

incompetent or unwilling to fulfill their promises in this respect. With regard to our Alma Mater we can say without boasting, that she does bestow upon her students a liberal culture. The student, who passes through the two years course in the Collegiate Academy and the four years course in college—each year containing nine months of hard study, and is not then the possessor of a well-cultured mind, is in our opinion deficient in intellect, and should never have aspired to the honors of polite literature.

SOME little time since there was laid on our table a copy of a petition addressed to both branches of the Provincial Parliament, praying that justice and equality might be recognized and practised, in the appropriation of public money for the support of higher education. The petition is in substance as follows:

Two religious denominations—the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians, each annually receive the sum of \$2800 from the Provincial Treasury towards the support of their respective Colleges, whilst the Baptists receive only \$400 towards the support of Acadia. We think that the justness of the claim urged by the petitioners is something, so evident to all, as not to admit of a doubt. It is stated in the petition, that if no grants were given to support any of the Colleges, the petitioners would be satisfied; but since the system is in operation, they ask that justice may be done.

We are pleased to observe that a number of the daily papers have taken up this subject and discussed it in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, advocating the bestowment of equal grants to the different Colleges.

The *Reporter*, in an able written editorial, shows the folly of advocating the idea of a Provincial University at the present time, the field being already occupied by the existing Colleges. It favors the plan of equalizing the grants to the different Colleges. The *Morning Herald* makes some good points in favor of supporting the Colleges we now have. We can sympathize with the *Herald* in not being able to see why Dalhousie should be considered the Provincial University any more than King's or Acadia.

We are informed also that petitions

have been circulated through Kings County, praying for a larger grant to Horton Academy. The grounds on which the petitioners rest their claims, in both of these cases, have been clearly set forth in the memorials published in some of the provincial papers. We feel confident that our legislators will take into account the facts referred to in those memorials, and give them such consideration as their importance demands, and that since justice only is asked for, the petitioners in each case may receive the desired amount.

#### OUT-LOOK FROM BORDER LAND.

ON Friday evening, Feb. 18th, in Academy Hall, Prof. Jones delivered a lecture on the above subject. Its delivery occupied about an hour and forty minutes, and it was listened to with marked attention throughout. The lecturer is the well-known professor of the Classical languages in this college, and well did he sustain a reputation, long ago established, for proficiency in the use of the English language, wielding it with a skill that indicated a master-hand. Not even a brief synopsis can be given in our limited space, but merely a few notes by the way. The lecturer introduced his subject by briefly alluding to the powerful influence exerted by the ancient mind upon the modern, and the necessary sympathy that man must have for his brother in any age of the world, quoting a sentiment from one of the Ancients, in support of the exalted idea that whatever is human; whatever has moved the fortunes of man in moulding his character, influencing his will or shaping his spiritual nature is of interest to man. He led us in to the more secret chambers of the ancient soul groping in "darkness visible" on the verge of that "border land," and peering beyond the mists and shadows, if by some inherent power of vision it might pierce the gloomy "chaos," and discern "fields Elysian," some happy isles of the blessed. Wedding poetry to prose the lecturer, described that high creation of the poetic imagination when the aspiration of the religious spirit upbore it, the ancient conception of the paradise of the just. We will not mock the description which called forth the most enthusiastic admiration from us, by any

attempt at recapitulation. The language was rich with imagery, and it flung over us "Sabeian odours" from the spicy islands of "Araby the blest."

If one who sits at the teacher's feet listening to his instruction may assume the position of critic without the imputation of servile flattery on the one hand; or infatuated hero-worship on the other, we pronounce the description of Gloomy Tartarus and Elysium, masterpieces. Every sentence flings before the mind's eye a finished shape. With admirable conciseness, but yet with sufficient voluminousness to give harmony and rhythm, he proceeded onward, now touching with white-ethereal pinion the far off glories of their heaven, and then hovering over the stygian pool with darkling wing and beating its heavy sunless air with labor-ed stroke. Cerberus with horrid maw and "streaks of hell fire quivering madly in his gaunt bosom" passed away, while over the horrid scene from the broken clouds and changing skies the "holy light" breaks forth till mount Olympus is lost in the dazzling gleam.

The lecturer quoted from many of the ancients to illustrate their conception of life and death, the fleeting years, the inadequacy of time's pleasures to administer to the soul crying importunately for light beyond life. He treated at some length the arguments of Socrates on the immortality of the soul, entered into their merits and gave us the stand taken by the modern world with regard to their justice and reliability.

In conclusion, we would say that more than ever do we reverence the philosophic mind and the deep-stern soul of that noble few who contended so valiantly against the inexorable Fate, which had shut out from them the certainty of Truth which they strove so mighty to grasp, but which alas was beyond the reach of the most Titanic intellect. "Where cried they is God?" But no voice answered them from the deep abyss. Their utmost vision saw not beyond Chaos where the discords reigned and where blackness brooded over eternity. They could truly say what the modern atheist cries in horrid blasphemy, "I mounted the suns and flew with the galaxies through the waste of Heaven; but there is no God. I descended as far