

93. Come, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
83. Now to the Lord a noble song!  
41. Bless, O my soul! the living God,  
163. Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing;

The first and last of these are especially fine throughout.

But whatever the subject the irrepressible joyousness of Watts is everywhere apparent.

173. Joy to the world,—the Lord is come;  
219. Salvation!—oh, the joyful sound!  
341. My God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
369. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night;  
31. Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

Even when he strives to mourn over his own sins, he cannot long remain sad. The tears of repentance which he feels in the first stanza would be his most appropriate expression, suddenly changes in the last to a practical proposal which has in it the suggestion of a fighter, laying about him with a two-edged sword.

185. Oh, if my soul were formed for woe  
How would I vent my sighs!  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

While with a melting, broken heart,  
My murdered Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too

In like manner the lament: "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, ends with the cheerful abandon of  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

and those matchless lines on the sufferings of Christ,—  
182. When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
rise at the close into a transport of rapturous awe:

182. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Occasionally there are passages which for pure exaltation of feeling, combined with real poetic expression, can scarcely be surpassed. Such are:

100. My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honors of her God.  
163. His very word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies;  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.  
173. While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
Repeat the sounding joy.  
280. Swift as an eagle cuts the air  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly  
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.  
341. My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord

Cheerfulness begets courage. It is characteristic of Watts that under the heading "Fightings Without—Fears Within," his name appears not at all; while under "Christian courage and cheer" he comes in strongly with

179. Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on;  
and 280. Awake, our souls! away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
He even seems to scorn conditions which do not require courage.

291. Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?  
Are there no foes for me to face?

\* \* \* \* \*

Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Is it not grand to hear him shout—

Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

For a spirit like this, death and the judgment could possess no terrors.

480. Why should we start and fear to die?  
492. Why do we mourn departing friends?  
494. My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

And finally, where is there a hymn of heaven which expresses a finer rapture than

503. There is a land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign;

If he had written nothing else, we should be perpetually grateful for the satisfying picture and musical comfort contained in

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green.

I have examined the hymns of Watts in several other books and find him ever the same,—a joyful-minded, lion-hearted, sweet-souled saint, whose bequest to [the singing church is beyond price.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

## Prohibition.

It is feared that many true Prohibitionists will be so wedded to their respective "Political Parties" that again this subject will get the "go by." Is it not most surpassingly strange that one of the most important subjects which could engage the attention of our law makers and their supporters is seemingly the least thought of? Any other evil which was causing the death of thousands of Canadians, and sending misery and terrible suffering into the homes of our people, would be dealt with promptly and be legislated against, and why not this awful and admitted evil? So long as the religious and temperance voters are divided, as at present, not much success can be looked for on "Prohibition lines." It is apparent to all that neither of the political parties of this country dare touch this subject except in some round-about way to satisfy the temperance party and secure their votes. What better proof have we than the way the late and present Governments have "side-tracked" the subject, viz.:

1st. A "Royal Commission" which took nearly a hundred thousand dollars out of the people of this country and staved the question off for two or three years.

2nd. The "Plebiscite Plank" which resulted in a "Plebiscite Vote" at a time when it would be difficult to secure a large turnout of voters,—and at a cost of probably another hundred or two thousand dollars and all for no good result.

Is it not high time the sensible Christian and temperance voters of this Dominion got the scales off their eyes. What is now evidently needed, is a bold, determined leader to champion the cause of "Prohibition"; one who will dare to stand up in Parliament for the right and lead on the temperance legislators to victory. Such a leader, if competent in other respects, would have the support of the best voters of the Dominion and would be sustained at the "ballot box." Thousands of our people are disgusted with the action of both political parties in reference to this temperance question.

When "Confederation" and the common "School Bill" were introduced and made law, there was a strong opposition and the Government of the day was hurled out of power with a vengeance in this Province of Nova Scotia. Yet who would dare to say that both measures have not proved a blessing. Prohibition might be equally unpopular for a time but in the near future would prove a greater blessing than either or both of the above important enactments, and the leader or party introducing this much-needed law, would be sustained by the country and their names would go down to future generations—almost immortalized—as the greatest reformers of modern times.

QUESTION.—Who is the statesman who will dare to come to the front and take the leadership and risk his political reputation and, if need be, be "snowed under" for a time? Yours, etc., W. J. G.

\* \* \*

## Notes from Newton.

Criticism is of very general application. Schools are no exception to the rule. Sometimes the criticism passed upon them is favorable, sometimes unfavorable and unfriendly. Newton has been the object of very many kind remarks especially of late. Very noticeable has been the frequent comment that of all things Newton was solid on the truth and a defence for the truth. One good brother, recently, however, has been expressing his fears that the Seminary is becoming too liberal in its tendency. It would seem to those who know the traditions of this historic Seminary and are familiar with its aims and work at the present that such a criticism is indeed worthy the designation that has been publicly applied to it—preposterous!

### THE GREAT EVENT

of the past week for the Baptists of Boston and vicinity has been the departure of nearly thirty missionaries for the foreign field. The actual number who sailed from the Leyland Dock on the S. S. "Winifredian," Wednesday morning, the 10th inst., was twenty-eight. Seventeen of these are returning to their former posts and eleven are for the first time entering this branch of service. Two young ladies were students on this Hill last year. One of these is Miss Lillian Bishop of Greenwich, near Wolfville, N. S. She is going to work among the Telugus. The others are designated to stations in Burmah, Assam and India. In addition to these, fourteen others have either recently sailed or will soon sail for missionary lands under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union. This makes a very strong reinforcement to the workers now in the service of God in heathen lands.

Deeply impressive services were held in connection with the farewell to these noble servants of our Master. Sunday afternoon in Tremont Temple a vast audience was addressed by the veteran missionary, Rev. Wm. Ashmore, D. D. His theme was "The Present Crisis in China." Fifty years of service in that wonderful land enabled him to speak with authority. It was a masterful, a thrilling address. Services were continued all through

Monday and Tuesday. The last was held on board the steamer just before the hour of sailing. The occasion was certainly calculated to make a deep and permanent impression upon the large concourse that had gathered. The comparison which Dr. Ashmore made at one of the meetings was indeed apt. He referred to the quiet, unostentatious way in which these heralds of Jesus were going forth when compared with or rather, contrasted with the beating-of-drum, the firing of cannon and the flying of flags which accompanies the departure of military troops on their mission of bloodshed. Yet these who make no outward show are as really going out to win an Empire as those who depart amid the applause of the nations. They are winning an Empire for King Jesus.

### ACADIA

has the following representatives at Newton this year: Rev. M. B. Whitman, '94, Rev. W. H. MacLeod, '95, Rev. C. W. Rose, '98, Messrs. E. D. Webber, '81, S. C. Freeman, '98, Irad Hardy, '99, W. H. Dyas, '00, J. A. Glendenning, '00, H. L. Kempton, '00, and the writer, '98. Mr. Frank Cann entered upon the work here at the first of the term but has left the work to enter upon the pastorate at Middleboro, Mass. A. F. N.

Oct. 12.

## "20th Century Fund."

If our Christian sisters and children take up the delightful work of giving, the fifty thousand (\$50,000) dollars will surely be forthcoming—the men will, of course, do their part as usual.

One sister, who recently made herself a \$25 life member in the "Aid Society" just said to me, "I will gladly give \$4.99 and be ranked among my sisters and friends who cannot raise the five dollars (\$5) and have their names inscribed on the "In Memoriam Roll" in the "Acadia College Library" for future reference. Dear Editor—Why should those only who pay \$5 have their names on such a list, who may "give of their abundance," whilst the "widow's mite" contributors (who secured the divine approval) is counted; unworthy of a place on that "honor record." I say let all contributors' names be on that "honor roll," or at least all from one dollar and upwards, or none. If some names are to be left off, who only can pay three or four or one dollar, or as in the sister's case \$4.99, then I say mine also shall be left off, even though I give \$20 as I plan to do. I do hope this item will be changed. Contributors should have a higher motive to prompt them in raising a "Century fund" than to have their names on an "honor roll."

Yours, etc.,

"WIDOW'S MITRE."

\* \* \*

## The Old Grave-Yard at Wolfville, N. S.

BY EDWARD YOUNG, PH. D.

Not far from river as it ebbs and flows,  
The silent people, each in narrow bed,  
Have slumbered long in undisturbed repose,  
Tenants of Wolfville's "city of the dead."

Death, the dread reaper, has in scores of years  
With his keen sickle cut down young and old,  
Removing many from this vale of tears  
Whose bones and ashes rest beneath this mould.

The old lie here: Some of three score and ten,  
Others reached "years of labor and of sorrow,"  
And one of five score, (1) closed their eyes, and then  
Opened them again on Heaven's bright morrow.

For scores of years a poet's (2) ashes lay  
At rest beneath the damp and moldy sod:  
Throughout his life he sought from day to day  
A nearness to his Father and his God.

The much loved pastor, (3) who for three score years,  
Proclaimed the gospel to the young and old,  
Lies speechless here despite the grief and tears  
Of those his teaching brought within the fold.

The learned professor (4) lies in lowly grave—  
My friend and schoolmate in the former years—  
His useful life cut short by cruel wave,  
Leaving a host of friends in grief and tears.

Many in middle life lie quiet here,  
Years of toil ended, they are now at rest,  
Their work completed on this earthly sphere,  
Care and fatigue unknown among the blest.

Others lie here whose vigorous youthful strength  
Promised long years of active life and power,  
But accident, or dire disease, at length  
Closed their young lives: they "withered in an hour."

Babes and young children opened their bright eyes  
On earth, and closed them ere by taint of sin  
Defiled; thence to their home beyond the skies  
They hastened:—endless joy to enter in.

Ages may pass ere Mighty Angel stand  
One foot upon the ever restless sea,  
The other placed upon the solid land,  
Crying aloud: "Time shall no longer be!"

Then shall the tenants of these graves awake  
From their long dreamless sleep, bereft of breath,  
And, with the risen hosts, shall then partake  
Of Everlasting Life: thenceforth no death.

(1) Mrs. Calder who died in 1877, aged 101 years and 4 months.

(2) Benjamin Cleveland, author of the hymn  
"O, could I find from day to day  
A nearness to my God," etc.

(3) Rev. Theodore S. Harding.

(4) Professor Isaac Chipman, who was drowned in the year 1856.