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# The Mount Allison

A C A D E M I C G A Z E T T E

No. IX.

SACKVILLE, N. B., DECEMBER, 1860.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE

**MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN ACADEMY,**  
SACKVILLE, N. B.

OFFICERS OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

For Academic Year beginning July 26th, 1860.

The Rev. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D. D.  
PRINCIPAL, AND PROFESSOR OF MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE, &c., &c.

THOMAS PICKARD, Esq., A. M.  
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, PHYSICAL SCIENCE, &c., &c.

DAVID ALLISON, Esq., A. B.  
PROFESSOR OF THE LATIN AND GREEK LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE.

Mr. JAMES R. INCH,  
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH, AND TEACHER IN THE INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Mr. JOSEPH DIXON,  
TEACHER OF PENMANSHIP AND THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music,  
Mr. C. R. BILL.

Steward,  
Mr. JOHN TOWSE.

### CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR, A. D., 1861.

FIRST TERM, (14 Weeks,) beginning Thursday,	7th Feb'y.
SECOND " " " " "	25th July.
THIRD " " " " "	31st Oct'r.

#### VACATIONS.

Ten weeks preceding the last Thursday in July.

#### EXAMINATIONS.

Commencing on the last Monday morning of each Term.

#### ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

On the last day of the Academic Year.

## GENERAL CIRCULAR.

THIS Institution has been opened and in successful operation nearly eighteen years. The arrangements which were made for the accomplishment of the important object for which it had been founded were such as obtained for it a high position in the public estimation, very early in its history; and those upon whom the direction of its affairs has devolved have been stimulated and encouraged by its prosperity to continued efforts to render it, in all its departments, ever increasingly efficient. Each year has, consequently, been marked by valuable additions to its educational facilities, and by more or less extensive general improvement throughout the establishment. And as it will continue to be conducted upon the same principles which have secured for it such variable and distinguished popularity, and such extensive and continued patronage, the attention of young men and of the parents and guardians of youth is confidently, but respectfully invited to it, as an institution where, under most favorable circumstances, the advantages of a thorough intellectual training may be obtained in safety and comfort, at a very moderate expense.

#### SITUATION, BUILDINGS, &c.

Sackville being at the head of the Bay of Fundy, is a retired Country Village, pleasant and healthy, and easy of access from all parts of the Lower Provinces.

The Academic Buildings are elegant, spacious and comfortable, and delightfully situated upon an elevation of ground, so that they command one of the richest and most extensive views in British North America.

The Institution is liberally supplied with all the auxiliaries desirable for either the enterprising Teacher, to aid him in his work of instruction, or the ambitious Student, to facilitate his honorable progress.

#### LIBRARY, APPARATUS, &c.

The Library, containing about three thousand well selected volumes, is always accessible.

The Recitation-Rooms, Laboratory and Lecture-Room, are well furnished with Geographical and Astronomical Maps and Globes, and Philosophical, Astronomical and Chemical Apparatus.

### THE METHOD OF INSTRUCTION,

Is that which, after careful observation and matured experience, has been judged best calculated to interest the youthful mind, and to develop most harmoniously all its powers. The best text books extant, in the various studies, are placed in the hands of the Student, who is required to make himself acquainted with successive portions of these as they are from day to day definitely assigned by the Teachers, and to furnish satisfactory evidence of such acquaintance in his recitation-rooms at appointed hours. To do this he must study; and persevering in so doing, week after week, he acquires the *habit of methodical study*. But to prevent the preparation for the recitation-room becoming mere *task work*, and the recitations mere memoriter repetition of words and phrases, the Student is encouraged to extend his range of inquiry beyond the limits of his text-book,—to investigate and think and talk for himself;—to lead him to do so is the constant endeavor of all the Officers of Instruction.

Courses of Lectures will be delivered upon Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Geology, &c., &c.

#### EXPENSES.

For Board, Washing, Fuel, Lights, &c., and Tuition, in the Primary department—For Academical year, (42 weeks,) N. B. Currency.....	\$110.00
Or, for each Term, (14 weeks.).....	36.67
Per week, for a period less than a Term.....	3.00
For Tuition and Incidentals to Day Scholars—per Term.....	5.34
Or, for the Year.....	16.00

An additional charge of \$1.34 per Term will be made for Tuition in each branch in the higher Departments, but the expenses for Board, &c., and Tuition, in the regular classes, will in no case exceed \$130 per annum.

A small sum will be charged each Term, for *Library and Lecture fees*, and also for *general incidentals*.

The amount of the ordinary expenses must be paid in advance—at the beginning of each Term.

### COURSE OF STUDY, CLASSIFICATION, &c.

THE Course of Study is designed to ensure to the Student thorough preparation for comfortable entrance upon a course, either of special training for Agricultural, Mechanical, or Commercial pursuits, or of specific study for professional life, it is, therefore, systematic and extensive, including all the Branches in Science and Literature, which are taught in the best conducted educational establishments on this continent and in Great Britain.

The aim in arranging the order in which the several subjects for study succeed each other in the course, has been, not only to secure, to the greatest possible extent, the symmetrical development of all the intellectual powers of the regular Student, but at the same time also to accommodate the class of worthy young men who, being able to spend but a short time in the Institution, wish to devote it to particular studies.

The Students being classified according to their respective scholastic attainments, are arranged in three distinct Departments. Each department is subdivided into classes, and has assigned to it its own appropriate portion of the course of study.



## CATALOGUE OF STUDENTS,

For the year A. D., 1860.

Names.	Residences.	Names.	Residences.
Adams, William A.	Carlton.	Forl, George E.	Sackville.
Adams, Thomas H.	"	Foslay, Frederick	Studholm.
Allen, George H.	Wallace, N. S.	Fraser, Alfred	New Glasgow, N. S.
Allison, Frank	Sackville.	Fulmor, Harma	Five Islands, N. S.
Allison, J. Frederick	"	Fulton, J. McC.	Wallace, N. S.
Allison, Howard A.	"	Gnetz, Leonard	Musquahobit, N. S.
Allison, James Walter	"	Garby, George	Portland.
Anderson, Milton	Colt's Island.	Gardner, Henry H.	St. John.
Anderson, Anseley	"	Jray, Albion	Sackville.
Annett, Wesley	Keswick Ridge.	Hallett, George L.	Nashwanak.
Archibald, Charles	Sydney, C. B.	Harrington, Daniel DeW.	Hulifax, N. S.
Ayer, Nehemiah	Sackville.	Harris, J. Stanley	Portland.
Baily, Duncan J.	Grand Lake.	Harris, James W.	Horton, N. S.
Baily, George A.	"	Harrison, George	Woodstock.
Bain, Robert	Chatham.	Harrison, Frederick W.	"
Barnes, William C.	Sackville.	Hart, James R.	Guyboro', N. S.
Barnes, Payson L.	"	Hart, Thomas	"
Beatty, John	Hillsborough.	Heurtz, William H.	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Beaty, Edward	Parraloro', N. S.	Hennessey, Daniel	Botsford.
Bell, Adam C.	New Glasgow, N. S.	Hicks, William	Sackville.
Bennett, Henry J.	Hopewell.	Higgs, Gilbert	Bermuda, W. I.
Bignoy, John G.	River John, N. S.	Holmeson, Thaddeus	River Philip, N. S.
Binns, Charles E.	Charlottetown, P. E. I.	Johnson, John	Tatumagouche, N. S.
Bishop, Humphrey	Horton, N. S.	Jost, Cranswick	Guyboro', N. S.
Black, Edward C.	Sackville.	Jones, Randolph K.	Woodstock.
Black, Joseph H.	"	King, Frederick A.	St. John.
Black, Clement C.	Amherst, N. S.	King, Benjamin D.	Parraloro', N. S.
Borlen, Charles E.	Cornwallis, N. S.	Kitchen, George B.	River John,
Botsford, S. Milledge	Westcook.	Kitchen, William S.	"
Boltenhouse, Bliss	Sackville.	Lewis, Johnson	Halfway River, N. S.)
Boltenhouse, Wilson	"	Lindsay, Robert J.	Wakefield.
Bowes, Alonzo	"	Marsh, Arthur B.	Fredericton.
Bowser, Richard	"	Martin, Samuel B.	Jernsalem.
Brennan, H. Edgmr	New York, U. S.	Mathewson, William	Montreal, C. E.
Brown, William R.	Bermuda, W. I.	Mellish, John T.	Pownal, P. E. I.
Bull, Augustus B.	Woodstock.	Milner, William C.	Sackville.
Burbridge, D. Henry	Cornwallis, N. S.	Mossatt, William E.	Amherst, N. S.
Barns, William H.	River John, N. S.	Morris, Charles H.	Hulifax,
Caic, John T.	Kouchibouguac.	Morton, Arthur D.	Pownal, P. E. I.
Calhoun, William S.	Hopewell.	Morton, David H.	"
Campbell, J. Fraser	Buddock, C. B.	Mosher, John A.	Newport, N. S.
Campbell, J. Borden	Loudounerry, N. S.	Mutch, Henry	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Chynon, Sylvanus	Nashwanak.	McGowan, Lewis	"
Colter, C. Wesley	Keswick Ridge.	McKeel, Charles	Greenwich.
Colter, J. Edwin	Fredericton.	McKenzie, George W. S.	River John, N. S.
Coughe, Archibald D.	Sussex.	McKenzie, Thomas	"
Cove, John W.	River Philip, N. S.	McLaughlin, George E.	St. John.
Cowperthwaite, Humphrey P.	Woodstock.	McLaughlin, Frederick M.	"
Cripps, Charles R.	Ed River.	McLeod, Robert T.	Newark, N. J.
Crocker, George T.	Chatham Head.	McMonagle, William	Sussex.
Curran, John	Richibucto.	McNeil, Angus	Moncton.
Curry, Nicholas M.	Newport, N. S.	Narraway, John W.	Pictou, N. S.
Dickson, Lucius	Triro, N. S.	Neville, Edmund H.	Little Forks, N. S.
Dickson, Charles W.	Albion Mines, N. S.	Oulton, Alfred E.	Westmorland.
Dickson, Georgo A.	"	Outerbridge, Robert W.	Bermuda, W. I.
Dixon, Charles	Sackville.	Palmer, Caleb R.	Dorchester.
Dixon, Arthur	"	Palmer, Philip	Sackville.
Dixon, Edgar	"	Palmer, Albert C.	"
Dodd, Murray	Sydney, C. B.	Parker, Isaac N.	Wilton, N. S.
Dodsworth, Blumraduke	Little Forks, N. S.	Patterson, Robert	Sackville.
Drury, Henry	Sussex.	Patterson, Samuel	Pugwash, N. S.
Dutcher, Charles W. T.	Woodstock.	Percival, William W.	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Easterbrooks, William W.	Sackville.	Perkin, William	"
Easterbrooks, John G.	"	Peters, Henry W.	Richibucto.
Easterbrooks, Charles	"	Pineo, Alexander S.	Pugwash, N. S.
Etter, Thomas	Point De Bute.	Pritchard, Gilbert T. R.	St. John.
Evans, James E.	Westcook.	Pugsley, John	Sussex.
Fawcett, Henry	Sackville.	Seaman, Arthur	Minnedie, N. S.
Fisher, George F.	Fredericton.	Seaman, Gilbert	River Herbert, N. S.
Fisher, James	Woodstock.	Shenton, Job	Hopewell.
Fisher, Williamson,	"	Siggins, Isaac	Bermuda, W. I.

NAMES.	RESIDENCES.
Sinnot, William H. ....	Mill Stream.
Slackford, Eliza ....	Charlottesville, P. E. I.
Smith, Richmond ....	Windsor, N. S.
Smith, Charles ....	Truro, N. S.
Sprague, Howard ....	Halifax, N. S.
Sprague, Julia D. ....	"
Stackhouse, Charles ....	Carlton.
Stackhouse, Robert T. ....	"
Stockton, Alfred A. ....	Harlock.
Stockton, Douglas A. ....	Portland.
Strong, John H. ....	Bedoupe, P. E. I.
Swayne, Edward C. ....	Sackville.
Teakles, Halliburton ....	Sussex Passage.
Thompson, Michael W. ....	St. John.
Thompson, Joseph W. ....	Tantamast.
Thompson, Reuben ....	"
Thompson, Charles ....	"
Tingley, John ....	Sackville.
Tingley, Bedford A. ....	"
Toddings, Seward ....	Bermuda, W. I.
Trueman, Charles D. ....	Point De Hute.
Trueman, Charles ....	Sackville.
Vaughan, Gustavus ....	St. John.
Weaver, William A. ....	Cornwallis, N. S.
Wedhall, John J. ....	Sheffield.
Wells, George H. ....	Basford.
Wignmore, William ....	Sackville.
Wilson, Charles ....	"
Winters, George F. ....	St. John.
Wolhaupter, David P. ....	Woolstock.
Wool, Josiah ....	Sackville.
Wool, Charles H. ....	"
Woodlill, Frederick B. ....	Shelburne, N. S.
Total Number for year, .....	175
" " Term ending February .....	88
" " " " May, ... ..	86
" " " " October, .....	86
" " now in attendance, .....	107

**MODERN CIVILIZATION,**

An address, by D. ALLISON, Esq., A. B., delivered in Lingley Hall at the close of the Anniversary Exercises, May, 1860.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—

Pardon, if you please, the apparent impropriety of a personal remark. In accepting the very kind invitation of my former instructors, I did so that I might show my cordial and living sympathy, not only with them in the exalted objects for which they labor, but with these young gentlemen, for whom I cherish all of a brother's regard and fellow-feeling—who are still walking beneath the summer sky of youthful hope, and in whose veins still course the golden currents of youthful blood.

It is generally conceded that we are living in a truly remarkable age. He must have had small experience in the revision of school-boy essays, who has not come to the conclusion, that this is one of the primal facts impressed on the juvenile understanding of the present day. That we are far in advance of the Sequani and the Scythians in regard to rail-road and telegraph, his privileges seems, indeed, to be so universally assumed, that we shall not quarrel with the assumption. The characteristics which the present age has received from scientific discovery and artistic achievement do not, however, constitute its only, or its most important points of interest. Man himself is ever the great central and attractive feature of this lower world. Sentimentalism to the contrary notwithstanding, the truly thoughtful man wonders at nothing so much as himself. He may stand by the rushing currents of Niagara, or listen on the sea-shore to the pulsations of the mighty ocean, without that deep and thrilling sentiment of awe with which his own being inspires him—the cunning mechanism of his physical structure—the inbreathed intelligence which stamps him the image of his Maker—and that mystic union of the two, which, under proper development, clothes him with power, thrills him with joy, and crowns him with dignity. He is not a machine: and all attempts to make him one have met with signal discomfiture. The persistent and ungodly efforts of twenty centuries of oppression have not despoiled him of one shining attribute of his original manhood. The creaking piston and the circling wheel-

work may be controlled into unvarying motion: his impulses, never! The human heart and human intellect have, indeed, their appropriate forces—but these are oft-times as subtle and elusive as the great vital mystery itself.

As events are important and worthy of commemoration only as they bear on the destiny of such a being as this—himself a living and self-acting power, comprising within itself the mysteries and principles of a two-fold nature—in judging of the spirit and tendency of any era, we must not allow ourselves to be dazzled by the vision of mere superficial magnificence. Science has done much to enrich the world, and art has done much to beautify it. But to recognize in these the primal forces by which is to be wrought out the perfect civilization of the future, is to subject to unmeasurable degradation that soul which can form the radiant conceptions of justice and of love. The age is waiting and praying for a man who uniting with the faith and philanthropy of a Christian a devotion to science as fervent as that which inspires the labours of Agassiz, and a love of art as pure as that which thrills the soul of Ruskin, shall establish at once and forever, as deep as the mountains and as luminous as the sun, the principles by which these are connected with the onward progress of the race.

The results of this desirable and forthcoming investigation we may not venture to predict, further than to affirm that a theory must be found which will harmonize the great historic facts that the perfection of ancient art almost immediately preceded the eclipse of ancient splendor, and that amid the dogmas of the middle ages, antiquated and discarded barbarisms though we deem them, the invention of the mariner's compass and the printing-press almost immediately preceded the great Reformation of the Fifteenth Century.

We propose for ourselves a humbler, and yet in some points a related task—an attempt to indicate some of the causes to which is due the manifestly imperfect and halting civilization of 1860. A glance at society is sufficient to prove the underlying fact, which we would trace to its causes, that, while in what is material, or simply intellectual we recognize all the elements of decided and substantial progress, on the side of the moral our eyes are yet pained by too many unsightly relics of what should be an obsolete barbarism.

Two things we must premise. The wants of the age do not demand that any check should be laid upon that living spirit of scientific inquiry which, abroad in the world, is every where kindling into vigorous and noble action the minds of men. Impossible, even if desirable, for it is like

"The Pontic sea, whose icy current  
And compulsive course ne'er feels  
Retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

Furthermore, we shall not lay especial stress upon the truth that the culture of the intellect should not be allowed to take precedence of the culture of the heart, for, indeed, we think this point has been pressed much beyond its legitimate application by pious and well-meaning men; so far, indeed, as to interfere with that harmonious and symmetrical development evidently designed by the All-Wise Creator.

The currents of thought and action are setting so widely and so strongly in the direction of the practical, men are putting the question "Cui bono?" so persistently to each theory or enterprise which presents itself, that we find here the most obvious and natural starting-point.

If rash assertion, if flowery declamation, if crude and unwarranted generalization could establish as a truth that the sole and necessary tendency of advancement in the line we have hinted at is to remove the evils under which society has languished, and to bring in the "All-hail Hereafter," which has ever filled the glowing thought of bards and prophets, it would have been established long ere this. There is, however, unfortunately, too conclusive evidence to show that, in the presence of the highest literary culture and the most marvellous scientific activity, social evils, which were once on the point of extirpation, may strike down new roots and put forth new branches—may revive and flourish with more than original vigor. Men look on nature differently. Some to trace the handiwork of the Supreme and Eternal Architect, and

with the royal Poet, have their souls suffused with reverent wonderment and awe, when they behold "the moon and the stars which Thou hast created." Some of natures so unpoetic and unimpressible as to behold only the common-place accident of life. Others—alas! that they are so many!—to cherish that spirit of pantheistic and unadmirable devotion, absurd were it not wicked, which finds its fitting culmination in the rhapsodical apostrophe of Emerson addressed to a humble bee: "Thou yellow-breached philosopher." We are not stating that the tendency of Science is towards irreligion, in assuming that in unreflecting minds scientific investigation does tend to foster this latter sentiment. Our constitution is governed by fixed laws, and Infinite Benevolence has never placed a blessing within the sphere of our existences which we may not transform into a curse. Man's power is altogether of a delegated nature. If this fact is overlooked, scientific study is, of all employments, the most unprofitable. Philosophers may be pious—Astronomers, devout—and Mathematicians, orthodox; yet the general tendency of their published speculations and discoveries is to lead the unthinking to form widely elevated ideas of human reason and human power. Nature and revelation are not at variance. They subsist in the relationship of grand and eternal harmony. But this harmony is not upon the surface—it eludes the glance of ordinary observation—and reveals itself in all its excellent beauty only to the search of patient and protracted thought. The cause of truth suffers seriously at the hands of those who refuse to recognize this: that rhetorical piety which finds no difficulty in transforming this sunny mountain and each placid ocean into a symbol of the Great Invisible, plays directly into the hands of practical atheism,—for mountains are not always sunny, nor oceans always placid. It throws discredit on the patient and life-long labours of the men—the immortal men—who have spent their strength in revealing the grand coincidences which refer to the same glorious authorship, God's word and God's works. Wearing the garb, it breathes not the spirit of reverence. It is empty—it is formal—it is professional—and it shows its consistency by adopting as its chosen watchwords the thread-bare platitudes of the pantheist. We are not speaking of a proper recognition of His power, to whose creative and supporting energy all things owe their origin and existence; nor of a genuine appreciation of whatever is marvellous or lovely in nature—but of that mischievous counterfeit of both so prevalent to-day, which, lacking the worship of the one and the inspiration of the other, causes men to err by causing them to forget to think. Dangers are terrible, by as much as they are unseen. The rock-bound coast is to be feared only when enveloped in fog, or shrouded in the shades of night. So here, the tendency towards an undue exaltation of derived or delegated power, to which we have alluded, acquires a fearful force when men are so blinded by the vapid declamations of a superficial piety, that they never recognize it. The literature of the present day is reproducing the faded splendors of idolatry. The Mythic deities may not have resumed their abandoned shrines; the burning sun, the sweeping tempest, the solemn shade, of which they were the controlling spirits, have taken their place. What we have said applies substantially to practical as well as speculative science. Worn with corroding toil, man has hailed with unbounded joy the marvellous revolution which has placed beneath his sway, as willing subjects, the over active forces of the natural world. Power, like beauty, lies hidden everywhere. The earth, the air, the sea, are full of it. Its fountains have, at length, been unsealed, and, with musical flow, its streams are carrying joy and gladness to the nations. It is not wonderful, then, that man, in the midst of this proud achievement, himself a prominent actor in the mighty drama, flushed with the joy of victory, his arm clothed with power and his feet with speed, should abate somewhat of the claims of Him to whom all these things belong.

The sentiment thus produced is in direct antagonism to all true and desirable progress. It dwarfs man by excluding from his cognizance and experience the powers of the world to come. It renders his development unnatural and incomplete. It limits his advancement to a single duration. He gains an artificial elevation, at the expense of real and infinite depression. His nature loses at once its fervor and its faith—it is sun-light, with the heating ray extracted. Does not the age abound with such men,

familiar with all the forms of human learning—aye, even the master-spirits of literature and science, who, refusing to recognize any reforming agencies outside of their ordinary circles of thought, have settled down into the dreary and depressing conviction that the evils which press upon society admit at best of but a partial and temporary modification. A timorous, temporizing spirit is abroad in the world. The very word "Reform," is subjected to abuse. When a good and wholesome institution falls into desuetude or decay, by all means renew, revive, and re-establish it. When a system is evil only in its branches, lop them off, that, free from deformity or defect, it may fulfil its healthful mission. But those other, full of all unsoundness from lowest tap-root to outermost bough, calling for the lightning of heaven to blast them with eternal barrenness—to name reform in connection with these is absolute desecration! And yet, this is what our boasted age is doing, as it gives itself up to the exclusive guidance of its sciences and philosophies. It smiles on old and decaying abominations as "necessary evils," or profanely claims for them the sanction of the Most High, till our moral perceptions reel and stagger, and our very faith in the Supreme Love becomes shaken. It does this, too, in face and defiance of the truth which history is evermore evolving, that when once an evil has been brought out into the light of free and full discussion, its doom is sealed, for "God's challenging trumpet has blown against it, and it cannot stand."

We cannot help thinking that the influences of art are tending in the same direction. The occasion does not demand a critical or exhaustive analysis of the principles of art—wherein rests its power to please or its power to improve. We may simply say that nothing is beautiful or really useful, when taken from its proper sphere and made to occupy a false and unnatural position. He can have but slight acquaintance with the constitution of the human mind who fails to see that influences are ascribed to the fine arts, which they are utterly incapable of exerting. Great moral reforms and great political revolutions fall alike within the claims of their enthusiastic advocates. A felicitous stanza or stirring air marks the crises and transitions of national history. Within the narrower circle of individual movement, still more wonderful triumphs are achieved. Undrainable fountains of bliss are opened up between the shining covers of blue and gold, and unbounded ecstasies spring from the melodious twangings of the siren strings. Even the old fashioned weapons of faith and patience are liable to go into disuse, since a devotional frame of mind is ever ready at the beck of an organ voluntary. As an affectation this is very pretty, but as a philosophy it is very absurd. It merges all of our nature—especially the more grand and heroic portion of it—in the æsthetic. We become mere pleasure-seekers, attaining the end of our being in gazing on beautiful sights, or listening to beautiful sounds. Facts fare equally ill. It is forgotten that some of the divinest strains which ever charmed the ear of earth have been sung by souls bowed in abject submission at the shrines of lust and power. It is forgotten that ancient art—far more splendid than that of later date—became the potent minister of evil, till, in the excess of its vileness, God swept it away as with the besom of destruction. Above all is it forgotten that in those sublimest passages of history, when nations die or are born, we hear only the foot-falls of those plain and unpoetic men, who are ever the heroes of the world. In short, there are springs within us which left untouched, all the poetry of the universe cannot move us to a lofty thought or an heroic deed. The soul has energies music cannot evoke, and which, when once aroused, it hath no power to subdue; deep fountains of feeling, which play obedient to a higher law than that of the mythical Euterpe. The cornet and the drum may inspire on parade, or even thrill on a gala-day; men need different excitement in the great crises of their experience and destiny. We put the delicate susceptibilities with which our whole being is intertwined to but a poor use, when we attempt to substitute impressions made on them, for the action of the sterner powers of the soul. A close examination will reveal the fact that just here lies the secret of much of our prevailing apathy.

The position taken by many sincere friends of Christianity (which is at once the basis and the main-spring of all genuine reform), tends to confirm the sway of this cold and chilling spirit of indifference. Hitherto Christianity has stood distinct from all

opposing systems, not only in the radiant purity of its doctrines, but in its relations to both material and intellectual advancement. Of established and time-honoured iniquities it has ever proved the unrelenting foe. Over the pagan and infidel philosophers, on the one hand, and corruptions of itself on the other, it has triumphed, we may almost say, by the simple operation of the law of contrast. To a certain extent this can be the case no longer. The foe has become an angel of light. He robes himself in the garments of philanthropy. He breathes the spirit of charity in contending for the necessity of progress. He hurls his thunder against many of the real evils of society, and even imports into his system the sublime morality of the gospels. By implication, and to the thoughtless, Christianity is placed in a false position, and in apparent antagonism to its own most cherished principles. Often its advocates, instead of revealing and denouncing the theft, denounce, unwittingly, the truths of their own system, and leave the credit and glory of its victories to its most inveterate antagonists. The fading superstitions of the age meet with no mercy—as, indeed, they deserve none—but the most powerful of all evil agencies—that spirit of speculative worldliness, of real, if not professed materialism, engendered of haste, and pride, and greed—is allowed to pass by unharmed. The batteries of the church are turned in the wrong direction. The slavish superstitions of the past are dying out fast enough under the pressure of their own corruptions, for not only is eternal truth against them, but the very spirit of the age and all the signs of the times. The tinge of the whole unbounded future, the mighty and onreaching destinies of civilization and of man depend on the nature of the system by which these are to be supplanted. Little would be gained by obtaining in exchange the lifeless and frozen forms of a philosophic atheism.

Though we have been led by the aspects of the age to discuss what may be called the *negative* causes of our slowly-moving civilization, we are not disposed to deny that there are positive ones, to which it is more directly attributable. Of these, unfortunately, the name is legion, and to discuss them here, at length, falls within neither our purpose or design. In the first place we would be met with the troublous questions connected with the relations of labor and capital. A passing allusion to these is all that time will allow. To denounce a man as a Chartist or as a Socialist because he prays and labors for the physical elevation of his race, because he deems the inequalities of modern society unnatural and unjust, is a direct libel not only on humanity itself, but on him who filled it with hopes and yearnings for a brighter future. It may be that poverty is not necessarily an evil, that the "simple annals of the poor" are full of the unheralded victories of abiding patience; that the "vision and the faculty divine" hath opened up for them the wondrous wealth and glory of the unseen; that the straying echoes of an untaught lyre have oft become the trumpet voice of a struggling world. Such considerations, however, are but poor arguments to address to the weary and toilsome millions, who are practically excluded from the higher blessings of Christian culture and civilization. Of oppression in its worst and most tyrannic form of enslavement surely we need not speak in this blessed land, the touch of the very hem of whose garment is sufficient to breathe into the sunken spirit of the bondman the throbbing pulses of living liberty. Even from that species of modified servitude which leaving a man nominally free, cripples his energies more effectually than with iron links by the threats of power and the fear of poverty, we are free, as is no other land under the whole canopy of heaven.

We cannot, however, ignore the fact that in other countries—more celebrated and classic, perhaps, than these British Provinces—there is a class who toiling ever can never rise, kept down as by a mill-stone. It may be very true that suffering is a part of the Divine idea for the purifying of the individual man, yet this matter is to so great an extent under human control that no fear need be entertained of passing the limits of human duty.

The history of the past quarter of a century shows with sufficient clearness that relief is not to be found in the triumphs of inventive genius, that these while adding to the strength of him already strong, often tend to render more palpable the weakness of him already weak. Neither is it to be found in systems, however plausible, which are based on a surrender of the most sacred institutes of domestic life, and which exclude men from the light of their

Father's presence and the warmth of their Father's love. The world, after a long process of correction, is reaching the conclusion that here, as elsewhere, true reform cannot be dissociated from those impulses and principles which it is the design of Christianity to produce and foster in the human heart.

Again, look at the war-spirit which is abroad in the world. We never tire of boasting of the superior humanity of the age in which we live, nor of cheap and stereotyped expressions of regret for the millions who have gone down to the shades amid the unspeakable horrors of barbarian warfare; and yet in wide-spread desolation, in the awful aggregate of uncalled-for slaughter, what age has ever equalled ours? We are not speaking of the possible and abstract righteousness of appeals to arms, we prefer to leave the discussion of the question to debating clubs, and that tireless class of moralists who spend their time in seeing if they can

"A hair divide  
Betwixt the Nor' and Nor'-west side."

We are speaking of the lamentable fact that on land and sea, in summer and in winter, in realms of ice and in realms of flowers, our fellow men are falling in behalf of enterprises which derive their justification from no higher source than the shadowy and musty dogmas of international law. Better, far better, the bold and unblushing villainy of ancient ambition than the weak and paltry pretexts in which are cloaked the base and lawless purposes of modern greed. In proportion to our reverence of the genius of genuine courage will be our abhorrence of the wars "of these latter days,"—territorial wars, commercial wars, wars of mere aggrandizement. Let all examples of heroic self-devotion gild the annals of our race with glorious and enduring brightness to cheer and succor those who, it may be single-handed, are yet to fight the battles of humanity. Let no word of ours affix a stigma to the memory of the immortal men who sold their lives so dearly in the narrow causeway between Mount Eta and the sea, nor of that most heroic and queenly of historic maidens, who, finding at Rouen at once a martyr's and a patriot's grave, hath put upon the annals of our country a stain which not the splendid line of victories from Malplaquet to Waterloo has been able to efface. All these trumpet-tongued proclaim their eternal protest against the barbarous butcheries which disgrace this nineteenth century.

The charm of chivalry and of knightly prowess disappear when the wide-mouthed cannon usurped the place of the Bayards of the olden time. The plea of necessity no more avails—for in the mighty currents of an intelligent public opinion nations may find a force more effective than the crashing bomb-shell, more terrible than the thunder which clothes the neck of the prancing war-horse. Cherished by nations who profess to reverence Him who pronounced his brightest beatitude on the peace maker; without one redeeming feature, bestial, cruel, and mercenary, the modern war-system will stand out forever before the ages, the most hideous and repulsive monster of history. Its direct efforts, too, are by no means its worst. Manhood stricken down amid life and energy, with which the Creator had endowed it, is calculated to excite our deepest sympathy and provoke our heartiest scorn of the system of which such is the necessary result; but to the eye of the thoughtful and philosophic man there are connected with it evils with which this shrinks from comparison.

When the nation, which should as far as may be, embody and shadow forth those just and generous principles which become the private citizen, herself forgetting the lessons of her own laws, rushes, on the slightest provocation, to the uncertain and unrighteous arbitrament of the sword, the natural tendency is that individual men should become less scrupulous, less tender, less true. Civilization shrinks in the presence of so overshadowing an iniquity. It smites with paralysis the arms of the reformer, and checks the generous and bursting impulses of the philanthropist. It delays the final triumph of Christianity, by placing perpetual stumbling-blocks in the way of its advocates, for, indeed, we think the hardest and most ungracious task that can be imposed on a minister of Christ's peaceful and benevolent Gospel is to pray for the blood-stained Goddess of victory to crown a battle field with her presence, unless men are fighting, and of necessity, in defence of their altars and their homes. Such great systematized wrongs

always do the principal part of their work of mischief indirectly. Look at the kindred barbarism of human chattelism. We are of those charitable individuals who suppose a man may, under certain circumstances, possess his fellow man without any compunctious twitchings of conscience. Yet where this system prevails, men, of either or any race, are but half civilized. You might as well look for ripe fruit from the pale and sickly plants which shoot up to an unnatural height amid the gloom of a cellar as for the perfection of humanity, amid the denser shadows of a God-cursed bondage.

The dawn of a better day has, even now, however, commenced to reddens. There are indications that the time is coming, and is not far distant, when those names which have nothing to rescue them from oblivion but the delusive tinsel of a military reputation are destined to go out in the "blackness of darkness forever." Attila and Tamerlane have well-nigh reached that point already, Charles XII. and Napoleon are following, while some of our more modern butchers are evidently beginning to march in the same direction. Miltiades and Thrasylbulus, Godfroy and Eugene, aye, even the brighter names of Wellesley and Washington must pale before the perfect and peaceful hero of the coming age.

We reach, then, the character of the true reformer. He must be a man of intellectual cultivation, that he may recognize principles and tendencies; of quick and tender feeling, that he may be moved by the evils and woes of man; of profound Christian knowledge and sympathy, that he may bring to bear thereon the mighty "powers of the world to come."

Young Gentlemen,—If you will take a word of advice from one who should heed it as well as you, be it your steadfast aim not simply to labor earnestly for the right and true, but to labor *definitely*. We have seen that the evils of the world are positive—positive must be the efforts which uproot them! The age is revolutionary, as all the ages are, owing to man's restless and progressive spirit, but this one is witnessing the most marvellous destructions and upbuildings of them all. As the old departs let the new be clothed with the celestial garb of virtue and of peace. Let invisible forces be at work, silently—for great deeds are always done in silence—silently preparing forms of beauty to fill the broad expanse of the future, even as the invisible coral-builders, during the long flow of ages, have studded with radiant islets the calm bosom of the Pacific.

Yet be not anxious in reference either to the world's future or your own. God will take care of both. Men never know when they strike the chord which is to vibrate forever. Bishop Ken would probably have been very unwilling to base his hopes of immortality on the simple evening and morning hymns, and yet these, sounding forth the natural voices of the grateful and penitent heart, set to swelling music or lisped by stammering tongue, to Anglo Saxon Protestantism conjoined forever with the *Glorius* and the *Misereres* of the universal Church, will prolong his name and memory to a point to which assuredly they would never have been borne by episcopal honors or theological tractates. The present and its pressing duties alone occupied the attention of the humble and heroic men, of whom the world was not worthy, who, performing the rites of their new-found faith in dens and caves of the earth, have made historic the church of the catacombs.

On the broad and beautiful theatre of your native land—broad because it is free, and beautiful because it is filled with the homes of peace—calmly and earnestly fulfil the mission of Christian patriots. Other lands may surpass in the rush of material prosperity, or in the charm of classic association, yet, with a true-hearted and intelligent people, with each man a brother and an equal of his fellow man, with the sacred safeguards of a free constitution, with no foe without and no traitor within—where on the wide earth would free men sooner dwell than in the Lower Provinces of British North America?

"Like as a star which maketh not haste,  
Which taketh not rest,  
Let each one fulfil  
His God-given 'hest."

## The Mount Allison ACADEMIC GAZETTE.

SACKVILLE, N. B., DECEMBER, 1860.

At the close of another year—the eighteenth in the history of educational operations here—it is our pleasing duty to report that the Academy has had uninterrupted and increased prosperity since the date of our last Gazette.

From the catalogue given on a previous page, it may be seen that 173 names of different persons have been entered on the class lists as Students during the year 1860. Of these 125 have been boarders and 50 day pupils. 88 were in attendance the first Term, which ended in February; 86 the second, which ended in May; 86 the third, which ended in October; and there are now in attendance 107. Of the total number for the year, less than one-fourth have been under fourteen years of age, just about one-half between fourteen and twenty, and rather more than one-fourth twenty and upwards.

The following is the statement of the numbers attending to the different branches of study, viz :

Geography,.....	78	Mensuration, &c.,.....	39
English Grammar,.....	91	Land Surveying, &c.,.....	18
Arithmetic,.....	112	Geometry,.....	20
History,.....	13	Calculus, &c.,.....	4
Book Keeping,.....	56	Rhetoric,.....	18
Physical Geography,.....	14	Mental Philosophy,.....	13
Natural History,.....	8	Logic,.....	4
Chemistry,.....	12	Moral Philosophy,.....	13
Natural Philosophy,.....	32	French Language,.....	40
Physiology,.....	9	Latin, ".....	61
Astronomy,.....	12	Greek, ".....	40
Algebra,.....	37		

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