

township progressed according to the ordinary order of settlement in a new country. The Indians, overpowered by the irresistible strength of their conquerors, gradually sank from being the aggressive defenders of their ancient rights to become the dispirited pensioners of the usurpers of the soil. The fort was the nucleus around which workshops, stores, mills and churches sprang up. There the settlement gradually centralized into a larger village, and the village extended into a flourishing town. In 1784, after the acknowledgment of the independence of the seceding American colonies, many disbanded soldiers settled at Windsor, and a number of American loyalists, harried from their homes in New England, found a refuge here.

King's, Past and Present.

No more beautiful seat could be found for an institution of learning than Windsor, a town with a population of about 4,000 people. Its shady streets and grassy lawns seem immeasurably removed from the stir of business, and the excitements of city life. The college, a venerable brown building in the dignified colonial style of its early days, stands on the summit of a high hill approached by an avenue of graceful elms. It is the first object of interest seen by the traveller from the Atlantic coast as he enters the town of Windsor. From its eminence it looks over the green King's Meadow and across rolling fields which the French settlers cleared, and the thrifty New England farmers cultivated. Far away beyond

STAND THE MOUNTAINS,

blue and misty, still now apparently, as densely wooded as in the

Soon after their coming we hear of the founding of the Collegiate School, in 1788, and of King's College, in 1790. The foundation of Edgehill, too, long after, in 1891, completed a trio of educational institutions, of which the members of the Church of England in Nova Scotia, have good reason to be proud. They only need the appreciation and loyal enthusiasm of the Church people in whose interests they were established, to sustain them in as high a state of efficiency as could possibly be desired.



days when Indians held them as their stronghold, and the hunted Acadians sought shelter in their recesses from alien foes. The dykes built by Acadian pioneers still stretch their endless lengths protecting a vast expanse of meadow from the rushing tides which the Bay of Fundy thrusts with impetuous violence up the red channel of the Avon.

The elms which the New Englanders brought and planted, now grown into majestic trees, the stateliest and most perfect of their kind, are seen in all directions; here and there along the lanes, tall poplars from Normandy display in their topmost branches a silent "Ichabod" in memory of the departed people which planted them, and on the meadows, groups of ancient willows, broad in girth and