

deeply seated, and as the result, transmit the following recollections, which, though feebly expressed, are on that account not the less sincerely cherished.

Some seventeen years since my first visit was made to the rural and rapidly improving village of Sackville. Then also for the first time I was privileged by an interview with the late C. F. ALLISON, Esq.

The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest, involving events then hopefully cherished, and casting those shadows before them which have since formed themselves into the substantiality of facts replete with blessings to individuals, to families, to the community, and to the Church.

The occasion to which allusion has been made was the laying of the corner-stone of that spacious and noble edifice, within whose walls hundreds of the sons of parents in these lower Provinces have been blest with a sound, liberal, and religious training, thereby fitting them to fill up important stations in life, which many having since then entered, at the present time praiseworthily occupy.

On that occasion to myself was assigned the duty and privilege to offer prayer to God, asking that He would bless the Founders, preserve from injury those concerned in the erection of the building, and crown the Institution with his special blessings. One circumstance in connection with the crowded assembly then present to witness the ceremony is too deeply imprinted on my memory to be forgotten.

About that time it was the foundation also was laid of those seventeen years of undisturbed and deepening domestic bliss, the bonds of which the chilling hand of death has so recently sundered. Then it was that one clothed in bridal attire, standing by the side of the founder of our Institution, and assisting even in the formula of the ceremony, who, now clad in the sable drapery of mourning, has often to raise the hand to wipe away the widow's tear, but resignedly reposing, we doubt not, on Him whose promise it is that He will be the "Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless in His holy habitation."

From the period of my first intercourse, my intimacy with the deceased has been matured by the frequency of my visits. For the last sixteen years, but with only two exceptions, and these resting on special circumstances, my Sackville home has been the hospitable mansion of my departed friend; where I have been uniformly received, and by him and his estimable partner treated with the utmost kindness. There has been always found the true spirit of the inspired maxim, "Hospitality without grudging;" no taxation of hollow formality or needless ceremony, but hospitality, bland, open, free, and such as accords with real friendship and genuine courtesy of manner.

To the family circle the departed was truly an ornament, whether viewed in the special relation of a husband and parent, or in those of a master and friend. As the head of the household man's true character and disposition are best proved when tried by its own tribunal. Here it is the attributes of this sacred relation find their proper sphere of action, and unfold their peculiar adaptation to spread contentment and happiness all around. However brief or extended the friendly visit to the mansion of C. F. ALLISON, Esq., there could be but this impression resting on the mind at the time of the departure, that his house was a *happy home*. The same Christian courtesy, urbanity of demeanor, meekness of mind, unstudied avoidance of offence, and unaffected endeavor to be courteous and kind, which shed their hallowing influence at home, were equally manifested when moving among the community at large.

In all that could tend to sustain and strengthen the interests of the Institution in both its branches, which his large liberality had founded, he ever manifested devoted and untiring attention. Not satisfied with the consecration by *thousands to thousands* added from the earthly treasures with which the Great Proprietor of all had entrusted him; he gave with promptitude and cheerfulness his time, his influence, his counsel, his prayers, and every other appliance in his power, to mature the noble enterprise into which, as regards these Provinces at least, his unprecedented benevolence had been enlisted.

To limit the estimate of what the Founder of our Academic Institutions has effected by the princely sums he had set apart from his earthly treasures were to fall far short of the sum total of his

worthiness. All he has done, as well as all he has given, must necessarily enter into the computation. While figures are facts to be adjusted with mathematical certitude, there are other matters which defiantly place themselves beyond the power of human calculation: and many of these pertain to the enduring and active zeal of our departed friend.

From the commencement of the oldest branch of our Academy to the present, called thereto by official duty, the writer of these remarks has not been absent on any one occasion of the annual examinations. Having been for the entire period of its history one of the board of Trustees, a member of the Executive Committee, and having for nine years presided over our annual and occasional sessions he has had ample opportunity of forming a correct opinion as to the value of the services of our esteemed friend, in all the offices he has been requested to fill.

As the Treasurer of our funds who can form adequate estimate of his worth? To this duty he uniformly brought promptitude and singular ability. Correct ever, even with fractional exactitude, in the presentation of his accounts, gratuitously prepared, the Board were annually favored with a satisfactory view of its financial position. From various considerations, needless to name, but by the Board distinctly understood, and always highly appreciated, it will be no disparagement to any one to say that, as Treasurer, CHARLES F. ALLISON, Esq., can have in all respects no successor. The reason of this is obvious. The Institution was the offspring of his deep and consecrated affection, and hence he did nurse, watch over, and care for it, with an enduring tenderness which can pertain to no other.

At our Trustee meetings his services were invaluable. Wise in counsel, cautiously prudent in action, sound in the exercise of judgment, courteous to the opinions of others, but firm withal in the purpose he had deliberately formed. The utmost deference was paid to his decision, while he was ever scrupulously tender of the views and feelings of all with whom he acted. So reliant were the members of the Board on the soundness of his judgment that the finality of our measures had respectful reference always to the opinion of the Founder and Father of the Institution, whose interests formed the subject of our mutual deliberations.

In the execution of every plan the Board devised for the extension and consolidation of our Educational Establishment, the Founder was ever ready to engage—undeterred by summer heat, by wintry cold, or time, or any sacrifice which his delicate health would permit him to make. The atmosphere by which our Academic halls are surrounded was that in which he the more freely breathed. These were the objects of his fond solicitude, and the place on which they stand the selected spot of his frequent visits; while those within, on whom rested the literary toil, always largely shared his Christian sympathy and found him ever ready to administer to their comfort and convenience.

But here I pause; mixed emotions stir within my bosom. Irrepressible solemnity leads me captive. The association of ideas, that law mysterious of human nature, irresistible in power, hurries back my thoughts to years gone by, and I am led to enquire, Where is the hand which adjusted the corner-stone of the former, and the latter seat of learning, now forming the educational sanctuaries for the sons and daughters of our Provinces? Where is the eye which beamed with delight at the progress of their erection, and which had for so long a time gazed with unmingled pleasure on the marked success which had followed? Where the ear which listened to the many petitions presented to heaven for the cheering prosperity which has embodied the answer? Where the hand that had done, and the heart that had felt so much? *These all lie in the grave!*

But he being dead still speaketh. The noble edifices still stand out in bold relief, as monumental manifestations of the Founder's large-hearted benevolence. And will so stand, as long as the last fragment of the material which forms them shall endure; and if by any untoward event they should prematurely perish, and no similar structure be reared up to perpetuate their history—an event which fear itself scarce dare anticipate—the spots on which their foundations rested shall exist as classic ground—bearing their silent but abiding testimony to departed excellence, embalmed too in the recollections of the youth, both male and female, as they pass into riper age, who had been there blessed with those literary qualifications which fitted them for active life.