fort depends upon conformity to those laws that are revealed to us in the external world.

Utility, then, must determine our attitude in distinguishing between scepticism and dogmatism; so the dogmatist will see that his boasted knowledge rests upon assumptions that may be questioned and will stand in humility and awe before the mystery of those same problems yet unsolved. Truly we "stand before the Sibyl-cave of destiny shouting questions into the darkness and receiving no answer but an echo," truly "the universe is as a mighty sphinx-riddle, which we know but little of yet must read or be devoured." Our hold of sensuous reality is weakened by considerations of this kind and sometimes as we have felt that reality is melting from our touch and the gulf opening beneath our feet, yet we have felt that the sum of our experience affords us a ground of assurance and the words have come home to us:

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

And yet we are not to allow ourselves to be overcome with doubt and despair as we are sometimes inclined to do. Though we cannot know in the absolute yet the fulness and richness of life is not lessened by that. Granting the validity of our immediate perceptions, which admission we *must* practically make, our system of knowledge follows with logical necessity and our highest usefulness demands a continuous and powerful exercise of that faith in man, yea, of that faith in God which is sufficient to save us from paralysis and despair, and, by setting our feet upon a sufficiently firm foundation, affords us a ground for hope of the realization of our ideals.

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## Correspondence.

MUNICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE REPORT OF THE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM.

Dear Sir: It is a source of satisfaction to know that at long last the Board of Governors of Acadia University have awakened to the fact that they have under their control an institution known as Horton Collegiate Academy. Altogether too long has the Academy been neglected and left to struggle on alone. Vacancies have been filled it is true, and it is possible to imagine that occasionally a Governor would suggest that "Something be done;" but it was merely a suggestion—nothing more.