirring interest which come year by year to the institutions at Wolfville. The examinations were in advance of previous years in several respects. The appearance of the large new building, to afford additional accommodation for about a hundred students indicated that the present advancement made would warrant the expectation of still further progress.

The examinations of Monday and

Tuesday showed that thorough work had been done by Teachers and students in the Collegiate Academy. The whole was highly satisfactory to the visitors present.

Tuesday brought together a large concourse of parents and friends to the public exhibition of the Female Department.

The programme supplied a variety which constituted an intellectual and musical treat as follows:

- Music—Miss Payzant. Reading—Miss C. Harris. Essay: "The Beautiful"—Miss Payzant. Music—Duet—Misses Bill and Thomas. Reading—Miss Cann. Essay: "Castle-building"—Miss Laura Harris. Music—Miss Eaton. Reading—Miss McLeod. Essay: "The Ideal and the Actual"—Miss Gillmore. Music—Miss Cann. Essay: "The Moral Studio"—Miss Lockwood.

It was then announced by the Principal J. F. Tufts, Esq., A. M., that Miss Lockwood had completed the course of study and passed the required examinations and was therefore entitled to the Diploma with the degree of M. L. A., which was presented.

Addresses were then given by a number of gentlemen present—Hon. Dr. Parker, Dr. Rand, Dr. Sawyer, Rev. E. M. Saunders, Avard Longley, Esq., M. P. P., J. W. Bars, Esq., and Wm. Faulkner, Esq.

An Address from the Matriculating Class—which numbers twenty-six—to Principal Tufts was read by one of its members. The address gave expression of the estimation in which the students hold their instructors, especially Mr. Tufts, and their indebtedness to him for his untiring labors on their behalf.

WEDNESDAY was occupied by the Board of Governors in considering the business for the ensuing year. We are pleased to learn that it was decided to place Mr. Kennedy, the Teacher in Science on the staff of Professors, adding Chemistry to Natural Science.

In the evening of Wednesday the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION held its Annual Meeting. After the matter of prizes and other business had been fully considered and passed upon, the officers for the ensuing year were elected, as follows:

- President—Rev. A. Cohoon, A. B. Secretary—Edwin D. King, A. M. Treasurer—N. Mortimer Smith, A. B. Directors—R. N. Beckwith, Rev. E. M. Saunders, A. M., A. Caldwell, A. M., B. H. Eaton, A. M., and J. W. Longley, A. B.

THURSDAY was the culmination of the series of meetings, and as usual, attracted a large concourse, filling the church building in which the Anniversaries are usually held. The hall looked its gayest. The College Building had been recently painted in pure white, and harmonized finely with the bright fresh green of the foliage and verdure.

The handsome College flag floated on the tall mast in front, and a large Union Jack on the new building. As the hour approached the numbers gathered, until at 1/2 past 11, when the procession of students, professors, governors and alumni formed and wended their way down to the place of Assembly. Here space had been reserved, which was soon all taken up. The platform was well filled. The central seats were occupied by the seven efficient professors. President Sawyer taking the central chair, was supported on the right by Dr. Crawley, Professors Jones and Kennedy, and on the left by Professors Higgins, Welton and Tufts—all men of commanding talent, each in his sphere and all doing work of which we, as a denomination may well be thankful and proud. We pray that they may all be long spared to continue engraving lines on the minds upon which they operate, which shall endure and produce living characters, to reproduce themselves in the circles where they shall eventually move and labor, as ministers or merchants, lawyers or legislators, medical men or agriculturists.

In addition to the gentlemen who were on the platform, professionally, there were other men of mark. Besides the Emeritus Professor, Rev. Dr. Cramp, the Legislative Council was represented in the person of Hon. L. R. Parker, the House of Assembly by Avard Longley, Esq., the Methodist Church by Dr. Allison of Mount Allison College, Sackville, the Presbyterians by Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax. Rev. A. S. Hunt, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, Rev. E. M. Saunders, Rev. D. W. C. Dimock, Rev. S. W. DeBlos, William Faulkner and Mark Curry, Esqs. New Brun-

wick was represented by Rev. I. E. Bill and Dr. Rand, Superintendent of Education in that Province.

Several of the aged men who have usually been present were missed from the platform. Some of them appeared in the congregation however. We would like to have had a photograph taken of the platform that we might have our remembrance of the occasion renewed. The graduating class were announced with the titles of their essays as follows:

- 1. Tendencies of Modern Civilization—A. J. Stevens, Gasperaux. 2. Integrity, the Soul of Commerce—Howard Bars, Wolfville. 3. Immutability of Nature—Charles H. Martell, Homeville, C. B. 4. The Use and Abuse of the Emotional—George E. Good, Woodstock, N. B. 5. How far is Political Antagonism a Vice?—Benjamin Rand, Canning. 6. The Greek Chorus—William G. Parsons, Kingston. 7. Blomidon—a Poem—Israel M. Longley, Paradise.

The third one on the list was excused.

The Orations delivered were of a very superior order and each seemed to contribute its part towards forming a fine unity—perhaps without any such design—so that they might produce a strong and lasting impression on the minds of the listeners.

The language of each was choice and vigorous. The thought running through the whole exhibited in each oration fine appreciation of his subject. Commencing with Civilization in its earlier stages, Mr. Stevens led us up to think of its broader and more general advance in modern times and to anticipate the blessings its future developments would bring to mankind in all the nations.

Then taking Commerce as the great necessity of mankind, Mr. Howard Bars shewed most conclusively that the only basis on which it could rest is Integrity; and as its result confidence between men engaged in such pursuits. From this Mr. Good took possession of the audience and led us a step higher into the region of mind showing that happiness is only to be secured by a due regulation of the emotions. The heart must be cultivated and brought into due subordination before the highest hopes and joys shall be fully realized.

With Civilization to smooth the path its influence in regulating the exchange of commodities by men of different nations, for the purpose of securing the greatest good to the greatest number comes the need for government, and Politics becomes a necessity. Mr. B. Rand in bold and earnest language discussed his question; and denounced the shifting, scheming dishonesty which is often seen at the polls and in our legislative halls. He shewed that only men of sufficient nerve to do right at whatever cost, were to be borne with as legislators.

From this a longer step was taken by Mr. Parsons, and we were led to contemplate the nation in which the highest civilization in ancient times had existed, and amongst whom the arts had received their finest finish and fullest development. Poetry and Music combined in the Greek Chorus to raise the masses to enthusiastic admiration of what they conceived to be the true and the beautiful. This Essay was a masterly and classic production.

After this Mr. Israel M. Longley brought forth the results of his thought in a Poem on "Blomidon," and believing our readers would be glad to participate in the pleasure all had in listening to its measured lines, we requested from him a copy, and here present it. We would like to give our readers the delicate touches of feeling with which it was rendered by the author, but this each must try to realize for himself. Its delicate allusion to the sad and mysterious event when seven choice men were lost in the Minas Basin drew tears from the eyes of many.

BLOMIDON.

The sun had not yet risen, But from the eastern sky he sent abroad His messengers to earth. To some they were The signal of alarm; at their approach The powers of darkness hid themselves abashed. While rapid spreading light brought happiness And cheer to many sad and lonely hearts, Who long had watched and prayed for its return. Blessed to them was light, the dark night drear And terrible, for adding life had lost Full many a charm, in former day spousessed Of love, and joy, and sweetest tenderness. But broader fields of vision open now, All nature smiles on valley, hill, or sea, Or rippling lake to welcome back day's king. The murmuring brooklet whispers forth its strain, The sparkling dew-drop in prismatic forms Of beautiful array decks the face

Of earth, in hues akin to those which flush The cheek of maiden beauty; and like pearls Of richest worth prepare all things to greet The sun who, as a bridegroom cometh forth From out the darkened chamber of the night And now his vision greets the hoary head Of Blomidon, chief monarch of the scene, Above the silent wave his height appears Boldly precipitous as from his throne He looks upon the rising sun; and then Is wrapped in mist and sea-fogs darkened first, But soon made radiant and beautiful Reposing on the bosom of the deep.

Moved by such witnesses on classic shores Where erst Strepasides, a youth, sought truth In schools by sophists taught and wondered much

That any one in Athens dared assert That Zeus ruled not—by such as these much moved The Attic sage was wont to cry "O thou Who holdest earth and brilliant clouds and air Immeasurable in thy hand send forth Thy witness, the lightning's flash, the roar Of deep-toned thunder to proclaim to men Thou reign'st alone—O'er on earth, in heaven Sole Deity! Rise up ye clouds, arise Pair mistresses of earth, proclaim your Lord Whether ye rest upon the sacred peaks Of mount Olympus, snow-capt; or are joined In festive dance with nymphs; or at its source The waters of the Nile with gold-cups Or on the snowy heights of Minos rest, Rise and proclaim the universal God." Thus spoke all nature true philo-sophy To one rare mind long passed away, and so Still speaks with clearer voice. But see the sun Full risen! Glory spreads around, clouds rise In ken to motion which were late so still, And now they rest upon the mountain's peak Clothed in such forms as fickle fancy paints, Inventing new creations all her own. And thus are shivered bright the heights above Of Blomidon, as when in classic days Men saw the fruits of sacred earth and corn And shady dells with fragrant freshness fraught 'Mid summer's heat, and where autumnal flowers Their tribute pay to the departed Spring. For thus thro' many circling years the earth Has teemed—all Nature teemed—with rare And beautiful forms speaking her Maker's praise, As Phoebus still his upward course pursues Clouds higher rise till wholly lost to view, Assimilated with the azure sky.

Obscured no longer now with gathering mists Nor vaguely seen thro' dim Aurora's light And thou art beautiful O Blomidon, Whether thy slopes give birth to varied forms Sun-steeped at noon, of flower, or shrub, or tree, Or whether shades of evening coming on, Calm Vesper breathes a quiet o'er the earth As Nature drops into a sweet repose; Or whether thro' the twilight, gathering, meet Thy darkening blue that decks the eastern sky And these above thy summits blend in one; Or whether man's abode, subdued the din Of the departed day, in quiet rests And tired nature's sweet restorer, sleep, With vigor fresh renewing wearied strength Thou'rt left alone companion of the night To meet the pale faced moon, to watch the stars

Which one by one their faithful vigils keep And listen to the murmur of the tide Whose restless wave the solemn silence break, Thou still art beautiful and grand, still standst Faithful to greet the old man of the sea; As erst he came in mystery's dim garb And from him wrest the secret which he hold For thine own sake as 'twas in days of yore The land where quiet reigned, no foreign fears Or anxious thought perplexed the tranquil breast Of the glad dwellers on its peaceful shores. Rest universal, hope, and sweet content, To the Acadian peasant dearer far Than gold, swelled high the boon of Liberty Heaven's priceless gift bestowed on him—on all.

By day he toiled; when evening called him home Glad to obey the voice he tarried not, And when his brow the snowy pillow pressed His rest was sweet. He saw not from afar The cloud which soon should burst upon his head, Destroying life for him tho' death came not. For what is life e'en with the richest gifts Earth can afford, bereft of those we love? Tho' oft we, Grand Pre, still we mourn for thee, Evangeline, and all by Saxon spoiled And listen fearful to the chords that make Thy woe eternal; pregnant with grief For yet another blow hangs o'er the spot Near where the sea-fogs nightly pitch their tents.

The hope of many homes had ranged the cliffs, Reaping their wealth, content with their success The voyagers seek now their distant home. But night is coming on and dark the shades That gather o'er the water's restless wave, Is there no eye to pierce the gathering gloom No ear to listen to the suppliant's cry No arm to save from fell destruction's power? Will angry ocean claim as his the forms Which love's warm heart is waiting to embrace? Shall tears of sorrow flow from many an eye? A father's cheek be paled, a mother's heart With all the longing only she can feel Be crushed, refusing to be comforted Because its own are not? Ye angry waves Arrest the work of death, cease from your spoil Nor cast these treasured riches in wild waste! And shall no prayer be heard—no answer sent To calm the gathering fears? In yonder church-yard

'Neath the locusts' shade a little mound Tells the sad tale and makes the sole reply Upon its grassy top the flowers of Spring In modest beauty bow their drooping heads In sympathy with what our natures feel, So soon are crushed ambition's fondest hopes! Acadia mourned her sons with deepest grief Her classic halls still mourn their early loss, Still gaily mourn; for her foundation stones E'en to their very base the sorrow shook. Nor alone, for Brunswick trembling heard While many a stricken home in Scotia wailed, We knew—still know, no nobler minds than these Rare souls swept down by Minos' rushing tide

And still we weep for Very, Chipman, Grant, And all the group of active noble hearts, Yet comforted for bright hopes glad their fate. Thy snow-capt heights, O Blomidon, reflect The radiant light, fair emblem of the life Of purity he finds who lives to heaven, While far below the darkened ice-cake floats Symbolic of foul calumny's abode Amidst whose murky shades, Truth, heavenly dove, Rests not but in swift flight returns to heaven Yet at thy feet kissed daily by the tide The richest amethysts with purpled tints Conferable alone by Nature's hand.

And agates, jasper, precious minerals rare With gem and crystal curiously wrought Rest e'er in their still retreat content, Rude tho' may seem to us their rocky bed

Thy sides with verdure clothed recall the day E'er yet the forms of beauty now beheld Upon thy terraced heights had seen the light; Before the voice that calls each star by name Whose strength is in the everlasting hills Had summoned from beneath the ocean's wave The sure foundation stones on which you rest. Who would know the process hard and rough By which the architect of earth and heaven Developeth perfection. Who would learn The way in which thro' Nature He would teach

The young the path to greatness? Let him come And read thy history in all thy forms Concealed from view but hidden not from thought The basement firm is laid. The growth is slow But day by day the silent work goes on Impressive and weak, but who may say What mighty power to come it yet shall bear? Upheaved 'tis brought to light to gain in strength. Next comes the fiery test when from their depths The very elements bestir themselves, As if in compact-bound a foe to crush, Whom seeking to destroy, they make more grand.

Long years elapse e'er Nature owns her work And forms arise to decorate the whole. Yet the delay but makes the gift more fair As dark basaltic walls crowned with thick woods Amygdaloidal terraces more grand Than those the hand of man has ever formed Majestic in their strength delight the eye. Most beautiful forms change leaveth not untouched And joyous youth still whispers of decay, As whitened locks and furrowed cheek foretell Of coming dissolution, near, or far, Do hoary frosts and wintry snows unite To indicate thy doom O mountain peak. Yet add new beauties to the varied forms Which decorate thy brow. The deep ravine With nodding shrubbery along its banks While telling of thy end bespeaks thy heaven.

The student's theme for meditation, then Thro' years long past hast stood, o'er looking still. These classic grounds, which others long since trod, To-day from near and far they meet again The scenes which memory has made so dear.

These scenes, my brothers have been ours, yes, ours In passing oft we tho' the way was long And almost grew impatient for the close. At length the end has come. Too soon alas These happy hours have fled and with the word Whose parting accents ring 'round the ear Again re-echoes on the soul's sweet lyre We pause to give a tho't to former days Before we say "Farewell." The school house old Where our first years were spent, with comrades dear We all remember well. If boyhood's dreams Thus o'er the soul, like Ossian's music, pour In after years a quiet calm, serene, Much more, my brothers, will the seasons spent In sweet communion 'midst the pleasant scenes Of our loved Alma Mater, cherished be!

And what we love that word and dear 'Twill ever be as in our country's name, To every loyal heart—its honored flag The banner of the free, and as we part It still shall wave above us. Under its And truth's we still are one tho' now we say To Teachers, Class-mates, Fellow-Students and A last Farewell. Acadia College, June 3rd, 1875.

The Degrees were then conferred by the President upon the six members of the Graduating Class who presented themselves for that distinction.

Rev. Dr. Cramp, as President of the Associated Alumni, was then called upon by Dr. Sawyer, and with his usual pleasant and appropriate word to each, handed them as follows:

For Class standing, \$20 each, respectively to Mr. J. Schurman, (P. E. Island) of the Juniors, Mr. P. W. Campbell, (St. George, N. B.) Sophomore; Mr. Tuttle, Freshman. Hon. Edward Young's (Washington) Gold Medal for excellence in Mathematics to P. W. Campbell. Monthly Essay prize of \$25 to J. Schurman. Also, to the same, a certificate for first class honors in Mathematics and Classics.

In presenting the prize to Mr. Tuttle, Dr. Cramp, remarked that it afforded him a favorable opportunity of bringing before the public the liberal character of Acadia College. Their charter prohibited the application of any religious test to either professors or students, and in the present instance the winner of the prize was the son of a much esteemed Wesleyan Minister.

Short and suitable addresses were then delivered by Rev. A. S. Hunt, Rev. Dr. Burns, Dr. Alli on, Dr. Rand and an excellent financial speech by Hon. Dr. Parker.

We have no space to refer to these in detail.

An excellent dinner was provided in the Academy Hall and was partaken of by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. A musical treat was given by a select choir in the evening with readings by the talented elocutionist Miss Churchill.

The North Baptist Church of this city have given an invitation to the Rev. J. W. Manning of St. Stephen, N. B., to become its pastor. We have not heard of Mr. M's acceptance, but shall be glad to hear that he has decided to come to Halifax. A man of his excellent spirit and superior talents would find a fine field of labor in our city.