

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. }
OLD SERIES—VOL. XI. }

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

{ NEW No. 6.
{ WHOLE No. 112.

(For the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.)

FOR AN ALBUM.

Youthful, buoyant, joyous, free,
Full of life and liberty
Thou art now ;
Naught of sorrow dost thou share,
Not the shadow of a care
Shades thy brow.

Life ahead is all uncertain,—
Never seek to lift the curtain
Wisdom drew ;
But for each event the rather
Trust in God,—the loving Father
Cares for you.

He who makes the lilies grow,
Clothed in beauty pure as snow,
Feeds His own :
They grope in night who will not trust,
But, in love, for all the just
'Light is sown.'

Bread of heaven be thy food,
Joy and peace and every good
Here be thine !
Glory's crown be richly set,
Studded like a coronet,—
Stars that shine !

S. M. N.

Preston, England, January 1st, 1879.

TO THE SEA.

Thou blowest soft, O sea,
In even's mantle clad ;
What vespers come from thee,
Faint wearily and fade.

The headland scenteth night,
And fadeth with thy main ;
One early star his light,
Trails in thy vasty plain.

Thou send'st thy waves from thee,
A-trooping in the gloom ;
Thou ripplest low, O sea,
Like grasses near a tomb.

I'd be like thee, O sea,
'Neath even's dusky cloud,
Untangled, calm and free,
Thou mild pacific flood.

No chains thy waves defeat,
Nor slings nor arrows thee,
Immeasurably great,
Thy deeps and billows be.

Sleep on thou solemn tide,
With listless surges hushed ;
Thy murky empire wide,
On every shore has washed.

S. J. M.

MATHEMATICS.

Mathematics :
Sum of student woe,
Ills, *ad infinitum*,
Round thy pathways grow.

Mathematics :
Surds, of all absurds,
Curl my hair with horror,
Only at the words.

Mathematics :
Headache, sums thy charms,
Frightful combinations,
Fold thee in their arms.

Mathematics :
Sines, and cubes, and squares,
Hideous evolutions,
E'en my slumber, scares.

Mathematics :
Couched upon thy deep,
Plus, portrays the nightmares,
Minus, sums the sleep.

J. F. D.

HERE is a problem for some logician to solve. A Senior whom we shall denominate *L*— is seen by two fellow-students to receive a small note of *peculiar* shape, colour, and odor directed in a peculiar angular hand. The same evening this same Senior is seen by these same fellow-students walking lovingly arm in arm with a "ladie faire." Has this "ladie faire" anything to do with the missive. *Tell us, Hopewell!*

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THIS greatest work, of one of Britain's greatest men, can be but very incompletely treated in a paper such as the present. In looking at this history, it is well that to some extent we know the author. We must see him as one whose whole soul is bound up in a love for literature, before a full appreciation of his ardent style dawns upon us. He states his facts as one who is deeply interested himself in what he is saying, and too often, as one who seems to have a strong sympathy enlisted in the cause. We must watch him for a time, as with almost superhuman diligence and perseverance, he delves into every corner in search of truth, before the mind can be sufficiently impressed with the great value of what lies before it. His quotations are collected over the whole range of letters, and he proves, or explains his views, by illustrations wide-spread as the tides of human existence. But amid all that is great in this wonderful man there may be discovered much which is small. The objects on which the eye of his mind rests, he sees clearly, perhaps more clearly than any other historian, but while looking at a particular event, darkness seems to hide those secret springs of action which governed or produced it; and thus the view, however distinct, is often narrow and sometimes distorted. His treatment of other authors is a strange study. Let the man be ever so wretched a writer, Macaulay is always ready to lend him assistance as a man, either in money or advice. He seems the soul of kindness. But when he begins to deal with him as a poor writer, the culprit can expect never mercy and seldom justice at his hands. It reminds one of a very big boy, more for pleasure than anything else, bullying a very little boy. It is not perhaps that he feels so indignant and destructive, but in his healthful vigour the puny scribbler is crushed out of all proportion. The most striking feature of his mind was that extraordinary memory, which, like some gummy surface, seemed to catch and retain everything that floated by. Gladstone, speaking of this peculiarity, says: "All his life long he was taking in whole cargoes of knowledge, and nothing which he imported into his mind remained there barren or inert." And he himself has told us that out of all this vast store he forgot nothing. Aided by this short glance at the author, let us look at the work. In style Macaulay's history differs somewhat from his essays, and suffers, we think, in that difference.

Nor is this to be wondered at. It is much easier to keep up a lively, forcible style through an essay of fifty pages, which treats of some chosen theme, than to sustain the same from the beginning to the end of a long work, where it is necessary to dwell on many details which contain little of interest and nothing of an exciting character. However, through these pages there are to be found, here and there, passages that for precision of utterance, sublimity in imagination, and unity of detail, are seldom surpassed in the whole compass of English prose writing. Another feature to be noticed in connection with this historian's style, is his manner of putting ideas in a striking, we may say, in a glaring light. When he wishes to bring out a fact so that there will be no passing it by unnoticed, he describes it in words of the most tremendous character, and in some cases the telescope through which he requires it to be viewed, by its very strength, in a measure defeats his own ends. An illustration of this will be found in his concluding remarks on the Battle of Landen. He is showing the progress which mental power has made in its competition with physical power from the time of Ajax and Achilles down to the days of Luxemburg and William; and the following is his panegyric on the last mentioned leaders: "It is probable that among the 120,000 soldiers who were marshalled round Neerwinden, under all the standards of Western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchback dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." This sentence is grand, and it is striking, but it is much too decided. Look for instance, at one of those Generals. We have but to study the life of William to know that a man who passed through the fatigue and exposure which he did, must have had a certain strength of body and power of endurance not to be found in every frame, and we venture to say that in those 120,000 men there was not one out of every 100 who would dare to face him in single combat. To call such a man an "asthmatic skeleton" and to pronounce him one of the two weakest beings in a vast host, may place a certain truth strikingly before us, but it seems to be much like giving a man poison to show the dangers by which digestion is beset. It is a fact that Macaulay, by this sort of illustrations, fully shows his point, but it is a question whether William, to aid in this, would appreciate being unjustly dangled before posterity as an "asthmatic skeleton."

With these remarks on the style we will pass on to the theme of the work. The following is the opening sentence: "I purpose to write the History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." This purpose he was never able to accomplish. His work ends with the joyful reception of William after the signing of the Treaty of Ryswick. As a historian, Macaulay is decidedly an Englishman, a Whig, and an Episcopalian, and although it is his sincere desire to appear and perhaps to be impartial, yet a careful study of the volumes under consideration will leave us in no doubt as to his principles. Perhaps no more striking illustration of the great difference between laying down a beautiful theory and carrying it into practice, or shall we say of knowing how to do right, and yet doing wrong, can be found than by reading the great essayist's review of Hallam's Constitutional History and then turning to his own work. He speaks in terms of the warmest eulogy respecting that writer's calm, passionless, method of weighing every subject; and he peculiarly admires his power of standing as some superior being who has not the slightest interest in any of the events he relates. Now although he views Hallam's cold way of reading facts, their sources and their bearings, with the strongest approbation, perhaps there is no English writer who in this respect falls farther short of him. The difference reminds us of one man beginning to dissect with a lance and another with an axe. Macaulay's stroke is bold, tremendous, and sweeping. Hallam's is keen, discriminating, and cool. He can feel that the former's heart is in all he says. He seems to enter into every Parliamentary debate and Church struggle; to take a peculiar delight in relating the villany of Penn, Marlborough, and Russell, and the still deeper villany of Scottish politicians as a whole; to dwell with proud fond feelings on the heroic stand which the Church of England made in the defence of civil liberty, and the battles which she fought for the overthrow of spiritual darkness, and to recount with a vindictive pleasure the various struggles and triumphs of the Whig party, till at last he leaves them at the close of William's reign in undisputed possession of power, and the founders of the first English Ministry.

From the scope of the work it might justly be termed a history of the Stuart dynasty. Although nominally beginning with James the Second, it takes in at considerable fullness, James I., the

two Charles', and Oliver Cromwell, and it ends just as the last of this family ascends the English Throne. There is something very strange to be noted in connection with this line of Kings. It was a Scottish house, and as a rule we find that the men of that nation are marked more by those decided qualities which distinguished such men as Bruce, Douglas, and Wallace, than for those finer and more attractive graces which enabled James I. or Charles II. often to regain the hearts of their people by a word or smile, which had been alienated from them by years of misgovernment, or Mary to melt those icy barriers which the frigid manner of William had raised between himself and his subjects. There is generally about the Scotchman a certain bluntness and reserve, only pardonable on account of a counterbalancing weight of courage and strength. But in the line of monarchs which the Northern Kingdoms sent to occupy the Southern Throne, we find that instead of coldness and courage there is affability and timidity.

Whether James II. was as perfidious and as dull as Macaulay describes him, we will not stay to enquire. Let us, even taking the material he has furnished, look at his character. One great feature seems to have distinguished his mind, call it which you will, stubbornness or determination. He was a Roman Catholic, and with a courage that might have honoured a better cause, from the beginning to the end he was faithful to his Church. He was a Romanist when the eloquence of Shaftesbury and Essex thundered in the Lords for the Exclusion Bill; an exile and pensioner on the bounty of France, he was a Romanist still. All through a reign of stormy opposition he struggled for one object, the restoration of the Papacy. It was his religion, he believed it true, and if ever man has earned the name of martyr, James II. deserves it. Perhaps the means he adopted were not the best, probably more leniency, less persecution, would have accomplished the end better, but so far as his abilities went, he did his best. Even when dethroned and rejected he could not be brought to utter one word of regret for what he had done, nor to pledge himself in a single promise to desert his Church for the sovereignty of the three Kingdoms. That James was a very good man few will argue, that he was a just man cannot be maintained, but that he was a consistent man none can deny. That James was ambitious of power, even though he did fight for the divine right of kings, cannot we think be proved. He wished to be absolute,

but he wished to be absolute in order that he might place a Romish priest in every English parish and a Papist in every position under Government. He desired a standing army, but he desired it that he might crush out with a strong hand every spark of Protestantism from Britain. But a mightier hand than that of kings rules in the destinies of nations, and although the fault was not James', the project failed.

Whether Mary was justified in the course of conduct she pursued toward the King merely resolves itself into the question: "Should a woman be true to her husband or to her father, when their interests clash?" That her action was governed by broad statesman-like principles or deep patriotic feelings cannot be held. She simply acquiesced in the plans of a husband whom she loved and revered, when he found it necessary to oppose a parent who had little claims on her affection or respect. And it is unjust to insinuate that she intentionally added one drop to the cup of humiliation he was called upon to drain. The duty of William admits of no question, except that old theory of the "Divine right of Kings." But we are not to suppose that he was actuated by any strong feeling of concern for the English. He was a statesman in the widest sense. His mission was to curb the growing influence of France. For this he lived, and thought, and worked. He was a politician whose field was the world, and by accepting the throne of Britain he saw an opportunity to further the adopted scheme of his life. He never loved his new country, and only the light of Mary's smile acting as a counterpoise on his cold manner, enabled him to keep alive the flickering ray of England's respect. Few men have ever been called upon to go through harder trials than William. Few diplomatists could have passed the labyrinths which lay between him and the humiliation of France. And yet the more we know of him the more we must admire, even if we do not love. It would be useless to attempt any details of William's life at this time. His was a career which requires to be studied, and no man has done more to make it interesting and clear than the great historian whose work we are discussing.

We must now look into a question which demands the careful attention of every student of English history, viz: To what extent may Macaulay's statements and opinions be relied on? or in other words, "What claims has Macaulay to the title of an impartial historian? On such

a discussion we would enter, after metaphorically removing the shoes from off our feet, remembering that our tread is over, almost, sacred ground. It must be seen immediately we take up his writings that he endeavours to give all a fair hearing, and in fact his arguments on both sides are generally so strong, that one is compelled to believe each right while reading it. After finishing the discussion contra, we are inclined to exclaim with the Rhodians, after Æschines had read to them the oration against Ctesiphon, "How could you have been beaten after such a speech? But the arguments "pro" the cause call to mind his reply: "You would cease to wonder if you had heard Demosthenes! There is one fact which must be recognized intelligently, as it bears a large influence in this inquiry, and it is this,—the low state of morality in Britain during the reigns over which this work extends. A reader going through these pages will notice that the great majority of politicians mentioned have to undergo a process of adverse criticism, and he grows weary of the continual condemnations pronounced. Now this will perhaps incline one to think that these men are not being fairly dealt with. But when it is remembered that this was a period of great public depravity, it will aid, we think, in forming a truer judgment. Perhaps the overlooking of this fact has done much to influence opinions on Macaulay. He speaks with warm indignation as he deals with the servants of Charles II. and James II. But every honest man must grow indignant as such careers are presented to him. He describes with withering contempt the treachery of Russell, of Marlborough, and other lesser conspirators. But is any contempt too scorching for men whose villainy would almost have made Macchiavelli blush. Even in his estimate of such wretches as Oates and Jeffreys he strives to present in some measure their claims as men. He is accused of being a Churchman, and on every page on the subject this accusation is proved, but while he loves and honors the Episcopal government, is he not at least just to her persecutors? When was that institution as dominant as in the days of Charles II., and when so crushed as during the Commonwealth. And yet do we not find him lofty in his admiration for Cromwell, and loud in his denunciation of Charles.

There is one point, however, where Macaulay's armour cannot bear the stroke, and that is in the duty of adverse criticism. Here, from the very consciousness of his own power, he becomes too

powerful. In his essays more than his history, this fact is noticeable. It seemed the weakness of his literary character that he could administer no punishment less than death. Anyone reading the review of Croaker's, Boswell's, Johnson's, or Montgomery's poems, finds it difficult ever after to strike from his mind the idea that these men were beyond even contempt; and yet when he hears a calm judge pronounce upon either, he is astonished at the different conclusion arrived at. Now in many cases we feel that it is not conviction which makes him speak so strongly, but a kind of mental vigour which rushes on uncontrolled, till the reader wakes to the fact that the subject is not bisected but minced. Viewing this great author's works in the light of the above statements, to what conclusion are we driven? This, that as a guide on fine contested points he is not to be relied on; but that as a narrator of general facts, as an expounder of difficult questions, and as a delineator of character, his judgment and knowledge are deep, powerful, and true.

It might be interesting to inquire, what part this work will play as an English book. Will it be one of those numerous productions, which, as the language changes, fall out of date and are lost, or will it be one of the victorious few, which, stemming the flood of mutation, moulds the phrases and guides the thoughts of future generations. We think that this question can be answered best by investigating another, viz., What are the characteristics which distinguish a work destined to live? The first, and perhaps the most important, is this; its statements must be of such a nature that the investigations of future students shall confirm them; or in plainer words, its statements must be true. It is possible to lay before the public a work containing much which is not fact, but so glossed over by peculiarity, or even beauty of expression, that for a little time the deception is successful. But men's passions cool, some clear-headed investigator has been waiting his time, and from the seclusion of a mouldy study, a review issues, which tears away the light garments and displays the deformities beneath. For a moment the book is held up to ridicule, then sinks into the ocean of forgetfulness. Again it is necessary that its ideas be ahead of the age; that it view events more after the manner in which posterity shall look upon them than as man sees them to day. Many works have rushed through numerous editions, and climbed high in popular favour, only to suffer a universal contempt when distance has called

into play man's calmer judgment, while others have taken an isolated stand in the future to await the advancing step of public culture. We will mention one other distinguishing feature of a book likely to live, and it is this: The language in which it is written should be such that linguists could accept it as a sample of the rhetorical advancement of that period. Now looking at the work before us, do we find here those or any other features which ensure for it a standing place above those floods that sweep thousands of contemporary volumes into a forgotten past. A faithful reviewer must answer in the affirmative. Macaulay has by some untiring investigation, and remarkable powers of mind, thrown a light on English History, which posterity cannot afford to put out. He has been enabled by an almost unprecedented study of her literature and a wide knowledge of other languages, to give the nation a book worthy always to hold a high place among British classics. More than this, we think that even Macaulay's faults, are faults which will give to his writings an untiring interest. It is perhaps, true that a man who can stand amid contending parties, and note with the cold indifference of a marble statue, their battles, is a valuable historian, or that one able to criticize the lives of such men as Titus Oates and Judge Jeffries, and not feel the blood mounting to his cheek, is a reliable biographer. But while man has passions, there will always be a strange pleasure in being assisted by one whose indignation, because of the very strength of his mind, surpasses theirs; to give utterance in finished, masterly invective to the storm within.

It is well for history that Macaulay has written. His effort will raise still higher that important department of English literature. Another gem sparkles in the crown of Britain's fame, since she gave him birth. But it may be a question whether the light he has shed over the dynasty of the Stuarts will heighten the renown of that House, which ascending the double Throne at a most momentous period of Britain's history, at length sank beneath the voice of a people's sorrow and of a nation's wrong.

J. F. D.
Sandy turned back from the drive last Saturday. When asked his reason for so doing, he replied characteristically that "the sleigh was too small, and he had a strong aversion to being squeezed, except when there was a young lady in the case." "Plato, thou reasonest well."

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

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IN MEMORIAM.

PROFESSOR JOHN J. MCKENZIE, M. A., PH. D.
Born November, 1847. Died February, 1879.

Dead in thy prime thou art,
Still is thy manly heart.
Ee'n in thy summer's bloom,
Wrapt in sepulchral gloom.
Tearless for ever now,
Peace written on thy brow.
Thy tasks are ended all
At the Creator's call.
Sings now thy soul with joy,
Happy without alloy,
At the great Master's feet,
Offering tribute meet.

SILENUS.

IN the midst of life we are in death. Never did the truth of these words so impress us as when we heard that Dr. Mackenzie was no longer in the land of the living.

On Friday, the 24th of January, Professor Mackenzie lectured as usual to his class, and though it was noticed that he lacked much of his accustomed vigour, nothing serious was anticipated. On the Monday following a card appeared on the door of the Physics Class Room, announcing that that the class would not meet for a few days. On enquiry, the Students ascer-

tained that the Professor was suffering from an attack of pneumonia, but hoped to resume his lectures in a short time. A consultation of physicians pronounced the disorder to be very complicated, including affections of the liver and heart, as well as the lungs. Then we began to be afraid that the event might prove fatal. But on Saturday evening, (1st inst.,) we were re-assured by the information that the crisis of the disease was past, and that recovery might be hoped for. 'Like all earthly hope,' ours was

As false and fleeting as 'twas fair.

The next day, Sunday, we were shocked by the announcement that at five o'clock that morning death had claimed its victim. Dr. Bayne, who was the constant companion of the deceased for nearly half his life, was with him the whole of his last night on earth. He spoke several times and exhibited signs of perfect consciousness. Toward morning, thinking that his friend slept too heavily, Dr. Bayne went to his bedside and tried to waken him, but to his astonishment and grief he found that the spirit which for so many years had been kindred with his own, had parted from the worn-out clay; that the soul of John James Mackenzie had winged its flight to a better land, leaving a toilsome world for the realms where the weary are at rest. The features that were so familiar to us were not marred by any death struggle; the same calm expression that they were wont to wear characterized them still.

On Monday last the remains of the deceased were followed to North Street Depot by a large concourse, including the Governors, Professors, Alumni, and Students of the College, the Members and Students of the Technological Institute, a number of the Clergyman of the city, and many others. Dr. Bayne accompanied the corpse to the place of interment at Green Hill, Pictou Co.

The grief caused by this death is not confined to a few; not only does his widowed mother mourn for her son that is not, not only does the circle of friends and relatives feel the bereavement, but Nova Scotia grieves at the loss of a young man of brightest promise, of whose attain-

ments she is proud, and by whose influence she hoped to gain much; Dalhousie College has lost a talented lecturer, an accomplished student of science, a loyal and energetic alumnus.

Born at Green Hill, Pictou, in November, 1847, Dr. McKenzie had but entered his thirty-second year of life, and was just beginning his work, when he was summoned hence—a striking reminder of the poet's regret

*The good die first. * * **

He graduated Bachelor of Arts at this College in 1869, having matriculated four years before. In '68 he was "Young" prizeman (3rd and 4th years). He took his Master's degree in '72, and after a brilliant four years course at the great German Universities received the honorable distinction, Doctor of Philosophy in '77.

During the interval between his graduation in '69 and his departure for Germany he had charge of the Mathematical Department of the Pictou Academy. His labours there were eminently successful. His popularity could not be exceeded. Many of the young men who entered Dalhousie during these years received their preparatory course in Pictou, and their proficiency attested the ability of their teachers. A few of our fellow-students cherish the memory of Dr. McKenzie's kindness and faithful instruction in that venerable institution.

On his return from Germany he was appointed Lecturer on Physics, in the room of Dr. McGregor. In addition to the regular work of the College Class he delivered a series of popular lectures on Scientific subjects, and appeared on the platform several times in this city and in other parts of the province. He took an active part in the establishment of the Technological Institute, and was one of its most prominent members.

Last summer he spent in Europe, part of the time being devoted to Paris. This session, though tormented by failing health he continued his lectures and scientific labours till the very last. Doubtless his devotedness to work and the consequent fatigue hastened his end. Con-

stant study and experiment in confined rooms, and an atmosphere poisoned with noxious gases added no strength to a constitution which was never very rugged. The words of Byron seem appropriate in the circumstances:

*Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science 'self destroyed her favorite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.*

To the sorrowing family we tender our heartfelt sympathy; where they have lost a son or a brother, we have been robbed of a friend, for though above us in station and attainment, his affability and condescension have bound him closely in our affections.

THE Senate of Dalhousie College and University met on Wednesday, the 5th inst., and passed the following Resolution:—

Resolved, That whereas Dr. J. J. Mackenzie has been removed from among us by death, in the midst of his labours as Professor of Physics in this University, we desire to record our deep sorrow at the sad event.

The earnestness with which our late colleague engaged in his duties imparted itself to all with whom he came into contact, to the Students whom he inspired with enthusiasm, and to the friends of the College who were stimulated to special effort to promote the efficiency of the scientific department. He also endeared himself to his associates by the qualities of high and honourable manhood, genial and kindly feeling, and rare personal worth,—so that while we deplore his loss as that of a valued coadjutor, we deplore it still more as that of an esteemed friend.

To Dr. Mackenzie's family and relatives we offer our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, and earnestly trust that their keen sense of bereavement may be alleviated by the consolations of religion, and that in mourning the loss of a son and brother, cut off so soon after his entry upon a sphere of public usefulness, their submission to the Divine Will may be strengthened by the thought that his work, so long as he was permitted to perform it, was well and nobly done.

THE newest outgrowth of Dalhousie, the Technological Institute, has more than once claimed our attention. We wish again to refer to it. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings Prof. Lawson lectures on Agricultural Chemistry, and immediately after the lecture the class adjourns to the laboratory, and receives instruction in the practical part of the science, the analysis of soils, manures, &c. Those who wish to become farmers should avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of acquiring knowledge which lies at the root of success in agriculture. Though the class has met several times it is not yet too late to join.

A NOTICEABLE feature in the Church systems of Halifax is the Literary Institute. Nearly every congregation in the City has in connection with it an Association in which the young people meet for mental improvement and social intercourse. In Chalmers' Presbyterian Church the Young People's Institute is this Winter providing its patrons a course of Lectures. On Tuesday evening last the third of the series was delivered by Rev. W. Donald, of Prince Street Church, Pictou.

Mr. Pitblado, in introducing the Reverend lecturer, assured him that, though it was supposed that the platform was not so popular as it had once been, the audience which he was to address was select and appreciative. He assured him of the hospitality of Halifax. This sentiment we cordially endorse; in our experience Halifax is kind to strangers.

Mr. Donald, in bringing forward his subject, referred to the influence of the Jewish Beaconsfield in England, to the part which Gambetta, another son of Abraham, has played in France. Then he gracefully and graphically set forth the theme of his discourse, a Jewish Prime Minister of the olden time, a man of noble birth, of vast, varied, and versatile powers; Joseph, the son of Jacob, whose biography is the most perfect romance in history, the very classics of the heart, equally charming to the simplicity of childhood, the vigor of youth, and the contemplative calm of age. The narrative is a succession of scenes which constitute the finest prose drama in the world. The characters are distinct, the coloring rich and varied, and the grouping impressive. While giving a most life-like picture of the family of the Patriarch and the scenes where Joseph spent his youth, the lecturer took occasion to warn parents

of the evil consequences of indulging and honoring one child above the others of a family. The effects which immediately came from clothing Joseph in the garb of a gentleman were deplorable; discord and envy took the place of harmony and affection in the household of Jacob. Then from the simplicity of shepherd life we were quickly carried to view the splendour of the most ancient of nations, the literature, government, religion, morality, and social customs of the Egyptians. The trials of Joseph in the house of Potiphar and in prison, are brought out strongly and quickly, and we are asked to look upon the captive youth suddenly laden with the responsibilities of the Chief Minister's office, which, though he had no House of Commons to manage, and no General Elections to face, demanded a vast amount of foresight and sagacity. These qualities are not wanting, and the Prime Minister passes the remainder of his days in honor. His life finds a simile in an October day. Deeply shadowed in the morning, without a cloud long before noon, and thereafter bright and beautiful, while we recognize an element of strength in the keenness of the evening air. The characteristics which are most prominent in Joseph bring the Lecture to a close:—

1. Lasting and virgin simplicity of character. Unspoiled by all that he had seen and gained, he stands in striking contrast to the *nouveau riche* of our day. The mighty counsellor is not ashamed to present his shepherd father to the King beside whom he stood.

2. Tried and life-long loyalty to the hopes and aspirations of his youth, and this in spite of persecution and exile in a land where everything is different from the associations of his early days.

3. A bright, sweet, happy, forgiving disposition, which came unchanged through a process, which tended to make the mind gloomy and sour and distrustful and relentless.

4. A strong faith. Nothing could persuade him that his expatriated kinsmen would not some day be brought back to their own inheritance. Here we have a valuable lesson. Faith is an attribute of a most manly spirit. To doubt is to be miserable: to believe is to be happy. We should take for ours the mottoes which are credited to the famous Tell, "Expect great things from God," and "Attempt great things for God." Joseph's faith had its reward. Though he had to wait long for it, it was rich. His elevation was sudden as a summer's sunrise, rapid as a dream, and wonderful as few things beyond the region of our dreams.

Joseph's character is so winning as to make us feel that it is only the grave that prevents us taking his hand as we would a brother's.

Mr. Murray, in moving a vote of thanks, remarked that any person attempting to eulogise a modern Premier as Mr. Donald had eulogised Joseph, would be deemed partial. Was he really so, or are politicians in our day unworthy of such unmitigated praise?

Rev. Mr. Laing seconded the motion. He thinks that we are too sparing in praise of our statesmen.

The remarks of these gentlemen, we are sure, expressed the sentiments of all present; they were highly pleased with the lecture, and if we are not much mistaken, the new Pastor of Prince Street Church has begun to win golden opinions in his adopted Province.

On behalf of the Students we thank the Committee of the Institute for their kindness in supplying us fifty tickets for gratuitous distribution in the College.

CATALOGUE of the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., 1878-'79. Of the 114 students whose names appear in this catalogue, six are from Dalhousie, and we notice that these are the only Canadians resident in the Seminary. Their names have already been given in the GAZETTE. Knowing what we do of Mr. George's tastes, we are not surprised that he is taking special courses in Chaldee and Philosophy. Mr. McLeod takes a special course in Syriac; Mr. Cairns, Contemporary Philosophy. Mr. McKenzie will graduate in April.

The Library is contained in a fine building, which is now being enlarged. It comprises 31,000 volumes, and having an endowment of \$35,000, is continually increasing. The students of the Seminary have the privilege of using the Library of the College of New Jersey. The Reading-room is well supplied with the leading newspapers and periodicals.

Furnished rooms are supplied free of rent, and board can be had for \$3 a week.

The Catalogue is on the Reading-room table.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE.—I have noticed with pleasure the highly interesting Educational news supplied by the daily papers of Halifax. The Teachers' Association, which for the past five or

six years has come quite prominently into notice, held its meeting not very long ago, and the interest taken in its proceedings could not but be pleasing to all lovers of the noble cause.

The opening of the High School building will mark an important era in the history of Halifax. The heart of every intelligent man must have rejoiced at the event—a red-letter day in the annals of progress.

I trust that Intermediate Education throughout the Province will be put on a satisfactory footing in the course of a few years. As has been proposed, the withdrawal of grants to the present quasi-defunct County Academies will secure, in a measure, the desired object, if it be vigorously followed up by the establishment of four or five proper institutions, giving about one to every four Counties.

Education is not a deadly expense to any country. It only becomes so, when wretchedly mismanaged, and allowed to be a bone of contention among politicians. Common sense in the concentration and adaptation of energy, makes a little go very far. We need a system combining symmetry and unity, if you will excuse the tautological character of the expression. If any part does not fit into another, the money expended is, in a great degree, wasted. The Common Schools, High Schools and Universities of Ontario, are a complete unity. Further, why should the Council of Public Instruction be a piece of political engineering? Because a man is sent to Parliament to represent his constituents, does it follow that he is capable of suggesting proper reforms in this matter? Why not allow men who have had experience in the teaching profession to manage the educational business of the country? I am afraid that unless a change is made in the teaching class, this could never be. Teaching is not a business to be carried on for a few months or years as a stepping-stone to better things. It is one of the grandest among professions, to which men, whose names the world will ever honor, have devoted the best energies of their lives. The name of a Melvin or an Arnold was embalmed in the recollections of their pupils, and the world will not willingly let their memories die. The practical benefits of their professional skill were incalculable. A class of pupils sprang up under them who imbibed many of their noble purposes and resolves. The stone thrown into the pond with its ever-widening circles, is a fit emblem of such men.

I have been present at a Teachers' Examination, where children in years and, I was going to say, understanding, came to compete for license. Many of them failed, as might have been expected. A limit of age should be kept in the Teaching profession. Mere knowledge, without qualification to impart it to others, is in many cases to be regretted.

A new Government has come into power in Nova Scotia. Would it not be well for them to appoint a Commission to consider the whole Educational system? We had a Superintendent in Nova Scotia once upon a time, who afterwards gave the benefit of his professional zeal to another Province "because a prophet is without honour in his own country." Could we not catch up to him in this great race?

I trust these remarks may stir up the thought of your readers to vigorous action.

Thanks for your remark on female education, from

Your firm friend

PAULUS.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I noticed that our excellent Superintendent Dr. Allison has introduced some of the needed reforms.

"OUR SOCIETY."

SODALES Society was opened on Friday evening, January 24th, by an entertainment of no ordinary character. Old Dalhousie had bestirred itself to an unusual degree, and from among the musical talent which frequents these halls, had culled out six youths renowned above their fellows, for the marvellous and melodious tones which swell trumpet-like from their throats. These were formed into a choir, and after making the reading-room hideous with howls for a week of practice, came forth on the momentous night in fog horn proportions. It is true indeed that "Old Sim Simons" has gone the way of all flesh, but who will be found to weep for him, while Mendelssohn fills his vacant chair. Such was the musical part of the programme. The literary half consisted of comic and serious readings, recitations, speeches, &c. It may be said that during the whole evening "all went merry as a marriage bell," and that we parted with bright hopes for the future of our new Society.

PROGRAMME.

"Lauriger Horatius," *ab omnibus sodalibus.*

READING.....E. McLennan.
 RECITATION.....E. Crowell.
 RECITATION.....R. R. Emmerson.
 QUARTETTE—"The Lark," by Messrs. Dustan, Robson, Sedgewick and Emmerson,
 READING.....W. Fraser.
 RECITATION—"Spartacus".....J. Sedgewick.
 ORIGINAL POEM.....A. E. Thompson.
 READING.....C. Robson.
 SONG—"Our Native Land," by Messrs. Thompson, Sedgewick, Crowell, Robson, Emmerson.
 LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.....A. J. Murray.
 ORATION.....J. McPhee.
 RECITATION.....R. D. Ross.
 READING.....F. Kinsman.
 ORATION.....J. F. Dustan.
 QUINTETTE—"Isle of Beauty," by Messrs. Thompson, Sedgewick, Crowell, Robson, Emmerson.
 RECITATION.....C. D. McLaren.
 READING.....A. Dickie.
 "A PHANTASY".....E. Crowell.
 "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

EXCHANGES.

WE have in the *Niagara Index*, an article on "Athletic Sports," deploring the fact that so much attention is now given to them in Colleges. What a delicate satire upon Dalhousie, where we have not even a gymnasium! In "Writing for the Press" there is good advice, which should be read by all intending contributors. It concludes by saying:—"It would appear that to be a successful writer for the press, one should admire long sentences, but learn to cultivate small ones. Points will be more clear and sentences better when not covered with a profuse verbiage." The *Index* is rather unfortunate in the opening poetry. Its versification and style are, to say the least, peculiar.

The *Collegian and Neoterian* opens with a poem called "A Face." It is well written, but it is too long and a little too obscure to be very interesting. A pleasant little article is, "The Politician—what Great Men think of Him," from which politics would seem to be anything but an enviable occupation. Through a rather too free use of the scissors, "Clippings," in this issue have almost swamped the "Personals," leaving only a miserable remnant to tell the tale.

"All about Christmas," is the interesting heading of an equally interesting article,—the

first of the January number of the *Argosy*. It is a short history of Christmas, from when it was but an imitation of the *Saturnalia* to the present day. The style is pleasant, and the quotations here and there interspersed are a source of additional interest. It seems to us, however, that the last two paragraphs have but little to do with the subject. In "Greetings," the author, who seems to have entered thoroughly into his subject, deprecates the making use of the "Algebraical Platitudes suggested by a writer in a previous issue of the *Argosy*, and convincingly shows the advantages of those in common use. We fancy there will be some difficulty in establishing a Bachelor of *Reception* course, proposed in one of the Editorials.

The most interesting feature of the *Packer Quarterly* for December, is, "The Organist of St. Ursula," in spite of faults which we cannot help noticing. It is too difficult to follow the thread of the plot, if plot there be, the mystery of which is still further augmented by the vein of the supernatural which exists throughout the story. Though "The Organist of St. Ursula" is not a success as a *tale*, as a piece of descriptive writing it is worthy of high praise. The principal idea of the author seems to have been to give a description of a quaint old Cathedral town in Germany, and it has been carried out with the utmost success. The whole article consists of a series of pen-pictures, which equally exhibit vividness and beauty of language, and which are evidence of something more than mere clever composition. The Editorial this time is too long to be enjoyable, in spite of its clever parodies.

We must congratulate the *Archangel* upon the decided improvement evident in the last issue, and a change for the better has been made in the manner of conducting the Exchange Column. Among its contents, the opening poem is the chief attraction.

The *Acadia Athanæum*, we are sorry to see, has taken umbrage at some of our remarks in a previous issue, which were certainly written in all good faith. It looks as if the *Athanæum* were putting on a *noli me tangere*, considering itself above the reach of all criticism.

In the *Beacon* we have a selection of very good articles with one exception,—"No Essay," which seems to have crept in by mistake. Thinking over our last issue, we feelingly read, "Printers' errors." We consider it written for our special consolation.

Welcome the *Morris Avalon*! another addition to our list of Exchanges. In paper and type it is excellent, and though of course not perfect, its contents compare favourably with its "get up." In its opening Editorial the *Avalon* successfully establishes its claim of having a real *raison d'être*.

EXCELSIOR.

KEEP studying—'tis wiser
 Than a wearisome cram,
 Or sighing and dreaming
 Before an exam.
 In a session's fierce struggle
 They'll only excel,
 Who, though doing e'en little
 Keep doing it well.

For an eye pressing onward,
 Will tell a good tale,
 And they'll always be topmost
 Who never say fail.
 As we mount up a ladder,
 One rung at a time,
 So by long persevering
 To distinction we'll climb.

Then press onwards ever,
 Ye Freshies so green,
 And you'll never regret
 That you did so, I ween.
 For a Senior advises
 The way to excel,
 By doing e'er little
 And doing it well.

And ye Juniors and Sophs,
 Tho' not quite so green,
 Take too the advice
 Of one who has been,
 For four years a student,
 Thro' thick and thro' thin,
 And whose sad experience
 Warns all to "stick in."

Stick in, and you'll never
 Of Profs, be afraid,
 Stick in, and you'll never
 By 'Xams, be dismayed.
 For "the sage" too hath told us
 The way to excel,
 Is to do e'er a little,
 And to do it e'er well.

SILENUS.

PERSONALS.

S. McNAUGHTON, M. A., writes us that 105 members have been added to his congregation during the past eighteen months. His little book, "Joy in Jesus," has reached a fourth edition, the previous editions of 7000 being entirely sold. We have to thank him for a photograph of the plan of his new church, which is to be a handsome stone building, 84 by 52 feet.

REV. JOHN A. LOGAN was kindly remembered by his congregation in the holiday season. He received a very gratifying address, accompanied by a material evidence of good feeling, in the shape of a fur coat and a pair of gloves.

'77. W. R. GRANT, B. A., is enjoying himself with "the old folks at home," at Springville, Pictou Co.

R. E. CHAMBERS, B. A., of the same class, has taken another degree, and is now the father of a fine boy, who is to be called Robert Allison.

N. F. CUNNINGHAM, M.D., late of Merigomish, Pictou Co., has moved to Dartmouth.

J. W. MACINTOSH, a general student in '77 and '78, has charge of a large school at Merigomish.

D. CAMERON, who took the second "Young" prize, for Elocution last spring, is teaching school at Middle Caledonia, Guysboro' County.

JOHN A. McDONALD, a general student this session, has not returned since vacation. He is at Hopewell in feeble health.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

UNCLE DUB !!

"OYSTERS for three."

SPREAD-EAGLEISM on the snowbank!

"OH Gwarge! how *slippery* the walking is."

D—n filio auctus est; semper floreat D—n.

Freddy, who rode into town last Saturday on a load of wood?

"At length with love and *Scotch* at once opprest
The vanquished Junior—sank upon her breast."

AN historical error. *Albertus Magnus* flourished in the nineteenth century; not in the twelfth as is commonly credited.

A YOUNG lady recently took a festive Junior's rendition of "Lauriger Horatius" to be Spanish. Ergo: give the women higher education, or that Junior more judgment. *Heu Albertus!*

THE feudal system has reached its culmination and perfection in our day. Unlike the old system, the position of *lord* and *man* is interchangeable, and the *suzerain* of the ground is a euchre pack. Thursly exemplified: Suppose the fire wants coal. The *lord* immediately challenges the *man* to single combat, *i. e.*, to play a game, the loser bringing up the coal, and so on. The originators of this idea claim that between good euchre players the division of labour is more equable than it was in the old system. *Selah!*

THE "Glasgow mon" has triumphed. The other day in a paroxysm of righteous indignation, he knocked down, kicked, sat on, and otherwise maltreated a poor emaciated, idiotic Senior, who is moreover an orphan and has no father or mother; being alone and friendless in this wicked world. The last seen of the Senior was a streak of dark lightning running across the Parade, down George Street and over the Market wharf. Appearances indicate that the unfortunate subject of the "*philosophic*" wrath committed suicide in a state of temporary mental aberration. Oh Ewen! Ewen! you must not let your little angry passions rise.

SCENE. (Latin class room). Mr. D —(translating) *Superne*, from above—*puellam*—the girl, *tranfigit*—he—he—(impetuously) I'm stuck, sir!" Professor, (amidst applause from the red benches,) "Mr. D. I think you might express your idea in somewhat more classical language."

THE *sylvan youth* has added to his other noteworthy acquisitions the gift of "speeching," his subject being *par excellence* politics of Tory shadé. *Perge woody one.*

THE hale Freshie has been away for some time, up to mischief it may be taken for granted. Can any kind soul give us a record of his doings.

THESE are the times when the gymnasium is in full blast and the editor of "Inner Dalhousie" consequently only saves his life by continual dodging behind fences, houses, &c., &c.

A SELECT few of the Dalhousie boys abjured work last Saturday afternoon and indulged in a sleigh drive. After the third upset some of the more sedate allowed their fears to carry them back to town; but the bolder spirits hung on bravely and had a very enjoyable time. Subsequent to the departure of the aforesaid *Jonalis* (?) every thing went "excellent well," and after refreshing the "inner man" the "outer men" returned to town well pleased with their excursion. We believe that we shall hear more of the matter in our next.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

H. H. Whittear, \$1; Rev. C. B. Pitblado, \$2; H. J. Murray, \$1; E. H. Owen, \$1; J. F. Forbes, 10 cents; A. B. Dickie, \$1; Sir William Young, \$5; George Downey, \$1; George Fowler, \$1; Rev. Dr. McGregor, \$1; Rev. T. Cumming, \$1; Kinsman, \$1; Ives \$1; W. S. Whittear, \$1; D. S. Fraser, \$1; D. F. Creelman, \$2; G. Campbell, \$1; L. H. Jordan, \$2; A. W. Mahon, \$1; C. W. Hiltz, \$1; Creighton, \$1; William McDonald, \$1; Professor Lawson, \$5; Professor Lyall, \$1. Total, \$34.10.

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