

accordance with the rules of that body. The prayer of the masonic burial service was read by Rev. Mr. Campbell, (Episcopalian) who is also a member of the Order.

After the interment, the immense concourse of people who had assembled to pay their respects and express their sympathy with the bereaved, filled the church to overflowing, and as they passed in, the choir sang with subdued effect, "Watching and waiting for me."

Rev. Mr. Kirby (Wesleyan) gave out the hymn:

The hour of my departure's come:  
I hear the voice that calls me home.  
Now, oh my God, let trouble cease,  
And let thy servant die in peace.

The pastor next read from the 47th verse to the close of the 15th chapter of 1 Cor., and offered prayer. This was followed by the hymn commencing—

Servant of God, well done,  
Rest from thy loved employer;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter the Master's joy.

This was impressively rendered by the choir, after which came the sermon by the pastor, Rev. I. E. Bill, founded upon Acts xi 24, "For he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added to the Lord." Three qualities mentioned in the passage as possessed by Barnabas, viz., *goodness, divine unction, and faith* in God, and in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, were regarded by the preacher as essential to ministerial success, and the ministry of Barnabas, being largely imbued and energized with these elements was eminently successful in adding souls to the Lord. This suggested a range of thought which seemed appropriate to the occasion.

In concluding his discourse the preacher remarked that these ennobling traits of character were possessed in some good degree by our departed brother Smith, and, therefore, his ministry, as in the case of the man of God, Barnabas, had been attended with like results, "Much people was added to the Lord."

At the close of the sermon Rev. Mr. Kirby offered an appropriate and earnest prayer, which was followed by the hymn,

Brother, though from yonder sky  
Cometh neither voice nor cry,  
Yet we know for thee, to-day,  
Every pain hath passed away.

The deepest interest was manifest in the services of the day, and the benediction having been pronounced the people retired to meditate upon the solemn admonition, "Be ye also ready."

For the Christian Messenger.

The Woodstock Baptist College.

Mr. Editor,—

When I, at the request of the editor of the *Christian Helper*, recalled a few facts in respect to the past history of our College and its relations to the University of Toronto, I little thought my innocent letter would be the means of reopening an important question amongst our brethren in the East. But "free breath suits Baptist lungs," and it is evident that bottom has scarcely been touched yet in regard to the relations of the denominational and especially of the Baptist Colleges of the future to the State and State Universities. I shall not however be guilty of the presumption of entering into the discussion of the local question, though I shall certainly watch with interest for the answer of "Governor" to the two pertinent queries in your article.

Although excessively busy just now I cannot but comply with your invitation to say a few words in respect to our "Ontario Baptist policy," chiefly by way of correction of some inaccuracies of statement into which "Governor" has fallen.

The question whether the term "College" is used "in a very loose way" when applied to a teaching institution which, whatever its standing or the character of its work, has no power to confer degrees, is one for philologists or dictionary makers. I should be sorry to learn however that all the time-honored institutions which cluster around such Universities as those of Oxford and Cambridge, have been for centuries, so many standing instances of the misappropriation of an English word of classic origin. But permit me with all courtesy to say to "Governor" that

1. It is not correct that the Woodstock College has no College charter. It has had a good legal charter from the day of its birth, under the name and style of "The Canadian Literary Institute," which name it is now proposed to change for convenience sake to that of Woodstock College.

2. It is not correct that this College "has never aimed to do more literary work than would fit its students for admission to classes in Toronto University." On the contrary, the First and Second year examinations of the University are regularly held within the walls of the Institute. Its students can thus compete with those examined at Toronto for all prizes, honors and scholarships during the first half of the University course. With regard to the work done at the Woodstock College it becomes me, as a graduate of Acadia, and a teacher at Woodstock, to speak with caution as well as modesty. I shall be happy to furnish Governor through you with a copy of our Directory, and invite his kind attention to the curriculum, reminding him too that in addition to the regular University examinations of those proceeding to degrees, all the students of both sexes in the Collegiate Department of the Institute are examined twice a year by some seven gentlemen who have no connection with the teaching staff of the Institute, and all of whom are graduates of Toronto University, and honor men in the departments they severally undertake. I may further say for the information of those interested that the course of study in the Literary Department of the Institute, as now arranged, extends over six nominal years, that the very best students, provided they have to commence at the beginning, cannot possibly complete it in less than six years, taking the honor courses in but one or two subjects.—Eight years would no more than suffice to complete the full course with all the honor subjects, as they are regularly taught. If I am not misinformed, it is no unusual thing for a young man of average ability, and with nothing more than a common school education, to enter Horton Academy and proceed to a degree in Acadia College in six years. I do not suppose it will be claimed that there is much difference in the average of talent between the East and the West. These are simple facts, your readers may draw their own inferences. Further, your readers are all familiar with the number of names on the honored roll of Acadia's Faculty. The work of the four years of the Collegiate Course at Woodstock is performed, with some assistance from other teachers, by seven men, all of whom are University graduates, honor men in their respective departments, and all of whom I can testify, work to the extent of their strength and ability. This is of course, exclusive of the three Theological Professors and the six or seven teachers in Preparatory and Special Departments. So if I might add another query to "Governor," I would respectfully beg him to explain to your readers "What's in a name," even though it be the name College?

3. It is not correct that the Woodstock Institute "goes on pilgrimage" for its alliance with the University, if that expression implies that it is or ever was shut up to "Hobson's choice." I have often heard the much lamented founder of the Institute say that at the time the charter was asked for, a liberal provincial grant, not only could have been had for the asking, but was actually as good as offered. The Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, rightly or wrongly, I do not know which, have always sturdily refused to accept a penny from Provincial, or even Municipal coffers, in aid of their educational work. This too at a time when other denominational Colleges were receiving handsome yearly grants. No doubt their firm stand had very much to do with the withdrawal of all such grants.

What Woodstock may do when it "reaches the literary standing of Acadia," I cannot undertake to say. I can only say that at present it prefers to send up its students to Toronto University for degrees, because of the well known fact that those degrees have a value, in all the West at least such as those of no Denominational College (?) or University can possibly bring with them.

I will only say, in conclusion, that I do repudiate on behalf of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, "the policy of expediency." Their rigid adherence to what they conceive to be Baptist principles, in regard to "Church and State" questions has cost them thousands of dollars in the past. And I feel sure that the present policy of an overwhelming majority, in case the success of the effort now being made to raise an Endowment should enable the College to do all the work prescribed at Toronto University, will still be opposed to seeking degree-granting powers, and in favour of having its students examined and their degrees conferred by an Institution, whose independence and

thoroughness are beyond all suspicion, and which belongs to the State, whose function alone it is, in the opinion of many, to confer literary degrees.

Yours &c.,

J. E. WELLS.

For the Christian Messenger.

An Explanation.

Dear Editor,—

You will confer a favor by granting me space to say to those who have been surmising and saying that I inspired and even dictated the language of the letter recently appearing in your columns over the signature of H. H. Read, and addressed by him to the Governors of the College, that their suspicions are absolutely without foundation in fact. I supposed that some of the persons who have been giving currency to these suspicions knew me better than to believe me capable of such contemptible business, but I was mistaken. I beg to notify them now—and I trust they will remember the fact in all time to come—that when I have any criticisms to make of the kind offered by Dr. Read, I shall not go behind him or anyone else to do it.

I presume Dr. Read acted entirely on his own responsibility in the matter. At least he drew neither his inspiration nor his information from me.

To those who are asking who he is I take the liberty of saying, that having been intimately acquainted with him for many years, I know him to be a man of extensive information, of sterling principle, a true Baptist, and a warm friend of our institutions of learning.

D. M. WELTON.

For the Christian Messenger.

Home Missions.

The regular monthly meeting of the Home Missionary Board was held at the usual place of meeting, Feb. 9th.

Reports were read from Missionaries Freeman, Saunders, Stuart, Ballentine, Meadows, Munro, Bars and Rossier. A subsidy of \$100.00 was granted to the Church at Shediac, N. B., to assist them in securing the services of Rev. J. H. Hughes for one half of the time, for a year.

The Treasurer reported receipts of the month \$229.83.

We are in pressing need of funds  
A. COHOON, Cor. Sec'y.  
Hebron, Yar. Co. Feb. 12, 1880.

The Christian Messenger.

Halifax, N. S., February 18, 1880.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Rev. C. B. Pitblado, the minister of Chalmers Church, a week or two ago gave a lecture at Wolfville. On returning, he wrote, for the *Presbyterian Witness*, the following account of what he saw there. Our readers and all the friends of Acadia will be pleased to see the lively picture he draws, and to read what he says of their Institutions, and the work that is being done in them:

A VISIT TO "ACADIA."

My recollections of a late visit made to Wolfville, the seat of Acadia College and the traditional home of Evangeline are so very pleasant, that I would like to commit some of them to writing if I can. When I went to the place it was not my intention to write anything about it, so that I gathered no accurate statistics, I searched no historic records, I interviewed nobody, with the definite object of making a newspaper article. This leaves me under the necessity of drawing entirely from "the ideas and impressions" which constituted the enjoyment of that visit. Of course all your readers have been at Wolfville, and many of them know far more about it than I do. I had often passed it, on the rumbling whistling railroad coach, and had tried to get glimpses of its traditions and its poetry through the car windows. I have taken a seat all to myself, and have stopped my ears to the senseless chatter and giggle of fellow, and feminine travellers,—I have caught with my eye the glint of the waves on the Basin of Minas,—I have looked across the dyked marsh land where the innocent Acadians made their hay or grew their corn,—I have swept the horizon where the mountains clothed in azure hue bounded the view. I have admired the stately elms and the beautiful homesteads. I have fancied I saw the site of the house where Evangeline was wooed and won, and the identical spot where the shop of Basil the blacksmith stood when lo! the whistle blows, the brakes creek, the conductor yells "Grand pa," and slams the door with a bang that sends Longfellow and poetry higher than a kite. This has been our experience more than once when we rushed along amid wheezing and whistling and jolting and yelling, across the classic ground of Grand Pre. Then

I have said to myself it is of no use to try to get up the sentimental mood with creaking breaks beneath my feet and howling derisives slamming doors in my face; just wait till some summer day when the sky is clear and the fields are green, when the apple trees are in blossom and the birds are singing, when nature is still and the people are quiet. I will stop riding on a rail at this very place and betake myself to the hills and valleys around, where all alone and undisturbed I will drink my fill from the fountains of poetry and tradition that fertilize the soil of this favoured locality. That summer day and its imaginary attendants never dawned upon me, but a wintry one came in its stead and to me its pale faced calm repose was just as welcome as summer's active blushing beauty. We had sparkling snow instead of green sward—we had leafless trees for fragrant blossoms—we had jingling bells for singing birds, and we had as brilliant a sun as ever shone in a clear blue Nova Scotian sky. This was the case last Monday when my friend Rev. J. B. Logan, of Kentville, pushed me from the train in a half dazed dreamy condition, on to the platform of the railway station at Wolfville, and gave me in charge to Mr. Murray, merchant of the place, with strict injunctions to look after me so that I might not do myself, or any one else any harm. And then he disappeared in smoke while we departed for the College buildings on the height beyond. We looked around the premises, and took some views of the wintry landscapes that lie around, which presented a charming panoramic scene as we changed our positions on the outlook. What struck me peculiarly about the scenery was its attractive variety. There was about it in its winter garment no monotony anywhere. The mountains that bound the view are near enough to show the glens that make furrows on their backs, or the trees that grow on their slopes, or the houses and homesteads that nestle at their base. The abrupt opening past Blomidon seems like a great doorway into the outer world. The jutting capes or points away to the right covered with woods or occupied with buildings, are like the fingers of earth drawing up the solid land from the turbid tide. The great ice cakes formed of the dark red mud that lie piled up on the shore, where the arms and inlets of the bay are visible, appear like great boulders of rock, and by throwing a little imagination among them they might be transformed into dripping sea lions, carrying and depositing the soil which will make fertile marsh land for many generations. Everywhere that you look amid hills and bays and trees and houses there is an attractive variety of scenery. As we passed from point to point, I was impressed, not with the vastness of the prospect, nor the grandeur or sublimity of the views, but with the richness of the landscape, the combinations of the pictures, the exuberance of picturesque and romantic scenes. While looking at it I was often told, "O if you were only here in summer, you would enjoy it, everything is then so beautiful." I took for granted that was true, but did not allow the prospect of summer to deprive me of the present enjoyment of truly inspiring winter scenery.

We passed to the class room of Dr. Sawyer, who received me very courteously and showed me no little kindness. I spent an hour with him while he was hearing the recitation of his class on a branch of Psychology. I was much pleased with the freedom with which the students asked questions and the readiness and clearness with which the Dr. replied. In all the class rooms in fact, is the free and easy air of the American college in contrast to the stiff formality of the Old Country Universities. Dr. Sawyer very kindly spent the most of the afternoon showing me over the buildings and through the village, giving me much valuable information about the educational work of the Baptists and not a few interesting traditions about the village. The fire that swept away the old college buildings has done good. Splendid buildings have risen from the ashes of the old ones. The one thing noticeable is the adaptation of rooms and appliances to the object of college work. I need not describe the building further than to say it contains a large number of spacious class rooms, a fine museum room, a handsome library in which the portraits of the Baptist fathers look down benignantly on Presbyterian visitors, and a large assembly hall capable they say of accommodating 800 people. The dormitory and refectory for the students stands apart from the college. In going through the building I suggested to the Dr. that the fire after all was not a great calamity. "Well," he said, "the faculty do not now find it very difficult to be submissive in the circumstances." There are 70 students in college and somewhere about 150 in the Academy. It was our privilege to hear Professor Jones drilling his Greek class in Euripides which he did most thoroughly. We also spent an hour in the logic class where Professor Tufts was teaching a sharp lot of young men to chop logic. On the whole I was most favourably impressed with what I saw and heard in Acadia College, and I am certain that some of the young men with whom I met, will yet give account of themselves in the world.

But it was my visit to the Ladies Seminary that I enjoyed in a special manner. The building is now hand-

somely furnished and complete in all its arrangements. Every thing in regard to ventilation, drainage, bathrooms, and pure water is as perfect as they can be made. The principal, Miss Graves, is a New England lady of very prepossessing manners and scholarly accomplishments. Concerning Miss Huguenin's attainments as a linguist we heard many assurances. The rest of the staff of teachers is said to be of first class order, and we believe it. The principal kindly showed us through the building, and took us up to the cupola where we had a most magnificent view of the surrounding country. It was a charming sight not soon to be forgotten. The sun was sinking in the West and tinging the Cornwallis hills with pale golden yellow, which suggested to the mind the existence of a great molten sea of gold lying just beyond the horizon, and struggling to throw the reflection of its light over the valley at our feet. There was a sombre shadow resting on the marshes and the bay, and muddy ice cakes that filled up the fore ground away towards the North and East, which supplied that haze in which imagination works so successfully in giving living forms and human feelings to inanimate creation. Before us rising up against the northern sky was Blomidon frowning grimly at the tide beating against his feet. In the east was the full moon risen above the horizon, and from a dark blue back ground was throwing a softening light down on the precipitous shores of the Avon, the groves and farm houses that lay between the Kempf and Walton coast, and across the marshes of the Grand Pré, and on the jutting point where they stood the shop of Basil the blacksmith. It was indeed lovely moonshine, and as we stood contemplating it the Principal told us how she and the pupils had made a pilgrimage to the Home of Evangeline to look for old relics, and found an old grindstone which the owner declared had been used by Basil, and likewise a tombstone which the owner was using for a doorstep. She took a chip from the door-stone but would not break the doorstep.

I suppose it is better for teachers to grind their pupils than to supply them with tombstones. But that looks as if I were getting "lousy." I merely wish to say that the surroundings of Acadia College are of the most interesting character to those who have eyes to see, and no doubt the scenery has an educating influence on all the students both male and female.

It was my privilege to be with the ladies of the Seminary during part of their devotional exercises. There were about 70 pupils present. They were a very intelligent looking gathering of young ladies. The Principal asked your humble servant to speak to them. I tried in a bashful and delicate sort of way to tell them not to be triflers but earnest workers, not to be superficial but thorough, not to make too much of mere accomplishments but to aim at solid attainments, not to be gigglers but cheerful workers, and just here an invisible cat with tremendous vim began mewing right under the window in the yard. These were the best behaved young ladies to whom I ever spoke. Not more than half of them laughed and nearly choked themselves to smother the giggle, the rest only tittered while that feline brute played a catawauling staccato accompaniment to my speech. However it stopped before I did, but I have come to the conclusion that preaching against cat mewing is not a success.

What I saw of the drilling in the classes, impressed me most favourably, and as I looked round on the building and at the pupils most of them daughters of Baptists, I asked, Why have we Presbyterians no female Seminary? I feel that it is discreditable to us as a body that in this respect we have allowed every denomination in the Lower Provinces to outstrip us.

The Baptists have every reason to be proud of their college and seminary, and when I see the work they are doing, and the way they draw out the sympathy of their denomination towards their college I do not wonder that they refuse to reorganize in connection with a Provincial University. As they now stand they supply the wants of their denomination and they maintain the confidence and sympathy—we might say—*esprit de corps*—of their people, in a way that they could not do if they amalgamated with a central and unsectarian institution. I would like if it were otherwise, but we must accept the facts and treat them reasonably.

I shall long remember my visit to Acadia, and the kindness I received from my friends in Wolfville.

I lectured in the evening to a most enthusiastic audience largely composed of students from the College and Academy.

C. B. PITBLADO.

From Rev. P. R. FOSTER we learn that the good work at Baddeck continues. Quite a number have professed faith in Christ. He expects to visit his home for two weeks and then return. Notwithstanding opposition he is called to endure he says: "I try to preach Jesus to the people and salvation alone through him."

A Mrs. Murray living at Egypt, a settlement of New Glasgow, gave birth to five children on Sunday last.