

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger. From Wolfville.


THE RECEPTION. Not a reception—the indefinite article would not sufficiently indicate its prominence and importance: a reception might be any one of a series, such as have been occasionally given at the Acadia Seminary, when one or another of the College classes have accepted an invitation to spend a social hour with the young ladies—but the reception; the reception that came off last Friday evening in the large Assembly Hall of the College; the reception that was for a long time looked forward to and deliberated upon; and the first and only reception of the kind that was ever given on the hill. This was the Faculty's reception. And why should not the Faculty have a reception, and on a scale large enough to include all the Educational Departments? This is just what was decided upon. The invitations were accordingly given in the name of the Faculty, and the guests were received by a committee of the Faculty with their wives. The company that came together embraced the Professors of the College and their families, the teachers of the Academy and Seminary with their pupils, and about a score and a half from the village—some two hundred and fifty in all. In a gathering so large and made up of such diverse but happily blending elements, no condition of complete social enjoyment was wanting. There was present the gravity of age without its moroseness, and the cheerfulness of youth without its levity. The most taciturn and timid, found themselves talking, and the most loquacious listening. Occasionally skilful fingers swept the piano keys, and then a solo sung by one of the well trained young ladies filled the hall with delicious melody. The two great natural branches of the human family—the sterner and the gentler—were about equally represented, so that the distribution of the company into pairs, whether for conversation or promenading, seemed, on a kind of automatic principle, to settle itself. Different topics formed, of course, the subject matter of conversation, and of the words that were spoken some were doubtless more tender than others, but this is all I feel at liberty to say on this point. I will say, however, that the programme of the evening seemed to lack nothing that was needed to refine and improve the best qualities of the head and heart. This was the principle on which it was arranged, the cultivation of the social element, or the providing of means for its cultivation, being more particularly designed. In too many institutions of learning the student is dealt with as though having an intellectual nature only. Adequate provision is made for the discipline of his mental powers. It may be, too, that some attention is given to the training of his moral faculties. But here possibly the work of culture ends. The fact that he is a social as well as intellectual and moral being, that his intellectual and moral powers were designed among other things to make him social, is almost totally overlooked. The larger portion of his college years he spends alone in his room, or his principal society is that of fellow students as much isolated from the outside world as himself. He knows his teachers and listens with delight to their instructions, but his acquaintance with them is chiefly that of the lecture room. Into their homes he has perhaps never once come, nor ever once sat at their table. His chance of learning the amenities of social life in College is thus small, and he possibly goes forth poorly prepared to meet the legitimate expectations of society in this respect. Thus many a man has learned to soar to the heights of the transcendental philosophy, without yet being versed in the elementary proprieties of the drawing room. Manifestly the best training for the young—the training that gives the completest roundness and balance to their character and best fits them for the various duties and relations of life, is that which regards them as mental, moral, and social beings. The education that takes cognizance of only one element of their nature to the neglect of the others, can only develop them

into what Carlyle calls "an amorphous pile, pointing every way but to the zenith." Now from the first great attention has been given at Acadia to the mental and moral training of those studying within her walls, but from henceforth, judging from this reception, an effort will be made to advance them in the direction of social culture also. At half-past ten precisely the National Anthem was sung and this first reception of the Faculty came to an end. Many have asked when the next one will be given, but I believe the time has not yet been set. Let me now add a word concerning The "Sprechzimmer" of the Faculty—for so I chose to call it. The usual English equivalent of this term is "parlor," though literally it means "speaking room." In every German University there is one or more of these rooms. The fifteen minutes respite between the lectures—the lecture itself is forty-five minutes long—is spent by the different Professors in these rooms. Here also through the *famulus* they put themselves in any communication that may be necessary with the bearers of their lectures. So now Acadia has her "Sprechzimmer." It lies between the Assembly Hall and the Library, and is reached by the eastern stair. So far it has been called the "Faculty Reading Room," but up to this time it has been not so much a reading as a speaking room. It possesses indeed the requisite furniture of a reading room, for all the books and periodicals which pass into the Library lie first on its table, and any member of the Faculty may peruse them at his option. But the time necessarily consumed in this room in grave deliberation on College and other educational matters leaves but little for the luxury of leisure reading. The Faculty meet in this room every Wednesday at 12 noon, and seldom does an hour suffice for finishing the business demanding their immediate attention. They sit here in the joint capacity of Faculty of the College and—for so reads the 19th section of the recent expanded interpretation of the College charter—Executive Committee of the Senate. Their meetings and discussions accordingly take a regularly organized form; the President of the College occupies the chair, and Prof. Welton acts as Secretary. If your space would allow, I have yet no commission to spread before your readers details of the business transacted in these meetings, but if this were done, one thing at least would be very apparent, namely, that those to whom the oversight of the educational work of the Denomination has been entrusted, are most laboriously and faithfully attending to the duties which that oversight involves. Not only does the literary standing and progress or lack of progress of every student in College come under review, but those matters which affect his moral and religious state are considered as well. The aim is to bring every Department in the University up to the highest possible state of efficiency, and the efforts put forth in this direction are by no means ineffectual. I believe that at no time in the history of our institutions of learning, have they been more worthy the confidence and generous support of their friends. Yet mighty obstacles stand in the way of accomplishing what is desired. Tradition relates that the Saviour when a young man in Joseph's carpenter shop used by miracle to lengthen the bits of board that were too short. Would that the Governors and Faculty of Acadia College could do similar exploits! Then they would multiply every dollar of College income into two, and double the number of teachers. The Faculty learn with pleasure of the financial help that is coming to sister colleges, but this makes them no less loyal to their own. A leading Presbyterian remarked the other day that now surely the Baptists will unite with Dalhousie. It is possible that here and there a Baptist may favor this move, but if so; he does not at least belong to the Faculty of Acadia. They are manfully holding the fort, waiting for reinforcements to come up, and they are encouraged to believe that they will not wait in vain. CHASATA.

For the Christian Messenger. Adventures of a Nova Scotian in the North-West. Written to a friend at Lower Stovacke. [The friend sending it to us says the young man who wrote it "requested me to send it to the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, so you see the MESSENGER is thought of in the pine forests of the Far West."—Ed.] RAINY LAKE, Dec. 24th, 1882. DEAR FRIEND,— As I am at present an invalid, and time passes very slowly in the midst of the forest, and I am alone most of the time, I shall while away some of the lonely hours by writing to let you know where I am, and what I am doing. You will see by the above address that I am at Rainy Lake, something over three hundred miles from Winnipeg in an easterly direction, and about a third of that distance from any town or settlement; the nearest place being Fort Francis, at the head of Rainy River. At present I am in the midst of a pine forest in a lumbering camp, and to make matters worse, an unfortunate enough to be laid up with a cut foot. My only physician is myself, and my only medicine is pine balsam, which I gather from the scops of the camp. However, my wound is fast healing, and I hope to be out soon again slaying the lofty pines. I will now go back to the 10th of November, the day that with seventy or eighty others I left Winnipeg for this place. We left by train about 10 o'clock a. m., and arrived at Rat Portage about dark, a distance of 190 miles. Rat Portage is a small town with about 200 inhabitants, situated at the foot of the Lake-of-the-Woods. The town consists mostly of log houses. It contains two hotels—Rideout and Lakeview—the latter a log house, not at all patronized for its beauties and comforts, but simply because compulsion is the reigning power. Here we spent the night, sleeping in and on everything large enough but the cook stove, which was kept well filled to meet the cold which came in between the logs. "Down below" it would be looked upon as a middling comfortable horse stable. However, the night passed and morning came, and with it snow in abundance. We were soon at work loading boats and barks with provisions for man and beast, sufficient for the winter's work. About 7 o'clock, p. m., the whistle blew, which was a signal for all hands to be on board. The steamer was soon in motion, although four heavy loaded barks were in the rear to try her power. The first day passed very pleasantly; the storm had ceased, yet, as night came on, the frost was very severe, and ice was making very fast. The captain being a determined man added more fuel to the fire, and we were soon landed on a sandbar about halfway up the lake. All hands were summoned on deck, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to free ourselves from this dangerous condition. Night came on; the cold was terrible. A further attempt for freedom was boldly put into execution, which proved a success. It was then I thought of the poor sailor's life, and of the trials and hardships he has to endure. We were soon on our way again, but new troubles were before us. The snow and severe frost had accumulated ice, which had to be broken in places by poles and other weapons so cold had which caused us further delay, and gave the ice a chance to thicken ahead. The result was, after fighting with ice and freeing the steamer from several sandbars, all hands were suffering from cold and hunger. Our accommodations for cooking were far from being equal to satisfy so many hungry men, having only one stove on which to do our cooking. At last we arrived at the mouth of Rainy River, a distance of 80 miles from Rat Portage. After refreshing ourselves as best we could with food and sleep we prepared for more adventures. On the morrow we again put forth an effort to shorten the distance between the present place and Fort Francis, a distance of 95 miles. After battling with the ice for five hours, using every means possible, and having broken one boat and generally damaging the others, we were obliged to run ashore and unload the cargo, and abandon the steamer altogether, and foot it the remainder of the way, a distance of 85 miles. On the beginning of a new day, with our baggage strapped to our backs, and with as much provision as was to be had, a portion of us started on our long and tedious journey. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of our journey, sleeping on the banks of the river at night with the blue, starry heavens for our house, and a blanket apiece for a bed. Our provision, consisted of hard bread and water, and scarcely enough of that to keep starvation away. Our condition became tenfold worse by our being obliged to travel on the ice, which was

very unsafe. Many a cold bath we were compelled to endure, with no fire to dry our drenched garments. Several times life was only preserved by the helping hand of a comrade; such was my condition three successive times. Being the heaviest man in the foremost crew, once in particular my life would have soon been ended, had not a strong and ready hand aided me. But still we trod on, wet and weary, "courage almost gone," our bones aching with pain, hunger taking a death grip, and poor prospects ahead! But before night came on we were fortunate enough to reach a farmer's dwelling, the only one on the river in a day's journey. Here we were taken in like "prodigal sons," and sat down to the first regular meal since we started. And you may depend we did it ample justice. At the end of the fourth day we reached Fort Francis more dead than alive, but still living; where we remained three days, resting. At the end of the third day the remainder of the crew came up, some nearly exhausted, and one poor fellow not expected to get better. But our journey was not ended yet. More trials were to be endured, 40 miles had to be traversed ere we reached our destination. Again we started, following the winding shore, which increased the distance about double, and spending another night in the open air, 20° below zero, with only one blanket for protection. By this time our food consisted of a bag of flour, which was divided among the men, 80 in number, to bake or starve, and as we did not prefer the latter we were soon busy mixing dough and baking it as best we could. Having only two pans for the purpose it was slow work, and some were obliged to do their baking in the ashes. The night was spent in a swamp covered with sixteen inches of snow, such a swamp as we read about, but which I never before experienced. We named it the "slough of despond," and started on our way bright and early the following morning. A more wretched and forlorn crowd would be hard to find, and still another day's hard tramp through bogs knee deep, and over hill and rugged mountain, lay before us. With sore feet and aching limb we travelled on, but finally we saw the camp, and we were soon within its rough walls, stretched upon our rough couches to rest and sleep. In a few days we were at work felling trees and making into logs the tall and stately pines. Time passed on pleasantly, and we were a happy crew, and enjoying the rambling life immensely, when I unfortunately cut my foot. The timber is chiefly pine, and very tall. It is not unusual to get four 16-foot logs in one tree and sometimes five. If ever I get to Nova Scotia again you bet I will stay there. Take my advice, young fellows, and stay at home if you want an easy life. The North-West is no place for a young fellow with a thin breast and no whiskers on his face. For the Christian Messenger. On the subject of Wills. Mr. Editor,— During the discussion in reference to Acadia College at the late Convention at St. John, a good brother delegate said he knew of a brother who had made his will and was intending to leave part of his property to the College. Another delegate informed us that he knew of quite a number who intended leaving funds to the College in this way. Some years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance related to me the following incident. Said he: "Some years ago I stopped over night at the house of my friend, Mr. M.— He appeared to be getting quite feeble and careworn. The following conversation occurred." (We will call our acquaintance "John," and his friend "William.") John.—"How have you been, William, since I last saw you?" William.—"I have been well in body, John, but I am in much trouble about the future. You know I have much property and a large family. I am an old man, and must soon leave it and them, and I fear trouble among my children in reference to my property. I am glad you have come. I want to advise with you about it. Perhaps you can help me. My children are all steady and doing well, and are now on good terms with each other. I fear all this will be changed when the lawyers get charge of my estate; that my property will be squandered, leaving life-long feuds among my children. This matter troubles me more than I can tell you." John.—"Allow me to advise you William. Don't leave any estate for the law to settle. Be your own executor, administer on your own will before it is written. Your children are all settled in life and will properly use now what you intend giving them. Make them and yourself contented and happy by dividing among them your property now, retaining a life interest only for yourself and the mother of your children in the somewhat larger portion you will transfer to the child now living with you. Send for Mr. S.— of W.— who will make the conveyances for you. When you have done this call your

children together, tell them what you have done, and transfer to them your property. And take my word for it you will not regret it. John left the next morning to continue his journey. About a year after he visited his friend again. What a change, no lines of care now. John.—"How are you my friend?" William.—"I am glad to see you again. I followed your advice about my property. Mr. S. came to my house and remained with me a week. I divided my large property as I had intended, placing in separate packages for each of my children what I had to give them. I then invited them all to a family reunion, they were all present, we spent a pleasant evening together, I then told them what I had done, and handed each a package conveying his or her share, they were surprised, but delighted. I am now a happy old man, just waiting my time, I might have done 15 years ago and escaped much care. My children are all prosperous and contented, and appear to revere me as never before. I can never thank you enough for your advice to me John." The old man passed peacefully away not long after, it was the joy of his remaining years to know that his great wealth was doing good and making others happy. The old man died without a penny, but rich in the affection of his children. He had been one of the wealthiest men in the County of H. . . . The lawyers said it was one of the meanest transactions ever heard of, there was not a shilling to divide among them. SOME THINGS I HAVE KNOWN. There are many men of wealth in the Baptist body in these Provinces, a few of them are like our friend "William." They are making themselves glad in the fact that Acadia College prospers through their munificence, "India's coral strand" has been made to rejoice in "the story" wafted thither by their prayers and consecrated wealth. Whilst sinners on the "home field" have been led to Christ by the faithful missionary supported by their gifts. One good brother, only the other day, as a steward of God's money in his hands, made glad our Mission Boards and we are told expects soon to take further happiness in connection with another denominational interest. Who will move next? Connected with the recent history of one of our Provincial Colleges there lives a man in New York, who has evidently found out how to enjoy his great wealth now, and who will not have to wait till after he dies to know the good he has done and is doing as he lives. All honor to him. ANOTHER PICTURE. I know a man who lived all his life well, I don't concern us how he lived, he died. His great wealth, I think I may safely say, afforded him little if any real happiness. All the interests connected with his church, together with other institutions are munificently remembered in his will. The poor rich man, what did he not lose. Intending to do good actions gives no conscious happiness, doing them and doing them in time, is what makes the heart glad. The attentive reader of the above will, I trust, not find it difficult to discern the moral. T. M. K. GIANTS IN THESE DAYS.—About some of Hamilton's tall men.—The Toronto Globe says that the four tallest men in Ottawa are said to be as follows: Donald Fraser, 6 feet 2 inches, John Grant, 6 feet 3 inches; Richard Morely, 6 feet 4 inches; and Richard Prinderville, 6 feet 5 inches. Hamilton, Ontario, has tall men in abundance. Here are samples: Emanuel Morton..... 7 0 Wm. McCartney..... 6 7 Police Constable Donald Smith..... 6 5 1/2 Chief of Police Stewart..... 6 4 1/2 George Sayers..... 6 4 Alex. Harvey, Senr..... 6 4 James Harvey..... 6 4 Police Constable Watson..... 6 3 " Harris..... 6 2 " Donald Campbell..... 6 2 John Stuart..... 6 4 Chief Atchinson (Fire Dept)..... 6 2 The following Romanistic teaching—some of its worst errors—is extracted from a catechism used at St. Augustine's Anglican Church, Kilbuck:—Q How did the bread become the body of Christ? A. He took it into His hands and said, This is My body.—Q. What did our Saviour give His apostles power to do? A. To make bread and wine become the body and blood of Christ.—Q. Did He give this power to anyone else? A. Yes, to the bishops and priests who came after them. Q. What is the Eucharist beside a sacrament? A. A sacrifice.—Q. What is a sacrifice? A. Something offered to God on an altar.—Q. Can we hope to be saved without it? A. No, we cannot. Taken from a Church of England hymn for children.— The Lamb of God, who once was slain, Here on the altar lies; Father, for all the quick and dead, Accept this sacrifice. Oh see, within a creature's hand The vast Creator deigns to be! Reposing infant like, as though On Joseph's arm or Mary's knee. Sweet sacrament, we thee adore; Oh, make us love thee more and more. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely for anything but it came. At some time, no matter at how distant a day, somehow in some shape—probably the last I should have devised—it came.—Dr. A. Judson.



Good for Health  
*Lydia E. Pinkham*

### LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population. A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History. It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, stretch and headache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER** will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of most women or child. Indolent on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 23 and 25 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 10c stamp. Sent for sample.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Prepared by all Druggists.

---

### KIDNEY-WORT FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

**PILES**—This distressing complaint is cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT, which cleanses the bowels, and restores the system to its normal condition. KIDNEY-WORT is a safe and efficacious remedy for all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have failed.

10c. If you have either of these troubles, you can cure yourselves by using KIDNEY-WORT.

**PRICE 15c PER BOTTLE** Sold by all Druggists

---

**Nova Scotia Book Bindery, C. & T. PHILLIPS,**  
Cor. of Granville & St. John's Streets.  
BOOK BINDERS, PAPERS RULERS, BLANK BOOKS, Manufacturers, Performers, Steam Machine PAPER BAG Manufacturers. Cheapest in the Market, Jan. 31.

---

### PATENTS.

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries. Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendid illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at \$3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York. Handbook about patents mailed free. Nov. 1.

---

### EDITORIAL NOTICE

FROM THE **CANADIAN BAPTIST.**

J. F. AVERY, of Halifax, editor of BUD'S & BLOSSOMS, sent us a copy of his magazine. We are very much pleased with it. It is a nearer approach to the English magazines of the same class than anything published here. Its ILLUSTRATIONS are good and its reading matter such as must do good. We wish it success.

THE PRESBYTERIAN WITNESS in its last issue had a word for "Buds & Blossoms." It is a good family magazine.

A Baptist Minister writes: "Buds & Blossoms is nearly perfect in get up, the quantity and price is also a great temptation and surprise. If known it must gain subscribers."

**Buds & Blossoms** Is a 36 page illustrated monthly for the Church and Home. Only 75 cents a year if paid in advance.

Send to the Editor J. F. AVERY, MIZPAH COTTAGE, Halifax, N. S.

Jan. 24.  
Specimen copy and notice of premium, 75 cents if sent by post.

**\$66** a week in your own town. Terms, Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, Sept. 29, 1880.