

everything was very dainty and tempting, she succeeded in eating but little.

"Do you know, Miss Florence," said the doctor as she pushed back her plate, "you are overtaxing your strength? I think it is time I came forward and exercised my authority—always a doctor's prerogative, you know. You must change this present programme of work, work, work, or I shall have you on my hands too."

Florence laughed a little: "I am only a trifle tired to-night; I shall feel better in the morning."

"I suppose there will be no meeting to-night?" observed Ethel, as demurely as if that thought had just entered her mind.

"No meeting! Why not?" asked Florence in surprise.

"Why, haven't you heard, Cousin Florence? I thought you knew. Dr. Lyman is sick," answered Ethel.

Florence looked, inquiringly at Dr. Ronnelle, who quickly answered,

"Nothing serious is to be apprehended at present; it is merely a physical prostration. He is doing just what you are—working too hard and without intermission. He will probably be out again by Sunday."

Florence looked relieved. "I suppose some one else will have to conduct the meetings until then," she remarked.

"Oh yes," replied Aunt Grace. "I suppose some one—probably Deacon Hodson—will fill his place, but it won't be like having dear Dr. Lyman there."

"Indeed it will not; I, for one, shall not go." This, of course, was from Ethel.

"Don't you think, Dr. Ronnelle, that a change of air and scenery would be most beneficial to Dr. Lyman?" asked Aunt Grace with a knowing look at Ethel.

"That frequently proves of benefit—anything which calls the mind from its old beaten track and gives it fresh vigor and impetus; the health of the body is much influenced by the state of the mind, you know," answered the doctor as they rose from the table.

"I think that is just what my little cousin needs," said Ethel as she placed her arm around her in a motherly sort of way; for Ethel always seemed to look down upon her cousin from her two years of superior age in something the same way as she did from her four inches of superior height.

"I dare say it would do her good," was the professional reply.

"I'll tell you what, Florence," cried her cousin, as if what she was about to say were not premeditated: "since there is no church to-night, won't you go with us sleighing? You know 'tis just perfect now, and it may not stay so long. Charlie and Maud and Clifford and I are going, and perhaps if you go we may induce Dr. Ronnelle to join us," she added mischievously.

The doctor made a profound bow: "At your service, ma'am; I but wait your pleasure."

"Will you go, Florence?" asked Ethel.

"Why, of course she'll go," interrupted Aunt Grace. "Her mother is so much better this afternoon, I know she would not detain her."

"I intended to go to church," faltered Florence.

"Why, my dear, what will be the use of going there to hear Deacon Hodson talk? We all know just what he will say. He has spoken on every evening I ever attended, and he always says the very same thing. You may be sure he will take the lead this evening.—Why don't you take the poor child to the theatre? that will enliven her up a little," said Aunt Grace nervously.

"I thought you knew my views upon that subject," said Florence slowly, to whom the idea of a sleigh-ride was really not so objectionable.

A Cave in Hants County.

Anything which is calculated to awaken interest in the localities of our province should be made known as extensively as possible, so as to afford items for travellers who may have the opportunity of visiting them. The following sketch, of this character, we find in the Feb. number of the *Dalhousie Gazette*.

TRIP TO A CAVE.

Yes, we have a cave in this Province. The "Mammoth Cave of Nova Scotia," if you please, and it is of that that I propose to write. While teaching a

Summer term in Hants County I was told of it, and determined to visit it before I left. But a few of the "natives" had heard of it. To them it was uninteresting. Some old ladies thought it a foolhardy adventure to "go into that hole." It was not the first natural wonder of the neighbourhood I had visited. In the Spring I had tramped about two miles back of the settlement, through the woods, to see a pond—bottomless, some said—from which a large stream flowed, it being really an unusually large spring. Its waters abound with minute shells resembling periwinkles. You may think this village of Hants a veritable *Yosemite Valley* of the north from this scribbling. But I never heard of its containing caverns.

Saturday is the only available day for such expeditions with a school teacher. I found a fellow who too had wished to see the cave, and together we set off one afternoon in October. It is situated about six miles from the mouth of the Five Mile River, a tributary of the Shubenacadie from the West. It is probably seven miles from the shipbuilding village of Maitland. After walking some three miles, we left the main road for the interval, and here a fine landscape met our view. A well-cultivated interval, dotted here and there with fine old elms; a large stream winding through a small lake at its head; its sides bounded by high, steep hills, whose slopes were clothed with hardwood, just now in all the glory of Indian Summer, the bright colors contrasting beautifully with the dark green of a soft wood here and there among them.

What an advantage they seemed to possess over their sombre neighbours, in having two changes of raiment. Their fashions vary but twice a year; a *Spring* and an *Autumn* style; light gray for youth and all the colors of the rainbow for old age, their last array a holiday dress for a shroud. When viewing this we said to each other that we would not be at all disappointed and would feel well repaid if the prospective cave should not prove a "success." We followed down this beautiful valley perhaps half a mile, and here we fell in with a farmer turning out a beautiful crop of potatoes. Getting some directions from him, we proceeded. Crossing the stream by stepping-stones, we presently came in sight of a bold white cliff of plaster rising almost perpendicularly along the side of the vale.

Here, we thought, was the cave. We went close up to the bank, and after looking in all directions, could see nothing like it. Leaving my friend, I went to a house near to inquire. The proprietor came back with me and told me that he had explored it,—been to the very end, and had piloted a great many visitors there before. The entrance was a short distance up the bank, and so hidden by trees growing in front that we had not noticed it. Our guide told us that the old inhabitants said that formerly the entrance was on a level with the interval. Since, a large quantity of earth and plaster has fallen and has partially closed it, so that we had to climb to get in, and there we stood in a "yawning cavern," surrounded by plaster. Beneath our feet it was in small loose pieces, having apparently fallen from the roof. One or two pools of water are here. The roof is arched, being perhaps forty feet high. The cave in this place is probably 100 feet wide. We lit the tallow candles with which we had provided ourselves. Our guide said that these would be of no use in the intense darkness, that we should have lamps. We thought that they would be better than none.

He then went outside to wait for us. My friend, after going a few steps, thought it looked so dismal that he would rather return than explore farther. I wanted to "do" it thoroughly, so proceeded alone. The air felt very cold and damp, suggesting the immediate presence of ice. The darkness was truly Egyptian. My tallow dip gave indeed but a feeble illumination, but it served to show me where I was going and the surroundings for several feet. I could see into the darkness beyond, but that was all, and it gave an indescribable feeling of loneliness and solitude, looking at the enveloping blackness. In consequence, in many places I could not take in the size of the opening as I went on. Sometimes the path was elevated, as I could judge by the dripping of water into pools below me. This

dripping from the roof occurred all the way. But the wet didn't ruin the plaster roof formed by nature as it does our more fragile ones. The loose pieces on the floor were larger here than at the entrance, and it was slimy with mud of such a nature as that left by the tide, rendering the walking very disagreeable. Hundreds of bats had fastened themselves to the roof, hanging often by the feet head downward. Sometimes they were in clusters. On putting the candle flame near one it made a ludicrous movement, like the gape of one aroused from sleep. It put two long black arms over its head, squirmed, opened its mouth wide, and uttered a strong hissing sound. My companion, hearing this at the mouth of the cave, thought it might be a bear. Quite in earnest he was too. I don't know how ferocious these creatures may be in their waking hours, but they now seemed to be taking their afternoon nap, and I felt perfectly safe. Arrived at a narrow part almost blocked up by large boulders, I thought that I would have to turn back. Preparatory to returning I carved my initials faintly on the side of the rock. I had but a penknife. On examining the ground, however, I saw tracks of some previous explorers over these rocks. Encouraged by these "foot-prints on the sand" I too climbed over. The cave grew wider as I advanced, and the path very sideling. Once I found myself within a step of a large pool of water. So still and dark was it that I thought it the same slimy mud on which I was standing, but tested it by throwing in a piece of something and found its true character. No breeze ever ripples its surface nor sunbeams glance from it. I soon found myself at the real butt end of the cave, or what appeared one. At all events it was as far as I could get. Through the gloom above me I thought I could discern a small opening, but it was beyond my reach and I felt satisfied when I saw initials carved on the wall of plaster, betokening that some one else had got to "the end of his rope." I repeated the carving process, and turned about. Past more bats with their disagreeable whining—complaints at having their rest broken, I suppose,—back over the plaster stones, and slimy mud, warm enough, notwithstanding the cold, clammy air. I reached the entrance and rejoined my friends.

Victoria, Australia.

The Rev. Mr. Berry, an English minister, who has lately returned to England from a tour in Australia, has detailed his impressions in a letter to the *Christian World*, from which we take the following extract:

"Commercially, Victoria appears to be in a miserable plight. Her protectionist policy is paralysing effort, and driving capital from the colony. There are probably thousands of people out of work in and around Melbourne. A friend of mine, a clergyman in the city, has frequently from ten to fifteen beggars at his door in one day, and gave away in one evening seventeen free tickets for beds in the model lodging-house. It may be well for the Australian Colonies as a whole, that one of them should thoroughly test the soundness of Protectionist theories, but Victoria is suffering terribly in the meantime. I think, however, that the Victorians are learning the folly of attempting to stimulate labor by crippling capital. During my short stay I did not hear one good word of the present ministry and their measures.

Six days more in an intercolonial steamer, and I found myself once again on New Zealand soil. After eighteen months absence, with the opportunity of contrasting it with many other countries, New Zealand seemed more beautiful than ever. I soon found, however, how severely the colony had felt the financial pressure of the last twelve months. Scores who were apparently in great prosperity when I left the country had become bankrupt. Property has come down in value a good deal during the year, and there is much good land in the market at a much lower price than ruled two years ago. It is utterly useless for clerks and shopmen and people of no particular occupation to come to New Zealand just at present. I will, however, do my best to visit the principal centres of population in the colony, and to describe things exactly as I see them."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

The Charter and Grant Question.

Mr. Editor,—

An editorial in the *Messenger* of the 25th inst contains the following:—

"Colleges holding charters or receiving money grants are obligated, in justice to the legislature, to do good work and the legislature has a right to know that faith is kept and that the ends of Higher Education are not defeated by sham and pretence."

Now, it is not in my power to discuss generally the question of Grants to Denominational Colleges, nor is it my desire to interfere in the discussion now in progress between "Governor" and the writer of the foregoing paragraph, but I would like to ask on behalf of myself and others, whether there is not a false and seriously misleading assumption contained therein. That assumption is that the giving of the College Charter and the granting of money give the legislature the same or a like right of control over the College. Is this true?

A government grant does undoubtedly have associated inseparably with it the right and duty of government control. Every responsible government like ours, may and ought to direct the expenditure of monies given from the public treasury. This is done in the case of the Common School grants for elementary and Academic education. The government, whether it chooses to exercise it or not, has a right to do the same, as the writer of the editorial admits, in the case of grants to Colleges for Higher Education. The curricula, courses of study, of Colleges receiving Government Grants and the working out of those curricula come legitimately under governmental supervision. The government may, from motives of policy, hold the exercise of this right in abeyance, but the right exists. A subsidized College is, in this respect a State Institution. If it be a Denominational College as well, there exists a union of Church and State in its support and control, just such a union in principle as obtains in England to day, against which our dissenting brethren there are on principle contending. This is the virtual admission of the writer of the editorial.

But is the case the same as respects the granting of a College Charter as that writer assumes? Does the Governor granting a charter to a College acquire thereby the right to supervise, for instance its course of study? Did the Government of that day—obtain for itself and its successors such a right of control over Acadia College when it granted the present charter to the Fathers? Many of us think that it did not. We think that neither the Fathers nor the Government ever suspected the existence of such a state of things. We think that the College charter does not differ materially from a special act, in incorporating for instance, a manufacturing company. A company thus incorporated is thereby given a corporate or individual civil existence and as such is protected by government in the exercise of its rights so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others. Otherwise its management is free of government control both as to methods and results. Does it use wrong methods and manufacture poor articles, the damage accrues to itself alone. So of a College. The Government by its charter says: "Exist and work as a collegiate body; we will consider and protect you as such, but your sins of mismanagement must be upon your heads. Use imperfect methods and foster poor scholarship and you must reap the consequences." Are we right in this view? If so then the writer of the editorial has erred greatly and Acadia College is not, as he assumes, subject by virtue of her charter to government control, she is; as he admits, subject thereto only by receiving as she does a Government grant.

The editorial, accidentally or designedly, blurs a distinction which it is important to keep clear at the present crisis. It, as already stated, assumes, that the Charter of Acadia College places its teaching and examinations under governmental supervision and direction. If this is the case the churches and denomination generally have given and worked under the false impression that the college was controlled and wielded solely by them and for them. They have then been deceived by appeals made upon their prayers and benevolence upon this ground alone, and have been deceived also by a govern-

ment that has not enforced its claims, on this ground, hitherto? But if this is not the case, if the giving of grants and that alone and always gives the right of legislative control, then we can now, untrammelled by all other considerations, consider whether it is consonant with Baptist principles or policy to continue to receive Government aid on conditions subversive of both. It matters not that the denomination has not felt the severity of those conditions simply because the government has not deemed it well to press them. The Baptists of these provinces have taken ground in favor of Denominational Colleges. This position will be undermined and weakened on all sides if they continue to seek the aid, and lay themselves liable to the control of the Government.

J. A. DURKEE.

Lockport, Feb. 27, 1880.

For the Christian Messenger.

A visit to Jeddore.

Having arranged with the Rev. James Meadows to exchange pulpits for a sabbath, he to preach for me in Shubenacadie and Lower Steviacke, I left St. Andrew's on Thursday, March 4th, for Jeddore, to meet his congregations on Sunday, March 7th. Thirty miles south brought me to the post and telegraph road along the Atlantic coast, and ten miles further south easterly, reached the lower Baptist Meeting-house on the east side of Jeddore harbour. This harbour is one of the most beautiful in the province. It is about half a mile wide near the sea. It runs inland about six miles, widening as it goes, its shores are indented with numerous creeks and bays, it receives into its bosom a number of streams and rivers, and at one place it is connected with a long chain of inland lakes, which gives rise to considerable lumbering at the head of the harbor. The shores of this harbor are lined with settlements and can boast of no less than seven meeting houses at convenient distances. The Baptist Church is located on both sides of the harbour and near the sea, and they worship in three Meeting-houses, one on the west side, and two on the east side. Along the head of the harbour are two Episcopal houses, one Presbyterian, and one Methodist. Three of these last have been built within a short time, and in good style; I preached in the three Baptist houses to large and attentive congregations. The sabbath was fine, and warm for the season. The waters were slightly ruffled by the fresh reviving sea breeze. In crossing to the west side we landed on a beautiful white sand beach, smooth as a pavement, and nearly as hard. The shores rising in gentle elevations from the water; the back grounds covered with heath and rock, here and there hidden by patches of evergreen forest; the houses stretched along in lines undulating with the shores, and sometimes clustered on a little bay or promontory.

A score of vessels in the harbour, some in the ice, and some anchored in the roadstead ready for service, in Labrador, or the coasting trade, reminding one of the prediction that "Nova Scotia will yet have half a million on the seas;" the people gathering to the sanctuary, in boats and along the road; wives clinging to husbands from whom they expect soon to be separated during the fishing and coasting season, and perhaps forever; and seaward the blue waters of the Atlantic sparkling in the sunlight with here and there a white sail flowing; altogether constituted a scene of surpassing interest and loveliness.

No wonder the young people of Jeddore generally refuse to leave for any other country. The young men follow the sea, own vessels, and establish beautiful homes for themselves at home. The population has greatly increased since twenty-five years ago. Baker's point which then had one has now six houses. So of the place generally. At that time we used to visit and preach to them during our stay in Halifax, as they then had no pastor. Many of the brethren and sisters who were then pillars in the church have gone home. But their places are worthily supplied by their children. Some of the older members whom we then knew are still alive, but are patiently waiting for the summons to follow. It was cheering to witness the constancy of the old friends and to receive the warm grasp of recog-