

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 25, 1879.

{ NEW No. 5.
WHOLE No. 111.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

A SONNET.

BRIGHT swimmer in the sky's cerulean sea,
Precursor of fair Luna's silvern rays,
God's index finger bidding us to flee
Our earthly creepings for celestial ways.
Oft have I watched thee with quiescent mind,
Drinking thy radiant beams with eager eyes,
Longing to leave the world and human kind,
And in thy heavenly upward course to rise.
A finger post on God's highway thou art
An ever earnest watchful monitor,
Forever saying to the human heart
That God is great and heaven worth striving for ;
That man is weak and all his works are frail,
And his brief, checkered life a thrice told tale.

SILENUS.

THE OCEAN.

(Hardly regarded as $H_2O + NaCl + \&c.$)

Eternal ocean,
Unfurrowed and unmarred thou rollest on,
Emblem of youth, hoary with years.
Thy Maker's spirit seems to linger still upon thy bosom,
His smile finds canvas, there alone, on which to paint its
calmness,
His frown it's terror.
Immensity is written on thy waves
And sight moves onward, backward o'er their ever changing
oneness,
Seeking some speck on which to rest its weariness, in vain ;
No landmarks break thy boundless solitudes,
No footprints mar thy heaving trackless wastes,
Relentless time which furrows every brow,
And writes decay across earth's finest pictures,
A moment gazes on the blue serenity,
And passes on defeated ; only once.

J. F. D.

MY FISHER BOY IS GONE.

Now cometh June with beauty writ
Her fluttering robes upon,
And come the wild-flowers to the plat,
But my fisher boy is gone.

At even booms the joyful sea,
It thunders on at morn ;
The fog horn chanteth in the bay,
But my fisher boy is gone.

How many thousands to his deep
The great unbridged has thrown ;
How little thought I of their sleep,
But my fisher boy is gone.

O angry Spirit of the Sea,
Why dost thou me crush down ?
Thou smilest still o'er isle and bay,
But my fisher boy is gone.

S. J. M.

PEACE.

THE melancholy even
Falleth on sylvan lanes ;
The drowsy face of heaven
Gloometh o'er creeping wains ;
Waggon, waggon, waggon,
Crawleth with drooping reins,
Jogging, jogging, jogging,
Tending towards Hammond's Plains.

Bedford thy minished waters
Fade, but in thy domains
Thrice cheerful Ethiop daughters
Debate their market gains ;
Waggon after waggon
Creepeth with drooping reins ;
A-jogging and a-jogging
They tend towards Hammond's Plains.

S. J. M.

THE cold-snap has not been without results among the students ; several have been laid aside for a day or two by the prevailing epidemic.

W. R. CUNNINGHAM, M. D., of Merigomish, paid us a visit this week.

WE are sorry that notices of several exchanges have been crowded out of this issue. We hope our friends will not infer from this fact that we are not willing to receive contributions.

SCIENCE.

"A COURSE in science has, I see, been started in your College. Very good move. It should have been set on foot long ago. No educational institution is worth much without it." Such remarks were lately made in our hearing, by parties who, evidently, (?) were personally and intimately acquainted with the general workings of a university, and were fully aware, *intimately*, if not experimentally, of the many advantages to be derived from such a course. From these, the above remarks, a rather lengthy conversation arose, and, as in the case of every conversation, one idea leading on to another, this in its turn introducing a third, the parties engaged in this colloquy, at last arrived at a topic of discussion, which, when they met and exchanged their first words, was entirely distant from the thoughts of either. After having, in a very superficial manner, although apparently to their own satisfaction, considered the various branches of scientific study, one of our two would-be philosophers, in order to impress upon his friend a deep sense of *his* superior intelligence, ventured to refer to a few of the theories of modern speculation with regard to some particular subject. Both still continued talking, and appeared deeply interested. Ere long, one gravely asks the question, "Do you believe the world was created in *six days*? I do not. So and so says it is impossible. Scientific men find that it could not be true." He then placed some of the arguments used by these "*men, scientific*," before the consideration of his perplexed companion, who, loth to give up the old and sacred doctrines of home and Sabbath-school, did his best to uphold them and maintain their time-honoured reputation. The discussion went on, but how it ended, I did not wait to see. However, it afforded material for thought, and suggested a subject upon which a few remarks might not be out of place, although perhaps an inappropriate one, for consideration in the page of a College paper.

It is by many contended that science and revelation are essentially incompatible, that sooner or later the one must destroy the other, that the perfection of the one will prove the other's destruction, and that as the statements of science are ever indisputable, so its advance must prove revelations wane. Every scientific discovery as it appears must directly or indirectly annul the corresponding biblical illusion.

Never has infidelity attempted to attack the whole scheme of the sacred Book, but has so far confined its warfare within the limits of mere skirmish, almost exclusively dealing with details. These attempts, however, were doomed to fall to the ground. As examples, we have seen the *critical* school of scepticism, which by Graves and Paley and hundreds of divines on the Continent was so well met and confuted; the *philosophical* in France, a tree of which the Revolution was the fruit; and in Germany the *mythical*, which sank beneath the weight of its own absurdities, all in their turn, crumbling into ruins before the majestic advance of truth. One other system remains, and its supporters, confident of its strength and stability, give up all previous methods, and on this alone stake the issue of the contest. This system is known as the *scientific* school. The mode of argument which this new school adopts is misty rather than profound, and owing to its concerning itself so much with mere detail is very diffuse, and has no precise *heel* of vulnerability at which an attack may successfully begin. The *principle* of this system can easily be observed, and has already been noticed. Modern science has been, is still and will continue to be of incalculable advantage to mankind, but as soon as it becomes an instrument in the hands of the enemies of revealed truth, it is then a twisted weapon, altogether mis-used, and will eventually cause the destruction of those who handle it. Evidence is not wanting to justify the firm belief that true science and revelation will in the end show perfect harmony, the mysteries of the one will be made plain by the lessons of the other, while all who work for the overthrow of either will be confounded and put to shame.

It has been said religion is afraid of the discoveries of science, merely because a church in a dark age condemned Galileo's anticipation of Newton's theory. The Bible's phraseology in speaking of the sun as *arising, standing still*, is triumphantly produced as evidence of the antagonism which, according to these scientists, falsely so called, exists between science and revelation, so forgetful are such objectors of the fact that they themselves are for ever employing the very same phrases in common conversation. The Bible speaks as we all do. This is the only fact proved by advancing an argument of this sort. It is said that the Word of Revelation gives the idea that the world is an extended plane supported on pillars. On some metaphorical expressions of Scripture a construction like this might

possibly be put, but as to the truth of the construction is a different matter. The globular form of the earth is not entirely a modern discovery, for we know that the Ptolemaic system supposed it, the philosophy of Pythagoras was not unacquainted with it, and the winged globe of the Assyrian temples shows us that the Chaldeans were aware of the fact, and also with that of the earth's motion. The Hebrews, who took much of their astronomical knowledge from the Chaldeans, must also have been aware of the rotundity of the earth. Apart from these facts, the phenomenon in question is one that is almost necessarily perceived, and the proofs which testify to its reality are such as cannot possibly be supposed to have remained long unknown, except by a miracle of inattention.

Many instances could be given of the fact that passages of Sacred Writ often illustrate and embody scientific truths, and even give that information which philosophy with all its boasting was, only lately, able to afford. One example will suffice. "Through the scent (or "invisible vapour,") of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant." Job xiv. 9. This illustrates a fact in the science of nature which was only a few years ago made known by the philosophical world. The microscope tells us that in the leaves of plants there are, not only respiratory organs, but also secretory vessels, by means of which the invisible vapor in the air is taken up for the purpose of nourishing and aiding growth. This fact was known by Job, the inspired writer of the perhaps most ancient Book of Scripture.

Arguments against revelation are also drawn from Ethnology, affirming that races of men, so different in form of head, feature and figure as the Caucasian, Malay, Ethiopian could not possibly have come from the same original stock. Research, however, has made it clear that all these are but varieties of a species, and varieties that may be easily explained when all the influences of manners and climate are fully investigated and understood. Facts are daily showing that God "*has made of one blood* all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." At the first appearance of geology, it was confidently predicted that the Mosaic account of the world's creation would be completely overthrown and destroyed. Not only has this *not* been so, but many difficulties hitherto arising in our interpretation of the text have, by this science, been removed, and another illustration has been given of the way in which the advance

of science must ever involve a corresponding advance in the testimony to the truth of revelation. Some difficulties may and do still remain, but the discoveries of true and genuine geological science must tend to obviate all such rather than add to their number. Many exert their utmost efforts to invalidate the testimony of the Mosaic records by means of geology, but this science, even when in skilful hands, has refused to act otherwise than bear witness to the truth as revealed.

Often was it predicted that the deciphering of hieroglyphics, arrowhead inscriptions and such like would prove dangerous to the reputation of Scriptural truth, and so predicted many of the divines of the seventeenth century. The very contrary has proved to be the fact. From this source invaluable information has been derived, which serves to form reliable external evidence of the authentic nature of the inspired Word. Champollion, a noted sceptic, went out some years ago to prosecute discoveries in the East, and there was made a convert to Christianity by observing how its truths were confirmed by the testimony of these hieroglyphics. The Bible teaches that the primitive and normal state of mankind was a civilized one, while the natural idea held by many is, that man's progress in the social scale invariably proceeds from barbarism upwards. The former is, however, the conclusion to which we are compelled to come. Barbarism is but the declension from a state of original and perhaps universal civilization. Let history speak, and it tells us that nearly all the arts, sciences, and political systems which we now possess are not new, but merely revived; that lands once famous for high attainments in every branch of science, philosophy and art, have lost the position so long and well sustained, that early missionaries have found in the languages of savage tribes high sentiments and holy words, which, as barbarism advanced, gradually died out or have been preserved only as charms. We know that the continents of America and Africa, the Island of Australia, and other parts of the world likewise, were once covered with a civilization perhaps greater in degree and more exalted in kind than anything now known. North America and to a certain extent, South America as well, although apparently rising daily higher and higher in the knowledge of the civilized sciences and arts, may perhaps never come up to the original standing of ages gone by. Of the ancient Egyptians, so noted for intelligence and enterprise, the degraded

Copts are now the sole representatives. Where are the philosophies, the systems, the sages and illustrious thinkers of ancient Greece and Rome? Truly their glory has departed! From all this we may be justified in presuming that nothing but a *revelation* can preserve any state of society, however exalted, from gradually relapsing into barbarism. These facts shew the harmony that exists between the statements of Holy Writ and the testimony of historical records.

We might enlarge on this subject, if time and space would allow. Revelation has nothing to fear from the progress of *true* science. If difficulties do chance to arise, the experience of the past warrants us to wait patiently, until they shall of themselves clear away. Everything will yet be made plain. The book of nature, if rightly understood and studied, can never be at variance with the book of grace. What we do not know now we shall know hereafter. Let us hope and prepare ourselves for that time when all mysteries shall be unfolded before our rejoicing intellects, when the sun, moon and planets that have their home in boundless space, will be familiar ground to our exploring footsteps, and when every fresh discovery and display of power, wisdom and beauty will call forth a renewed anthem, a fresh burst of the "new song," the adoring hosannas of which will unite the cadences of the mind, the heart, and the soul.

L.

OUR TRIP.

CAPE BRETON, the Ultima Thule of Nova Scotians, is generally supposed to be such an out-of-the-way and barren place, that the unlucky adventurer who happens to get into it would try to get out again as soon as possible. This belief, it is scarcely necessary to say, is wholly without foundation. The lover of fine scenery, boating, fishing or hunting will find as much in Cape Breton to satisfy his mind and refresh his body as in any part of the world. Dr. Forrester used to call Cape Breton the garden of Nova Scotia. For further testimony we need only refer to Dudley Warner's book, "Baddeck and that sort of Thing," and to an article published in the GAZETTE some years ago, "Our Holidays in Cape Breton."

However, my intention is not to write a description of Cape Breton or its scenery, but to give a short account of a journey from Hawkesbury to Halifax, to Dalhousie College therein.

If any man wants to know how he can best experience pleasure and discomfort combined, let him pass a night in the saloon of a coasting steamer. Reclining on a couch or sitting by the fire, you can leisurely study the physiognomy of your snoring fellow-passengers.

We dozed away for hours undisturbed, dreaming of the Niagara Falls and listening to their dull roar. Wakening with a start we found that we had not heard Niagara at all, but an old sea-captain who had come aboard during the night, carrying on an animated conversation with a tipsy school teacher, as to whether said teacher could sail a ship. The dispute ended with an acknowledgment from the trainer of youth, that though he could teach navigation as well as Neptune himself, yet he would not undertake to climb a mast or steer a vessel in a storm. We thought he had better not try.

Recognising in him an old teacher, we hid our faces, lest he should recognise us, but in vain. He soon noticed one of the ladies, and began to talk about the time when he taught her, kindly reminding her that she had been his best scholar. Seeing her look of distress my friend Robert bravely went to her assistance and succeeded in taking him away "to get a drink." After leading him away down among boxes and barrels to the furthest corner possible, Robert showed him a puncheon of water, told him to "drink" and returned, leaving the poor fellow to find his way back as best he might. I need not relate how he nearly broke his head on the shaft, and, mistaking the ladies' cabin for the gentlemen's, endeavoured to gain access there. He succeeded in getting back to the saloon where he told us with glee that he had just found out the fact that he had once taught Schurman, "the great scholar Schurman." His opinion of my scholarship was very small, and his reason was that I had never gone to his school. We were afterwards astonished to find that the wretched man was going to see a dying brother. Why are such men allowed to draw pay as teachers when honest, sober men and women, with higher grades of license can not get schools.

But this will never bring us to Pictou. The *St. Lawrence* left the wharf at Hawkesbury about 2 a. m. on Tuesday. Then the real fun began. Standing on the deck we heard the aforementioned captain ask another how the boat got away from the wharf. He was told that she turned a somersault and this satisfied him.

When nearly opposite Cape Jack a change came over some of the passengers. Quick, restless movements, frequent, unsteady journeys across the room, and occasional visits to the after part of the ship, gave unmistakable signs of the approach of the voyagers horror—sea-sickness. As none of our party had the slightest feeling of squeamishness, we were able to amuse ourselves watching the struggles of the afflicted ones. Two young ladies in our company were the only females to be seen, all the rest of the fair sex, we were told, were engaged in mentally giving up the ghost in another part of the vessel. With the exception of a portly druggist, a withered ex-M. P., and two or three hardened looking individuals supposed to be sea-captains, Robert and I were the only male passengers able to appreciate the scene. Our lady friends held out bravely and maintain to this day that they felt no uneasiness. After a passage more stormy than usual, and an extraordinary amount of *upheaving*, we reached Pictou; where our journey virtually ended; the remainder being only a rapid run to Halifax by the morning train.

JACOB.

THE GYMNASIUM.

About him exercised heroic games

The unarmed youth of Heaven.—PAR. LOST.

Before you can say 'come' and 'go'

And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'

Each one, tripping on his toe, etc.—TEMPEST.

Whoa Emma!—Vulgar expression.

It is too soon yet to begin burning the traditional midnight oil.—DAL. GAZ.

Students should not stint their physical powers by refusing themselves sufficient out-door or gymnastic exercise.—IBID.

Had'n't somebody better write up the gymnasium in the GAZETTE? I think so. What we want in Dalhousie is more enthusiasm, and loyalty to our different little institutions.

I believe in the outer tabernacle—the clayey tabernacle, you know, I think it a very good thing to have one's arms and legs well developed. Consider how valuable health is to everybody, and how simple it is to make sure of it. What is the use of having this, that, or the other, idea in your head; what is the difference between poverty and riches, when your inward system

quarrels even with brown bread and gruel, when through a whole night you cannot get a wink of the balmy, when through a whole day you cannot get a moment of common placency? I think I know what is the *sine qua non* in this life. I think I do. I believe it is all sport and fun, from moose-hunting to playing with the domestic cat. There is a divinity in fun. I like it better than my favourite Latin poet.

A gymnasium is an admirable thing for a student. We have'n't one in Dalhousie, but go to Mackay's in the city. Gymnastic training has an admirable effect on the system. Some people consider it necessarily murderous. But it is not necessarily murderous. Besides, when there is a variety of different implements—poles, bars, and that sort of thing—the student has an admirable choice; and there is generally such a variety in gymnasiums. Athletic feats are a good antidote to the midnight oil. And yet not feats necessarily, for we need not be too ambitious. Very moderate exercise has a good effect, if regular. And in the gymnasium we can get through a great deal of exertion in little time. That is a point to be noticed. It is concentrated exercise. We collect late in the afternoon, and get through a good deal in the twilight, very pleasantly, and with the best results. It has a tendency to familiarize us with one another also, and bring us out, so to speak. The general effect is admirable.

This winter we jogged along a while with only two or three. We despaired of getting more. But suddenly a great many took it into their heads to join us. We now constitute a very pleasant little group. Indeed we increase daily almost. On arrival we throw off our boots, each selecting a becoming pair of slippers. We pass the time very pleasantly, pensively turning somersets in the gloaming. Laughter never ceases for two contiguous moments, for one of us is funny. We are beginning to get pretty enthusiastic. A certain freshie is very confident of improvement in the muscle of his arm. A certain third year man is beginning to feel pretty exultant generally. We are like the Cockney who was accused of beating his wife—we are 'detumminged to 'ave sport.' We will be out strong next Monday. Come everyone; don't study too hard; lay aside your Intellect, Emotions and Moral Nature, and come to the gymnasium, and turn somersets pensively in the gloaming.

THE COMING HERCULES.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 25, 1879.

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AN important part of college machinery is the Alumni Association. Without some such bond of union, graduates leaving their university, and becoming scattered, quickly lose their *esprit du corps*, and with it that influence which is the result of community of sentiment and action.

We have frequently seen notices of large and enthusiastic meetings of the Alumni of Acadia. Mount Allison, King's College, and the University of New Brunswick, each have societies in which their sons may meet for social enjoyment, as well as to consult for the best interests of their respective colleges. Dalhousie too has an Alumni Association, whose President has a seat at the Governors' board. The calendars of the University for several sessions testify to the good will which this Society has for its parent institution. Year by year, since '73, it has made liberal contributions to our prize list. That it has the will to do much more we cannot doubt. But, we understand, the burden falls on the shoulders of a loyal few. Though all graduates, and all students who have attended classes at the College for two Sessions, are eligible for membership, the number of *bona fide* workers is small, so small indeed, that it is often difficult

to get a quorum for business. Such a state of affairs is to be deplored, and if possible should be immediately remedied. Our College during its few years of new life, has sent out a goodly number of Masters and Bachelors, and a few Doctors; and though we cannot expect these to support an Alumni Association equal in numbers and strength to those connected with older institutions, we think they ought to exhibit a more vigorous spirit than that which seems to animate them. We cannot imagine a reason why every graduate should not be one of the incorporated Alumni; not surely because it costs too much, either of time or money; not because there is any dangerous responsibility connected with the matter; not because our *Alma Mater* is unworthy of support and encouragement. No, but because there is too much apathy, too little enthusiasm among us. In the interest of the College we would earnestly impress upon all the necessity of throwing off this feeling of indifference, and of joining heart and hand with the officers and active members of the Alumni Association. These gentlemen are very anxious to make the Society a success, and every true friend of our College shares this feeling, persuaded that a united and vigorous Alumni cannot fail to exercise a power for good. The importance of immediate and decisive action is becoming daily greater from the fact that we are approaching what may be a critical point in the career of Dalhousie College. As matters now stand, the Governors will soon lose that part of their income which is derived from the Provincial Treasury. If the College is to be maintained in its present efficient state, this loss must be repaired. The Alumni should be able to do much in the way of solving the difficulty.

After carefully examining the catalogues we estimated that the membership of the Association should number at least one hundred and fifty, and we would expect fifty of these to attend regular meetings. Thus supported and characterized by the vigor which marks those who now attend its meetings, the Alumni Association of

Dalhousie College, would take upon itself a greater task than that of providing funds for University prizes.

We hope that before the next regular meeting, (23rd April), the roll of members will receive numerous additions, and that the meeting will be largely attended. The aims of the Association, its present Constitution and Officers are given in Section XIV. of the University Calendar, and the Advertisement on page 2 of the cover of the GAZETTE.

THE *Standard* has called attention to the fact that we have neglected to announce the winners of the Professors scholarships this year. The proper place for such an announcement would have been with the notice of Convocation. Having been then omitted the matter has since escaped us. The first scholarship was won by Mr. George M. Campbell, of Truro, who was a general student at this College last session; the second by Mr. James L. Wyllie, of Richmond, who took his preparatory course at Pictou Academy and the Halifax High School.

THE world is ever advancing. In (ladies') dress its pace is a gallop. In manners a trot. In language a jog. In religion a lame walk. But various though their speed, earth's institutions are each moving forward, and we may safely say each moving forward to the ultimate good of the whole. Of all sad specimens, the saddest is that man, who refuses to allow himself to be drifted onward on the tides of time.

Consistency which is in some of its phases a virtue, is in others a humbug. Stick to a system certainly so long as all the ropes, pulleys, and springs, work in a certain harmony, but the moment fate alters their uniform action, pitch it overboard. What is a sound opinion to-day may be a gross misjudgment to-morrow. If your fellow-men are wearing stand-up collars, wear them too, but when fashion puts its veto on the proceeding, don sitting down collars. We are constantly meeting with men who are graced, or shall it be said, disgraced with the views, social, moral, spiritual, of sixty years ago. They are like old crockeryware, very good as curiosities. Here their value ceases. A word to such on the sub-

ject of modern improvement is like a spark to gunpowder. They go off. Don't stick to an opinion. Don't cling to a custom. If you do you will fossilize. Now we are not recommending fickleness. Far from it. While a theory is good, speak it out and flinch not. But if a better arise, be among the first to herald in its coming. In the truest, highest sense, be a living actor on the arena of to-day.

There are some who live the past, and dream the present. Reverse this order. In the twilight, when darkness and day are struggling for each moment, lay work aside and summon round you for an hour, the memories, joyful and sad, of yesterday. Live again in fancy the scenes that are gone in reality. Call back the ghost-like shadows of once fond hopes and once loved customs. But let your attachment to the past cease here. When the first jet of gaslight scares away the gloom, allow these phantoms to go with it. In thought, in custom, in religion, keep pace with the best authorities of the age.

MILTON.

(Read before the Students' Society by J. F. Dustan.)

WHAT constitutes a great poem, is a thought which must agitate, to some extent, the mind of every earnest reader. Different critics have given us very conflicting statements on this subject. Macaulay for instance, seems to think that it requires a man slightly insane to write, and men equally insane to peruse, before the true delight can be obtained from poetry. Carlyle takes a view, it would seem, diametrically opposed to this, and places the bard just one step below divinity. He ascribes the greatness of a poem to its truth.

Let us look very briefly at each of these theories. First, take the opinion of Carlyle; namely, that one who has this mysterious power is a being worthy of veneration, almost of worship, and that he writes, commissioned, guided and inspired, by the Author of Truth. We think that an unprejudiced examination of this author's remarks, will prove that the above is his verdict. Now there are men whose poetic genius none dare question, but whose claims on his veneration, his respect, or even his acquaintance, the meanest beggar who gathers rags from Freshwater Bridge to the Richmond Depot would indignantly deny. The author of the "Raven" will suffice as one of many examples. But it is the second part of this theory that demands most attention, namely,

that the power of a poem must be measured by its truth. Weighed in this balance, that brightest gem of the English language, "Paradise Lost," must be rejected from the roll of greatness. It is a fact that the Spirit of Night was cast out of Heaven; also, that he tempted Eve, furthermore that our first parents were driven from Paradise. But is it the statement or teachings of these truths that constitute the might of Milton's song? Assuredly not, for any country parson will dwell on these through a discourse which has little claims on immortality. Where then lies the sublimity of this work? Clearly in the portrayal of its author's imaginings. Now, let these imaginings taken out of their mysterious connection be examined in a cold, critical manner, and hardly one of them has more truth than Gulliver's travels, or the story of Jack and the bean stalk. A careful consideration of the theory of Macaulay, which is, that a poet must be a being blessed with a certain derangement of intellect, and that an ardent admirer of his works requires some simplicity of mind, has inclined us slightly to his opinion. It cannot be disputed that there have been persons possessing this gift, who at the same time were competent to occupy with honor to themselves and benefit to humanity the highest posts in the arena of active life. Neither can it be denied that poets, as a whole, are men gifted with remarkable eccentricities of mind, and in the majority of cases have proved unfit to occupy positions to which their popularity as writers seemed to warrant their appointment. Again it is granted by all critics that the writing of poetry is an art which declines before the advancement of learning and enquiry. Nor is it difficult to discover the cause of this. A child may be delighted with any wild tale of wonders which would only excite contempt in the breast of a man. And we see just the same contrast between those to whom Homer sang of the mighty deeds of Ajax and Hector, and a philosopher of the nineteenth century, questioning, investigating and doubting the great revelations of divinity itself.

Yet we have before us one who, writing under these disadvantageous circumstances, has produced a work unequalled in the history of language. Where lies the power of Paradise Lost we do not feel ourselves in a position to state. In reading it one feels a sensation of awe, almost of fear, stealing over him. To be ushered with unflinching footsteps into the presence of the inaccessible. To hear the Eternal and his Co-

eternal in converse which man never dared to imagine to before. To be guided by a fearless hand through the black darkness of chaos, and the lurid flames of hell. To watch the progress of a conflict where the swaying legions of immortals are contending for the empire of universes and the sceptre of omnipotence. In all this we feel the author's power, but still the main spring is untouched. Other men might have done this, but no other man could ever have sung as Milton. The touch of a master gives distinction to all his works. Remove one word; alter one monosyllable, change the place of one preposition and the charm is broken. There seems to be some hidden wire of connection running through every line uniting each thought, each clause, each word to its fellow by a bond of mysterious oneness.

Among those who are moulding the thoughts and opinions of men, perhaps none, not even Shakespeare, has done so much as the creator of the Paradise Lost. And like all healthful action it is almost an unconscious power. To tell the English speaking inhabitants of the globe, that the large majority of their ideas on lost spirits, the nature of future punishment, the betrayal of mankind, and a host of similar subjects were derived from Milton, might seem extravagant, and yet we feel that it is a fact. Not that we mean to state that this writer's views and those of Scripture are dissimilar; it is true that the two agree in fact. But the likeness equals that which we discover between a brook and the Amazon. To enter into a discussion as to the place Milton should occupy among the poets of England, seems to us almost a waste of time. As well discuss, which gives the greater light, the sun or moon. Shakespeare and Byron alone approach him, and these he has surpassed. The author of The Tempest has, there is no doubt, a wider reputation at present; but the author of The Tempest has written for man as man is today; while the notes of Paradise Lost will be heard and loved when the works of the great dramatist are shrouded in the mists of an almost forgotten past. Far away in the future, when Britain's day has gone; when that language which now seems almost the keystone of nations, has given place to other tongues; when new families of man shall people the changed regions of earth; when other customs and different ideas shall have altered the currents of human life, one pyramid alone of England's glory shall mark the spot where Milton sang.

CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 11 Brown Hall, Jan, 1, 1879.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The Canadian Institute of Princeton, N. J., met this evening at eight o'clock. The President, after taking his seat, opened with prayer. Minutes of two last meetings read and approved. The following programme was then given: Reading on the "New Year," by the Secretary; "Home," by Mr. Cairns; "Finger-rings," by Mr. Archibald (very appropriate, considering his state of mind); song, "Lass of Gowrie," by Mr. MacKenzie; speech, "St. Stephen," by Mr. MacDowall; speech, "Prognostications," by Mr. MacLeod; "Loneliness," by Mr. Archibald. Sundry snatches of song were then rendered by the Secretary. Then followed an intermission, during which ignominious failure fell upon a young man, who endeavoured to give a recital of his exploits on last New Year's Day. Mr. Cairns gave a very good account of the day as observed in P. E. Island, but more especially of the way in which the circle of companions in which he moved, spent the day, telling that one of their number was of Gilchrist fame. Refreshments, consisting of broma, pea-nuts, crackers, etc., were then brought in. The following toasts were honoured, viz.: "The Queen," "Australian Cricketers," by Mr. MacDowall; "Sister Institutions of learning, secular and sacred," was very admirably treated by Mr. Archibald, who advocated the establishment of one Ladies' College, at least, for the Maritime Provinces, "where our future wives, if we wait long enough, may receive an education befitting their prospective high station." (Tremendous applause.) "The Westminster Standards" and "Cape Breton" (note the congruity) were well responded to by Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Cairns received a vote of thanks for the way in which he traced the customs prevalent at New year's, and for the excellence of his reading, viz.: Tennyson's "Ring out, wild bells,"

At the close of this extensive programme, in which the association of ideas was grandly (?) carried out, a lively conversation ensued as to the intellectual bill of fare at our next meeting. It was resolved that we discuss the question: "Is the Afghan war morally justifiable?" Mr. MacLeod to open in the affirmative, the Secretary to respond in the negative. Several brethren promised to read short papers.

As the programme for this evening had been largely extemporized, its success was wonderful. It was enjoyed by all present, and when we separated, the prominent thought was "our next merrie meeting."

JOHN STEADYMAN, *Theologian*.

DEAR GAZETTE.—Your readers are well aware that, about five years ago, a number of the leading American colleges, through their regularly appointed representatives, formed themselves into what is known as the "Intercollegiate Literary Association." The original design of this union was that, at least once in every year, the undergraduates of various institutions might be brought together in friendly rivalry, and that the relative merits of their respective courses of training might in some degree be justly compared. The movement found at first ardent supporters, not only among the students, but also among professors; for while the former, naturally strong in the conviction of their own superiority, were eager to enter the lists against all comers, many of the latter do doubt flattered themselves that here at length was offered a most fortunate opportunity of attracting favorable notice to that particular seat of learning with which they were connected. But five years have come and gone since that day of sanguine hopes, and if the present interest manifested in the scheme is to be taken as any just test of its ultimate success, I fear it shall never be honored with "length of days." Professor Lewis of Madison University, (the Treasurer), at the annual meeting held here yesterday, presented a resolution to the effect that "the Inter-collegiate Association is *determined* to continue the present mode of prosecuting its work, and to fulfil the original intention of its founders," and the resolution passed; but in the very use of the term which I have italicized, it is sadly evident that even the promoters of the undertaking are not without serious apprehensions of its failure. Nor is their anxiety without sufficient cause; for although these friendly contests are of so recent date, and although their dawn was bright with future promise, the competitions this year, with the sole exception of one in Oratory, were decidedly tame. Only four presented themselves for the "tourney" in Greek, in Mathematics but two, in Latin only one; and these three departments, together with

that of Oratory (where nine competed), constituted all the subjects of examination. Furthermore, two of the institutions which at first were willing to lend their countenance and support have now withdrawn, viz.: Hamilton and Lafayette Colleges: while Harvard and Yale are no more favorable to the scheme to-day than they were at the outset, and it is quite probable (so it is rumored), that Princeton will soon adopt a similar attitude. These facts certainly do not seem to warrant the President's assertion that interest in the Association continues to increase, nor yet the establishment of the proposed Bureau in New York, as a centre of communication between the various colleges.

You may perhaps feel some interest in knowing just how these contests are conducted, and as I had the pleasure (?) of attending the oratorical exhibition last evening, I will try to give you, in a few words, the impressions which an outsider would be likely to receive. Of course the examinations in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics are held in private by means of written papers, but as most of your readers can doubtless recall, and now have in view, similar experiences of a personal and perhaps (sometimes) painful nature, further explanation will be unnecessary.

A little before 8.00 p. m., Steinway Hall on 14th Street began to be filled with a crowd of ardent youth, not a few of whom showed their wisdom and, at the same time, man's inherent love of society, by bringing a friend with them! As might naturally be expected, the audience was chiefly made up of college men, and those whose relatives (or friends) were to take a prominent part in the exercises of the evening; but there were also to be seen the familiar faces of many of our city's distinguished preachers, while here and there you caught sight of a head whose locks were being streaked with silver strands. I doubt not that many a one lived over again in imagination his halcyon college life; and, doubtless too, many a freighted heart, for the moment at least, was able to cast aside its painful load, and to beat again with the vigorous impulse of brighter days. Who could ever consent to have obliterated from his mind those joyous heyday hours of unanxious, thoughtless youth? Take from me all the gathered fruits of years of labor and of much self-denial, but take not away their ingenuous friendships, and their ever living memories. The lost ground may be

recovered; a little extra diligence will soon regain a forfeited position; but

"O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

There are associations connected with the spring-time of every life,—so sweet, so enduring,—that were they ruthlessly severed from us, existence itself would lose more than half its charm. But pardon me: I am sadly digressing. The chairman of the evening, the newly-elected President of the Association, was Professor Alexander S. Webb of the College of the City of New York. By his side sat Dr. McCosh of Princeton, a firm supporter of the scheme from the first, Dr. Irenæus Prime, Rev. Father Anthony of Manhattan College, Dr. Philip Schaff of Union Theological Seminary, and many others. The competitors were not seated on the platform, but were in an ante-room, and answered to their respective names as called upon.

Each of the nine colleges which are members of the Association sent representatives to this contest, viz.: Wesleyan University, Cornell University, Williams College, Princeton College, College of the City of New York, North-western University, Rutgers College, Madison University, and the University of the City of New York. The men spoke each about fifteen minutes, and were honored (?) at the conclusion by being presented with a magnificent basket of flowers. A little discrimination in the bestowment of these gifts would seem decidedly more reasonable, and much more in accordance with the dictates of common sense. No one of course imagines that these seeming marks of favor come from the general audience, and since I suppose every one has a right to do what he will with his own, we must not grumble if a stage-performer endeavours to secure a cheap reward for his own unquestioned talent by a little judicious foresight. In mitigation, however, of this rather hard criticism, I am glad to be able to add that there are often honorable exemptions.

The speeches on the whole were tolerably good, and much above the average,—both as regards thought and expression,—of ordinary college orations. The exaggerated style of tone and action was most laudably absent, while the evidences of a careful training, resulting in a high quality and ample compass of voice, were arguments of no little weight in favor of such competitions. I cannot say, however, that the

introduction of this feature, so common in American colleges, would be by any means an improvment upon the usual exercise of our annual Convocations. It is almost impossible,—indeed quite so, if what has been true in the past may be taken as any criterion of the future,—for the ordinary student to prepare a graduation speech which will do justice either to himself or to his audience. The simple reason is that a compromise is rarely a success. But when it becomes the *lex senatus* that each member of the Senior class shall "air his flippant rhetoric" in the presence of a patient but much-to-be-pitied assemblage, there is little difficulty in accounting for the public's lack of interest in all such gatherings. Still, in the present case, I was heartily delighted when the Judges unanimously agreed that the first prize should be assigned to Mr. W. T. Elsing. This young gentleman is a member of Princeton's class of '79. The announcement was greeted with deafening cheers, while the peculiar Princeton "whoop" from many a manly throat plainly told that the Jersey men had mustered in force. I hope at some early day to give you a sketch of this old and justly famous institution. The second prize was adjudged to the representative of Wesleyan University, but many were not backward in saying that it rightly belonged to Mr. Fuller of Madison.

As soon as the contest was over, the results of the examinations in the other departments were officially declared. It then appeared that the prize in Greek had been carried off by the University of the City of New York, the prize in Latin by Madison, and that in Mathematics by Cornell. Thus ended the competition of 1879.

I am glad to know that the question of inter-collegiate contests has found a practical and gratifying solution in the founding of the University of Halifax. This undertaking is likely to be more fortunate than its New York counterpart; for while the latter has nothing to offer save a paltry prize,—not always awarded, and if so, not always paid,—and the momentary (and often questionable) honor of Collegiate pre-eminence, the University of Halifax can not only hold out substantial rewards for deserving merit, but it can also confer a Degree which must command respect on both sides of the Atlantic. It is to the great credit of each of those provincial Institutions which has not hesitated to place its honor in the hands of its

trusted representatives, and has encouraged them to seek yet further laurels: nay, to all who in any way, have contributed towards making this University experiment a success. While not one of those who would willingly be content with what has so far been achieved, but looking hopefully towards that day when the Provincial Teaching and Examining Bodies will be united in one Institution, I feel that our Province has taken a long stride in the right direction. Already the Matriculation requirements and general curricula of the various Colleges have been largely assimilated, and we trust it will now be placed on the firm and permanent basis which would so much gratify her many warm friends, and which it is absolutely incumbent upon the government of the Province to secure to her.
Semper floreat!

Yours, with best wishes,

L. H. J.

New York, January, 1879.

DRYDEN.

Forsooth my mind's eye kens him passing well,
His figure sturdy, and eccentric quill;
Full clear I see him, as with giant stride,
He holds his townward course from good Pine Hill,
Proving that time and space are merely myths
Of vapid philosophic intellects.
Now and again I've struggled by his side,
Striving despairingly his pace to hold,
While Æolus, irreverent, whistled through
The hirsute shrubberies with which kind Nature
Has all-encircled his benignant phiz.
Alack! in three short months our roads diverge.
And at the fates irate, we're borne apart.

RIDENS RISURUS JOCONDUS EGO.

DALHOUSIE IN COUNCIL.

ON Friday evening, January 10th., a General Students' meeting was held in Class Room No. 2, at 7.30 o'clock, President in the chair. The object in view was two-fold, business and pleasure. Under the first head came a proposal to unite our two societies for this session, as the membership of the Kritosophian was alarmingly slim, in fact the institution had collapsed altogether. After volumes of eloquence had been expended, it was decided that the Excelsior Society take the matter into consideration, and report their decision to the next general meeting. Under the head of amusements came some good songs. A parody in verse by R. R. J. Emmerson. A reading from Shakespeare by S. J. MacKnight. An original paper from J. F. Dustan, which we publish elsewhere. Also, readings by F. Kinsman, A. Dickie and C. Robson. God save the Queen.

On Friday evening January 17th., a union meeting of the Students was held in Class Room No. 2. Mr. Crowell was

called to the chair, and Mr. D. R. Thompson was appointed Secretary. After preliminary remarks it was resolved that the Kritosophian and Excelsior do unite for this session, and that the new society be called "Sodales." The following officers were elected:—*President*, R. R. J. Emerson; *Vice-Presidents*, J. F. Dustan, and D. R. Thompson; *Secretary*, W. H. Spencer. Also resolved that all registered students of Dalhousie College be eligible for membership. That required funds be raised by equal levy on each member. That the object of this society be the mental and individual improvement of its members. That the officers, together with J. Ross, do form a committee to provide matter for debates and entertainments. That the night of meeting be Friday, hour 7.30 P. M.

PERSONALS.

REV. J. C. HERDMAN, M.A., B.D., of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Campbellton, N. B., received, as a Christmas present from his congregation, a fur coat and gloves to match, accompanied with an appropriate address. In by-gone years Mr. Herdman was an editor of the GAZETTE, and has since contributed interesting articles. We are glad to hear of his popularity with his parishioners.

OUR PRINCETON CORRESPONDENT mentions a Mr. McDowall among the members of the Canadian Institute. We are informed that the gentleman referred to is I. M. McDowall, B.A. '76, who is attending the Presbyterian Seminary at Princeton.

W. H. BROWNRIGG, (Professors' Scholar '71) who was a member of the senior class last year, but left sick before the end of the term, took charge of a school at Sherbrooke at the end of the Christmas vacation.

JOHN MCKENZIE, a general student of '77 and '78, and in the Junior Chemistry Class this term, is attending lectures at the Medical College.

W. F. MUNRO, also a general student in '77 and '78, after partially recovering from a severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs was obliged to give up his situation in the city and return to his home at Valleyfield, P. E. I., where his health has been much improved.

HARPER BROS. announce that in an early number of their monthly they will commence the publication of a Novel by Professor DeMill, entitled "A Castle in Spain."

CLAY AND McLEARN who will be remembered by the Chemistry classes of last Session, are at New York, studying medicine.

W. A. HENRY a general student in last year's freshman class, and lately a law student, has gone to Tours, France, to attend an educational institution there.

J. A. CAIRNS, B.A. writes that the Princeton Catalogue has placed his name in the wrong list. He takes, not the class in Physics, but Principal McCosh's lectures on Contemporary Philosophy.

IVES of the first year has been ill since the Christmas holidays and has not yet returned.

W. T. KENNEDY still continues in feeble health and was unable to return from Sunny Brae, where he spent his vacation, till the end of last week.

F. W. ARCHIBALD, B.A., has favored us with the following notes. Will some others of our friends do likewise?

'76. G. H. FULTON, B.A., still teaches in Winter Street School, St. John, N. B.

'75. REV. A. W. MCLEOD, M.A., is Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Parrsboro', N. S.

'75. GEO. MACMILLAN, B.A., has resumed his Theological studies at Queen's College, Kingston.

'75. BEARISTO, once a member of this class, studies Law in Toronto.

'75. JOHN MCLEAN who also belonged to this class, was lately settled as Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Kempt and Walton, Hants Co., and has also taken to himself a wife from among the fair young ladies of Halifax.

'81. DANIEL MCKAY, a Freshman of last session, is teacher of the advanced department of the Village School at Walton, Hants Co.

INNER DALHOUSIE.

Critic criticised.

Hiems parce Nobis.

Nix, nix, et nix, iterumque nix.

Ramrod has broken out again. The other day he electrified the Professor of French by translating *nous n' entrons pas* slangly thus. "We do not take any stock in, &c." Of course he did not refer to *his Summer's occupation*.

The *woody one* returned, bare as to the chin. He proclaims that he will hereafter abjure the razor. Senior: Where's your hair renewer.

That nomadic Senior was sold the other evening. 'Twas in Creighton Street, and 'twas a tall Ethiopian damsel who did it. "Bidly," she said to an Irish friend across the the street, "how you was," and he thought *she* was calling *him*. Oh! Nimrod!

The *huge soph* has by some inscrutable dispensation of kind Providence become possessed of a *musn'touch*. *Haud credibile est.*

Query! Alfred wants to know what wood the alabaster box of ointment made of. Please tell him, some one.

Prof. (to Student, after class), "Mr. L—, what is your name? Exit Student in convulsions.

Verily, verily, the Meds are not so erudite after all. One of our Editors narrowly escaped death in attempting to convince one of them that the "Belles" of our last issue was not written by Poe. See whst a too earnest devotion to Esculapius does.

He was a Senior and had just received his corrected exercise. Sorrowfully, regretfully he scanned the *blushing* theme. However, he brightened up when in large red letters on the margin he deciphered the word *Phew!* but an uncharitable and rash *confrere* called his attention to its peculiar spelling. *Interim cave senioreem.*

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