

They might very fairly appeal to every head of a school whether he would allow his usher to denounce to the scholars the system under which it is carried on; to every head of a University whether its regulations should be held up to contempt by a professor to its student; to every head of a corporation whether its by-laws should be ridiculed by one of its officers to its servants. There could be but one response from all right thinking men.

They talk about the "outrage upon the freedom of thought," the reference to the "19th century and the middle ages," the suggestion of "a watchful eye being kept" and of "the merits of the case being ignored" and other rhodomontade of the same sort, are of the tone of a debating club. But the insinuation that the Board of Governors neglect their duties, is one that can only proceed from dense ignorance.

What the Principal and the Governors have firmly taken their stand upon is this. If a professor feels the carrying out the provisions respecting female education to be an intolerable burden to him, he is at liberty to relinquish them and the emoluments connected therewith. He is at liberty also if he chooses to introduce a resolution, or any number of resolutions on the subject, before the corporation of which he is a member, and whose special province it is to deal with them.

But he is not at liberty, that is, it is not reasonable, (for rational liberty and true reason are inseparable) to tell the students that the mode of teaching adopted by the University is a ridiculous farce. He is not at liberty, for it is not reasonable, to make speeches at undergraduate dinners, of the same character. And he is not at liberty, so long as he is receiving the emoluments of the University, to hold up its regulations before the public to scorn and contempt, thereby undermining confidence in the efficiency of the University, seriously impeding its usefulness, and discouraging gentlemen who desire to consecrate their wealth to the promotion of higher education.

One word in conclusion. Comparisons are the subject of a well known proverb. There is another proverb which expresses gathered experience in the phrase "save me from my friends." When a comparison is made such as that in the closing sentence of your correspondent Algonquin's letter, it simply gives rise to the enquiry whether some subjects are not more difficult than others, and whether with a given number of students of equal ability, and a given number of men of equally educational power, more of them would not take honours in such subjects as logic and mental philosophy than in classics and mathematics.

Zealous partisans like your correspondent need to be careful lest they fall unconsciously into both the dangers pointed out by Lord Bacon, namely, the "*suppressio veri*," and the "*suggestio falsi*."

And all who are interested in higher education may well remember a scripture admonition, which, as this is a University matter, I give in the original, "*πάντα δοκιμάετε, το καλόν κατέχετε*."

I write without consultation with any other Governor or with the principal. Being alone responsible for these utterances, I subscribe my own name.

G. HAGUE.

Montreal, July 13, 1888.

OPPORTUNITY.

It is a thought both sweet and true
That every morning sent to you,
An angel comes, who on thy way
Attends. Beside thee all the day
She walks. With sweet appealing gaze,
She offers thee, in countless ways,
An opportunity so precious that if once 'tis lost
The same again at any cost
Can ne'er be given thee.

Burlington.

A. LAWRENCE THOMSON.

EUGENIE DE LA MAIN.

THE village of La Have, in Acadia, was settled by the French in 1753. The La Have is a beautiful river, but comparatively unknown. No ruins of castles are on its banks to give it interest in the eyes of tourists. However, it is beautiful, and some reminiscences of old French Acadia are connected with it. Many islands lying at its mouth with their worn, jagged, granite cliffs form a barrier to the billows sweeping in from the Atlantic. There, mists from the ocean have their home, curtaining islands and sea from the view in soft folds of vapour. At such seasons there is nothing to warn the navigator, unacquainted with these shores, of dangerous rocks and shoals but the roar of the breakers dashing on the granite cliffs, or the hollow-booming sound of a billow rolling in upon a smooth sandy beach. On each side of the river are gently sloping hills covered with verdure and clumps of trees. They form a green border to the azure waters of the river. White cottages of fishermen dot its shores, adding relief to the hills in summer. Many green islets, scattered up and down the stream, lie like so many emeralds set in a groundwork of sapphire. In a summer evening often the sun in going down sheds a crimson glow over the mirror-like surface of the river. Soon shadows deepening over shore and forest tell that the day is drawing to a close. Mists creeping up from the ocean, and sombre shadows invading sea and land, invite the weary to slumber and rest. In the distance the echo of songs coming sweetly across the water, or the dull heavy thud of oars in the rowlocks of a boat, break in upon the silence. Fire-flies, like winged diamonds, flit through the darkness but for a moment. The last note of the evening songster dies away in yonder wood, and then the spirit of night on dusky

pinions wings its flight from heaven, veiling every object from view with the canopied shadow of its ebon wings. Music of sea and river ceases; silence reigns.

Where the river narrows a tongue of land juts out, called Point La Have. Where it breasts the waves it rises perpendicular to the height perhaps of sixty feet, more or less. There are the ruins of what once was Fort de la Main. Its outlines can yet be distinctly traced, though, after more than a hundred years, the parapet has crumbled into ruins. The embrasures can still be counted—six in number; the glacis is yet strongly outlined; the magazine has crumbled down, but where parts of the wall remain extant they show how substantially they were built, and with what nicety the stones were fitted together. A well that formerly supplied the garrison with water is now filled up with rubbish. Near the ruins of the fort are those of the chapel. On this the hand of man has been heavier than that of time. The stones of its foundation have to a great extent been carried away. From the appearance of its foundation it was a large and durable structure. Near the ruins of the chapel is the graveyard, where the former inhabitants of the village sleep.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

Yet even here rest is denied them. The intruder is the ever-restless sea, which is invading their narrow homes. Every year it washes away some of the cliff, till now human bones, bleached white, may be seen protruding from the side of the cliff, or washed out, lie on the beach at its foot. The sea respects neither the living nor the dead. Not far in the rear of the old fort is a pond, large and deep. It was formerly connected by a passage with the river, and served as a part of the defences of the fortress. Into this pond, says tradition, the French threw the guns of the fort, the chapel bell and treasures, on their retreat to Port Royal when defeated by the English.

This, then, is all that remains of the labours of De la Main. This was the place he selected for building the fort, and establishing the trading post and village.

The scenery of the place charmed him. The prospect up and down the river was enchanting.

Not far from the old fort and some distance back from the highway are the decaying and crumbling ruins of a stone house. This was the abode of the commandant De La Main in the happy days of French Acadia. The house stood on an eminence and commanded an extensive prospect of river and forest. Long, long has it been a deserted ruin. Once it was a happy place, its halls re-echoed with the songs and laughter of young people gathered to pass in merriment long winter evenings.

The grounds are all run to wilderness, but a few old-fashioned flowers still remain. This was the home of Eugenie.

When you look upon an old deserted and crumbling ruin of a house, a feeling of loneliness and sorrow creeps over you which is impossible to describe in words. Images of the past fill your mind. The imagination becomes busy with thoughts of other days. Look at this or that decaying mansion, falling to the ground by slow degrees, with moss-grown stones, green mould upon its walls, nothing but an air of desolation around it, and ask if change and decay are not legibly engraved over its portals. In this quaint, old-fashioned mansion (there are still existing sketches of it in Indian ink), built with negligence to style, Eugenie, the beautiful Eugenie, the belle and pride of La Have, lived and loved. It was her hands that tended the flowers, trained the creepers and roses round the portico to shade off the sun. The woodbine and Virginia creeper both lent their aid to screen, in dark glossy folds of verdure, the windows, but not content with this they sought the eaves and, as if with ambitious aspirations, climbed up to the wide chimneys, homes of flitting swallows. Here in winter the Commandant, kind and affable to all, welcomed his guests. Sparkling log fires roared up the large old-fashioned fire places. In those days the festal board was not made of oak in vain. Over all such festivities Eugenie presided as hostess. The old French song says she was in beauty like the lily or fragrant rose, when in the dewy morn she blooms in modesty and only half displays its blushing loveliness. Her raven locks (says the song) hung in tresses round her snowy neck, which rivalled in whiteness the sea-gull. Her dark brown eyes expressed truth, and exerted an indefinable power over one's heart. In every community, no matter where, there is among its people, however rude and ignorant, an object of sometimes love, sometimes pride, to the inhabitants; some one more gifted by nature or more beautiful, but not always the happier on that account. Nature in her happier moods makes the fair sex her especial care. She endows them with beauty, every grace that is calculated to charm and entrance. Nature either gives them an engaging manner, sweetness of disposition, which is even more captivating than personal beauty, or loveliness of form and feature. Beauty attracts, winning and engaging manner reconciles, but sweetness of disposition disarms all ill-feeling and smothers all jealousy.

Such was Eugenie De La Main of the French village De La Have in Acadie. She was the object of pride, happily mingled with love, of the village.

Eugenie had a lover, Jean Ducette, son of the village doctor. He was known long after in another village far away from La Have as Eugenie's lover. The young people learned the sad story of his life from their parents, and when they happened to pass the gray-headed old man bowed with years, they would say "there goes—Eugenie's lover."

Alas! for the scenes of love and youthful fancy: green sequestered retreats, the babbling rill, walks in shady paths with loving friends. Changing seasons, gliding swiftly by, bear us on the noiseless tide which rolls to that shore whence we return nevermore. Love and youth go hand and hand. Love is sweet, and the youthful imagination is fired.