

The name of his College is dear and sacred to an Englishman. The days of his academic life can never be forgotten, and in the stern conflict of after days his thoughts often turn with true affection to her who taught him patience and made him strong for battle. So there are those who love Acadia, who have shown that love in a thousand ways. These believe too, that she, having already done good service is destined with human means, and above all with the help of God to do all that the most sanguine of her supporters contemplate.

But looking at "present prospects," we firmly believe the time has fully come for extraordinary effort. Words of no ambiguous meaning come to us from different quarters. We Baptists have committed ourselves to a policy which will demand all the diligence, wisdom, and means at our command. To stand still is to retrograde. To work with half a heart or indifferently, must end in humiliating defeat. Facts cannot be hoodwinked. Progress is our talisman. Hearty united action must be taken. The luxury of giving must be tested. What an admirable example has Yarmouth set! Her people are coming promptly and nobly to the front—to the rescue. The people of Kings too, it is said, are about to give with no niggard hand. And so Annapolis, Halifax, Hants, etc. will doubtless catch the contagion of benevolence. One can see now why an epidemic is sometimes devoutly to be wished. From New Brunswick too, and for good reasons much is expected in this the day of need. By the action of the Convention, responsibility has been shared, and we are looking for deeds to assure our hearts. Prince Edward Island has done well in the past, and we are assured she will be no laggard in the generous rivalry.

In the past our college has been watched over by men who have proved themselves equal to every emergency, sustained by those of whom it cannot be said, they gave of their abundance. Some of these, now veterans in the service, are with us still, and worthy, gifted, young men have taken the places of those who have fallen. Still the ranks of those who are wise in council, prompt in action, tenacious of purpose and true of heart, their souls warmed by divine love, need to be constantly recruited that the few may become a

host, and who does not see that the future of the College must depend very much upon action taken *now*. See how ready outsiders are with their advice, unfriendly criticism, and even sneers, some of them would fain, it seems, legislate for us; some venture to open the mouth in awful prophecy. But upon the whole Baptists will deem it best to take charge of their own interests, and for themselves determining so far as in them lies, what shall be the future of their beloved Institution. And now the questions are put to us with the utmost earnestness and emphases, is Acadia College to pass into something never dreamed of by her honored founders, or continue to be the centre and source of a strong and pure educational influence which, ever extending, will be felt in every part of our own land?

Mosaics.

OUR Seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.—*Lowell*.

A HISS is either foolish or tremendous or sublime. The hissing of a goose or a pancake is absurd or ridiculous; the first faint hiss that rises from the pit of a theatre on the first evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his Thalia. The hiss of the venomous Cobra-di-capello is sublime; it is the whisper of death.—*Sidney Smith*.

AMBITION hath one heel nailed in hell,
Though she stretch her fingers to touch the heavens.
—*Lilley*.

I LOVE God and little children.—*Richter*.

ADIEU, mon cher Morand—je me meurs. (Adieu my dear Morand, I am gone.—*Voltaire's dying words*.)

IN any controversy, the instant we feel angry, we have already ceased striving for truth, and begun striving for ourselves.—*Carlyle*.

PHILOSOPHY is properly homesickness—the wish to be everywhere at home.—*Novalis*.

THE spirit of Poesy is the morning light which makes the statue of Memnon sound.—*Novalis*.

BE thou familiar but by no means vulgar,
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.—*Shakespeare*.

LIFE like a dome of many coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.—*Shelley*.

WHEN in your last hour all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away and die into inanity,—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment,—then at last will the night-flower of Belief alone continue blooming, and refresh with its perfumes the last darkness.—*Richter*.

WOULD I might die to-night!
So o'er the sunset clouds of red mortality
The emerald hues of deathlessness diffuse,
Thier glory heightening to the starry blue
Of all embosoming eternity.—*Bailey*.