

adopted the system of "State" or "State Supported Universities," most probably as being easier to initiate and more capable of being quickly hot-housed into magnitude. Although yet young in years the leaven of their source of support is already beginning to operate. The tendency to use the control of their appointments for party purposes, to exhibit expenditures made upon them as causes for party glorification, and to acknowledge the support granted to them as reasons for party support, is being on all hands more increasingly admitted. So shrewd an observer as Charles Dudley Warner, after an examination into their workings, summarized the result into this one sentence. "The bane of a State University is politics," and if this is the result of his enquiry into the "Western" University system, may we, too, not take warning lest the same may spread into our own; may not the little handwriting on the wall which has shown itself in our Public schools be a sign of what may yet extend into our higher and University sphere of education. Education, particularly higher education, must be conducted for education's sake alone, and for *nothing else*. Self dependence is the surest safe-guard of liberty. So long as men are mortal, State aid and State share in management cannot be untied by political hopes or party significance, and as surely will they be followed later on by loss of independence. It was a wise warning and pertinent to the times. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. Better Individuality than a patent uniformity, better the free emulation of Self-dependent Universities, than a State Machine.

THE CENTENARY OF KING'S UNIVERSITY, NOVA SCOTIA.

SINCE Confederation brought us into touch with our brethren of the Eastern seas, the strong mental calibre of their men has been a source of admiration and remark. If we have supplied them with trade they have furnished us in return with any quantity of brains. It has been suggested that this is largely due to fish and potatoes, which are the accredited sustenance of the people, but whenever it may arise, the fact remains that a large proportion of the leading men in our Parliaments and in our educational and literary institutions are the product of those shores.

The centenary of "Kings" awakens us to the fact that Higher education was established among them even long before we were born. To this, then, no doubt may be assigned no mean share of their success.

"Kings" was founded on sturdy self reliance and hope, and it is interesting to read that when so long ago as 1768 its establishment was being considered, and consultation was had with the "Board of Trade and Plantations at Home." The authorities in England "deemed it best that such a scheme should proceed from private enterprise rather than from the Crown."

In 1788 the university was initiated "for the encouragement of literature and *les belles lettres*, and for the promotion of the Christian Religion," and in 1790 at Windsor, Nova Scotia, the foundations were laid of the college buildings.

From those walls have since gone forth bishops, jurists, civilians, soldiers, divines, whose names are held high in regard, and an educating influence which has evidently not been without effect upon the formation of the present high standard of the people.

The centenary was celebrated in the end of June, and among the distinguished men who were present were the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia and Coadjutor Fredericton, the Bishops of Kentucky, Iowa and North Dakota, Dean Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary, of New

York; the Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island; Professor Clark, of Trinity University, Toronto; the President of Dalhousie College, Halifax, and a great gathering of alumni and friends who came together to rejoice in the success of the old historic University, the oldest in the Dominion.

We learn from our exchanges that the commemoration ceremonies were of the most extended and enthusiastic character, and that King's enters upon its second century with every prospect of continued growth and success.

A public meeting in support of the University was held next day at Halifax, which was highly successful. Among notable addresses the *Church Review* reports: "Professor Clark, of Trinity University, Toronto, spoke upon the general question of education, handling the subject in his own masterly and masterful way. His speech demonstrated how it was possible to make an interesting, if a somewhat dry subject, when treated scientifically, logically and lucidly, eminently attractive."

We congratulate our sister university down by the sea upon her anniversary. Founded, as she is, on the same hopes, and maintained on the same lines as Trinity, we can heartily say, "*Floreat King's*."

"THE MORROW."

A THOUGHT AT THE GRAVE OF ———.

THOUGH the tear of the twilight—the dew on the leaf—
Is the voice of the blossom in sorrow,
The shadow is passing, the gloom is but brief,
For the shades of the night are a chastening grief,
That brighten the joys of the morrow.

The blossom, now drooping, now trembling in fear,
Dreams not of the light that is dawning,
Lone mourner! tho' stricken, forsaken, in tears,
There is balm for thy sorrow—the Zephyr appears,
The beautiful Zephyr of morning.

See! the pinion is spread, and the songster's away,
And the woods and the plains are forsaken,
His merry note welcomes the earliest ray,
As he flutters aloft in the opening day,
Bidding beautiful nature awaken.

See! the waters are leaping! sweet ripples arise,
To play with the sunbeams of Heaven,
They gambol with light, and then joyous replies
Waft away from their mirror in song to the skies,
In homage for light that is given.

Yes! the sun is as bright and its smiles are as gay,
And its beams are as joyous as ever,
And the dew-drop of sadness now tempted away,
The blossom responds to the joy of the day,
And sparkles again 'mongst the heather.

Thus the bloom of the soul may be blighted to-day,
And Love be despairing in sorrow,
But yet there is balm which its grief shall allay,
There is rest for the weary—life's chastening way
Is the path to the Heavenly morrow.

Yes! the vision of love altho' dimmed by a tear,
Clings faithful to Hope in its sorrow,
For the shadow that softly encircles thy bier,
Tho' it darkens the way of our pilgrimage here,
But heralds the joys of the morrow.

Thus the path of the faithful tho' winding to-day
Through the valley that sorrow has shrouded,
Through the shadow of Death, through the blight of Decay,
Shall lead by a bright and a beautiful way,
To a morrow forever unclouded.

Shall lead to thy home, Aline! spirit of light,
To bliss that no shadow shall sever,
To a freedom that loosens the bonds of the night,
To a morning of life, everlastingly bright,
To a Joy that is smiling forever.

F. W. C.