

Chair was discussed in the Convention at Halifax. Be it so. It is however also a fact, that with all deference to what may seem to be the general voice of our people, there is sometimes needed a daring aim grounded on what some may better discern as sure to be the ultimate wish of the people when the proposed measure shall come to be more plainly and generally understood. If it shall eventually be perceived that our support of a Theological School at Toronto can never promote religious growth in the Maritime Provinces as effectually as such a school among ourselves, and that our progress hitherto has all along pointed to such a foundation; will there not then be felt a deep regret that the best opportunity was lost in the moment that we consented to accept the institution at Toronto as our Theological school instead of manfully resolving that Acadia College shall be made to embody a course of Christian Theology as an essential part of its scheme of instruction.

Let us then have, if we can, the contributions of the rich, but let us prize even more highly the hard-earned donations of our poorer members, for they, I repeat, have the double efficacy of promoting the objects to which they are applied, and of forming and strengthening the character of the donors.

Notwithstanding his strong dissatisfaction with the recent measure, the writer loves and admires our leading men, and ventures to hope that they may yet at some early period hereafter, be found successfully retracing their steps.

It might be well, did time and space permit, to refer more minutely to the benefits to be derived from a Theological school planted within our own borders, and this may possibly be undertaken in another paper, unless the attempt is thought to be a too audacious dissent from the present judgments of "the powers that be." AUDAX.

AN HOUR WITH HOMER.

It is seldom that the members of our Literary Society have the privilege of enjoying so rare a treat as was recently afforded them by Prof. Jones in his lecture on Homer. The lecturer and his subject being both popular, a larger number of students than usual assembled in President's Hall, notwithstanding the attractions

of Halloween.

It is impossible, in our limited space, to give a complete summary of a paper that charmed and delighted the audience for over an hour, and impressed them with a high idea of the ripe scholarship, accurate classical knowledge and fine poetical sentiment of the author. Our readers must be satisfied with a bare outline of the lecturer's course of thought, and a few select quotations.

In treating the subject reference was made first, to the general concession that Homer's poems are immortal; secondly, to the source of Homer's power, and in the third place to the influence of the study of Homer on the mind.

The lecturer began by referring to the wonderful stories that often weave themselves into the biographies of distinguished individuals, and wrap their early history in the most fascinating romance. The childhood of Homer was no exception; the web of fiction has been woven around his very cradle, and the tale of the 'nine turtle doves' with which he played in his infancy gives a striking and suggestive charm to the early life of one whose voice was attuned by nature to that melody which has vibrated gloriously throughout all the corridors of time. "If ever man loved nature, it was Homer, and if ever man was loved by nature it was Homer; into him she poured the full tide of her life, making his poems the representation of herself, the only pledge of immortality. In thinking of Homer's works we are reminded of the sea in its different aspects. Underneath all there are the great deeps from which all manifestation wells, and without which expression is valueless. There are times when the ocean is calm and clear, and objects are reflected in it in transfigured beauty. Again the wind passes over it, and in wild unrest it breaks into strong and passionate moaning, but when lashed by the tempest it rolls in sublime harmony, with the spirit of the storm. So with Homer, how we gaze into the calm clear depths where thought dwells crystallized, yea glorified, now the harpsichord, swept by passion, sings in doleful gloomy