

But our proposals for separation are always met with objections, because of its effect upon the village church. Why the matter should be viewed in this light is, certainly a little strange to say the least of it. True, the amount of rental which each student pays for his sitting in church helps to net quite a little revenue to the church, but with so much native strength this consideration would certainly never be thought of. Then it ought to be remembered that whereas the Wolfville church does exist, four months out of the year, without the students, hundreds of other churches in these provinces have to exist twelve months of the year without them.

But strangely enough our separate services are viewed in the light of opposition, and even our Sunday evening missionary meeting, held once a month, is looked upon with suspicion. Might it not be suggested, that just opposition enough to stimulate to more active effort would have a healthy effect upon all concerned. But from the outset it has been guaranteed that these services would be closed against all but members of the institutions, and thus the church protected against any disadvantage that might arise from a rival service.

But we hold that the effect upon the village church should not enter into the consideration. The interests at stake upon the Hill are so great, and their effects so far-reaching, that the question should be considered only from this standpoint. If those who have it in their power to decide the matter, will consider these facts with the best good of the students, and the deepest interests of our denomination in view, we will be willing to accept the issue.

WE congratulate the Directors of the N. B. Union Baptist Seminary upon the successful manner in which they have prosecuted their labors, and extend across the Bay to the students at St. Martin's the grasp of a brotherly hand.

WE regret that our exchange column is crowded out this issue. We wish, however, to acknowledge Mount Allison's kindly birthday greetings, and to return our thanks for her good wishes. We feel that Acadia is worthy of all that can be said in her favor, but it is gratifying to receive cheering words from our sister colleges.

THE ATHENÆUM congratulates *Argosy* upon the "new dress" in which it appears.

Reference to Y. M. C. A. held over for next issue.

SOUNDS OF MUSIC.

SOME one has said, I know not whom, that "The universe is an instrument and its Creator the player." The omniscient designer alone can finger the mystic keys that give forth such mysterious harmony. It was the time when light broke over Eden, and the day rosy with delight, marched to the secret music of the spheres, that the morning stars sent up their first enraptured chorus to the White Throne. Richer and fuller flowed the psalm through the open gates of Heaven, until the symphonies of Eden grew discordant when the reckless finger of man dared to mingle jars with the consonance, and threw the world out of tune.

Then followed a prolonged strain of dissonance, until it melted away into celestial melody over Bethlehem's plains, and a star, throbbing to music's measure, hung trembling over a manger that sheltered One who was to tune the discordant universe. Earth thrilled at the divine presence, and in her bosom when the wail of "Elooi lama sabachthain," rising high above all spirit-melody, rang against the crystal bars of Heaven!

This was a sad prelude to the faultless harmony that 'shall make glad the earth.' But the pierced hand of Him who uttered it has never ceased tuning at the world's heart, converting the jangling keys of discord into sounds of concordance.

Nature herself, like a great organ, yields her own peculiar music. Her seasons, like a four-part song, hurry on the march of time. Spring, with its April alto, seconds the full soprano of Summer, and Autumn's high falsetto gales, with the roaring bass of Winter winds, fills up the chord of the "Year's Quickstep."

The night comes out with her diamonds and glides with such a hushed foot-fall that she may not disturb the melody that goes up like a mist, or the very twilight of music that rises faintly to her ear; and it moves her to tears, for we have often turned back the closed petals of the blossoms and found the pearl of feeling.

The very breath of the rose may come like a sigh of music to the zephyr's ear, and who shall say that the clustering sprays are not singing together while their leaves dance to the strain?

Even the sunbeams, at the hushed season that warns of the approaching Autumn, seem to doze on