

there is not a single intelligent well-wisher of his country who would not rejoice to see such a University, and who would not wish it every manner of success; for certainly that country is in a most despicable condition whose sectarian animosities would prevent its young men from meeting in a common seat of learning as gentlemen and scholars, and thus deriving them from securing the advantages of a thoroughly liberal education. There they certainly could meet on common ground without the slightest compromise of principle. There, too, we firmly believe, the foundation of a higher and happier future would be laid—a future in which men would learn to respect one another's differences—where they would more thoroughly learn the grand doctrine of Toleration, and be led to find partial Truth where now they see nothing but a mass of Error. And who would not joyously hail the advent of such a period? Certainly "it is a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

Yet our friends must remember that Dalhousie University is still in the uncertain future, among the things *that are to be*. It can be formed only after the passing of a Bill, which Bill we trust *shall* indeed pass. Still, it *may* fail in passing. Further be it remembered, even after it *has passed*, some time must necessarily be spent before such a University can be thoroughly equipped for its *its* work. Hence, let us not forget the Proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two on the bush." We have at present a scheme in operation, through which we may, with God's blessing, in some measure at least, meet the wants of our Church. We have several young men of high standing, both in Scotland and in Canada, and several others at hand, ready to join them. The vacancies in our Church are numerous, and the waits daily increasing. Let us allow "the Young Men's Scheme" to languish, and what may follow?—Dalhousie College Scheme may fail, and we shall find ourselves cut off from even our present source of supply. Indeed were this College or University Scheme *realized*, I cannot see how the "Young Men's Scheme" must consequently be thrown *entirely* aside. Certainly it would no longer exist in exactly the same form, as it does at present, yet it could very easily be re-modelled so as to serve a most excellent purpose.

In the meantime, however, let us stand by the scheme *as it is*. We have already contracted a very heavy responsibility, we have sent several young men to college, who look to us for some support, and that support we shall gladly give, and continue while required. Hence let the annual collection be made this year as formerly. We need at least as much money as we required last year, and I have no doubt, we shall find our people equally liberal, and in the meantime,

Believe me, My dear sir,

Yours truly,

S. MCGREGOR.

From our Scotch Correspondent.

DURING the preceding part of the session, the College Courts have presented the most exciting aspect it has been my lot to witness heretofore during my College years. Even outsiders seemed infected; the merchant in the Exchange made it the subject of conversation while scanning the news of the day—the dweller in Saltmarket discussed the merits of the candidates over his glass of "half-and-hell." But let us enter the courts, and here we at once find ourselves on the real battleground; here a knot of blue-caps—there a cluster of reds—here an active and unwearied canvasser on the one side, eagerly pitching into some verdant junior from the highlands of Perthshire or the churlish mountains of Argyle—there an equally determined supporter of the other side, exhorting some fearfully unimpressible subject to stand forward like a man and record his vote for — the best man, of course. "But who and what are these blues and reds?" you may ask. Well, they are the clergymen, the lawyers, the doctors, the men of science and thought of the rising generation. We have here specimens of humanity from all quarters of the globe—from the Feejee Islands to Nova Scotia. We have, perhaps, some of the choicest men of the day, as also, perhaps, some of the stupidest, and this is the time when clever and stupid alike unite, and it is no use blinking the truth, making fools of themselves. The Election *furor* has seized upon all, setting the equilibrium of the hard-working student, crammed with classic lore or metaphysical erudition, as well as of him whose head is guiltless of containing a single idea. And yet great good comes out of this considerable amount of foolery. There is scarcely a good speaker leaves College but, if you will ask him to what one thing more than another he may owe his success, will answer you thus—"to the drilling I received in the Greek Class Room at some of our election meetings." In fact, it is a perfect nursery of orators in embryo. He who has commanded a hearing from an auditory of students—the most hypercritical set alive—need fear no audience.

But enough of this, and let us state in clear terms, as a sort of wind up of this part, that, after one of the best contested Rectorial elections ever fought in this University, victory has declared for the red caps, and Lord Palmerston, "the venerable Premier," has been elected to the highest office the University could bestow—that of Lord Rector. His opponent was John Inglis, Esq., the Lord Justice Clerk, an old and distinguished student of our own Alma Mater, and who was the main instrument in framing and carrying out the provisions of the famous "Scotch Universities' Act," which has, in its result, been so beneficial and so highly creditable to its framer. Notwithstanding these peculiar claims, it can be no disgrace to him to be de-