

way: where, in fine weather, may be seen all the beauty, wit and fashion; but besides the routine, there are many amusements open to the Collegians. There are the "falls" for a bathe in warm summer weather. In spring there are the streams to be whipped. And many a day with gun and rod and the "pack" well provided with "prog" may be seen starting for a day's sport the light hearted candidate for a "pluck," or the weary "plug," who, fatigued by his exertions, is thus endeavouring to fortify himself for further efforts. And then there is Ponthook, whose very name will stir up pleasant recollections in the minds of all old Windsor men. Butler's mountain which is so often climbed in hopes of partridge, and even if unsuccessful, the climber feels himself well rewarded in the fine view of Blomidon, which may be obtained from its summit, which has been very appropriately named Mizpah. And though last not least, there are the Maying parties, picnics, &c., which the presence of the fairer portion of creation, from whose influence, as we have seen, even students are not exempt, renders very agreeable. All these then serve to make College life in Windsor extremely pleasant.

And now for our rooms. The College song asks, "Who so independent as in our rooms are we?" and I think that no one has yet been found to answer the question. If one wishes to smoke, there is no fair one standing by to say "O, Charles, dear, you know what a disagreeable smell your cigar leaves in the curtains." If you wish to sing, you can do so without being afraid of waking the baby. And if you wish to be quiet, there is no fear of an excited female domestic coming in with a bowl full of tea leaves and a corn broom, intent on raising a dust. To our rooms we become deeply attached. Memory brings to our recollection the many happy days spent in them, and each article of furniture, the ancient chair, and prominent carpet seem to us like old friends.

The dungeoned captive, hath a tale to tell,  
Of every insect in his lonely cell,  
And these poor frailties have a simple tone,  
That breathes in accents sweet to me alone.

Such are the thoughts which crowd upon us at the close of our College course, and to remain after one's companions have gone to other scenes is as it were to be prematurely old. Every spot is associated with former pleasures; and in memory, not in hope, does an old student find his pleasure. But to Alma Mater we must ever be deeply attached; she receives us babes in learning and sends us forth strong men; to her nurturing care is it that we are indebted for our ability to fight the battle of life; and ungrateful indeed must he be who can ever forget the benefits which he has received from his Alma Mater.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*(The editors of the Nova Scotia Church Chronicle do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions of their correspondents.)*

*Every communication for insertion should be accompanied with the signature and address of the writer.)*

### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CHURCH CHRONICLE.

Sirs,—I perceive from a speech made by Mr. Cardwell, the Colonial Secretary, in the House of Commons, on the 30th of June, that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had decided against the validity of the jurisdiction granted by letters patent to the bishops of the colonies, and that it was the opinion of the government, after that decision, that the whole subject of the letters patent to the Colonial Bishops ought to be carefully considered, and that no delay should take place in the appointment of a successor to the bishop of Rupert's Land—the see being now vacant. The course, therefore, that had been pursued, was, that under the advice of the law officers of the crown, a letter had been addressed by the Archbishop to