

are dear to the hearts of the Baptists of the province, it will justify its existence.

4.—Nothing can take the place of a practical knowledge of human nature, on the streets, in the markets and in the churches. The training which the average wide-awake Licentiate obtains in his work under the direction of the manly home mission secretary will be found to fill this want as well as any other known agency.

5.—The prospective missionary should feel that he is embarking on a life cruise. That he is starting a furrow without a corner, the question being settled beyond reconsideration that he intends *never* to relinquish the plough handles until called to a higher service. When he embarks at Halifax for his eastern home and work, the conviction should have been filed down to the bed-rock of his being, "To this end was I born."

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 49.

My thoughts again revert to by-gone days. I muse and the fire burns. As the leaves of memory turn over, fancy is busy. So to-night—

"I have a room where into no one enters
Savo I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
Where thought centres."

I am at school again—a member of Horton Academy. I am studying under the regime of Principal Hartt and his assistant, Thomas A. Higgins, B.A. College, academy and boarding house fall into position; lessons are conned, or not conned, as the case may be; the halls echo to the tread of busy feet; students gather and disperse at the call from the belfry; school life is in full and abounding activity.

After 4 o'clock, p. m., a grand sight was to be seen on the quadrangle. I mean by quadrangle the yard at the back of the college. On this space the college student used each to erect his little pile of wood. A score of these gownsmen plying their grating saws and wielding their blunt axes was verily a sight for a novice. It was noted that sundry disputes used to arise touching ownership. With equal zeal the *Meum* and the *Tuum* were maintained and ignored. Small piles of fuel became large, and large became scanty. Indeed bars of wood were not infrequently found even in the corridors, but whence

they came remained an inscrutable mystery. Now to us of the lower school these very bedlams of students were fraught with mystery and grandeur. We sufficed the atmosphere of the higher life and higher learning. We thought our academic studies irksome and shadowy, because of some cachexy of body and mind inseparable from the lower condition of life and study. We could not evolve light from darkness. As long as this state of things continued sentences would lie in their own Greek moulds and exult in their own Greek idioms. Algebra would be symbol and naught but symbol; geometry could as well be studied from cobwebs as from books. We yearned for the length and breadth and attitude, the fecundity and wealth of university life. We believed in the correlation of force. It was simply this,—that college forces transmitted into us could and would so enlarge and purge our intellectual faculties that clarified vision must inevitably result. After matriculation the coveted panacea would be ours. Let disappointed hopes be buried. There was no royal road to learning.

Our ambition to be admitted to college life was greatly stimulated by one thing. One of the professors sawed and clove his wood in the afore named quadrangle. Right well could he ply the saw and wield the axe. His figure is before me now. Tall and graceful, sometimes a tinge of melancholy, sometimes a smile upon his face,—always a smile when accosted,—his coat dotted with chalk, telling of the day's conflict, he was an interesting and familiar figure in those days. Like the students, he too had rooms in college. In them he lived and thought and studied. This man drew us towards the college. We were eager to know more about him and feel the spell of his influence. Three years of experience under his able and faithful instruction should give me some qualification for speaking of Professor Stuart as a man and a teacher.

In 1847 Mr. A. P. S. Stuart of Brown University was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Acadia. He left the institution at the end of the year 1849, but returned in 1853 to fill with marked ability for the succeeding five years the chair of Mathematics and Natural Science.

Professor Stuart was not a recluse though he loved retirement. He seemed to be at home either in society or in solitude. His thoughts at times dwelt in the shadowy past. We knew there were points in