

## A Day at Sackville, N.B.

BY REV. D. W. SNIDER

"WRITE me something for the Era about your trip to the Maritime Provinces in behalf of the Lord's Day Alliance," is the request which is accountable for the fact that "I now take pen in hand."

Not forgetting many points of interest and beauty which I saw while traversing a large part of New Brunswick and a considerable stretch of Nova Scotia, and with a distinct remembrance of many persons whom I met, whose generous hospitality was a delight, let me tell you of a short stay at the seat of our Methodist educational institutions in the provinces by the sea.

It was Saturday, October 6, when I arrived at the cheery and comfortable home of Rev. C. H. Paisley, D.D., Dean of the Faculty of Theology of Sackville University, who with his wife, gave me a warm New Brunswick welcome. Soon, however, I was under the enthusiastic pilotage of my old college friend, Prof. Andrews, who took me over the grounds and through the buildings of the University and Ladies' College. These I found to be much larger and more extensive than I had thought. The group of buildings, comprising the University, the Art Gallery, the Ladies' College, the Residence, the antique place of Convocation, the Boys' Academy, the Science Hall, the Home of Principal Allison—these [building, well built and well grouped, stand upon a height of and overlooking the town, which crowding the higher ground, trails its winding length upon the edge of the tantram until it localizes in spots as Upper and Middle and Lower Sackville. The tantram, or the marsh land, redeemed by dikes from the Fundy tides of the sea, stretches out for miles before the view, like a prairie which has been cut and seamed by the entrenchments of a great army. Dr. Andrews drove me over a portion of this scene strange to the eyes of a Westerner. Westerner is a relative term. We in Canada find that there is much land west of the west. He explained to me the phraseology of the tantram; the *abbeideau* or the dam, so constructed as to keep the tidal waters out while letting the native stream have its way, the *perman* or triangular piece of sod cresting the dyke, the *spit* or the depth of a French spade, about 14 inches, by which measurement the trenches are dug, so many spits for so much pay, and the *brace*, meaning six feet of ditch. Prof. Andrews shrewdly observed that the method of Higher Criticism is illustrated by the use of such words. They suggest at once land reclaimed from the sea and the manner of labor involved, and their meaning can only be understood in such connection. My recollection of the hours spent with him and his wife, whom I was also pleased to meet and to talk with of the days gone by at Vic., "on the old Ontario strand, my boys" when we also meant "my girls," (Dr. Andrews meant it, sure) is very pleasant, indeed.

### FILLED EVERY PLEDGE.

Sunday, October 7th, was a great day for me. When going east I was led to anticipate "fog at St. John," "wind at Sackville," "the fair view at Halifax." But St. John greeted me with the clearest sunshine, Halifax treated me to dirty weather, but Sackville filled every pledge. Saturday was like an Indian Summer day. Lazy, warm, sunshiny; yes, but smoky as an Indian wigwam, while Sunday was, well, well! Such a wind! Dr. Paisley is a facetious brother. Jokes, new and old, pleasantness piquant and robust, are common to him. A companionable man is he. He was telling me of an occurrence in his class in Horace. The poet speaks of certain winds, four in number, in orthodox fashion. The Doctor asked a Newfoundland student how many winds there were. The student wanted to respect the author and hesitated in his reply, when he was helped thus: "Come, come, don't be afraid. By the time you are many moons in Sackville you will believe there are at least forty-four winds."

It was a kindly act when on Saturday evening the Doctor opened the window towards the Ladies' College, say five hundred yards off, and bade me listen. Can you describe the composite effect which is afforded by forty five pairs of hands, in various stages of efficiency, and applied in all grades of music

upon the piano! But what I heard was not from the forty-five instruments at the hour of practice alone, voices were in it laboring on scales and trills and crescendos. Ah, how many homes are to be made happy from the devoted endeavors in the art of music which lay behind that indescribable medley.

### BRAVE GIRLS.

But the same thoughtfulness which called attention to the admixture of sounds on Saturday night, summoned me to observe the march of the ladies to church on Sunday morning. The boys go in ones and twos and bunches, but the girls in fine and orderly and chaperoned procession. Not exactly this morning, however. Oh, that Sackville wind! Forty miles an hour easy. Lest I should be charged with exaggeration, I should say fifty or sixty. It went like the wind, anyway. I must be correct. But how are hats, or even college caps (many were in evidence) and hair and skirts to be managed in such a gale. It broke the measured step. It pierced the ranks. It bowed the head. But now backing to the wind, now plunging head on to it, now whirling with it, they reached the church. Brave girls!

My memory of the day in the beautiful place of worship—constructed in the shape of a maieste cross—is precious. My heart was "strangely warmed" when scores of students, male and female, partook of the Lord's Supper. The spiritual life of the University and Ladies' College is exemplary. A deep earnestness is apparent. Manifestly a great work for God and Methodism is being accomplished at Sackville. By invitation I conducted a service for the students in the afternoon in the chaste and beautiful memorial chapel. Fully a hundred were present, though the day was so windy and the morning service long. Though deep feelings were stirred in me as I looked at the windows, ornate and costly, which do honor to the memory of Dr. Allison, founder of the University and to William Black, the Apostle of Methodism in the Maritime Provinces, much more profoundly impressed was I with mighty reasons for thankfulness to God at the spirit of consecration I saw in the students. This made itself felt in song and prayer and in earnest, radiant countenances which seemed to be ready to say to Jesus, "Here am I, send me!"

### WILL AT IT.

The wind—that Sackville wind—was still at it when I stepped in front of the Ladies' College to be driven to Amherst, by the popular principal, Dr. Borden. Dr. Allison, with warm and thoughtful generosity just like him, said, "You can't drive to Amherst in that light overcoat of yours!" A few moments and I was clad with a great coat belonging to the Principal of the University. Dr. Paisley said, "That hat of yours will soon be like the girl's which blew from her head and was never recovered and is thought to be going yet." Presently my hat was under the buggy seat and upon my head was the house cap (smoking hat, in which, he said, he never smoked) of the Dean of Theology of the University. My driver was the Principal of the Ladies' College. I have been wondering ever since why I am not a D.D., LL.D., etc.

### LIKE OTHER PREACHERS.

Dr. Borden had a fine, strong black horse, keen to go. The Doctor would rein him in, call him crazy as he would break to a gallop, but I suspect that the good man just has that ordinary guilt of many Methodist preachers, who, back of their ribs somewhere, enjoy most strenuously a horse that knows how to go. Fifty minutes sufficed to cover the ten miles, which were made yet fewer as the Doctor beguiled the way by the story, as we passed, of Fort Beajour, of historic fame, and of the struggles of the French and English for supremacy in the early chapters of our country. He left me at the most hospital home of Mr. Chas. Smith and his amiable daughter, in Amherst, and in the twilight turned to face that tantram wind upon his homeward way, carrying a coat and hat which had served me well. Across the distance I fling my gratitude to all concerned.

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