

one of these exhibitions may enter upon his course with £60 per year to help him through, and at the termination of his graduation may secure a travelling scholarship of £200 per year for three years. Such a golden opportunity may indeed fascinate the imagination and inspire the enthusiasm of our colonial youths, and if these exhibitions are established there will be no fear of the scholarship ever being vacant, as it is at present. Our readers will remember that two years ago classes were opened in the evening for the benefit of the general public. The social difficulties consequent upon times of depression have not tended to increase the number of these evening students. The classes in French, German, and English have not yet commenced, but we are informed that 38 have enrolled themselves in the other classes. A statement was put forth by the council that if 10 persons expressed a desire to study any subject not in the advertised list it would endeavor to meet their wishes by forming another class. Hitherto this suggestion has been a dead letter, but as it becomes more widely known the young men of Adelaide will surely take advantage of it. The University has entered this year upon what will be a new chapter in its history. It has struck out on a new course. It has done everything that could be done to open its doors to all without lowering its standard. We wish it success. It is the policy that every thoughtful Australian will approve. If it had made its degrees easier of attainment than other universities no one in the long run would have been pleased. This it has not done, but in its evening classes and its higher public examination it has thrown down every artificial barrier which stood as an impediment in the pathway of any one who wished to compete fairly and honorably for its academic distinctions.

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Mr. MORLEY in Parliament and Mr. Morley out of Parliament are two different personages. Before he undertook the duties pertaining to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, at a time when Home Rule was the order of the day, John Morley was known as the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and as the author of valuable books on Voltaire and Rousseau, and on "Compromise." Thus he was known in the newspaper world and in the literary world. This is a distinction with a great difference, as newspaper men will be the first to acknowledge. Many of those who knew him—even though their knowledge was only secondhand and through his books—regretted that Mr. Morley had left literature for politics. He himself plainly agrees with them. "Politics," he says, "are a field where action is one long second best, and where the choice constantly lies between two blunders." Why, then, did he enter upon this field? Would it not have been better for him to have left Amaryllis in the shade, and to have turned his back on the fascinations of Neaera? From his pulpit of literature, by means of his editorial writings, or his more sustained efforts, would he not have done as much good as if he descended into the arena of political strife? But he has decided for himself; politics have drawn away from literature a champion

who could ill be spared—a protagonist who was strong and uncompromising. But what is the loss of literature is the gain of politics. Men like John Morley are wanted in the House of Commons if only to maintain the character which men like Pulteney and Stanley, and Burke and Canning have earned for it. These were leaders in literature as well as in politics. They were scholarly men who could adorn a maxim in political economy with an apt quotation from the classics of Rome or of England, and who could apply their learning to the merest question of detail. And even now the Prime Minister of England is an old pressman, and the leader of her Majesty's Opposition a scholar of whom England must be proud.

Literature is not yet unattractive; constituencies do not neglect merit in writing. The latest proof of this is afforded by Mr. John Morley himself, who recently delivered in the Egyptian Hall of the London Mansion House an address on "The Study of Literature." It is interesting to notice particularly the scene. Here is a man who has made his mark in politics, and he has time to write an elaborate essay on literature. And it must further be understood that the literature on which Mr. Morley discourses is not utilitarian literature. He does not want to coach people for an examination. It is none of his business to cram people with enough knowledge of things and facts as will ensure their success with examiners. He aims far higher than that. He wants to educate people in the highest and grandest conception of the word, so that they may know things better at the same time that they know the causes of things more thoroughly. He tells us that the object of the organisation for which he labors is "to bring the Periclean ideas of beauty and simplicity and of cultivation of the mind within the reach of those who do the drudgery, and the service, and hard work of the world." These Periclean ideas are embodied in that famous speech which Thucydides has handed down to us—the speech in which Pericles spoke the farewell of Athens to the men who fell for her in the beginning of the Peloponnesian War. In this Pericles is reported to have

said (we use Mr. Morley's version):—
“We at Athens are lovers of the beautiful,
yet simple in our tastes ; we cultivate the
mind without loss of manliness.” This
object—the object of those who would
spread literature most widely—is very like
the object of our University evening
classes. Mr. Morley, following Pericles,
and like the authorities here, wants to
bring the beauties of literature within
easy reach of those whose time is occu-
pled with the mere details of life—
with the very alphabet to success
in life and position in society. And
what can literature do for us? It
cannot make men of us. “Literature
alone,” Mr. Morley says, “will not
make a good citizen ; it will not alone
make a good man. History affords too
many proofs that scholarship and learning
by no means purge men of acrimony, of
vanity, of arrogance, and of a murderous
tenacity about trifles.” But we have
no right to depreciate the value
of trifles. This Michael Angelo taught.
Perfection, as he has said, is made
up of trifles—and perfection is no trifle.
Literature will make much of us if
we are true students. Rightly under-
stood, it is the dividing line between civili-
sation and barbarism. It teaches us to
understand the best that is known and
thought in the world. It opens up grand