

a time of adversity ; but a change for the better has taken place, and now it is in fair condition, and has prospect of good times again. Although under Episcopal authority it is not so sectarian as it used to be. One of the present staff of Professors is a late graduate of Princeton College and Seminary, and a member of my congregation. The original building still stands—nearly 100 years old—and presents an imposing appearance, which will be much improved when repainted and repaired next summer. The location is very fine, on a rising ground dotted with grand old elms. There is a large convocation hall, containing a valuable library and interesting museum, upon the walls of which hang portraits of the founders and patrons of the institutions. The students publish a paper too, called, “King’s College Record,” which will compare favorably with other journals of same nature. The purpose of its friends is to keep “Old King’s” in existence and, by adding to its buildings, endowment and teaching staff, make its future worthy of its past. About 15 miles west of Windsor is the “little Village of Grand Pre,” the scene of “Evangeline,” and immortalized by Longfellow in his celebrated poem. It lies in a “fruitful valley,” of dyke land with fair “Blomidens” in view. Truly it is a lovely spot, just such as a poet’s soul must delight in. Passing through it one fancies one can see the “shades” of “gentle Evangeline” and wealthy “farmer Bellefontaine,” her father, and “Basil the blacksmith” and “Gabriel” his son, the lover of the beautiful maiden, and “Father Felician, both priest and pedagogue,” who was ready with hearty good-will to pronounce the lovers man and wife and bestow upon them his kindly blessing. But how sad and mournful the end !

T. A. N.

WELL TOGGED OUT.

Dr. Lansdell, the famous missionary, was warned when entering Bokhara that his conventional clerical garb would not impress the natives with a proper sense of the wearer’s importance, so he togged himself out. “I had,” he related, “the red hood I wear as a Doctor of Divinity, and my square college cap. I also had a very elaborate example of a sort of Persian waistcoat, which I purchased as a curiosity. I had also, as a freemason, my Royal Arch collar and apron and several Masonic jewels. Before entering Bokhara, I put on my Doctor of Divinity’s Hood, my Persian waistcoat, my Royal Arch collar and apron, all the Masonic jewels which I am entitled to wear, and, fastening my little travelling Bible to my Royal Arch collar, was presented to the deputation sent out to receive me. They were a very dazzling crowd, in gorgeous attire. They received me with great distinction, and I rode at the head of a very gallant procession, one of the wonders of Bokhara ; and I think I smiled frequently as I thought of the appearance I made and contemplated the evident sensation I created.”—*Clipped.*