

his words says, "Unless I be convinced by scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything. Here I take my stand; I can do no otherwise. So help me God." From that brave and manly confession sprang seeds of honest conviction and earnest indomitable purpose, that bore rich fruit in many an heroic life amid that dark and stormy time. How close oftentimes are the footsteps of the reaper to those of the sower. The seedtime and harvest of thought are often separated by only a few circling suns. Many an one gathers of the fruit of his doings, even in the short narrow space of mortal life. Why is it, that we have "to recount the melancholy histories of once brilliant but now blackened characters,—characters that contained a vast personal wealth of cultivated intellect, of noble resolutions, of brave hopes, of parental affection, and of proud aspirations, but frightfully and irretrievably wasted in the mad career of vicious indulgences." Ah! the deadly germs of evil which blind crazy self had embedded in those characters, ripened so fast that they poisoned and deformed them, whilst yet they stood in the gaze of men. Why is it that dynasties have shot heavenward clothed in might, vigor, and energy, and almost ere the nineteenth decade of their history had rolled away, have faded and vanished. In their constitution lay buried seeds pregnant with national ruin, these bursting into rapid and destructive life, exhaled their blighting withering odours upon them, and they died. But the germinating principle of thought may lie latent for centuries. As in the material no seed can grow unless the conditions of its development be fulfilled, so in the mental. Doubtless in the vast legacy of ideas bequeathed by past ages to this brilliant age are many that have never bloomed into action, and some that never will on earth. The momentous issues, the weighty truths, the grand and vital possibilities of good or evil, which they may unfold, still remain unseen. They have sought congenial soil in vain. There are prophetic thoughts which uttered long ago by holy lips, have floated down along the circling years without finding the means of full firm vigorous growth. The soul is conscious of ideas, so lofty, so firm, and so God-like, that they live only as germs. The mind in its present barrenness and coarseness exerts upon them, no developing force. There are ideas of greatness, goodness, and worth, that have never bloomed, save in the sinless character of Christ. Within us are conceptions of high and holy manhood, apprehensions of the sacred and sublime significance of life, that lie still in their seedvessels. Their winter is long, yet die they cannot. For thought is imperishable. Wave after wave of

social change bursts upon the nations and sweeps away the institutions of men. The broad-panorama of the world's doings moves ceaselessly on. Mortals are hurried from the cradle to the grave, and all that's human rocks upon the sea of uncertainty. Let it rock. No created power can destroy a single germ of thought. In it lives the life of the author. "An author's works" says one "are not his mausoleum, but his incarnation, in which he still walks and talks among his fellows and his disciples, and shall never in death, still he sings in immortal verse, still his theses teach in the schools of philosophy. Still he stands before nature's secret altars, her high priest to all worshippers. Still he sways with burning periods the popular assembly, decrees judicial decisions, controls statesmanships and diplomacy, guides us through the mighty galleries of history, and watches through midnight vigils, with the lone student, beguiled by such companionship till the gray dawn smites his eyelids, and pales his faithful lamp."

WINTRY PICTURE.

LONGFELLOW.

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes;

Where t'wisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung;
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide;
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas, how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sung out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, with busier accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill air and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.

Locals.

THE Sophomore Exhibitions for '75 will take place on Thursday evening, December 16.

WE are happy to inform our friends that there are about forty young ladies attending the Academy at present.

THE last meeting of our Missionary Society, was rendered doubly interesting by the presence of the Rev. Dr. Crawley, who gave us a very instructive and impressive address.

WE are forcibly reminded that winter is again drawing nigh. The outside doors of the college were hung to-day much to our annoyance. "The sound of hammers blow on blow" greatly disturbed the quiet of our "*sanctum sanctorum*."

Items.

HE was never much of a student, Tomkins wasn't. But as he sat that night toasting his shins on his "25 ironsides," and felt the classic shades of Old Acadia gather around him, while the spirits of those who had honored the ancient room seemed to move to and fro upon the dingy walls, his soul was stirred within him, and rising from the lounge, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and crawled into bed.

(G.) ASTRONOMICAL. On what do the inhabitants of the stars subsist? On the milky whey (way), of course.

A TOUCHY Senior remarks that the only height a Freshman attains to is the height of impudence.

Man is mister—Woman a mystery.

THEY were standing on the veranda of the Seminary, talking in low tones of the joy in store for them in the future; when she suddenly looked up into his face with a sweet smile:—

"Charlie, I am studying Latin that I may help you in your work some day."

"I am glad to hear it dear; translate this for me;"—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

A moments pause while she nestled closer to his side, and then she said;—"Come and see me on Monday."

SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.—A Freshman who during his late vacation was taken by his dear papa and mamma to see a travelling managerie, was last week questioned by a senior—who expects soon to take Holy Orders—as to the number and nature of the animals on exhibition. "O!" he replied, "there was hardly anything worth looking at; only a few monkies, such as you might see in any *Theological Garden*."

"It is said that doctors notoriously disagree on the interesting subject of engagements.

Some insist that it is a necessary middle state between the earthly bachelorhood and the heavenly marriage state; a sort of purgatory in which you become purified of your sins, before you can be qualified to enjoy the great happiness to come.—*Scribner's Monthly*.