

Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

Vol. XXVII. WOLFVILLE, N.S., DECEMBER 1900. No. 2.

Marie Woodworth Tufts.

A Personal Tribute by MRS. T. TROTTER.

During the last summer vacation one who for more than twenty years had been closely indented with the life of our Educational Institutions passed from our midst. Most, if not all, of those who have studied here during these years, have come into personal touch with Mrs. Tufts, and have enjoyed the delightful hospitality of her home. It will therefore be congenial to the readers of this magazine, and is in every way appropriate, that some extended reference should be made in its columns to her life and work.

Her life, though limited in its early opportunities, and always quiet and unobtrusive, was yet large in achievement and far-reaching in its influence, and its story is one on which it is good to dwell.

It began half a century ago, in a simple but refined home, amid the beautiful natural surroundings of the Cornwallis Valley. Her father was a thrifty, intelligent, up-to-date farmer, a man of weight in the community, and an honored deacon in the Baptist Church. Her mother, a very lovely woman, died when she was only a child, so she early felt "that mother-want about the world" which always gives pathos to a young life. Only a few rods of country road, a winding brook, and a grassy hillside lay between my home and hers, in which, as the pastor's daughter, I was a frequent visitor, and her figure is a very distinct one in my picture gallery of those early days. I admired and looked up to her for years before I came really to know and love her.

In her childhood, as later, she loved to be in close contact with nature. When, a few years ago, we spent an afternoon together at her old home, she told me of her early fondness for the woods and the brooks, and her delight in romping and in boyish pursuits; and I well remember watching her canter by on horseback, and hearing of her daring rides on the mowing-machine in her father's hayfield. This out-of-door-life doubtless helped to lay the foundation of the good health she enjoyed for many years, and communion with nature fostered her innate love for all its beauty.