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BY MOONLIGHT.

Moonlight breaks
Across the lakes
In softened gleams of mellow light ;
Through its silver sheen
Is faintly seen
The dim outline of the dusky height ;

With rippling plash
Light wavelets dash
On the pebbled shore and murm'ring break,
While here and there
In the scented air
Flits the glow-worm, leaving a golden wake ;

Idly afloat
A tiny boat
Sleeps on the listless, dreamy wave ;
Love takes an oar,
And from the shore
Love and Youth to the joys they crave

Glide lightly away ;
Like a dream of the day,
Fades the dead life of the passionless past,
And life anew,
In roseate hue,
Bursts on their souls—love's life at last.

Warm heart to heart
Never to part—
Vows of deathless, undying love :
" Ever to thee
Love I'll be
True as the silent stars above." —E.

not been immortalized in poetry. To most of us, indeed, poetry offers the only means at our command of becoming acquainted with the most celebrated or interesting objects and scenery of foreign lands, and even of our own. Few of us have ever seen the Alps, or even that lovely valley, "the land of Evangeline," yet have we not all the most lively and realistic ideas of both?

This representation of external nature seems to be the natural and peculiar province of poetry, for nowhere is the poet more pleasing or delightful than when, with sympathetic eye and skillful hand, he seeks to set before us Nature in all her beauty and reality. He is then speaking in a language that we know and feel, for Nature appeals to even the most cold and prosaic heart, and makes it delight in her beauty and geniality. When, therefore, the poet speaks of Nature, we can understand him and feel with him.

In his sympathy with the beautiful and harmonious, the poet is peculiarly susceptible to all the feelings and emotions which Nature incites in our hearts or minds. Added to this also, he has the power of giving expression to them in the most happy manner possible. It is this which constitutes the true poet of Nature. He may not be able to pry into and explain the mystery underlying Nature or her phenomena, but he can interpret her as she appears to him, rendering more obvious to our understanding her connection with the world of our emotion. He, perhaps, does not make us see new beauties in Nature, but he does make us more fully conscious of those we do see; and it is in this sense that poetry has associated itself so closely with the scenes and objects of Nature which it has celebrated.

THE POETIC INTERPRETATION OF NATURE.

One of the greatest triumphs of poetry lies in the fact that it has embraced in its association nearly everything that is most beautiful or grand in Nature. From the little daisy in the field, "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," to the frowning, snow-capped Alps, there is scarcely an object of more than ordinary interest that has

One of the most favourite subjects of poetic representation is that of moonlight scenery. Nothing, perhaps, can be imagined more delightful to the poetic sense than the calm beauty of a moonlight scene—the air redolent of dewy flowers and grass, the soft, low hum of insects lulling the ear, while above the silvery moon, half veiled in fleecy clouds, pours down a flood of mellow light that softens everything with its mild radiance; add to this sweet music in the distance and the charm is complete. All this the poet feels with an intensity and susceptibility of which we ordinary beings are scarcely capable, and feeling this he proceeds to make us feel and see with him.

The best picture of such a scene in all poetry, probably, is to be found in Shakespeare, the greatest of all Nature's poets.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank:
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Such a felicitous description needs no comment to enable anyone to see its wonderful beauty. The master's hand is easily recognizable in it; and it will be found almost impossible, after having once read it, to look on a similar scene without having it at once suggested.

The same ideal beauty of description is seen in Byron's famous description of Lake Leman. From the calm surface of the lake, the poet views the scenery on the shore, "mellow'd and mingling" in the deepening twilight, while,

"There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues."

Poetry such as this touches a chord that finds an answering echo in our hearts. It fits into and seems a very part of our being; and if we wonder at all it is not because such a feeling exists, but rather why Nature herself, without the aid of poetry, does not awaken it in us in such intensity.

It is the Elysian light which the poet sheds on Nature that causes this delightful and apparently new sensation. Under its influence even familiar objects lose their familiarity, or as Shelley finely expresses it, "poetry lifts the veil

from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as though they were not familiar." Poetry brings into full consciousness the latent feelings and emotions of our hearts, though Nature herself is the cause of them. He in whom Nature can awaken no passion or emotion, can never be influenced by poetry. Poetry derives its power from being a representation of Nature, and the more faithful that representation the greater its power. Sometimes, however, the poet seems to be too faithful, to outdo Nature, and beguiles us into preferring the picture to the reality. We think we can see more in the picture than we can in Nature. But the fault may lie in ourselves, inasmuch as, in our unsympathy with Nature, we can understand the poet better than we can Nature herself.

Of all the poets who have been constant and devoted worshipers at the shrine of Nature, who have sought inspiration from her pure springs alone, the greatest perhaps, is Wordsworth. Nature was his idol, his delight, his everything; and seldom has whole-souled devotion been more abundantly repaid. His seclusion and devotion to her left him wholly untouched by the artificial and mechanical taste so characteristic of his age, while the love with which she inspired him gave an originality and colour to his conceptions only to be obtained by going straight to Nature. To him everything he saw in Nature seemed to tell the same tale—seemed to make known an infinity underlying and animating the universe.

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The idea that this universal frame is swayed really and truly by mind or will, and not by mere force or law is the principle which actuates and controls Wordsworth in all his interpretations of Nature. In Nature he feels,

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And round the ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

This idea indeed seems to be necessary to the very life and soul of poetry. Without it all is coldness and deadness, mere form without spirit.

The poet may still have the power to please, to delight the eye or the ear, but he has lost the power to stir the soul; he has no intensity of emotion; no deep feeling of sympathy either with Nature or with man. He may have the faultless perfection of an Andrea del Sarto, but he lacks the inspiration of a Raphael.

Yet Wordsworth, in spite of his fervour and intensity, has been blamed, and with some justice, for being too little sensuous. The poet above all things should have a keen "susceptibility to the sensuous influences of Nature and to the emotions suggested by them." Wordsworth is too abstract and idealistic. This defect disappears to a great extent in his more passionate successors, Byron and Shelley. In these two poets, however, love of Nature runs almost to an extreme, and takes a pantheistic tone.

No doubt Byron sometimes exaggerates and distorts his feelings, yet a deep and almost passionate love of Nature is apparent in all his poetry—

"I love not man the less but Nature more,"

and some of his pictures are as true to life as any that were ever transferred to canvas. If his morbidness and bitter hatred of mankind often led him to colour his pictures rather too strongly, we can mostly pardon him for the splendour and power of his design.

More rich and melodious, and at the same time more ethereal, the poetry of Shelley surpasses even that of Byron in intensity of feeling. In rapturous passion, his "Ode to the Skylark" is inferior to nothing of the kind that has ever been written. "It is like the bird it sings,—enthusiastic, enchanting, profuse, continuous!"

"Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
doth surpass."

We can almost fancy we hear this "scorner of the ground" pouring forth his "music sweet as love." Even we, who have never heard the skylark, can feel its truth as well as beauty; what then must it convey to those who are familiar with this melodious songster?

In dealing with such a subject the best the

poet can do is but a feeble imitation. He can never hope adequately to represent the reality. As Shelley in the same poem beautifully expresses it, should the skylark,

"Teach me half the gladness
That my brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then as I am
listening now."

When the poet sings of passion and of love, he is more at home. He understands the human heart better than he can hope to do external Nature. His song of love can

"Give a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd,"

but to rival the harmonies

"Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forest and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains,"

is as yet beyond his power.

But if he cannot rival them, he can try to imitate them, and interpret to us the lessons which to him they seem to teach. If he attempt to explain their mystery, he must fail. If they have a story to tell us the best way for him to interpret it is to let them speak for themselves as nearly as he can. He is not gifted with so very much more insight into the secrets of Nature than we are. He only has greater sympathy with her, and so becomes a fitting medium to communicate her teaching; but in doing so, he must be as faithful as possible to her every feature.

It is this fidelity to Nature which must ever remain the mark of the true poet. In moments of keen emotion, the language that is easiest and best for him is the language of Nature. It is by "making Nature his companion wherever he goes, even in the most supernatural region" that he can make the world feel with him and through him. In short it is with Nature and the human heart that the poet should be concerned, not with science, metaphysics, or theology. While the latter are ever shifting and changing, while,

"The thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the
suns,"

the former remain always the same, and he who speaks in their language will be understood in all ages.

* EDUCATION.

THIS subject is somewhat hackneyed, yet one that is often misunderstood; and in dealing with it I do not intend to enter upon a discussion of its various phases, but simply to jot down a few ideas that present themselves to me in a general way.

The question has often been asked, "Is a University education worth securing," and the answers vary according to the subjective mood of the enquirer. Those who look upon everything from a Utilitarian point of view, or to use a less classical expression, who regard the professions as a "bread and butter" medium, will, no doubt, answer in the negative; but those who have formed proper conceptions of man, as a complex being, possessing possibilities of development, of his relations to his country and his fellow-man, and above all, of the imperative duty of being true to himself will certainly maintain the affirmative. I do not mean to say that there is a hard and fast line between these two classes. There are men of unselfish natures whose environments are such that they can exercise a greater influence upon their age as specialists than otherwise; but I do not think this an argument against the advantages of a broad general culture.

Bacon, with sententious brevity, sums up the advantages of education when he says: "Studies (and by studies he intends what we mean by *culture*) are for delight, for ornament and for ability;" advantages which are to be desired by every man that can gain them, and particularly by the student of Jurisprudence, of Medicine, or of Theology. It is possible to reach the first of these professions by becoming acquainted with certain technicalities and rules of practice; the second, by learning something of the properties of medicine and of the structure of the human system; and the third, by mastering the creed, and the dogmas of a particular sect. But are such men fitted to play a proper part in the great drama of life. A doctor of such a stamp must blindly follow theory without ever grasping the underlying principles. In the broad field of practice which lies before him, there are investigations to be made, old truths to

be grasped, and new ones established. It is here he will find the advantage of trained judgment and nice discrimination; and wanting such he cannot even "draw" successfully "in the sequent trace," to say nothing of his being "the fore-horse in the team." The same argument may be applied to the other professions. What a vast field of research lies before the lawyer. How utterly he is at sea unless he has acquired by close application and diligent training systematic habits of study, logical thought, and the power of bringing his knowledge in relation to the actual facts of life. In short, the discipline of the professional man should be such as to enable him to pursue intelligently and successfully any branch of Literature, History, Moral or Political Science; otherwise he is one-sided, "cabined, cribbed, confined."

True it is that many men whose education has been limited, have risen to the top of their profession, while others who have had the advantage of a college training have been failures. These are extreme cases; and do not apply to the average man. The one must have possessed rare mental endowments, and the question remains to be answered, How much better would his chance of a brighter career have been had his genius been developed to the limit of its possibilities by proper discipline; the other had evidently no ability for anything, or it was not sufficiently brought out. The University is not the place for such a man; and consideration for him should not lead us to underestimate the value of true intellectual culture.

True culture is broad and general; not narrowed down by a warped intellect or imagination, not striving to set up a standard of authority on a few ill-formed principles; but it enables the possessor to regard facts from the standpoint of others as well as from his own; and having carefully weighed and examined the matter, disregarding non-essentials, to follow the advice of the poet who says:—

"Seize upon truth wher'ere 'tis found,
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground
The flower's divine wher'ere it grow."

A fundamental part of education is an acquaintance with the world, with human

nature. Hedged about by our environment the majority of us have no means of acquiring this in actual life. We are isolated from the great world that lies beyond us, and limited to our own little world of thoughts and facts. How then become acquainted with men? Through their works. We are never alone when consulting the mighty minds of the past. The spirits of the dead live in their books. They are no longer shut off from us by social barriers. They deign to converse with us. We listen to them with awe and admiration, and are inspired by their personality. They are mighty giants compared with us little men, yet that living impulse, that immortal thing we call personality exists in us as in them, only in an infinitely less degree. The difference, however, is one of *degree*, not of *kind*. The greater attracts the less, and opens up the way whence the "imprisoned splendor may escape." Our spirits are drawn outward and upward. We enter into sympathy with all that is good and noble in them. We share in their hopes, their fears, their sorrows, their joys.

Shakespeare's works form a little world in miniature. There every phrase of character is exhibited. The brooding meditative Hamlet, the ideal Brutus, the cold intellectual Edmund, the noble nature of Macbeth ruined by yielding to temptation, the bubbling effervescent spirits of Mercutio, the passive Desdemona, the perfect Imogen, the ardent Juliet, the low, talkative, consequential, spoilt, old nurse, &c., all are grand; all are inimitable pieces of characterization; all are complex men and women of various types. We move among them. We become acquainted with human nature in all its forms; but the noble personality that pervades the whole purifies and refines the heart, draws out our nobler self, and fills us with loathing for the evil and impure; it plays upon the harp strings of the heart, filling us with a sense of immeasurable joy or pain; and when we are forced to tear ourselves away from this select company we arise elevated, chastened, refined. Our views are broadened. We can enter into sympathy with the aims and aspirations of those around us. Our conception of life has a fuller, a deeper significance. We are more fitted to judge of the relative value of things, and to perform better the many duties of life.

Not only do I believe that intellectual culture is necessary in professional life; but I also believe that the pleasure it bestows is a sufficient recompense for the toil and effort of securing it.

This pleasure is realized in the severe thought of science and philosophy, but more particularly in the domain of poetry. Imagination is an important factor in art. The poet possesses it in a much greater degree than ordinary men; and the grace, the beauty of his world of fancy, charm and delight. He sees the beauties of nature with a clear, distinct vision, and through the medium of poetry reveals the same to us. He catches the varying moods of men and admirably describes them in a few neat-lines. What a calm, quiet, natural beauty there is about Longfellow's poem "The Spirit of Poetry."

"With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought."

How the heart is stirred as we listen to the inter-lyric breathings of the bard David, when under the influence of strong emotion he gives expression to his feelings, or when the music of his heart wells forth in rapturous harmony. What a dramatic poem the book of Job is. We can only appreciate it when we catch the mood of the different speakers. It is the history of a soul tried by adversity; and through that trial it is lifted out of itself, and finds its needs satisfied by that great Personality which pervades the universe—call it what you will, a First Cause, an Immortal Principle, a God.

English poetry provides an inexhaustible source of instruction and pleasure. The fountain is full; we must be filled to receive and enjoy it; and then amid the toil and bustle of practical life we can smooth its rugged outline by a day spent in the forest of Arden, or vary its monotony by mingling with that select company of Carlyle's assiduous pearl-fishers "on those mighty rivers that flow through the country of thought." B.

THE *Canadian Law Times* has this tribute to say of the Dalhousie Law School:

"The Province of Nova Scotia with its well regulated and well officered law School is as far ahead of Ontario in the practical education of its lawyers, as the Province of Ontario is ahead of Nova Scotia in vanity and self-adulation."

MR. S. B. CHITTENDEN, of Brooklyn, has added \$25,000 to his original gift of \$100,000 to Yale University for the building of a library. The building will occupy a position large enough for a structure of about three times its size and capable of holding 1,500,000 books. The library to be built from Mr. Chittenden's gift will be ample for the present needs of the University, and the plans have been made with a view to enlarging it at some future time.

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WHAT shall we read? How many, how few, or what books shall we read? Obviously, we can't read everything, since there is such a multiplicity of reading matter before the world. Shall we then read a little of everything—roam at will over the vast field of literature, culling here and there the choicest locks, the selection depending purely upon our caprice or pleasure, or shall we select a definite field and thoroughly cultivate that?

The objections to the first course are manifest. "Literary browsing" may be very entertaining, but it is not very profitable. It is like tilling a ten acre lot for the produce that a small garden would yield. A great amount of energy is expended with little real advantage; and the tendency in this age is to economize effort. Besides the waste of labor, it has another disadvantage, in that it fosters a most mischievous habit—a habit of loose and discontinuous

thought. Now the aim and object of all reading or study should be to secure the opposite effect. We read ostensibly, perhaps, to gain information—to enlarge our knowledge,—but the knowledge thus obtained is of little real value unless we know how to relate it—to test its validity. As a means of acquiring this power, no better training can be had than a course of philosophical reading.

If we then decide to select a certain definite number of books, the next thing to be considered is the choice of those books. How many, and what books can be read with the greatest possible result? The question scarcely admits of a general answer. No list can be given which will exactly suit every individual. Sir John Lubbock's list is perhaps the most famous one that has ever been published, but it is manifestly too long for the general reader, and also open to the above objection that it includes works which are not suitable to every one's taste or capacity.

The choice then must ultimately be with the individual, and in making that choice he will, of course, be guided by his own taste. But whatever his selection may be, he should be able to overtake and master what he has laid down for his field of operation. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, is an old saying and a very true one. Most certainly is it true of reading. Almost all the benefit that is to be derived from a book that is really worth reading is obtained by reperusal. No one can master a play of Shakespeare's in one reading. Probably the best test that can be given of a good book is that it requires some thought to master it. If it can be mastered without thought, it is a sure sign that there is very little thought in it, and therefore to read it is just to waste so much time.

IF we are right in surmising that further changes in the Curriculum are contemplated, that English is to be made an optional subject in the Third and Fourth Years, we think it opportune to make a few suggestions thereon. We have already referred, in previous issues, to the inadequacy of our present English Course to meet the wants of the students generally. If we

keep insisting on this, it is because we feel its importance, and that we would not be truly reflecting the voice of the students should we remain silent about it. There is not one student in the College but will say that the ordinary Course in English is entirely too short to do anything like justice to the subject. The proposed lengthening of the Session, it is true, will afford a little more time, but even then there will not be enough.

At present all that is done, or can be done in our English Course, is to read some half dozen plays of Shakespeare and as many books of Milton, for the work of the First Year is purely introductory to the study of authors. When one considers the vastness of the field to be gone over, and the importance of going over as much as possible, he cannot help feeling how trifling this amount of work is, in comparison with what should be done.

Again, there is not the slightest attempt made towards providing and enforcing practice in composition. The effect of this neglect is quite plainly seen in the carelessness and indifference which the students themselves manifest about acquiring the power of gracefully and fluently expressing themselves in writing. How few articles have been entered for the Waddell and McNaughton Prizes! The students feel that they have not been trained to do work like this, and are accordingly utterly lost when they attempt it. There is no sense in the hackneyed objection about having "no ideas" to express. The man who has "no ideas" has no business to be in such a place as a College, and if he is so unfortunate as to get there, he should try and conceal as far as he can his deplorable condition. Every man who has a mind at all has something to say, and it stands to his advantage to be able to say it in the best possible manner. No matter what he may be, or where he may be, he will find that the possession of a good English style will be of the utmost advantage to him.

What we would suggest then as an improvement in our College course is the extension of English to three or even to four years, and the introduction of regular and compulsory exercises in composition throughout the whole course. As

a stimulus to secure good work in the latter, small prizes might be given, either in books, medals, or in any way found convenient. The Governors have in hand, if we mistake not, by the provisions of the late Sir Wm. Young's will, a sum especially set apart to found such prizes as from time to time may be approved of. In what better way could the fund be applied than in the way we have just indicated? We earnestly and respectfully commend this matter to the attention of our Governors and Professors, and hope that their action on it may be characterized by their wonted wisdom.

LAW RESULTS.

Names of students successful in the several subjects, arranged alphabetically:—

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Armstrong, (E. H.), Campbell, (J. Roy), Jones, McCready, McDonald, (Wm.), McGee, McInnes, McKay, McLennan, Morrison, Robertson.

INSURANCE.

Armstrong, (E. H.), Campbell, (J. Roy), Jones, McCready, McGee, McInnes, McKay, McLennan, Morrison.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.

Armstrong, (E. H.), Jones, McGee, McInnes, McKay, Morrison, Whitford.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Campbell, (A. J.), Campbell, (Alex.), Cummings, Dennison, Forsythe, Lovitt, McDonald, (Wm.), McNeill, (A. H.), Patterson, Ross, Robertson, Tobin, Whitford.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

Bowser, Fairweather, Frame, Hamilton, Howie, Howitt, Lockhart, Lovitt, McNeil, McBride, McPhee, Oxley, Paton, Reid Roberts, Sinclair, Smith.

PARTNERSHIP.

Armstrong, (E. H.), Buchanan, Cummings, (A. H.), Campbell, (Alex.), Dennison, Forsythe, Lovitt, McInnes, McNeil, McKay, McLennan, Morrison, Patterson, Ross, Tobin.

BILLS AND NOTES.

Armstrong, (E. H.), Buchanan, Cummings, Campbell, (Alex.), Dennison, Forsythe, Jones, Lovitt, McGee, McInnes, McNeil, (A. H.), McKay, McLennan, Morrison, Patterson, Ross, Tobin.

EQUITY.

Buchanan, Campbell, Cummings, Dennison, Forsythe, Gray, Lovitt, McNeil, (A. H.), Patterson, Ross, Stevens, Tobin.

CRIMINAL LAW.

Armstrong, (E. H.), Bowser, Buchanan, Campbell, (A. J.), Cahalane, Cummings, Dennison, Forsythe, Frame, Freeman, Fairweather, Gray, Hamilton, Howie, Huggins,

Lockhart, McBride, McDonald, (Wm.), McNeil, (A. H.), McNeil, (Alex.), McPhee, Notting, Oxley, Patterson, Reid, Roberts, Ross, Robertson, Ritchie, Sinclair, Smith, Stevens, Tobin, White.

CONTRACTS.

Armstrong, (B. H.), Bowser, Campbell, (A. J.), Fairweather, Frame, Hamilton, Howie, Lockhart, McBride, McNeil, (Alex.), McPhee, Oxley, Reid, Roberts, Sinclair, Smith.

REAL ESTATE.

Armstrong, (B. H.), Bowser, Buchanan, Campbell, (A. J.), Fairweather, Frame, Freeman, Hamilton, Howie, Huggins, Lockhart, McPhee, Notting, Oxley, Reid, Roberts, Sinclair, Smith, White.

TORTS.

Armstrong, (B. H.), Bowser, Buchanan, Campbell, (A. J.), Fairweather, Frame, Hamilton, Howie, Huggins, Lockhart, McBride, McNeil, (Alex.), McPhee, Oxley, Reid, Roberts, Sinclair, Smith, White.

SPELLING REFORM.

(Speld according to the twenty-four rules of the American and English Philological Associations.)

I had intended to place before you a number of the anomalies of our spelling, but am unable to do so owing to lack of space in this issue. But, even if I should try, I could only give you a very small fraction of the many, many inconsistencies in which English spelling abounds, and which render our language one of the most difficult, if not the most difficult language for foreigners to learn. Our spelling is full of them. If I were to spell this page phonetically, or as nearly so as our deficient alphabet will allow, it would look to you so uncouth and ridiculous that you would throw down the paper in disgust. What does this mean? It means that our mode of spelling, that with which you have, by long labor and perseverance from early childhood up, become familiar, and which seems natural to you only because of your familiarity with it, departs far, very far, from reasonable, truthful, phonetic spelling.

If you think I exaggerate the evil, read the words of Principal A. H. McKay, of Pictou Academy, in his paper before the Educational Association in 1886. He says: "There is no doubt that in adopting the Roman alphabet, the English originally intended to adopt the Roman phonetic system, by which each sound should be represented by a distinct character. But at the time when our present language was being ignor-

antly congealed in all its fantastic picturesqueness into the rigidity of the arctic scenery of our present orthography, this original purpose was widely departed from. Now, as Principal Bouton, of Shelburne puts it in an address before the convocation of the University of New York in 1881. 'The English alphabet has 200 or as sum say 563 signs of sounds.' This is a large alphabet, many more than the simple 26. But to make matters tenfold worse, when you have got one of these 563 signs, you cannot say which of the sounds it should have, unless you have heard it before and memorized the association. For instance, the sound of *e* in *meet* is represented by no less than 40 signs; *a* in *mate*, by 34; *o* in *note*, by 34. On an average there are said to be 14 different ways of writing the 40 different sounds of our language. The word *scissors* can be spelled in 596,580 different combinations of letters, each combination of which can be justified by analogy. The simple, euphonious name of the great English painter, Turner, might be spelled, in accordance with English analogies, *Phthyrhgnolo*. (See the words *phthisic*, *myrrh*, *malign*, and *colonel*.)

This looks as if there was room for improvement, doesn't it?

How strange, you think, that we have been spelling for all these years, and never been particularly struck with such evident absurdities; have scarcely been conscious of them; that sum of us have even become fond and proud of our dear old spelling. Well, it is perhaps not so strange after all. It is like my grandfather driving to market. From our earliest childhood we have had this spelling before us as something necessary to be learned; just as necessary as going to market. It was the only way we knew of, and nothing better had ever been suggested to us. We had to accept it as a fact, and make the best of it. Sum of us, naturally crammers, even managed to get some pleasure out of it. It gave us an opportunity to shine in competition. It placed us at the head of the class. But all, even the poorest spellers, had to rest content. We recognized the difficulty, but not the evil, of the spelling.

But now comes the railroad. We find that by making it phonetic our spelling will be simplicity

itself. Every sound has its sign; every sign its sound. A child learning to spell has only to learn the sounds and the signs corresponding to them, or rather to associate the letters with the sounds he already knows; and, when he hears a word pronounced, give each sound its letter, and the word is spelled. Let him see a word; give each letter its sound, and the word is pronounced, with nothing but the accent to learn. What a contrast to the process a child now has to go through in learning to spell. For years of his school life the greater part of his time is taken up with "cramming" word after word, column after column, never daring to spell a word as reason would direct, for he is almost sure to have it wrong; but learning each word separately and independently. Many a young brain is filled and muddled past recovery. Many a splendid intellect is nipped in the bud, and kept in obscurity, because its youthful possessor was compelled to cram, a process repulsive to him, and which gave no play to his reasoning powers, but rather tended to confound all sense and reason. We cannot conceive the amount of damage that may be done the nation from this cause. Says A. H. McKay, "I fear that our English spelling tends to sift from the great current of potential scientific scholarship in its earliest manifestations the most original and inventive of its minds. It lets the crammer pass; the other, it disgusts." Prof. Max Muller gives his opinion of the damage done the English nation by its spelling thus: "English spelling is a national misfortune, and in the keen international race between all the countries of Europe, it handicaps the English child to a degree that seems incredible till we look at statistics."

The spelling of German has been made comparatively phonetic, and it has been ascertained beyond dispute by actual statistics that the average German child learns more in one year than the English child learns in three. Shall we not welcome this innovation with open arms? Are we going to cling to the old lumbering ox-cart while our neighbors whirl by us in the railroad train? What a shame it is that in these modern times, these times of intellectual enlightenment and activity, when words uttered on one continent are in an instant re-echoed in another thousands

of miles away; when men can travel with the speed of the birds; when every invention the ingenuity of man can devise is eagerly seized upon and employed to save time and labor, and thus lengthen life and enlarge its possibilities for usefulness; when there is so much to be learned that every moment of a man's life is precious, if his life is to be worth living; what a shame that in these days of progress and reform, millions of people should be wasting years of their lives in learning merely to spell the words which convey their best and highest thoughts, just because their ancestors made blunders and handed down to them a monstrous absurdity in the shape of a systemless system of spelling! What a pity for us that we have not energy enough to shake off this monster which hampers us, and embrace the fair and simple form that is now within our reach!

(To be concluded in next issue.)

V. G. FRAZEE.

MILL'S UTILITARIANISM.

WITH a view to meeting the objection to pleasure as an unworthy conception of the end of life, Mr. Mill maintains a distinction of quality in pleasures. All epicurean theories, he says, have recognized such a distinction, and asserted the superiority of intellectual pleasures to those of sense, though this preference was rested rather on the extrinsic than on the intrinsic qualities of the higher pleasures. He endeavors, by an appeal to nature and experience, to place the distinction on a higher and firmer basis than it has hitherto occupied. The scales of pleasure and pain rise in the same proportion. As the sentient pleasure of the brute is no pleasure to the nobler faculties of man, so the pain attendant on the exercise of those faculties cannot be felt by the brute. Yet all "highly endowed beings" prefer that mode of existence which employs their higher powers, even although such an existence involves a greater amount of pain, and that more intense, than would accompany a lower choice. A "sense of dignity" restrains from the sacrifice of the imperfect happiness of a high standard for the contentment of a lower. In view of these facts Mr. Mill considers that he

has found a court from whose decisions regarding the qualities of pleasures there can be no appeal,—the experience of those who, by observant testing for themselves of both lower and higher pleasures, have become competent to judge.

It is difficult to see how, from a utilitarian standpoint this distinction is justifiable. If the only end of life be the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," and especially if in that number not only man, but the whole sentient creation is included, surely that course of action which secures the greatest amount of happiness best fulfils that end. Would it not be a direct attempt at frustration of the end deliberately to pursue a certain class of pleasures which confessedly involve pain, greater in quantity and more exquisite, than do those of another class considered lower in quality? If virtue consist in adding to the general fund of pleasure, what shall we call that, which under the plea of "higher quality," adds to the general fund of pain?

Further, the appeal to experience assumes a much greater uniformity of mental constitution than really exists among men. No one possessed of decided tastes in any direction, can take the experience of any majority of people as a judge of the pleasure which the exercise of his peculiar bent will afford him.

If Mr. Mill's view be accepted and logically followed out, it will result in the establishment of an external standard of morality quite at variance with the greatest happiness doctrine.

The vital question of obligation is explicitly raised, but is cleverly evaded rather than answered. We are offered "sanctions" both external and internal, and "a basis of powerful natural sentiment" to co-operate with them, is added; but sanction is not obligation, it is rather approval of what has been made obligatory by other authority. The "conscientious feelings of mankind" do indeed give their sanction to morality, and none will deny the part that sentiment takes in urging to the performance of duty, but neither of them can say, in virtue of its own office, "you must." The answer to such objections—that whatever moral standard is held, conduct is only influenced by objective feeling—

is of no force, for if the word "ought" be admitted at all, a law is implied whose authority is in nowise affected by man's attitude towards it.

In his "proof" of utilitarianism Mr. Mill resolves the question of ultimate ends of life into that of desirable ends, and from this point of view his demonstration is quick and easy. Happiness is proved to be the only invariably desirable end; virtue is simply the best way to that end; will is found to be the product of desire, and the education of virtuous will into habit is insisted on, as the only guarantee of that constancy of virtuous action necessary to general happiness. But even on the ground of desirability utilitarianism must be tested. In deciding the respective claims of desires extent is not the only consideration. There are other desires, not perhaps so extensive as the desire for happiness, but where they do exist they are not less intense. Many things, such as knowledge, truth and purity are sought for their own sakes, and the soul possessing such desires utterly refuses to make them subservient to the desire for happiness. So, until the many deathless longings of the soul can be resolved into the one desire for happiness, we must decline, even on the ground of desirability, to accept happiness as the ethical end.

Mr. Mill repels the objection to utilitarianism as a Godless doctrine, on the assumption that God's chief aim in reference to man is his happiness; but is not this largely conjecture? May it not be more to Him that the creatures of His hand should be pure and truthful and upright than that they should be happy? That He has made happiness inseparable from virtue is no reason for concluding it the end of virtue.

But we may object to the resolution of ultimate into desirable ends. Here, as elsewhere, the question of adaptability must be decided before that of desirability can receive a practical answer. Consciousness does indeed testify to the adaptation of the human soul to happiness, but no less clearly does it declare that it has other capacities. Unless we agree to merge all the soul's faculties into one of their number, whose claim to Supreme Authority its advocates have failed to prove. We must recognize their

separate existences, and give to each its share in our conception of the end of life.

No theory that seizes upon one of the many principles of action, and makes all the others subordinate to it, can be other than inadequate and disproportioned. The case of self-sacrifice, which Mr. Mill brings forward, will serve to show this. According to his account there is no merit in such an action beyond its tendency to produce happiness. The martyr, for truth's sake, unless in his act he has some reference to happiness, is merely the victim of delusion, and by his martyrdom frustrates the end of his being. But in a species of self-sacrifice to which Mr. Mill does allow merit, where the happiness of others is the declared end, we may see the working of a higher law than he admits. Take the case of a man who shows that love than which there is none greater, and lays down his life for his friend; not, necessarily, to save his friend's life, perhaps to secure for him some temporary pleasure or immunity from pain. The Utilitarian sees in this a noble act, an exhibition of the highest human virtue, but he measures its virtue by its outward result in happiness, the greatness of the altar by the gift which it sanctified. But can we not read in it a deeper meaning, recognize the working of a higher law, and the attainment of a more important end? In this utter self-abnegation for the sake of another's happiness we see a step in the development of a soul on its way to complete self-realization. Whether it were the final step or merely one into clearer light and fewer limitations, we cannot tell, it is enough that we have had a glimpse of the true significance of self-sacrifice.

But man has a higher end to serve than either his own happiness or that of his fellows. The ground of moral obligation, which Happiness, essentially fleeting and variable, cannot supply, we find in the conception of self-realization. We have here a law whose authority applies to all alike, obedience to which makes moral life an organic growth, not a series of unconnected and independent experiences. Here too, the desire for happiness receives fullest satisfaction, for the Moral Ideal attracts with a charm as irresistible as its authority is supreme. In following its unfolding beauty the soul finds happiness in proportion to attainment, and from the "broken arcs," here and now, may infer the "perfect round" yet to be. Only in a whole-hearted abandonment of himself to the all-comprehensive duty of self-realization, in the conviction that,—

—"Because right is right to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence."

can man find the true end of his being, as well as his highest happiness; only in striving to

aid others in living such a life can he serve their holiest interests.

This is no ignoring or under-valuation of happiness. We do not indeed admit it, either in its personal or its universal form, to be the ethical end, but we recognise its place as the natural accompaniment of the natural use of man's powers. It keeps pace with virtue, and is a lawful incentive to the performance of duty.

Of One, who to perfect devotion to duty and capacity for joy joined perfect insight into the grounds of both, we are told that for the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross; and we too, though with knowledge and attainment still imperfect, may claim this office of happiness, and even when fallen upon dark days, look forward in hope to the beatific vision of an end, in which, as in the way to it, Happiness is the inseparable companion of Goodness and Righteousness and Truth.

DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who are alone expected to understand its contents.

ANOTHER *mash*, eh?

THE little Soph got into deep water a few nights ago while attempting to extinguish a north end fire.

ONE of our journalists is having a *hig(s)*h old time. He gets a bi-weekly paper in which there is a continued love story and nothing else.

STUDENT to tutor who has just finished an elaborate explanation of a formula: "What good will that do you?" Tutor collapses; class applauds; bell rings.

THE latest slander on the *dude* is that he bumped his head against a cobweb stretched across the street, and had to be carried home with a cracked skull.

THE "Go as you please" champion, who attends the Logic Class, has started out on a new course. We believe he will come in ahead; for "beauty draws him with a single hair."

Prof.: What kind of a proposition is the following: "It is not good for man to be alone?"

Student (unhesitatingly): "Universal affirmative."

THE philosopher of the Second Year was heard addressing a young lady at a fashionable "At Home" in these words:—"My dear Miss —, if I have any influence with you, con-

sider favourably this request, and—." His voice sank into a whisper, but she shook her little head.

THE ladies of the English Class, if not M.A.'s, are certainly "masters of the situation." The Sophs present themselves to their unmerciful gaze, newly shaved, with shining boots and spotless linen.

THE little Soph with the sparce, black moustache, a few mornings ago, *after a hard night's plugging*, looked out of the window and said: "The boots are wet to-day, I guess I shall wear my big side-walks."

WE learn that "Charlie" is quite gone on his rural lady-love. His last escapade shows that it is just as impossible for the "little theologian" to disentangle himself from her charms, as for a fly to get out of a puncheon of molasses.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

To go or not to go, that's the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of disappointment,
Or ask for the next lecture,—
And, I suppose, get left again
To wail; to grieve;
No more; and, in a word, again endure
The heart-aches, and the thousand natural shocks
That I seem heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be skipped. To ask; get left;
Get left! Perhaps not so: aye there's the rub.
For in much strangeness,
Ah ha, I'll risk it not again.

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