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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

My Birthday

Oh Time! for ever in thy wild career,
Still marching onward, in thy constant flight!
And ever flitting from us some sweet thing
That we had fondly treasured up in store,
Like honey in the cell for future use.
I charge thee, Time, that thou hast stolen
From me
This very day, my eight and sixtieth year!
Hast robb'd me of my rosy, youthful hue,
And given me, alas! a few white locks,
All thinly sprinkled o'er an aching brow.
I look behind, and see a woeful waste;
I look beyond, and know not what's in store.
Nor would I curious know, I leave to Him
Who hath commissioned Time to do his work—
Who hears the hungry ravens when they cry,
To strengthen me, to bear and do His will:
And when the message comes that calls me hence,
I shall be found within the Saviour's arms;
Securely trusting all his promises,
I'll sweetly close my eyes and fall asleep.
S.

Halifax, September 14th. 1879.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Day at Harvard.

The bell rings at twenty minutes to eight o'clock giving five minutes warning of prayer time. During those five minutes between six and seven hundred students are seen hurrying across the "yard" to take their seats in the chapel. Unhappy the student who enters after that time, for not only does he receive censure marks, but is marked down by his fellow-students as a green one. So soon as the chaplain rises, monitors, in various parts of the house mark down the members absent from the seats adjoining them. Upon elevated side seats sit proctors whose duty it is to maintain order. The service consists of reading, singing and prayers; within half a minute after this is finished the chapel is again vacant.

At nine o'clock recitations and lectures commence. We will enter some of the class-rooms. Within No. 17 Harvard Hall we find a young man of increasing reputation. We notice the easy flow of elegant language and the philosophic tone which pervades his speech. The students listen with the marked respect due to a man who by contemplation of higher things is elevated above much which tends to draw others down. This is Professor Palmer, and he is giving an impartial review of Locke's arguments against innate ideas. And it is a difficult matter for one to give an impartial account of an opponent's views. How many long and often useless discussions in every day life and in the public press would be avoided, if before commencing the dispute each opponent gave a correct account of what the other believed.

While in the department of philosophy we will enter the class-room of the first philosopher on this continent. The professor is a slight man, with grey hairs which mark the flight of years, but his mind is as active as ever, and there is not a moment's hesitation in giving a clear and satisfactory answer to the most difficult question of any student. No materialistic views find any sympathy with him, and after one of his eloquent attacks, the listener is ready to join in the closing words of the speaker, "O wretched delusion." We need scarcely say that this is Professor Bowen.

From philosophy we pass on to the classical department. The most striking feature here to an Acadia man is the facility with which the students will translate at sight. This is largely due to thorough drill in the preparatory schools for Harvard. Of all places let students make haste slowly in the Academies. In the first room we enter we find Professor Goodwin author of a Greek Grammar. He is a stalwart though somewhat nervous man, mind and body are alike animated at the first

mention of anything classical. His interest in Dr. Schliemann's work is that of one who knows the value of the slightest discovery made, and upon this day he describes Dr. Schliemann's Mycenae as one of the most interesting and valuable books published in modern times. Harvard can also boast of having a native Greek among her classical professors. Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, with his grey hair, long grey beard, keen eyes and thoroughly Grecian aspect, corresponds to your idea of one born amid classic scenes. He lives with Spartan simplicity a bachelor's life, and it is said sends his earnings back to his native land.

A walk of half a mile from Harvard Square brings us to the Botanical Gardens. These cover seven and a half acres. Its flower beds are laid out in circles around a central basin of water, and are planted according to strict botanical arrangement. Here are greenhouses containing over 1,300 different species of plants, and a herbarium with library, laboratory and lecture room attached. Professor Goodale now occupies the Botanical chair. With such clearness does he present his subject, and with such evident care that everything is plain to each student, he is justly entitled to be ranked among the first class-room lecturers at Harvard. The house of Professor Gray, the author of several works on Botany, is within the Gardens. The Professor no longer lectures to the students, nevertheless he does each day more work than the majority of young professors. On a hill near the Gardens is the Astronomical Observatory, where many important discoveries have been made.

Back again to Harvard Square. Here there are many other departments presided over by men well worthy of our acquaintance. But Harvard, with its Arts Department, Law School, Scientific School, Dental School, Agricultural College and Divinity School, cannot be seen in a day.

We cannot however, allow any visitor to depart without providing for the wants of the inner man. For this purpose we repair to Memorial Hall. This is the most magnificent building belonging to the University. It was erected in commemoration of the sons of Harvard who laid down their lives during the civil war in defence of the Union. The building is 310 feet long, 115 feet wide and has a tower 200 feet high. The exterior is built of brick ornamented with Nova Scotia buff sandstone. The cost was about \$500,000. The building is composed of Dining Hall, Memorial Hall and Sander's Theatre. We enter Memorial Hall proper, which extends across the centre of the building and forms a monumental vestibule between the other two divisions. At opposite ends of the hall there are magnificent windows, the stone tracery of which is filled with stained glass, through these the rays of light fall in many different colors upon the marble pavement. The walls on either side contain marble tablets inscribed with the names of the students who fell in the war. On our right is Sander's Theatre, classic in plan, where the public exercises of the University take place. On our left is the Dining Hall. To a gallery overlooking this we now ascend. Along the walls on either side of this long hall are placed the busts and paintings belonging to the University. At the opposite end is a gallery similar to the one on which we stand, and above it is a great window emblazoned with the arms of the College, of the state, and of the United States. Sixteen chandeliers hang from the ceiling. Beneath us is a brilliant and often an active scene. Tables extend in rows the entire length of the Hall. Each table accommodates twelve students. Behind these stand colored waiters with their short black jackets, white aprons and white ties. Knives and forks, napkins and spoons are arranged in many fantastic devices according to the taste of the waiter. Upwards of seven hundred students are using their knives and forks with probably as much ease and pleasure as they

would translate a Greek sentence or solve a mathematical problem. We descend and take our seats among the number.
B. R.

For the Christian Messenger.
Western Correspondence.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.,
Sept. 8th, 1879.

Crawfordsville is situated forty-four miles north-west of Indianapolis, and thirty-four miles from the eastern boundary of Illinois. It is one of the most beautiful cities in the State, with her broad nicely-kept streets and paved walks, her fine parks, her neat and elegant residences, her large and commodious business rooms, her new and sightly Court House, her public school buildings and her fine College, she justly claims for herself a prominent place among the cities of Indiana.

Wabash College with its elegant campus of thirty-three acres of land covered with native-forest trees is the pride and glory of all her people.

ARCHERY

has become very popular in this part of the United States. The Archery tournament held by the National Archery Association at Chicago, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of August was a grand success. Large numbers of both ladies and gentlemen, from all the principal cities between Brooklyn and Kansas were present and contested for the prizes that were offered. The Wabash Merry Bow-men of the city of Crawfordsville again proved themselves to be the champions of America, winning the "champion medal" and the "team prize" for the best club in America. The name of the "Wabash Merry Bow-men" has become world-wide as may be seen from an article in the *English Archery Register* of 1879.

HORN OF PLENTY.

If the old adage, "what everybody says must be true" is true, then the State of Indiana has yielded an unusual crop this year. The *Crawfordsville Weekly Review* of July under the heading of "Horn of Plenty," states, "the wheat crop has been better than ever known in this locality, the average yield being from fourteen to thirty-six bushels per acre." Another local journal of this State speaks of a man who had "fifteen acres of wheat that averaged thirty-eight bushels to the acre." Such wheat crops are scarcely surpassed in Manitoba, the "Garden of the North West."

The corn and potatoe fields also promise a gracious yield. But the fruit crop in the west will be lighter than usual. Peaches will be a failure, on account of the heavy frosts of last winter.

The influence of the abundant harvest is felt in every pulse of social and commercial life, values are heightening; money is becoming plentiful; energy and confidence are being restored.

DULCIS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Letter from Germany.

(From our correspondent.)

BERLIN, GERMANY,
Sept. 1st, 1879.

Although the recent violent storms have done frightful havoc in the fruit orchards throughout the Empire, the markets of Berlin are literally jammed with seasonable fruits at very low rates. Early plums are selling at six cents per pound, apricots nine cents per pound, while tomatoes are worth five cents per kilo, and a fine, delicately-flavored Frenjino-melon can be purchased for four cents. On the other hand, the winegrowers are hopeful of bringing home an abundant and average good vintage. Here and there Uncle Sam puts in a short appearance on the *Unter den Linden* in the shape of a big diamond shirt-button or a solid gold-pommel walking-stick, and some Yorkshire Johnses and Johnses are met with carrying huge scarlet Baedeckers and

extensively-loaded and saddled with travel field-glasses, rolled up waterproofs, tidy umbrellas, and an occasional Piccadilly "badinette" 17 inches in length. Very few Russians, indeed, are seen except two or three score detectives hunting after escaped Nihilists.

I have just returned from a short visit to the French Capital, and just one day too late to get my usual weekly letter off on time. I attended the closing and last session of the French Parliament at Versailles, and when the Chambers meet again in the last week of November it will be in Paris. So the sittings of the Legislature at Versailles will have lasted just eight years and a half; and now the city of the Grand Monarque is going to fall into the deserted condition, which distinguished it before the war. Looking back upon the political dramas enacted at Versailles since 1870, one must own that the old town has in more senses than one had a good time of it. Its hotel-keepers have been especially fortunate. Before the war they were dependent upon the chance custom of British tourists and of the officers belonging to the garrison; but in September, 1870, when the German armies came pouring over France, Versailles rose of a sudden to the dignity of a city over-peopled with great folks. It harbored four kings and of grand dukes and princes quite a crowd. One could meet in its streets within a half-hour more generals than you could encounter within a month in any first rate capital; and at five o'clock tables d'hote of the *Hôtel des Réservoirs* there was such an array of potentates, commanders, and statesmen, that a subaltern creeping in unawares must have felt as abashed as a puppy in a menagerie of lions. Meanwhile Paris was being besieged, and the booming of cannon kept time with the popping of champagne corks and with the chinking of gold that fell over gaming-tables night after night. It was a merry time for the Germans and they made the most of it: so did the hotel keepers. High-born youngsters who might be shot tomorrow did not much care what they spent to-day; and when the accounts were made up on the conclusion of peace, it was found that the invaders had disbursed on their enemy's soil a very pretty share of the exorbitant sum which they claimed as a war indemnity. Then Versailles came in immediately for another piece of luck; Paris fell into the possession of the Communists, and respectable people had to decamp forthwith. Into the hotels and lodging-houses which had lately been occupied by conquering soldiers came a horde of frightened Frenchman-legislators, place-men, place-hunters, and the officers of the grand army that was being re-organized for civil war. The *Galerie des Glaces* in the palace, where lately the King of Prussia had been proclaimed Emperor of Germany, was transformed into a dormitory for members of the Assembly who could not find sleeping-room elsewhere; and in the *Salle des Marechaux*, where the portraits of all Marshalls of France are preserved and where an ambulance was established during the war, the Minister for Foreign Affairs was fain to establish his offices. Once more gold flowed in a very torrent through the old city, and there were Versailles who, while be-moaning as patriots the troubles that had fallen upon their country, acknowledged as they slapped their pockets, that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Versailles is a city of palaces most of which were built by great nobles of Louis XIV.'s and Louis XV.'s time, who wanted to reside near to the King. There are some splendid houses among them, much too magnificent for the modest state which even the richest men keep now-a-days. Before the war most of the dwellings were let in flats, and few of them had their proper supply of tenants. You could see the white bills of unfurnished apartments to let, or the yellow bills of furnished ones posted over the *portes-cocheres* of almost every house in all the principal thoroughfares; and in those times a man

who wanted to take a house on lease could get one on his own terms. During the war, house rent rose all at once, 200 per cent., and landlords who had let their houses too cheap, spent anxious hours examining their leases to see whether some lucky flaw could not be discovered in them.

At length there seems to be some prospect that an end will be put to the silly and barbarous practice of duelling which has prevailed for so many years past in the German Universities. The authorities at Leipzig have published a formal prohibition of these encounters.

During the second fortnight of last month a person whose testimony is above suspicion visited a ship at anchor at Odessa fitted out for the transport of Nihilist convicts to the island of Saghalien. He describes it as a man-of-war of about 4,000 tons freshly painted white. On going below deck he found that on either side of a narrow passage, iron-barr'd cages had been constructed, which he says were exactly similar to those used for wild animals. These cages were of different sizes, and contained from four to twenty convicts each. The rule observed was that such amongst them as showed any disposition to be unruly were confined in the smaller cages so as to be more easily watched. The gentleman who visited the ship, estimates the number of these wretched people at 750, most of whom had come by rail from the interior, heavily chained together by small groups. They were to keep their chains during the journey. Unable to control his feelings, the visitor observed to the officer in command that his closely-packed cargo, chained together in a place where there was absolutely no ventilation, would never survive the passage of the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, to which the Russian officer cynically replied, "Well so much the better for all parties if they do not." He accompanied this astounding remark by a significant glance, which his interlocutor took to imply, "Don't you understand that is precisely what we expect?" The same ship was visited at another place on her outward voyage, and on competent authority it was ascertained that not one-third of the unfortunate prisoners on board could possibly reach their destination alive. The *Nigni Novgoord* arrived at Port Said, under Russian colors and manned by Russian sailors, at the end of June. She had 590 convicts on board, for the most part Nihilists condemned to be transported to the island of Saghalien. All the ghastly tales that were told during the late war are surpassed by the cold-blooded cruelty of the Russian authorities towards the Nihilist convicts. What precedes refers only to those who are sentenced to transportation; but the fate of the Nihilist prisoners at home is no less horrible, and the exclamation of the Russian captain that, if his wards died from the effects of the atrocious treatment to which they were subject it would be so much the better for all parties, might be appropriately repeated by the director of every gaol in the Russian Empire.

LOUIS.

When Benjamin Franklin was an editor, he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in honeyed language that, owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., but he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript; and then he tied the poems to the tail of his kite for "bobs."

"How long will it be before you get this work done?" said a lady to an apprentice who was painting her house. "Well, I don't know, marm," said he; "the boss has just gone to look for another job; if he gets it I'll be done to-morrow, but if he don't, I'm afraid it'll take me all next week."

A Boston organist advertises that he will be "most happy to play at weddings and funerals."