

HONORED IN ITS YEARS.

THE STORY OF THE OLDEST OF THE CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

King's College, Windsor, and What It Has Accomplished in the Full Century of Its Existence—Some of the Famous Men to Whom It Has Been Alma Mater.

In the discussion on college matters now going on in the St. John papers, one of our maritime universities has escaped with scarcely more than a passing reference. All comparisons are said to be odious, and whether or not such were odious to the defenders and assailants of Fredericton, it would no doubt be odious to the governing authorities of King's. It is probably always better to set forth the absolute than the relative merits of an educational institution. Of all the tests applied to ascertain their usefulness, that of numbers is the most popular, but not necessarily the most correct.

The history of King's college, the oldest university in Canada, now covers a century—a century of successes and failures, and, above all, of incessant struggle. Beginning its varied career as a state college, free to all, and without a single English competitor throughout the whole breadth of British North America, and having passed through many dangerous crises, it now finds itself still free to all, but practically cut off entirely from all but maritime Canada, and in its own recruiting ground surrounded by five flourishing rivals.

Founded by an act of the Nova Scotia legislature in April, 1789, inaugurated in June, 1790, it was soon in working order, under the presidency of Dr. Cochran, a graduate of Trinity college, Dublin. "Stone walls do not a prison make," nor a college, either, yet the embodiment is almost always an object of great interest and affection than the *raison d'être*. And it is interesting to know that the venerable building crowning the Windsor hills still stands in its pristine strength, after the storms of a full century of years.

During the first period, namely, from the foundation till the Royal Charter was granted in 1802, at least 108 students received instruction within its walls, among whom were Bishop John Inglis, Chief Justice Sir James Cochran, Lieut. General William Cochran, Benning Wentworth, Secretary of the Province, Hon. H. H. Cogswell, M. E. C., Archdeacon E. O. Stewart, Chief Justice Sir James Stewart, and many Haliburtons, Arnolds, Hammonds, VanCortlands, Banlays, de Lancey's, Uniackes, etc.

With the Royal Charter so long and eagerly anticipated came, perhaps, the darkest hours of the university's existence. Oxonian ideas and traditions became paramount, and Oxford, was at that date, extremely narrow-minded and restrictive. It is true that the obnoxious statutes which would have excluded all but signatories to the xxxix articles were only in force for three years (1803-6), but "ill news lies apace," and as late as 1820, and for many a long year afterwards, the baneful impression remained to blight the work and prospects of higher education in the youthful colonies. The origin of Dalhousie college, twenty years after the tests had been done away with, is directly traceable to this early blunder. In the second period (Drs. Cox and Porter, Presidents) which brings us to the agitation for union with Dalhousie, begun about 1823; we find the names of some twenty or thirty graduates, among whom were Chief Justice E. J. Jarvis, J. Walton Nutting, prothonotary of Nova Scotia, Henry Bliss, agent in London for New Brunswick, Chief Justice Robert Parker, Hon. Neville Parker, master of the rolls, Hon. Lewis M. Wilkins, J. S. C., President E. A. Crawley of Acadia, Hon. W. B. Bliss, J. S. C., Hon. A. W. Cochran, premier of Lower Canada, Hon. T. C. Haliburton, J. S. C., afterwards a member of the British parliament, Hon. W. Hill, J. S. C., President McCawley of Kings, Attorney General J. B. Uniacke, Advocate General W. Wright, Rev. J. W. D. Gray, rector of St. John, Hon. W. B. Almon, M. L. C. This list indicates excellent results for the work of twenty-one years. But then, as in this present discussion, they were counting heads, and we read in Dr. Akins short sketch that "the declining state of the college at this period, both as respect its resources and the number of its students began to excite alarm and anxiety in the minds of the governors for the very existence of the institution." Little difficulties, such as these, do not seem so alarming to the present generation of governors.

Negotiations were entered into for union with Dalhousie, but although an elaborate scheme was drawn up and the union urged both by the colonial and imperial authorities, and notwithstanding the identity of personnel of the governing boards of the two colleges, all efforts proved fruitless.

In 1833 the imperial grant of £1,000 a year was cut down to £500, and next year withdrawn altogether. About 1844, Dr. Akins tells us, "the pecuniary difficulties of the college had become so pressing that the board of governors were induced once more to petition the British government for aid. "Aid was, however, refused. Still another blow awaited them, for in 1851 the Nova Scotia legislature withdrew the grant of £400 currency per annum, which had been

voted for the support of the college in perpetuity. This was unquestionably by far the severest crisis in the whole century's history. Before relating how it was safely passed we will glance at the names of some of the distinguished Kingsmen of this period, 1823-1853. There were about 100 graduates in the thirty years, and among them were Bishop Suther, of Alberdem, Major A. F. Welsford, Maj. Gen. Sir John Inglis, K. C. B., Hon. J. H. Gray, J. S. C., Hon. Senator Almon, Rev. J. H. Clinch, the poet, Dr. C. Coperwell, L. R. C. S., Sir Edward Cunard, Colonel J. Fraser, Very Rev. Dean Gilpin, R. Grant Haliburton, F. S. A. &c., Vice-President Hensley, Hon. P. C. Hill, Premier of Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Hill, Rector of St. Paul's, Father Hudson, Surveyor General Morris, Rev. Dr. Nichols, Rector of Liverpool, Hon. J. W. Ritchie, J. S. C., Hon. J. Norman Ritchie, J. S. C., Hon. A. W. Savary, J. C. C., Rev. Prof. Stevenson, C. W. Weldon, M. P., Hon. Martin J. Wilkins, and Gen. Sir Fenwick Williams.

The first calendar of King's college, published in 1855, records the transition from an oligarchic to a democratic form of government. Previous to the legislation of 1853, the governors had been composed largely of the official dignitaries of the province. Thereafter they were to be elected by the incorporated alumni of the college. The wisdom of the change became at once apparent. The new board, "fresh from the people," were hard at work within a week after their election. Financial, legislative and other committees were appointed and took prompt action. Two new professorships were decided upon, and it was resolved to appeal to the country for an endowment of £10,000. One thousand pounds having been generously offered by Hon. Enos Collins, Rev. James C. Cochran (the secretary) made a tour of the whole of Nova Scotia and parts of New Brunswick and P. E. Island. He met everywhere with the most hearty interest and good feeling, and succeeded in raising the remaining £9,000. Thus the dark cloud heralded a bright dawning, and what appeared to be a disastrous crisis proved productive of the greatest good. The professional staff was increased to five, the Alumni society became the basis of the government and maintenance of the institution, and the financial department was on a substantial and secure footing.

The fourth period may be brought up to this centennial year, although perhaps the historian would consider the reorganization of 1885, the real epoch-marking date. It is a period no less interesting than its predecessors. It comprises the early '60s, when there were nearly 70 students in attendance. It contains the episode in which the brilliant but reckless Prof. Sumchraast was the chief actor, and which terminated with a decision of the Visitor's Court. In 1880, once more the students numbered two or three score. A few years later and the scholarly Prof. Wilson becomes the hero or victim of a fierce faction fight in which even the President did not escape with his official head. But these events are too recent to be dealt with even by a disinterested historian.

IN SUMMER TWILIGHT.

DUSK WHICH IS GRUESOME TO A THINKER AND WRITER.

The Time When Conscience Makes Cowards of Some of Us—A Correspondent Who Drops into Poetry on the Subject, and Draws the Curtain of the Past.

I wonder anybody really likes the summer twilight—in the man lives, or the woman either, who can lay their hand upon their heart and say that they really and truly find any enjoyment in sitting alone in the awful, penetrating dusk of a summer's evening?

To me, it is fraught with a gruesomeness that sends whole battalions of chills chasing each other in a mad race up and down my spinal marrow. How the ghost's of the past rise up and confront you; how they clasp your quivering and unwilling hands in their bony fingers, and force you to look them in the face!

Well for you then if your conscience is reasonably clear, though I must say, that I cannot imagine anyone but a member of the "Perfect Holiness" branch of the Baptist church really enjoying a *tele-a-tele* with his conscience, because you know as poor gloomy Hamlet said, Conscience does make cowards of us all. Was it Alice Carey, or Mrs. Browning who dreamed that she "sat alone with her conscience in a place where time had ceased?" Whichever it was, I know she found, that "to sit alone with my conscience will be judgment enough for me." How it wakes and stings us.

Conscience, a terrifying little sprite, That batlike, winks by day, and wakes by night; Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice, As sharp as weasels, hunting eggs, or mice.

Terrible! it is not, to have our small and pet-sins rise up in judgement against us in such an unexpected fashion? And yet, if we have never either robbed, or murdered anyone—and, I think, the large majority of us have not—if we have paid our taxes and not cheated our washerwoman, refrained from putting buttons in the collection plate at church, or giving bad pennies to the blind organ grinder at the corner, then he can face the grim mentor with tolerable fortitude. But what shield is strong enough to ward off the sadness which twilight in summer never fails to bring. For my own part, I always wish that I could manage to get out of the world somehow, get away from the haunted dusk.

I stood by the window at twilight, And watched the darkness fall, Till my soul was filled with a longing To break from its earthly thrall.

To break from its earthly bondage, And soar to the realms of light, To the city whose streets are golden, And whose gates are pearly white.

The city which needs no sunshine, But the light from the great white throne, Whose choirs resound with anthems To welcome His loved ones home.

Where the wicked have ceased from troubling And the weary are at rest; Safe in the haven of refuge That God has prepared for the blest.

Pretty, is it not? And so touching! Well, to be quite frank and at the same time show how little pride I have, I will confess that I wrote that little "pome" myself, at so early an age that my youth and inexperience should be counted as extenuating circumstances. Please put it in if you can, when I see it in print it will serve to keep me humble in spirit for some time to come.

I was in low spirits at the time. I remember I had settled my young affections upon a damsel with red hair and a sharp tongue, who was of a proud and haughty disposition, and spurned the wealth of affection I lavished upon her. Hence the yearning for a speedy dissolution breathed forth in the verses; there were at least ten more in the original MS., but unfortunately I have lost it and can only quote from memory. She was a lovely girl though.

Dear me! how the twilight does bring up old griefs. Draw down the blinds and light the lamps for sweet charity's sake.

GEORGE TWITCARTY STRANGE.

THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.

A Disquisition on the Propriety of Trying to Convert the Jews.

NO. XIV.

The Senator sat in his easy chair wearing a calm unruffled expression of countenance, and as some of us slowly filed in and silently took our seats, he merely glanced at us with a sort of far away contemplative look as who should say, "it seems to me I have seen these people before."

We witted and First of Us acknowledged that a regular meeting had been allowed to pass and None of Us had appeared. The Sage opined that We had been to see Dorothy, and we in a shamefaced manner confessed that Each and All of Us had captured his best girl and had patronised the Amateur opera, although a Few of Us thought that both the ladies who had sung the title roll should have appeared on the last night.

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great denominational bodies that the question of converting the Jews had been brought up, and it seemed from the speeches of several of the reverend gentlemen present that the result of last year's labors had been the rescue of one poor Israelite from the awful wickedness of his old belief. This was certainly a splendid showing for a large body to make; considerable money spent, considerable brain power wasted, tons of papers distributed, bait of all kinds spread around in the most tempting manner, and the result is one little fish; no wonder that some members opposed any further grant towards this object. Now, seriously, I think it a piece of impertinence for any religious body to approach such people as the Jews with the idea of turning them from the old ideas and ancient tenets of their race. Are they not as much God's chosen people now as they were centuries ago? Where is there a race that has preserved its religion, its characteristics, its modes and manner of life as this one has? Through centuries of toil, of oppression and of persecution, this people has kept itself together and has made for itself a standing second to none in the commercial world. What need has any so-called Christian body to go to them and say they are on the wrong road? No, my friends, I would have much more respect for the sect I referred to if they, yes, and every other denomination were to leave their conversion of the Jews, and their conversion of the heathen, and the pagan alone and devote the same time and money to the conversion of the poor and neglected of their own parishes.

There is just as much work to be done right here at home, as there is in furthest India, and money can, in my opinion, be spent to better advantage here than scattered broadcast among Fiji Islanders and such like. What do their labors amount to? For years and years missionaries have labored in these foreign fields, have spent money, ruined health and thrown away valuable lives, with what result? What have they to show for the time spent; a few occasional converts, not, it is safe to say, one half of one per cent of the people they work among, and yet they call this the great work of Christianity. Why, do you mean to say that if half the time, half the money were spent at home there would not be better results? Certainly there would. Think of the homes that could be improved, of the tables that could be spread, the coal bins filled, the sick beds cheered, the orphans fed, clothed and educated.

"Bah! This foreign mission business warms me. Think you, that the Good God will not take care of his children, even if they do 'how down to wood and stone,' or that the All seeing eye will not light up with as much pleasure at a poor little child saved from a wicked life right in this city, as if half a dozen Brahmins were turned from what missionaries term the error of their ways, and were taught to accept and read our English Bible, and as very frequently follows, drink our English gin."

Our Host was here interrupted by Second of Us, who asked him to excuse the party, as there was a smoking concert in progress and two or three city clergymen had promised to attend.

Change and Rest Necessary. Thompson—You look pale and thin, Johnson. Why will you persist in killing yourself working night and day such weather as this? Johnson—I am trying to earn money enough to pay the expenses of a week's rest in the country.—N. Y. Weekly.

[FOR PROGRESS.] MY SYLVAN STUDY.

This is my oratory: studious, oft I come, at morn or eve, to this retreat; Wild is the bower, and ancient is the seat— My chair, a rock, with grass and mosses soft Fringed and enamelled. In a neighboring croft My children sport, not far from our own door, Searching out leaves and flowers—a beauteous store:

The blackbirds chatter sociably aloft. Round me group'd silvery birches—thorns, full-flush'd With milky blossoms; on my open page The shadow leaves, jewelled in golden light. And, hark! a voice, whose music straight is hush'd; Quick, pattering steps my partial ear engage, And tiny Golden-hair laughs on my sight.

—ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

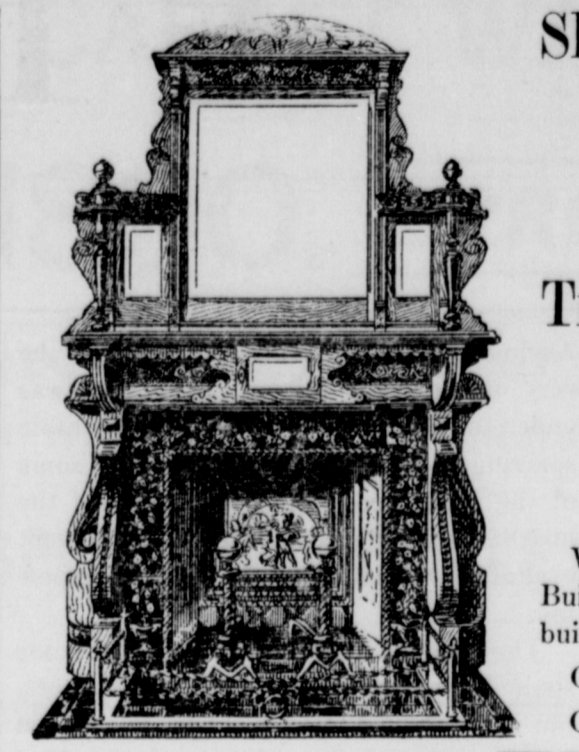
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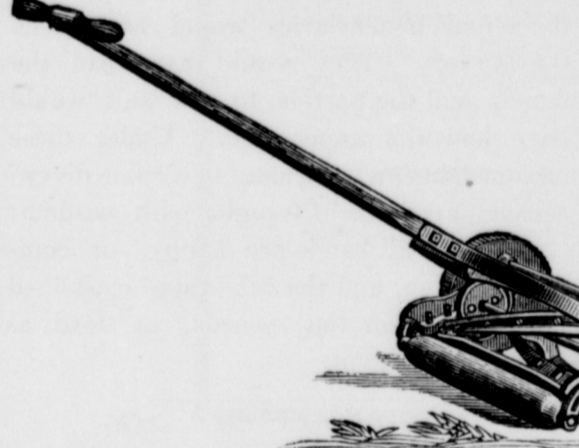
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