

5. ESSAY—Economy of Time,
S. H. Cain, Yarmouth.
6. ESSAY—Capture of Quebec,
J. W. Tingley, Margaree, C. B.
7. PIANO DUET—Sonata in D.....Mozart.
Misses Ruhland and Ferris.
8. ESSAY—The Norman Conquest of England,
Mark B. Shaw, Berwick.
9. FRENCH ESSAY—Madame de Stael,
Miss Alice Fitch, Wolfville.
10. ESSAY—Lord Byron,
H. T. Ross, Margaree, C. B.
11. PIANO SOLO—Allegro.....Schurmann.
Miss Alice Hamilton, Grand Pre.
12. ESSAY—Our Heritage,
Miss Welthe Crosby, Ohio.
13. ESSAY—Ad Altiora,
Miss Mary Crosby, Beaver River.
14. PIANO DUET—Marche Militaire....Schubert.
Misses Masters and Snide.

This programme was carried out in a satisfactory manner. The different speakers acquitted themselves creditably and the music was, no doubt, excellent. Perhaps if there had been a little more variety, by way of introducing some vocal music and readings and recitations, many would have enjoyed it better; but as it was, the exhibition was everything that could be desired. Two young ladies, the Misses Crosby, whose essays were well received, having completed the prescribed course, were awarded diplomas. The matriculating class numbers twenty-three, of whom three are ladies.

On Wednesday evening a large audience assembled in College Hall to hear Dr. Schurman's lecture upon

"CARLYLE AS SEER."

With a few appropriate words, Mr. Longley, the President of the Alumni Association, introduced Professor Schurman to the audience. The following abstract will give some idea of the character of the lecture.

Nothing can be more significant of an age than the character of its hero. Were all other records and traditions of the French Revolution lost to us, we might ideally reproduce the society which bore and nourished it from the simple circumstances that when Voltaire came up to Paris, nobles disguised themselves as tavern waiters that they might serve him, ladies almost stifled him under roses, and princes vied with one another in doing him homage. And that Europe is struggling to recover from the sceptical blight of the 18th century is manifest from the kind of heroes it has since set up in succession to Rousseau, Voltaire and Diderot. A man who was active in reconstruction as the French were in destruction has been our British hero for the last 40 years. Pilgrimages to the

shrine of a martyred saint are not now customary, but pilgrimages to the habitation of a living Seer have been fashionable throughout the life time of our own and our fathers' generations. In my student days I once waited three hours in a drizzly rain before the old house numbered 5 in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and I had at least the pleasure of seeing the venerable Sage and receiving from him a friendly look of recognition which, though perhaps an insignificant matter, was precious to me at that time, and has now become hallowed in the pale moonlight of memory as a sacred personal reminiscence of the noblest piece of manhood that has turned up in these late ages of the world's history. The Seer Carlyle was the spiritual child of John Knox. But little dreamt Knox himself of such an offspring. He sowed the seed; the harvest was in the hands of God. It is with opinions, as with arts and sciences. The rude stiff figures of the lions which after 3,000 years still watch over the gate of Mycenæ, must have seemed to the Greeks of the pre-Homeric period the masterpiece and the final consummation of the sculptor's art, but the æsthetic spirit which took this primitive embodiment passed restlessly through successive transformations till Phidias moulded it in Olympian Zeus and Praxiteles gave it a Cnidian Aphrodite. The great world spins forever "down the ringing grooves of change." It is startling, but yet essentially true, that the Presbyterianism of Knox held in solution the practical philosophy of Carlyle. It had, however, to be waked out of its dumb potentiality, —and this was the function of German philosophy and German literature. Scottish Religion and German Thought are the warp and woof of our Seer's spiritual life. The mutual adjustment of these two produced what he calls his 'conversion' or 'haphometric fire—baptism.' The first stage towards this new birth is scepticism. From out the starless night of his beclouded soul, there come multitudinous voices of horrid import and suggestion. May not this universe of ours, with its long-drawn spaces and countless æons of years, be but the abode of a fiend, whose thou art, and whom thou servest? And the poor groping soul passes from doubt to unbelief, from unbelief to despair, to cloud after cloud enveloping its black Tartarean gloom. Atheism, scepticism together in his cup; poisonous draughts bringing inanition of will, torpor of intellect, and bitterness of heart and life.

But in absolute negation the soul of men