

Univ. of Toronto

# THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL .....	227
Notice—Class of '95 .....	229
In this Materialistic Age. ....	229
The Smile-Rays (Poem) .....	233
The Concentration of Wealth .....	234
The Exile (Poem) .....	237
Commemoration Day at Johns Hopkins. ....	237
Some Legends of Glooscap .....	239
Lady Jane Grey .....	241
The Spirit of the Night .....	242
Results of the Law Exams. ....	246
College Notes .....	248
Correspondence .....	248
College Societies .....	250
Exchanges .....	253
Personals .....	255
Dallusiensia .....	255

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"ORA ET LABORA."

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THE Arts student's liberty of choice in the third and fourth year subjects is a privilege that would not be expected in a Scottish University. But in this Dalhousie has done well to depart from traditional custom. This privilege, while beneficial to some students, is a stumbling block to others. It is thus possible to be more deferential to one's ease than one's welfare. Although Dalhousie students on the whole work exceedingly hard, yet it is possible to pick out a comparatively easy course. This is the inevitable result of liberty to choose one's own subjects. It is a great pity that a student should take advantage of it to gratify his indisposition to work and thereby injure both himself and the college. One who intends to make anything of himself in life cannot afford to allow the opportunity of a course in Dalhousie to go by without improving it to the utmost. Four years in the study of the Liberal Arts, cannot but be of immense influence in the shaping of all the after life. What a person is in regard to intellectual habits when he leaves college, generally speaking he will remain during the rest of his life. Once a person graduates even with as low a degree as the ordinary B. A. he is marked off for the rest of his life as belonging to the order of students,

and when one has the outer badge of membership in that order, to be consistent one must have the inner characteristics also. Now one of the strongest of these is the love of study. But if a student idle his time away in college, or take as light a course as possible, or even peg away at subjects for which he has no interest or capacity, he is not likely to have acquired that love when he leaves college. He will place his books on the shelf and not open them again beyond the requirements of his particular profession. Such a student is like a wedge driven into the wood but not far enough to hold of its own accord. In practical life time is so much occupied in travelling from post to pillar and from pillar to post, that unless a deep seated love for study—and it will be all the more real if it is concrete—has taken possession of one it is almost impossible to keep up college subjects although one had the will to do so. But even if the time were obtainable while the inclination is absent it would be of little avail. The trouble with the great majority of the people in our land is not they have no time to read but that they have no inclination.

What kind of a course then should one adopt to acquire this love for study? No particular rules can be laid down, but generally speaking an Honour course is preferable, for the very reason that an Honour course inspires an interest by its comprehensiveness. It allows the student to explore into this or that by-path. He is there free to a large measure of the confining limits of any lecture, or the direction and perhaps compulsion of the professor. He is at liberty to follow his inclination. Moreover, as a student generally takes that Honour course which is most congenial to him and likewise adopts the vocation in which he has most interest, the Honour course will be in the direct line of his profession. Thus an honour course in physics would naturally lead to some kind of engineering, while an Honour course in philosophy would lead to theology.

But an Honour course is deficient in that it limits the interest to one subject. A Distinction course avoids this difficulty. It allows the student to dip into many subjects,

but is not sufficient to inspire a keen interest in anyone. And even if it were sufficient it would prevent the following of the interest, for when five subjects with extra prescribed reading in each, must be taken each year for Great Distinction, of necessity the work is so evenly apportioned that one cannot devote special attention to a particular subject no matter how much one desires to do so.

Perhaps the best course for the student who wants to make his Arts studies a means of liberal training rather than a preparation for any particular profession, is the ordinary course with special attention given to one subject. By taking the large number of subjects which the ordinary course allows he will gain a more adequate idea of the world of knowledge generally than if he were to devote his attention exclusively to one subject as in an Honour course, and by giving special attention to one subject—that of his choice, he will feel himself free of constraint in the devotion of his time and work, and will gain such a comprehensive knowledge of the subject that it will furnish him with a hobby when college days are done.

---

#### CLASS OF '95.

A meeting of the class of '95, Arts, will be held in the Munro Room, Dalhousie College, on the morning of Tuesday, 24th April, at ten o'clock. Every member of the class is requested to make a special effort to be present, as this is the first meeting for four years. The class letter will be read, and important business transacted.

RALPH G. STRATHIE, *President.*

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#### IN THIS MATERIALISTIC AGE.

The antiquarian and the archaeologist of the dim future will find, whatever else, in their survey of the nineteenth century, that materialism was significant in every avenue of human endeavour. They will find too that its effect was very great, on literature primarily, and also on art. But this is perceptible now to the discerning individual, even although dwelling in the midst and forming an integral part thereof. It is thus not necessary to wait for future ages to pass sentence

on our age, but we may, with as little prejudice as possible, make an introspective examination of the great nineteenth century.

The student, chief of all, has a grudge, apparently not to be requited, against the spirit of this century, after seeing the honored studies for a liberal education which had stood firm for ages, cast down from their pinnacle of glory to make room for more practical subjects. Greek, Latin, and Mathematics to his mind were supreme as mental gymnastics, and he could conceive of nothing better. So long had his reverence been fostered, that when the sceptical onlooker dared to question the benefit of his favorite studies he was astounded. He had always taken their pre-eminence as a matter of course, and his implicit confidence in them, coupled with confusion at the audacity of the questioner, made him unable to answer, and for the time being he was beaten. Thus Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, without a bold champion, were disqualified and declared unpractical. Therefore they were considered as useless in an up-to-date education in this utilitarian nineteenth century.

The destroyer of the classic stronghold rightly enough considered education as a training which would fit the child for taking its place some day in the world of business, society and culture. But, they said, the man must know this, must know that, and why not have the child learn them at once, instead of going through endless declensions and conjugations in a language which nobody speaks and very few read. They could not conceive of the broadening and deepening influence of a classic training, much less could they conceive of education as an end in itself and not a means to an end. To such a practical and mercenary basis had they prostrated their minds, and in such poor esteem did they hold the intellectual as compared with bodily pursuits. They would have the child learn practical subjects as its mind grew capable of receiving them, instead of giving the mind time to form and develop first.

Materialism has the tendency to drive from our minds the conception that the life is more than meat, the body more than raiment, or that it was once asked, what it would profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what could he give in exchange for his soul. But the materialistic age cannot be condemned unreservedly, nor is it, after all, an unqualified disaster. Results merely go to prove that a century cannot be all things in all, and to hint that brighter ages may be in store.

To the classic and middle ages belong the undying laurels

for philosophy, oratory and art ; to this century the wonderful results of mechanical genius, rivalling the dreams of the mythologists.

There are those who hold that in inventive fields man has almost reached his limitations ; that in after ages the nineteenth century will be looked upon for the wonders of its patent offices, just as ancient Greece and Rome to-day are the Meccas of the art worshipper. If so, the people of these times will hardly be censured, but will be considered to have done enough by preserving the Venus de Milo and the Apollo Belvidere, to have kept in print the philosophies of the ancients, and to have preserved the museums of the antiquarians.

The influence of utilitarianism has been to bend letters more or less to its purposes, as a result of which we rarely see a novel made to live rather than made to sell. Biography is scanty, and not of the healthy type so much admired by the true student of human nature. Of the Victorian age in literature, one writer has said : " It represents the fusion of two currents which had alternately prevailed in successive periods. Delight and utility met ; truth and imagination kissed each other. Practical reform awoke the enthusiasm of genius, and genius put poetry to new use, or made a new path for itself in prose. The result has been much gain, some loss, and an originality of aspect which would alone render our Queen's reign intellectually memorable." While not presuming to criticize the above passage except in a desultory fashion, it has always been supposed that utility had never ingratiated itself into letters until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Also, while not denying the originality of the nineteenth century literature, it appears to be a literature original in nothing but its re-adjustment of old material and its prolixity.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century epic poetry, the greatest achievement of a classic mind, was on the wane ; the poetry of Scott was succeeded by the poetry of Byron. Scott himself had turned to novel writing such as had given the world a new taste for prose. That which the Waverley novels excited, the work of Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot came to put upon the high firm basis of living literature ; for the novel at the beginning of the century was a more or less despised vehicle for thought. Dickens and Thackeray will have found a place in the future as the greatest novelists of the century. One was the complement to the other, and their work went to show the wide field of fiction and its possible bearing upon the world. The most fruitful period of

the English novel was from 1837 to 1865, and during these years Dickens, Thackeray, and Eliot, at least, won immortality. With the English novelists belong the English poets of the same general period, Tennyson and Browning. If no other finger-print than Tennyson's had been marked upon the nineteenth century, the period would have been immortal for English lyric poetry. The Browning craze that came upon the heels of that poet's success has made his rank uncertain until another age shall pass upon it. Still, aside from his obscurities of style and conception, he has done enough to earn more for himself than a resting place in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey.

Of the same period are Carlyle, Froude, Lamb, and by no means least, that great man of art and letters, for whom the nation has not yet ceased to weep, John Ruskin. Few men have established a better right to future recognition than Ruskin, and the story of his life is at once pathetic and grand. Ruskin was an artist, scholar, sage, critic, philanthropist, and an unsurpassed writer. He was undoubtedly the greatest exponent of Aristotle in modern times, and the scholar owes him a great debt thereby. But nothing more need be said of him here, his recent decease has brought his whole history before the public.

A fairly general idea of the sentiments prevalent the world over is gained from a survey of English accomplishments in art and letters, but it would not be amiss to cross the English channel for a brief space of time. France, leading in art, has been second in letters. Out of its stormy political history its accomplishments have been one of the wonders of the century, until it is recalled that it has done little else than to quiet its own public pulses that it might bend its energies to art. Its population is stagnant, its growth arrested. In letters as well as in art much of Europe has lain lifeless in this century. Vilmar, in speaking of Germany at the present time, regrets the "decay of a poetic force" that marked Germany in an earlier period, and attributes it to the commercial awakening of the century and the exactions of militarism.

Time has brought changes in methods, styles and themes for the book makers in the English tongues. An author is a social wonder no longer. The aristocracy of literature has been overthrown, and as a profession it has been cheapened. The successful bookwriter, it is true, is paid now as he never was before, but the publisher of books is more accurately a manufacturer. Every author has on the title page of his books names innumerable of his former writings. A book

is a craze to-day and a dim recollection to-morrow, while the reviewers are buried under avalanches of fiction, whose attractive covers are as worthy of recognition as their contents. The bargain counters of departmental stores are piled high with this fiction; magazines are full of it, and still authors and amanuenses are busy with the contracts of publishers who are measuring literature by the ton. The standard is almost inevitably lowered, and every reader knows with regret that many who promised well at the first turn out now only very inferior works. The reason which occurs to almost all is, that the writer is overdoing his ability, for talent never follows machine rules. No one knows where book making is to stop in its rapid decline towards an industry, rather than an art. The end may be predicted, however, as a possible contingency, when a future age shall have condemned novel-reading as a vice.

But we should not deal too harshly with the nineteenth century. The great sage of the Old Testament has declared that there is nothing new under the sun, and it might be possible that the *ne plus ultra* has already been reached. To many, however, the nineteenth century is a breathing time, marking strongly the hiatus between the vast accomplishments behind us and the unknown things of the new century upon which we are about to enter. They also consider that the literary vitality of the world was more or less exhausted, and that the age of commercial and scientific activity is nothing more than the recuperation period. If this be true, as we trust it is, the student can hopefully look forward to a golden age in which progress in letters and art, beyond conception, shall be witnessed. ARTHUR WATT.

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#### THE SMILE-RAYS.

In flare of torch or lamp, in blaze of day,  
 The world had faithful servitors to sight,  
 But scarce in dreams dared pierce embodied night  
 Till Science waiting found a wondrous ray  
 Which, mocking walls of wood or cloak of clay,  
 Turned grossest darkness into semi-light,  
 And strengthened Healing's hand with double might—  
 In truth, brought in a broader, better, day.  
 Whereat let all rejoice; why have surprise?  
 For, beams more potent, searching, yet more kind  
 E'er light life's path from first to farthest mile:  
 Deep sourced, may be, in coil of heartstrings twined,  
 They gladden like a glimpse of summer skies—  
 The simple, subtle, X-rays of a smile!

March 20th, 1900.



## THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."—*Goldsmith.*

He who is a close observer and has a taste for the study of political revolutions, cannot fail to discover that we are standing upon the threshold of a great conflict between concentrated wealth on the one side and organized wealth-producers on the other. These two elements are almost naturally antagonistic. Their antagonism is as universal as is the struggle for existence. As wealth concentrates into the hands of a few, the "long, low, distant murmur of dread sound" becomes louder and fiercer; but hard it is to fight against the imperial powers of consolidated wealth. The disease of wealth-lust has disseminated itself like a poison—the virus is in the veins of the millions. The great problem which confronts the civilized nations of to-day is, how to prevent this consolidation of wealth. The problem must be solved sooner or later. Great questions, like heavy trains, move slowly; but when they do move, they meet opposing forces with the clash of colliding worlds.

We hear it stated that the condition of the laboring masses is now infinitely in advance of, say, fifty years ago. True, comparatively; but not, relatively.

As far as ability to create wealth is concerned, no one need complain, there is plenty for all. When, however, the question—who owns the wealth? is asked, we are met with the startling fact that those who create and dig it out of the earth own but a trifle. But, it is to the best interest of all that wealth should concentrate into the hands of a few, as it is only by the accumulation of capital that the general wealth of the country can be increased. Organized capitalists are necessary to the development of a country's resources. We admit this, but we claim that the concentration of wealth is inordinate, the immediate and direct result of which is an unequal distribution.

It would be as absurd as it would be ridiculous to take the wealth of a country and divide it equally among its inhabitants. The demand is not for an equal distribution but for a fair share in the form of good wages. It is a fact that in every avenue of employment, in spite of protective tariffs and other artificial means of bolstering up the industries of a country, wages are coming down. It is only an easy matter to take statistics and by skilful manipulation of figures show that wages are advancing. If that were so,

why so many strikes and lock-outs? Why so much distress and discontent in our land? Only a few weeks ago the Standard Oil Company, one of the biggest monopolies in the world, declared a quarterly dividend of twenty per cent., and this in face of the fact that it has within several months raised the price of oil to its Canadian and American consumers. Between forty and fifty million dollars in actual profits are thus taken out of the pockets of poor people. The capital of the Standard Oil Company amounts to two hundred and ten millions, and is held by less than two thousand stockholders! Has this gigantic Octopus increased the wages in any branch of industry in either Canada or the United States? No, it has not, and yet it preys like a harpy upon the vitals of the poor. To secure exorbitant dividends at the expense of employees and consumers is not only unjust, but it means that the heel of monopoly is trampling heavily upon some of the most sacred institutions of mankind. Liberty, honesty, and justice are being sacrificed that the growing rich may become richer. The seeds of unrest and discontent are sown among those very people in whom lie that inherent characteristic of resistance to a supreme and opulent authority.

In the United States there are 24,600 families who own \$31,500,000,000 of the total wealth of the country, estimated at 60,000,000,000. 100 persons own \$3,000,000,000, another 100 own 25,000,000 each in addition to ten averaging \$100,000,000 each. A leading economist and statistician divides the total number of families into three classes, rich, middle, and working, as follows:

Class.	Families.	Wealth in Millions.	Average per Family
Rich, - - - -	182,000	\$43,367	\$238,135
Middle, - - - -	1,200,000	7,500	6,250
Poor, - - - -	11,620,000	11,215	968
	<hr/> 13,002,000	<hr/> \$62,082	<hr/> \$4,775

On this basis our authority claims that 40,000 persons own one-half of the wealth of the United States; while one-seventieth own over two-thirds. The United States are practically owned by 250,000 persons!

Another authority, estimating the total wealth of the same country at sixty billions of dollars, computes that there are 11,593,887 families who own \$17,356,837,343 of the nation's wealth; while the other 1,096,265 families own \$42,643,162,657. Here we have 11,593,887 families, each possessing, on an average, property to the value of \$1,496, and 1,096,265 families, each possessing property to the value of \$38,898. Among the latter class, there is a further concentration. It

is estimated that there are 4,047 millionaires worth in round numbers about twelve billions of dollars, or about one-fifth of the nations wealth.

Let us analyse these figures more closely. Allowing five persons to each of those two classes of families, and dividing their wealth among them, we receive \$299 as the average per capita for 57,969,435 of the population of that country; while the other 5,481,325 have an average per capita of \$7,780. If the wealth of the republic average \$1,000 per capita, taking our first computation, then for each person who owns a million, there must be 1,000 persons without property; for the 25,000 persons who own 31,500,000,000 there must be 31,500,000 persons in the United States without property.

It was Patrick Henry who said that "we can only judge the future by the past." When Egypt went down, two per cent. of her population owned 97 per cent. of her wealth; when Rome fell, 1,800 men owned all the known world. The people were starved to death. France, before the revolution, was nothing but an aristocracy of wealth and birth on the one side, starvation and wretchedness on the other. And France reaped exactly what she sowed. The condition of affairs in England and the United States as far as the concentration of wealth is concerned, are very similar—they are drifting into a like channel that France did and which cost her so much treasure and blood.

What is the cause of this? How is it that wealth concentrates into the coffers of a few individuals? Some one replies, "brains and push." Yes, but brains and push *plus*—and mark the word—legislative "pulls." Laws are now made, in fact, whole tariff systems are formed, granting special privileges to one class at the expense of another. Class legislation produces a disturbance in the distribution of wealth, causing it to flow in the direction of him who hath. Trusts and combines are the offsprings of preferential legislation; and where these octopi exist, there we find wealth the more concentrated and the struggle between capital and labor the keener.

History teaches us that the greatest calamity that can befall any nation is the concentration of its wealth. No nation has flourished and fallen but this was the cause. Economic laws are without doubt changing; but any such change does not alter the principle discussed,—that the concentration of wealth is a threatening danger to the character and stability of a nation.

J. W. G. M.

### THE EXILE.

The roses are very fair that among you blossom—  
Nay, we have no such flowers abloom on our northern leas—  
And the southern gale is sweet, that barely ruffles  
The calm, blue sheen of your sunny, smiling seas.  
And your ways are warm and kindly—I would not ungrate-  
ful be!  
But this land of yours, be it ever so fair, can never be home  
to me.

Ever my thoughts must be where my hungry heart is,  
Far away on shores that are very lone and gray,  
Where the hoarse waves dash on rocks that are grim and  
rugged,  
And the wild, red sunset flares over misty headland and bay—  
A harsh, bleak world to you of this golden shore.  
But were I there again, I would roam from it nevermore.

Ah, if I could but hear the wind in the glens of fir—  
The moan and murmur of pines that bend o'er the mountain  
linn—  
Never is music so sweet in this land of exile,  
Sick unto death am I, with longing for home and kin.  
When shall I see again the land that bore my race?  
When shall I look again with joy on my mother's face?

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

### COMMEMORATION DAY AT JOHNS HOPKINS.

No day in the whole American calendar is so fraught with true sentiment, true patriotism, true and far-reaching significance as Washington's birthday. Numberless monuments and other perishable memorials show forth but feebly the deep-seated, whole-hearted devotion felt by the American people towards him who will doubtless ever be "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

It is in keeping with the fitness of things that Johns Hopkins should hold its mid-sessional commemoration exercises on Washington's birthday. Then it saves an extra holiday, you know. That day may be called the university's birthday, as marking the anniversary of President Gilman's inaugural address, although lectures did not begin until the October following his inauguration. Next October, by the way, will mark the completion of a quarter-century of actual instruction in J. H. U., and we are promised then a celebration that is a celebration, lasting several days,—and

perhaps nights, the President says. Prospective Canadian graduates may arrange accordingly.

On February 22nd, 1900, however, President Gilman completed his twenty-fifth year of office, and the exercises took colour from that fact. It is hardly necessary to refer to the well-merited tributes bestowed by colleagues and others upon one to whom is due, more than to any other, the conception and development of the present highly-organized system of graduate instruction in the great universities of America. This meed of praise was a matter of course.

One of the most interesting and significant events of the hour was the presentation to the university by the Harvard Club of Maryland, of an old-fashioned, curiously carved and marvelously upright oak chair. Pedigrees are very much in vogue just now, and this bit of furniture, if it has not blue blood in its veins, is yet of very high degree. The twelve Presidents of Harvard during the last one hundred and fifty years have sat successively in a certain old arm-chair (without rockers) brought over from England in President Holyoke's time. And it was particularly happy that a replica of this chair, triangular cushion and all, should be presented on this occasion by the Harvard Club of Maryland. In this capacious chair of honor our President took his seat, beaming and blushing with pride, amid storms of applause.

The celebration was marked by many other inter-collegiate features. In the matter of music, that peculiar bond of union between all students everywhere, we listened to an Oxford Chant rendered by a male quartet, and Songs of old Harvard by the "boys," that is, by the Glee Club, all "boys" as yet.

But much the most delightful of all was the part taken by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California. President Wheeler had not long since resigned his Greek chair at Cornell to assume the more responsible duties of President of the growing western university. President Gilman had delivered the installation address at Berkeley, and now President Wheeler was returning the compliment. (Indeed compliments were the order of the day).

Dr. Wheeler's theme was an exceedingly pertinent one: *The Duty of the University to the Commonwealth*. The address itself, it would be futile to attempt to characterize. But if such men and such sentiments are the outgrowth of higher, broader, deeper education and enlightenment, the Universities of America may well lift up their heads with

confident optimism, not in pride, but in the invincible assurance that unselfish devotion to the search for truth will bring ever and ever nearer that

"One far-off divine event  
To which the whole creation moves."

The university forces of America have, none too soon, realized that in "union there is strength," and recently at Chicago, the Presidents of the leading institutions met to organize and to set a standard of graduate instruction that would obtain for all America, securing uniformity at home, and recognition abroad.

The day of cheap scholarship in America, we hope, is past; and every true student must also rejoice at the many signs of increasing inter-collegiate fellowship, intellectually as well as socially, when rivalry gives place to co-operation, and each finds his own best advancement in realizing that he is debtor to every other. H. T. ARCHIBALD, '97.

#### SOME LEGENDS OF GLOOSCAP.

AMONG Indian tales and traditions there are few more interesting than those of Glooscap, the wonderful being who, according to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Indians, made the earth a habitable place. That he really lived the Indians have no doubt, and the belief lingers in such old place-names as "Glooscap's Kettle," the name of an island in Minas Channel. While he lived in our land he performed wonderful things, many of which are well enough known. The few legends given here were told by an old Indian woman, a firm believer in the good old fellow. By her story Glooscap is responsible for the slight muddiness of the Bay of Fundy waters. One day, perhaps while taking exercise, he wrenched away part of the North Mountain. The waters rushed in to form the bay which we call Annapolis Basin, and such a commotion was caused by the sudden inflow, that old Fundy was stirred to his lowest depths. The mud was disturbed and has not settled to this day.

At another time, when on the north side of Minas Basin, Glooscap, following up a herd of moose, chased them into the waters. The moose swam to the other side, and Glooscap, in great anger, picked up a few large sods which he threw into the Basin. These sods are now the beautiful Five Islands.

When his work was finished here, the good Glooscap went to his own dwelling place on a beautiful island. He never grows old, but, in the words of the old woman, is always about thirty-five years old. When good Indians die he takes them to their happy hunting place. What happens to the bad Indians the old lady did not say. Perhaps there are no bad Indians.

In the days of long ago half-a-dozen men started to find Glooscap. Seven years they travelled over mountains and plains, rivers and seas. At length they came to a lake. In it was one island covered with maples and beeches. Attracted by the beauty of the island they paddled their canoe thither. Before they touched land a young man, with a beautiful face, and clothed with rich furs, came towards them. It was Glooscap, who took the men to his wigwam, one to delight the heart of an Indian, for the sides and the ground were covered with the most beautiful furs and skins. No one lived on the island but Glooscap, his grandmother, and his younger brother.

After his visitors had feasted, the good Indian asked each one what he wished, and promised to grant their requests. The first man was tired of walking, he said, and wanted to live, but never to walk again. So Glooscap laid him on his side on the ground. The man stays there yet, never changes, but sleeps on. Every spring Glooscap turns him over. Herbs grow up around him, and once a year they are gathered for the medicine men, the great doctors, and from them the good medicines are made. The desire of the next man was to live always. Glooscap seized him by his long straight hair, turned him around three times and put him down near the wigwam door. Instantly the fellow changed to a willow tree, and as Glooscap allows no one to injure it, he stands there to this day.

The third and fourth men desired the same thing, that each should have a beautiful wife. Glooscap gave to each one a small cage, which contained the image of a beautiful woman. These were to be put in their pockets, and on no account be taken out or looked at. The Indian love of hunting showed itself in the requests of the two remaining. One wanted to "catch lots moose," the other "lots partridge." Glooscap presented to the moose hunter a piece of wood from his own moose yard. To the lover of partridges he gave a feather. While they possessed these, each would obtain his desire.

Homeward then the four turned, leaving the sleeper and the willow tree. To their great surprise, the journey which

before had taken seven years, now occupied but three days. They found themselves in their own country, and not one could tell which way he had come. The lovers of the hunt were happy in the luck which followed from having the gifts of Glooscap. The men with the images did not have such good fortune. At first obedient to their instructions, they kept the treasures in their pockets. On getting up after their first night home, they found that the wigwams had been cleaned, the meat dried, the wood cut, and their clothes mended. This went on for three nights. Devoured by curiosity they did not go to sleep the fourth night, but kept a careful watch. At midnight two women, like the images but larger, came out from the pockets and carefully performed the housework as before. But alas! the disobedient Indians paid dearly for their curiosity, for when the morning came the images had both departed, and never did they return.

"They were Nova Scotia Indians," said the old woman, "so of course this is true." G. H. S.

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LADY JANE GREY.

*Bagenhall.*—"Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music

Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning  
Beyond the Churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,  
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy  
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard  
She would not take a last farewell of him,  
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.  
She could not be unmann'd—no, nor outwoman'd—  
Seventeen—a rose of grace!  
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;  
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud."

*Stafford.*—"Pray you, go on."

*Bagenhall.*—"She came upon the scaffold,  
And said she was condemned to die for treason;  
She had but follow'd the device of those  
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.  
But for herself, she knew but little law,  
And nothing of the titles to the crown;  
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,  
And trusted God would save her thro' the blood  
of Jesus Christ alone."

Stafford.—

“ Pray you, go on.”

Bagenhall.—Then knelt and said the Misere Mei—  
But all in English, mark you ; rose again,  
And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,  
Said, ' You will give me my true crown at last,  
But do it quickly ;' then all wept but she,  
Who changed not colour when she saw the block,  
But ask'd him, childlike : ' Will you take it off  
Before I lay me down ?' ' No, Madam,' he said,  
Gasping ; and when her innocent eyes were bound,  
She, with her poor blind hands feeling—' Where is it ?  
Where is it ?'—You must fancy that which follow'd,  
If you have heart to do it !”

Queen Mary—ACT III, SCENE I.

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#### THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT.

THERE is a glory ever near us, grander, truer, more majestic than all the gilded pomp of kings and princes, and we but little heed it. It is the glory of the Night. The world is too much with us—the world of restless doing : we call this life, and neglect the quieter realities, the subtler beauty and meaning of the other half of our existence. The night is not dead, not dreary : men may be, but Night is not—it lives, and throbs, and breathes. It thrills with magnetic force ; imparts its life to human creatures, and makes men better or worse, according as they honour or dishonour the sacredness of its altar.

Night is good. Only the perversity of man has made it the symbol of evil. For once it had equal rank with Day, till the mystery of the world-sin came, and the worshippers of this last sought a hiding-place within its folds. From these associations it is possible and right for each pure-minded man to redeem, in his own experience at least, and restore to its former glory, that Night which God intended to teach us lessons of purity, and quiet, tender trust, rather than to awe us with dismal orgies.

If I might, without pretension, pass along to my fellow-students a suggestion for their future, I would say : Make friends with the night. I would say it because I believe it will help you to be better, happier men and women, will give you a habit of soul-calm which will be of untold worth to you. I would say it, not as one who made an empty sound, but as one who has himself found delight and strength

in the beauty of the silent night, alone with his thoughts and the trees, the quiet of the out-door world about him as a real influence,—the past, that day ended, behind, and the future ahead.

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A man is better or worse at night, as his nature leads him. It is true that crime prospers in the dark ; it is true that the light of day and the shades of night are moral antipodes in popular expression ; but it is not true that it need be so. Nursery rhymes taught us in our childhood to dread the dark ; but there is higher truth than nursery rhymes. Well may the moral coward tremble before the convicting presence of the austere Night ; but he who goes out with a clean purpose, and a desire which he can respect within his own being, troubled and sorrowed though he may be, should feel no fear. If such an one does fear, it is because of others' sin, not his own.

Some there are, indifferent to the message of the night, who would scorn so sentimental a suggestion ; but it is a question whether they, too, are not unconsciously influenced for good, or, if not, are made worse for what they miss. The nature which, in its prime of manly vigour, when brain and soul are in training, can go out into the night, and feel no power in it, is a nature twisted from its God-given course.

In the quiet night—is there not a brooding, spiritual presence ?

In the wildest night—is there not the power of grandeur ?

In the gloomy night—is there not a woof of silver, woven across the warp of cloud ?

It is easy for us to make friends with the Night, because we can personify it. In the garish day, we are taken up with a thousand sights, “ day's mutable distinctions,” but with nightfall our world is narrowed, and we *feel* the dark. We realize that this is something different. Objects are the same, stones and hills are the same, but in addition is this veil. This veil—surely it is real ; we feel it. Touching it, piercing it, we see other things differently, we are in a new world, whose forms and features are not what they were this morning.

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At night the moon is queen : the world, her empire ; the stars are princes and princesses, to whom you and I pay court. When it is cloudy, an Indian myth has it, they are

replenishing their stores for another night's splendour.  
Come out and see, out in the great out-doors :

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.  
Sit, ——— : look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings.\*

You look ; you think. Earth and heaven are near, and  
you are but between.

All seems one vast, still chamber,  
Where weary hearts remember  
No more the sorrows of the dust.†

But—

At length the vision closes ; and the mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.‡

Glorious is night on the water ; who can stand upon a  
deck, out of sight of land, feel the power that throbs old  
Ocean, watch the moonlight on the wake, and not be men-  
tally stirred as he realizes his own littleness and the greatness  
of that other Power ? Or, coasting nearer shore, the sight  
of land suggests one's duty for the morrow. †

'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.  
Silent and steadfast as the vaulted sky,  
The boundless plain of waters seems to lie—  
Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore !  
No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
Whispering how meek and gentle he can be.§

On land or sea you feel the grandeur of the universe, as  
interpreted in the spirit of the night. It is easier then to  
think the problems of life.

And when I gaze at the stars, that above me are burning,  
I say to myself, as I'm thinking,  
Why all these starry fires ?  
And what means this infinite air, and what the  
Depths of the heavens ? What is the meaning  
Of all this solitude boundless ? And I, what am I ? ||

Aside from the beauty that is impressed upon one, out-of-  
doors at night, and the thoughts of natural grandeur that  
surely follow, there is much of real interest in the experience  
of voluntary wakefulness when other people are asleep. Try it.

\* Merchant of Venice, Act V, Scene I. † Matthias Claudius. ‡ Wordsworth.  
§ Wordsworth. || Leopardi.

Go out some fine night next summer, "at the midnight,  
in the silence of the sleep-time" ; walk down the street, past  
the houses, past the stores or the fields which a few hours  
before were, as they will again be a few hours hence, alive  
with busy workmen ; go down on one of the wharves, or up  
on a hill-top, and look upon your little world—all asleep but  
you. Fancy to yourself the home-life represented by each  
dark roof ; and as you think of others' failures or successes,  
you grow a bit more charitable. You think kindlier in the  
night. You feel somewhat as Wordsworth felt on West-  
minster Bridge, something of the same unutterable majesty  
of silence :

Dear God ! The very houses seem asleep ;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

But do not go back indoors yet awhile. Wait till there  
are signs of life among the sleeping houses, whose night-  
watchman you have made yourself. By and by there is a  
thinning of the darkness. Dawn rises in the east. Little  
puffs of smoke come up from the houses, and suggest the  
kitchen fires. The day's life is beginning again, and here  
and there a whistling farmer-lad appears. Presently you go  
home. You have been out all night. You have lost your  
sleep, but you have gained better. You have communed  
with the Spirit of the Night ; you have walked alone, yet not  
alone, for you have felt a presence that disturbed you with  
the joy of elevated thoughts, and for having met the realities  
of life within the mystic shrine of Night you go back a  
better, happier man or woman, your brain rested, your soul  
refreshed.

Let me quote a passage from one of Stevenson's travel  
tales :

In the open world night passes lightly, with its stars and dews and per-  
fumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What  
seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains,  
is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps a-field. All night long  
he can hear nature breathing deeply and freely : even as she takes her rest,  
she turns and smiles ; and there is one stirring hour, unknown to those who  
dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemi-  
sphere, and all the out-door world are on their feet. It is then the cock first  
crows ; . . . . . cattle awake on the meadows ; sheep break their fast on dewy  
hillsides ; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their  
dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night . . . . . Even shepherds and old  
country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to  
the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morn-  
ing, they declare, the thing takes place ; and neither know nor inquire further.  
And, at least, it is a pleasant incident.

What is this Spirit of the Night ? This influence that  
delights, cheers, ennobles man—what is it ? May it not be  
that a closer manifestation of the all-pervading Presence

comes to us in the night, and we feel and think more deeply because the manifold of sense is to an extent shut out, and the externalities we do experience are such as not to distract us, but rather lead us nearer to the heart of all things? We see less, and we feel more. Spirit gains the ascendancy over sense. It could not be always thus; on the morrow we must be astir. But man is sensible of the mystery because he can not get beyond it.

Make friends with the night. Your life will mean more. For the sake, even, of your own emotions, do it. In all ages it has been the same. St. Francis d'Assisi sat up all one night to sing a duet with a nightingale, and was out-sung. Further back, David, the poet-laureate of the Hebrews, "meditated in the night watches," and it was at night, to shepherds out-of-doors, that first came the announcement of the Advent.

AWFUL.

## RESULTS OF THE LAW EXAMS.

THE results of the Law Examinations are posted a month and some days after the end of the examinations. We know that the lecturers in Law are busy men, and we recognize what an obligation we are under to them for their kindness in coming and lecturing, but we wish they would add a little to our obligation in the matter of a more prompt posting of the exams.

There has been a change in the method of marking this year. The Second Class has been dropped out altogether; the Pass includes all up to seventy-five per cent. All the students making below seventy-five are posted in alphabetical order, which is very unsatisfactory, as the same list may include men who are twenty-four points apart.

When the results did come, they were gladly welcomed by a throng of students, most of whom were made happy by seeing their names in the lists of their different classes. A few men fell below, one or two of the graduating class among the number.

[Class I. 75% and above; pass, from 50% to 75%]

## INTERNATIONAL LAW.

## Class I.

Begg, Foley.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Jardine, Pearson,  
Maddin, Reynolds,  
Morrison, J. W. G., Ternan.

## CONFLICT OF LAWS.

## (Class I.)

Foley.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Allison, Jardine,  
Begg, Maddin,  
Davison, Pearson,  
Hall, Reynolds,  
Ternan.

## EQUITY.

## Class I.

Cumming, Davison,  
Allison, Pugsley,  
Foley.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Avard, Maddin,  
Begg, Matheson,  
Blenkhorn, O'Hearn,  
Hale, Pearson,  
Hanson, Regan,  
Jardine, Reynolds,  
Keith, Routledge,  
Livingstone, Sutton,  
McNeill, Ternan.

## PROCEDURE.

## Class I.

Foley, Begg.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Davison, Pearson,  
Hale, Reynolds,  
Hall, Schurman,  
Ternan.

## PARTNERSHIP AND COMPANIES.

## Class I.

{ Cumming, Jardine,  
Foley, Davison.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Allison, McNeill,  
Avard, Matheson,  
Begg, O'Hearn,  
Blenkhorn, Pearson,  
Hale, Pugsley,  
Hall, Reynolds,  
Hanson, Routledge,  
Livingstone, Sutton,  
Ternan.

## BILLS AND NOTES.

## Class I.

Routledge, Pugsley,  
Cumming, Matheson,  
{ McNeill,  
Davison,

Hanson.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Allison, Livingstone,  
Avard, Maddin,  
Begg, Moseley,  
Blenkhorn, O'Hearn,  
Foley, Pearson,  
Hale, Regan,  
Hall, Reynolds,  
Jardine, Sutton,  
Keith, Ternan.

## SHIPPING.

## Class I.

Sutton, Hale.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Allison, Keith,  
Avard, Livingstone,  
Blenkhorn, McNeill,  
Cumming, Matheson,  
Davison, Pugsley,  
Hall, Regan.

## CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

## Class I.

Cumming.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Hall, Matheson,  
Hanson, Morrison, J. W. G.,  
Livingstone, Regan,  
Lockhart, Sutton,  
McNeill, Worsley, P. J.,

## REAL PROPERTY (ADVANCED.)

## Class I.

Cumming, Regan,  
Sutton, McNeill.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Avard, Livingstone,  
Hanson, Matheson,  
Keith, Moseley,  
Routledge.

## REAL PROPERTY.

## Class I.

Squires, Pugsley.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Avard, McDonald,  
Calder, Murray,  
Chipman, Routledge,  
Harris, Reid,  
Keith, Sanford,  
Lockhart, Wallace,  
Weldon, J. W.

## PORTS.

## Class I.

Pugsley, Squires,  
Reid.

## Pass (in alphabetical order.)

Avard, McCurdy,  
Calder, McDonald,  
Chipman, Miller, L. J.,  
Hanson, Murray,  
Harris, Routledge,  
Keith, Sanford,  
Lockhart, Worsley, P. J.

CRIMES.		Pass (in alphabetical order.)	
Class I.		Calder,	McLeod, D. J.,
Pugsley,	McCurdy,	Chipman,	McQueen,
Squires,	Murray.	Fisher, J. A.,	Moody (Miss),
		Harris,	Murray,
		Lawson, D. A.,	Reid,
		McCurdy,	Sanford,
		McDonald,	Squires,
			Wallace
Pass (in alphabetical order.)		CONTRACTS.	
Avard,	Livingstone,	Class I.	
Calder,	Lockhart,	Squires,	Lockhart,
Chipman,	McDonald,	Weldon,	Reid.
Hanson,	Reid,		
Harris,	Routledge,		
Keith,	Sanford,		
	Wallace.		
CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.		Pass (in alphabetical order.)	
Class I.		Chipman,	McQueen,
McLeod, E. A.,	Weldon, J. W.	Fisher, J. A.,	McCurdy,
Miller, L. J.,		Harris,	Murray,
		McDonald,	Sanford,
			Worsley, P. J.

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### COLLEGE NOTES.

WE have had the wherewithal to make some ditties. Let the Parodists begin.

THE Senate gave a very enjoyable reception on Thursday March 15th. Most of the guests were Sophomores.

MORRISON (not Lewis) recently gave the Freshies a treat in the way of Faustian fire-works. The spectacle was greatly enjoyed, but it would have been better, perhaps, to have had the "Brocken" scene take place on the stage instead of on the attic stairway.

DURING the last few weeks the college has witnessed a resurrection and a birth. One day while classes were going on, a ghostly hair-erecting sound stole through the halls, causing the Freshmen to wonder and the Sophs to quake. It was the yell of 1901 risen from the dead. A few days after, we were greeted with the infant wailings of 1903. The new comer received an especially warm welcome.

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### Correspondence.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Gowns? Why, of course we must have gowns before Dalhousie is a year older. But, Mr. Editor, you need not think that those eloquent letters in the GAZETTE will ever gown the students of Dalhousie. We must go one step farther and work for the gowns.

Dalhousie's halls will never be filled with youth and beauty capped and gowned, until some such clause as this appears in the Calendar, "Undergraduates and students

attending more than one class are *required* to wear caps and gowns, and to wear the gowns at lectures and all meetings of the University."

In order that we may have this clause inserted in the *next* Calendar, we must *ora et labora*. The *ora* we all may do but the *labora* must be carried out by the Students Council and the Senate. The newly formed body must appoint a committee to ask the Senate to consider the many reasons, which the Committee will have prepared, why this clause should be given a place in the Calendar. If the students are unanimous on this subject, the Senate will surely comply with their request.

Then, if this simple suggestion be carried out, I believe the opening of next session will see the men and women of Dalhousie suitably gowned, acting in a more dignified manner than at present, and showing to the outside world, that in every respect, Dalhousie keeps up with her sister colleges.

GALORA.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—The verdict of your correspondents upon my former letter seems to be unappreciative. That letter was such stuff as dreams are made of—its arguments were dreamy, weren't they? I am not morally responsible for what I dream. "Pro-gown" thinks I must *really* have been asleep. I generally am when I dream.

But if gowns will serve to awaken a truer college spirit, and thus lead to a revivification of the college societies,—which is to me a more important matter—why, by all means, let's have the gowns. I'll vote yea. Otherwise, *in my dreams*, I'm still.

ANTI-GOWN.

DEAR GAZETTE:—The results of the Law Examinations have at last appeared and they are hailed with more or less delight. The conscientious worker feels well satisfied with his first classes and two or three "leads," the plugger finds an odd first class falls to his lot; and the loafer, the football player, or the College Societies man heaves a sigh of relief *ab imo pectore* when he sees his name in the pass list. While every Law Student has long awaited the publication of the past session's exam. results, yet when read they are found to be somewhat unsatisfactory and certainly deserve some comment.

The Faculty have seen fit to abolish the second classes and to make but two divisions, first classes and passes. Their reason for so doing is, of course not known; but whatever motive may have compelled them to make the change there can be but one feeling among the students and that is



one of dissatisfaction. Under the new method of marking, an examiner may divide his papers into three groups; those likely to get first class, those sure to pass but not good enough for first class, and those bordering on the limit, and as the candidates are always in alphabetical order in the past lists, only the first and last of these groups need be examined and marked. Such a method cannot be found satisfactory. A pass student may make anywhere from 74 to 50 per cent, but from the results it is impossible to make out which, and the consequence is that the student finds out little or nothing about the quality of his work. The two or three in the first class can gauge quite accurately their standing in the class, but the other ten or fifteen are almost wholly kept in the dark.

The abolition of the Second Classes might be compensated for, were it possible to publish the marks of each candidate, but as it is well known that the results do not appear until nearly a month after the Exams. are over and after the greater part of the students have left the city, this would be impossible. Or were the past lists arranged in order of merit the present defeat would be largely remedied. But as the lists have been published this time, they can only be found very unsatisfactory. E. PLURIBUS UNUS.

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### College Societies.

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SODALES met in the Munro Room on March 8th. In the absence of the President, G. H. Sedgwick was elected to the chair for the evening. The Executive reported that owing to the near approach of the dreaded examinations this would be the last meeting of the society for the year. The report of the treasurer was also received and adopted. According to the requirements of the institution the election of officers for the ensuing year was then proceeded with. The following officers were elected:

*Honorary President*.. PROF. HOWARD MURRAY.

*President*..... R. S. BOEHNER.

*Secretary*..... E. M. FLEMMING.

*Treasurer*..... GEORGE ROSS.

*Executive Committee*: J. Bingay, (Arts); L. H. Cumming, (Law); W. M. Gould, (Science); D. Murray, (Med).

*Lecture Course Committee*: F. A. Morrison, W. T. Hallam, W. H. Coffin, A. H. S. Murray, E. A. Macleod.

The subject of debate for the evening was, *Resolved* "that the Government of Nova Scotia should enact legisla-

tion looking towards compulsory attendance at the public schools of the province."

Mr. Hallam was appointed critic for the evening.

Mr. Bingay, in opening, briefly traced the development of the idea of compulsory education from early times to the present. He held that the countries in which the people were most highly educated had adopted a compulsory law. He declared that German manufactures were displacing English in the markets of the world, and that this was largely due to the superiority of the German educational system. In our province he cited the case of Pictou County, in which the compulsory law is enforced and which boasts the best schools in the province.

Mr. Miller held that anything like a compulsory law was too drastic in its measures. He said that it was necessary first to interest the public in education to secure the results which those advocating compulsory attendance desired. He further contended that the law had been given a fair trial in our province and had failed.

Mr. Fraser stated that a compulsory law was the best agent in interesting people in education, and that the leading educationists in the Maritime Provinces were advocating it. He suggested that truant schools should be established to accommodate pupils compelled to attend.

Mr. Main held that the State should control education to a certain extent but should not go so far as to interfere with the family. A compulsory law necessarily generates unusual opposition.

Messrs. Cumming and Flemming also spoke upon the resolution which, on being put to the meeting, was declared carried; and Mr. Hallam, in his critique, had the honor of having the last word in Sodales for 1899-1900.

ON Sunday, March 11th, REV. GEO. J. BOND lectured on "The Socialism of Jesus Christ." He spoke of the principles underlying every true theory for the solution of social difficulties; brotherly-kindness, love of our neighbors, unselfishness, altruism, principles of which the life of Jesus Christ was the very embodiment. No arbitrary laws or decrees, said Mr. Bond, can never satisfactorily solve the social problems of our day or ever permanently uplift those who are down. It is only the spirit of Christ lived out in the lives of His followers and manifested in benevolence and philanthropy toward all needy ones that can solve the sociological problems which are every day attracting more attention from thinking men.

Miss Bligh very kindly favoured those present with a solo.

ON Wednesday evening, March 14th, the first year medical students gave a supper at the Carleton House, in honor of their class-mate, Mr. N. McDonald, who was about to leave for South Africa. The medical faculty was ably represented by Dr. A. H. McKay, Prof. E. McKay, and Dr. Weaver, and there was a full attendance of the class of '03. The programme comprised oysters, "after dinner" speeches, music, etc. Mr. Earle presided at the table, and, after the edibles had been disposed of, proposed the following toasts:—"the Queen," responded to by Mr. Murray; "Mr. N. McDonald," who responded with a few words of sincere thanks to the students; "the Profs. of Dalhousie College," responded to by the representatives present, who very pleasantly entertained the students for a short time and were warmly applauded; "The *Dalhousie Gazette*," responded to by Mr. McLeod; "The Ladies," responded to by Mr. Crocker, who rose with great reluctance fearing that he was usurping the place which rightly belonged to H——t; "The Class '03," responded to by the Class President, Mr. Potter, who in a very appropriate address expressed the feeling of the class towards Mr. McDonald, and presented him with a ring as a small token of their esteem. Music completed the programme, and after singing "He's a jolly good fellow," the party broke up.

THE last of this year's course of Sunday afternoon lectures was delivered on Sunday, March 25th, by REV. J. W. FALCONER. His subject was "The Origin of Conduct." For our ideals of conduct, he said, we are indebted chiefly to the Hebrew. For the Greek the problem of conduct was not a pressing one; his was an artistic temperament, he delighted in the beauty of form; hence his unsurpassed excellence in Sculpture. The Hebrew on the other hand was an introspective man, he looked within himself and seeing himself as he was, he was impelled to cry unclean, unclean! His problem was not an artistic but a moral one, and hence we find the Hebrews to be a people of musicians, for music and morals ever go hand in hand.

In modern times there are two ways of explaining the origin of conduct; one is the explanation of the hedonist to the effect that the motive for all conduct is to be found *within*, that all acting is for the acquirement of pleasure and for freedom from pain. The second explanation is that the basis for conduct is to be found not within but *without* in universal reason, law; and that all conduct is a striving to harmonize self with this universal reason; this was the

theory of the Stoics and of the extreme rationalists of our own day. But both these views are extreme and neither is satisfactory. The only satisfactory position is that of the Christian moralist who traces his conduct not to desire, nor yet to reason, but to God Himself, Lord over all. This was the Hebrew's view; in the Decalogue the commandments relating to God Himself are prior to those regulating human conduct, and the Christian like the Jew sees in God the source of conduct and in the God-Man sees the ideal of right living; and in Him, the all-wise and the all-loving must we find the origin of our moral life.

The lecture was a fitting close to the excellent course arranged by the Y. M. C. A. this year. Not only the whole student body but many of the general public have found the course interesting and instructive, an excellent way to spend the afternoon of the Sabbath.

At the conclusion of Mr. Falconer's lecture, the audience was favoured with a solo by Miss Elsie Hubley.

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### Exchanges.

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THE February number of the *Acadia Athenaeum* has three excellent contributions. "The Elements of Ideal Citizenship" require six qualifications for an ideal citizen: health, wealth, sociability, desire for knowledge, conception of beauty, and aspiration for righteousness. The ideal type cannot be manufactured in a short time to suit our eagerness for better conditions. He must rather be the slow evolution of years, perhaps generations; but we can at least foster a sentiment which will aid in his development. "The Results of the Higher Education of Women" is discussed in a paper clearly distinguishing the masculine woman from the womanly woman, and showing that on the education of women depends the national uplifting, "For a nation's prosperity depends primarily upon the character of its homes, and the mothers make the homes." "The Twentieth Century Appeal for Manhood" is no spasmodic sentiment or vague theorizing, but a sturdy, manly appeal, from a man to men. We congratulate the *Athenaeum* on this issue. Always the paper is found vigorously upholding a true student's ideal; and if the contributions are not entirely from students, they are in every way for students.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* publishes a prize essay on the "Ancient Mariner." The writer, in discussing the question of a moral lesson in the poem, concludes that the poem is "a ballad of the supernatural, beautified by rhyme and rhythm, adorned by fancy and imagination, and, first and foremost, a great poem of charity." An estimate of Edward Markham heralds him as poet, lawgiver and prophet. "He has a heart-throb for every injured soul, a tear for every human wretch. His is the gospel of humanity, the theme of universal wrong. He sings a truth stripped of creed. . . . That 'The Man with the Hoe' is extreme, can hardly be denied by even the most sympathetic. But its very extremeness is its real worth. The attention of men has been arrested by the extreme and exaggerated portrayal. But while the poem's function is essentially good, it is accidentally evil, for its tendency is to teach a renewed, re-enforced antagonism between capital and labor, rather than the principle of universal brotherhood. The effect of extreme philosophy is necessarily extreme." Two or three other prose contributions, with some poems, (one of which is quoted in this issue) completes a number of decided literary merit.

#### MY ROSE OF HOPE.

There lies in the midst of a glassy sea,  
Whose waves are still as still can be,  
The beautiful Isle of Hope;  
And flowers sweet, and flowers rare,  
Are blooming in all their sweetness there—  
The blossoming Isle of Hope.

I plucked a rose from its bed of green  
The loveliest rose I'd ever seen—  
Nor bird nor bee had sucked it;  
Its dainty petals were filled with dew  
That bathed the stem on which it grew—  
From the Garden of Hope I plucked it.

And as I looked upon this rose,  
"The fairest one," said I, "that blows;  
No length of time can fade it,"  
I thought to keep it ever, and found  
A sturdy casket iron-bound,  
In which I locked and laid it.

One day I opened the box to see—  
'Twas the casket of my memory—  
My beautiful Rose of Hope;  
Alas, how life and beauty fade!  
Its stem was shrunk, its leaves decayed—  
My withered Rose of Hope!

—HERBERT GANNOWAY.

*Vanderbilt Observer.*

#### Personals.

Rev. P. M. MacDonald, B. A., '94, late of Wolfville, N. S., and now studying at Edinburgh University, has received a unanimous call to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Truro.

Captain Stairs, of H. Co., 1st Contingent, in a private letter, speaks thus of Campbell MacDonald:

"MacDonald has turned out to be a valued lance-corporal. The other night on the kopjes, on outpost duties, (as an instance), each time I took a look round, there he was, sitting on a rock like a big watch-dog, waiting for hours to come round to relieve his sentries, and watching the kopjes seven miles off for signal fires, which the enemy light at different times."

#### Dalhousiensia.

SOPH, meeting a classmate.—"It's a *fine* day."

MOST people did not know there was a *bone mill* near, till they heard of its closing on Friday last.

BINGAY isn't quite sure about the distinction between the Faculty and the Freshmen.

Med. Lecturer.—"If fish is good for brain, I would advise the present fourth year to eat a whale."

THE Ancients divide heat into two kinds—*Laten'* heat and *Sensible* heat. Wise men the Ancients.

AN English gentleman of rank has been heard softly humming "Lead, kindly Light," and "Hold Thou my hand," sweetly smiling all the while.

A NEW rule for the English Class.—"No student must leave the room without raising his right hand and asking permission of the professor."

Med. Freshman.—"I don't believe that Eben was ever at the Normal School. He's a pretty fair teacher all the same."

LADY JUNIOR, pointing to west end of Poorhouse, last night: "Oh, did I leave the light burning in the Laboratory? Will I have to go over and put it out?"

AFTER the "At Home." City girl: "That Mr. Millar (R.) is awfully nice to talk to, at a party." He laughs at everything you say whether it's funny or not."

ST. PETER, at the gate.—"What's your name, sir? It's Ebenezer, isn't it?"

Prof. E.—"Precisely."

OUR chemists have made an examination of the matter found in the Munro Room after the explosion. It was mostly a peculiar frothy substance, which has not yet been named. Probably Freshman's wits made up a great part of it.

AT a Med. Freshman class meeting: McA—y.—"What we ought to do, is to give a dinner at the Halifax. It would be stylish, and wouldn't cost more than thirty cents apiece."

B-r-s: "O but then we should go where we can take the ladies. Woolnough's would be just the place."

Dick E., ending the matter.—"I move we all go down to Water Street and buy a clam chowder apiece."

WISE little Sophette, "Say boys vote for the gowns, and next year we can scrimmage with you."

INQUIRING Freshie, after gazing at the picture of De Mill, "Say, did Mr. De Mill write all those books?"

FRESHMAN T—r: "I guess we did a lot of laboratory work before we came here. Our teacher home is a Ph. D. in Chemistry."

It is reported that F-rd has met his Waterloo at the hight hand of Wellington (St.), and is now heard murmuring of "the tender *Grace* of a day that is dead."

DIALOGUE overheard in Ladies Waiting Room, after late escapade in Munro Room.

"Don't you wish you'd been Coffin?"

"No I think I'd sooner have been Christie."

C. Mcl. (laboriously translating Virgil).—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her" . . . . . "That's as far as I got, Professor."

PROF. (in that quiet way.) - "Don't you think that was far enough, Mr. Mcl—?"

SENIOR BOY.—Will you marry me? Let me be your protection through life."

SENIOR GIRL (an apt student of political economy.)—"No, thank you, I am not a protectionist, and when I marry, it must be on a revenue basis only."—[*Ex.*]

He often figured in Dallusiensia columns, especially as the "sleepy Cerberus" of the Library, and in Guelph he still figures, for the last O. A. C. Review had the following item:

PROF.—"Judging these animals from a butcher's standpoint, to what point should you give particular attention, Mr. Ross?"

ROSS.—"To the size of the nose."

THE Vestibule and Corridor Publishing Company, of Collegetown, reports the following new publications for March:

- "In the Seats of the Mighty"—a Reminiscence of the  
Historical Society . . . . . { D. SM—H  
D. MCL—N
- "The Bursting Bomb," or "How Six Brave Girls Faced  
the Powder" . . . . . MISS G-RR-Y
- "In the Clutches of the Madmen" . . . . . { E. W. C-FF-N  
G. A. CHR-STY
- "Gunpowder Plot" (Revised Version) . . . . . PENDENNIS
- "Up Aloft," or "A Bird's-Eye View" . . . . . MELPHISTO
- "We Two" . . . . . { E. MCK—  
F. M—
- "Afterwards," or, "The Janitor's Joy" . . . . . DR. G. J. P.
- "Behind His Back," or, "The Dauntless Thirteen" . . . . . A. MACM.
- "When I was a Boy," or "The Degeneration of Discipline" . . . . . J. F.  
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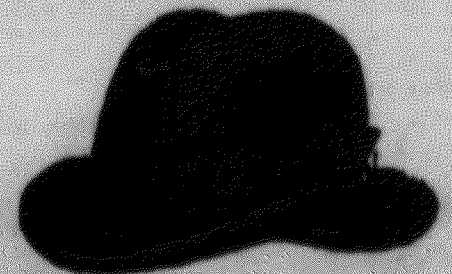
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