

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.
Sinnot, William H.	Mill Stream.
Slackford, Eliza	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Smith, Richmond	Windsor, N. S.
Smith, Charles	Truro, N. S.
Sprague, Howard	Halifax, N. S.
Sprague, Julia D.	"
Stackhouse, Charles	Carleton.
Stackhouse, Robert T.	"
Stockton, Alfred A.	Harlock.
Stockton, Douglas A.	Portland.
Strong, John H.	Bedouie, P. E. I.
Swayne, Edward C.	Sackville.
Teakles, Halliburton	Sussex Passage.
Thompson, Michael W.	St. John.
Thompson, Joseph W.	Tantamast.
Thompson, Reuben	"
Thompson, Charles	"
Tingley, John	Sackville.
Tingley, Bedford A.	"
Toddings, Seward	Bermuda, W. I.
Trueman, Charles D.	Point De Hute.
Trueman, Charles	Sackville.
Vaughan, Gustavus	St. John.
Weaver, William A.	Cornwallis, N. S.
Weldall, John J.	Sheffield.
Wells, George H.	Bedford.
Wignmore, William	Sackville.
Wilson, Charles	"
Winters, George F.	St. John.
Wollhaupter, David P.	Woolstock.
Wood, Josiah	Sackville.
Wood, Charles H.	"
Woodliff, Frederick B.	Shelburne, N. S.
Total Number for year,.....	175
" " Term ending February 88	
" " " May, ... 86	
" " " October, 86	
" " now in attendance,.....	107

MODERN CIVILIZATION,

An address, by D. ALLISON, Esq., A. B., delivered in Lingley Hall at the close of the Anniversary Exercises, May, 1860.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

Pardon, if you please, the apparent impropriety of a personal remark. In accepting the very kind invitation of my former instructors, I did so that I might show my cordial and living sympathy, not only with them in the exalted objects for which they labor, but with these young gentlemen, for whom I cherish all of a brother's regard and fellow-feeling—who are still walking beneath the summer sky of youthful hope, and in whose veins still course the golden currents of youthful blood.

It is generally conceded that we are living in a truly remarkable age. He must have had small experience in the revision of school-boy essays, who has not come to the conclusion, that this is one of the primal facts impressed on the juvenile understanding of the present day. That we are far in advance of the Sequani and the Seythians in regard to rail-road and telegraph, his privileges seems, indeed, to be so universally assumed, that we shall not quarrel with the assumption. The characteristics which the present age has received from scientific discovery and artistic achievement do not, however, constitute its only, or its most important points of interest. Man himself is ever the great central and attractive feature of this lower world. Sentimentalism to the contrary notwithstanding, the truly thoughtful man wonders at nothing so much as himself. He may stand by the rushing currents of Niagara, or listen on the sea-shore to the pulsations of the mighty ocean, without that deep and thrilling sentiment of awe with which his own being inspires him—the cunning mechanism of his physical structure—the inbreathed intelligence which stamps him the image of his Maker—and that mystic union of the two, which, under proper development, clothes him with power, thrills him with joy, and crowns him with dignity. He is not a machine: and all attempts to make him one have met with signal discomfiture. The persistent and ungodly efforts of twenty centuries of oppression have not despoiled him of one shining attribute of his original manhood. The creaking piston and the circling wheel-

work may be controlled into unvarying motion: his impulses, never! The human heart and human intellect have, indeed, their appropriate forces—but these are oft-times as subtle and elusive as the great vital mystery itself.

As events are important and worthy of commemoration only as they bear on the destiny of such a being as this—himself a living and self-acting power, comprising within itself the mysteries and principles of a two-fold nature—in judging of the spirit and tendency of any era, we must not allow ourselves to be dazzled by the vision of mere superficial magnificence. Science has done much to enrich the world, and art has done much to beautify it. But to recognize in these the primal forces by which is to be wrought out the perfect civilization of the future, is to subject to unmeasurable degradation that soul which can form the radiant conceptions of justice and of love. The age is waiting and praying for a man who uniting with the faith and philanthropy of a Christian a devotion to science as fervent as that which inspires the labours of Agassiz, and a love of art as pure as that which thrills the soul of Ruskin, shall establish at once and forever, as deep as the mountains and as luminous as the sun, the principles by which these are connected with the onward progress of the race.

The results of this desirable and forthcoming investigation we may not venture to predict, further than to affirm that a theory must be found which will harmonize the great historic facts that the perfection of ancient art almost immediately preceded the eclipse of ancient splendor, and that amid the dogmas of the middle ages, antiquated and discarded barbarism, though we deem them, the invention of the mariner's compass and the printing-press almost immediately preceded the great Reformation of the Fifteenth Century.

We propose for ourselves a humbler, and yet in some points a related task—an attempt to indicate some of the causes to which is due the manifestly imperfect and halting civilization of 1860. A glance at society is sufficient to prove the underlying fact, which we would trace to its causes, that, while in what is material, or simply intellectual we recognize all the elements of decided and substantial progress, on the side of the moral our eyes are yet pained by too many unsightly relics of what should be an obsolete barbarism.

Two things we must premise. The wants of the age do not demand that any check should be laid upon that living spirit of scientific inquiry which, abroad in the world, is every where kindling into vigorous and noble action the minds of men. Impossible, even if desirable, for it is like

"The Pontic sea, whose icy current
And compulsive course ne'er feels
Retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

Furthermore, we shall not lay especial stress upon the truth that the culture of the intellect should not be allowed to take precedence of the culture of the heart, for, indeed, we think this point has been pressed much beyond its legitimate application by pious and well-meaning men; so far, indeed, as to interfere with that harmonious and symmetrical development evidently designed by the All-Wise Creator.

The currents of thought and action are setting so widely and so strongly in the direction of the practical, men are putting the question "Cui bono?" so persistently to each theory or enterprise which presents itself, that we find here the most obvious and natural starting-point.

If rash assertion, if flowery declamation, if crude and unwarranted generalization could establish as a truth that the sole and necessary tendency of advancement in the line we have hinted at is to remove the evils under which society has languished, and to bring in the "All-hail Hereafter," which has ever filled the glowing thought of bards and prophets, it would have been established long ere this. There is, however, unfortunately, too conclusive evidence to show that, in the presence of the highest literary culture and the most marvellous scientific activity, social evils, which were once on the point of extirpation, may strike down new roots and put forth new branches—may revive and flourish with more than original vigor. Men look on nature differently. Some to trace the handiwork of the Supreme and Eternal Architect, and