

Mary Macdonald

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

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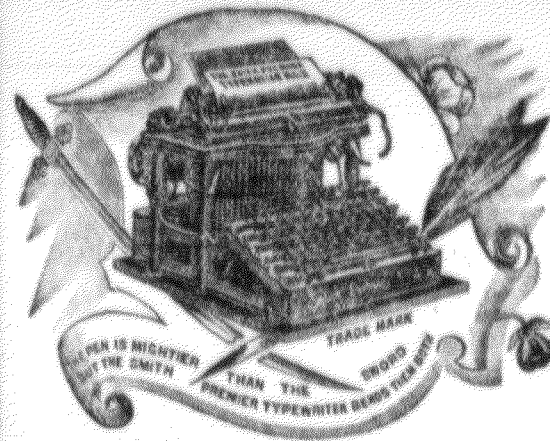
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COLLEGE Spirit. No term is more frequently used in the corridors, and no term, perhaps, is more frequently misapplied. To frame a definition is not the easiest task, for though we have many particular incidents which we admit express college spirit, to stereotype one's conception, means to single out the unifying principle from the many particulars. But it is worth while seeking out a criterion for the events of the college world.

Not every practical joke, not every scrimmage, meets the unqualified approval of the college man. True, they may furnish endless sport for some; but there are other considerations than mere fun and amusement. The demands of the reputation and dignity of the university cannot be overlooked by any true college man. Those incidents which have contributed to the amusement of the students without damaging the larger interests of the college, are legitimate manifestations of this spirit: and those which violate these interests are not, no matter if they furnish fun, *ad infinitum*. In fact, such a violation would have no claims to the designation college spirit, even under the broadest interpretation of the term, for it would be entirely foreign and antagonistic to a collegian—of course it might be natural and agreeable to a

buffoon, but we can never equate college spirit and buffoonery. The test of every action is the maintenance of college interests, so we may define college spirit as *loyalty to the college*.

First, to be clear about the word *college*. It means professors, students, and all connections and relations of the collegiate body. Anything ill-advised that would cast a reflection on the staff, anything mean and low-spirited which would misrepresent the students, anything that would lower the university in its educational and social relations, would be disloyal to the college—disloyal to the whole, since disloyal to a part.

All things then must be considered in the light of the reputation and dignity of the college. By the word *reputation* we do not mean the opinion of some fastidious individuals who, on the side of discipline, confuse a college with a military school, and on the side of scholarship, with an academy. They have never been collegians, and have nothing in sympathy with collegians. Their knowledge of the institution is confined to the details of college "rows"—quoting their vocabulary—but by a fertile imagination and a comprehensive conscience, they magnify a joke into an outrageous insult, and a prank into a rebellion. (Splendid instances of this talent are some of the newspaper reports of the McGill-Laval incident.) Any other knowledge is entirely unworthy of their attention. To mention the admirable lectures, or the behavior of the students on other occasions than a "day off," would be quite improper, since it would hardly come under the head of gossip, or scandal. There are such persons and there will always be, and generally they have the most to say. Among such, we have no thought for our reputation, for their prejudiced prattle has no weight with a thoughtful man, with whom the knowledge of a subject alone entitles to consideration any opinion advanced. We value their censure no more than their applause. Furthermore, we shall no doubt be pardoned for ignoring the right of any individual, not a collegian, to set the standard of collegiate affairs. But we wish the good opinion of those who are reasonable enough

to expect a human being—not an angel—in a students' gown, who are willing to sometimes grant students the liberty which they take for themselves in "days off" who are fair-minded enough to give a verdict judging the whole, not a part, of student life. We respect the judgment of those who know what college life and college students ought to be. We cherish our reputation among sister colleges, as a body worthy in every respect of the name *university*.

It might be said that our definition emphasizes rather the negative than the positive side of College Spirit. True, in regard to amusement, it would appear a criterion, not an advocate, a discriminative, not a promotive. But this would not lay it open to the charge of repressing fun, for men in general need little stimulus for the animal spirits, and students in particular. Just as we control our actions according to various environments, so we must suit our pranks to college environment. Only by repressing the unsuitable shall we get the highest and best kind of amusement. Speaking in this regard: if ever our desire for fun should lead us to transgress the rules of discipline, college spirit demands something better than a childish obstinacy respecting consequences, which we know in all justice, should follow. We acknowledge the necessity and justice of the laws, and we realize their contravention must be a temporary attitude only, for a university exists on the mutual sufferance of governors and governed, and harmony is essential for the fulfilment of the university's mission. Therefore college spirit demands, on the part of students, the support of all reasonable methods for maintaining discipline.

But if college spirit bears this controlling attitude towards amusement, in other matters it is a strong promotive force. Loyalty to the college would make everything undertaken by the college a complete success. Every activity, let it be society, concert, lecture or excursion, would be supported always by all the students. Yet some men are willing to join in a prank or a scrim, or anything that is all gain and no loss to them—and perhaps speak in no uncertain tones of the

college spirit thus evinced,—but when a college affair involves a question of time or money, these college men are generally wanting. They are always at the college societies, provided that they have no other engagement. They are like some people who follow the path of virtue—but never to the point of personal inconvenience. Sacrifice of selfish gains is the touchstone of college spirit.

According to the definition of college spirit as loyalty to the college, the student would place *college before everything, in everything*. He would never regard college fun as the only manifestation of college spirit, but would see it in its relation to the other manifestations. It is by this large conception of college spirit alone that our college circle can be saved from the deterioration otherwise inevitable.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the Dalhousie Alumni Association will be held in the College on Monday, April 23rd, at 8 p. m. Besides the regular business, including the reports of the Executive Committee, of the Treasurer, of the Dean of the Science Faculty, and the Election of Officers, the question of Alumni representation on the Board of Governors will be discussed in connection with the report on College Government submitted to the Association at the last annual meeting. Also, there are a number of members considerably in arrears in their membership fees, and the meeting will decide what steps should be taken to collect the amount^s due the Association.

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.*

DALHOUSIE ALUMNI.

The organization of the Halifax City and County branch of the Alumni Association of Dalhousie College and University will be completed next week. A short time ago a meeting of Dalhousie graduates resident in Halifax met at the college, and after appointing necessary officers, passing resolutions, re-organizing and making other preparations, adjourned until such time as bye-laws could be drawn up and other details attended to. Everything is now in readiness, and in order that it may be possible to report the organization at the spring meeting of the parent Association, the local branch will be finally organized on Thursday evening of next week, when a meeting will be held in the English class room at the college.

THE CONSOLIDATION OF SCHOOLS.

Consolidation seeks the union into large schools, wherever practical, of schools which are too small to employ profitably the time of one teacher, in order that better instruction may be provided than would be possible otherwise. The principle assumes that one compact, central school is more advantageous, both from an economic and pedagogic point of view, than a number of separate and ungraded schools. The measure of success which has attended the adoption of the scheme in several of the States of the American Republic proves beyond a doubt that the assumption is correct and justifiable because of the good results produced. Strong, healthy and vigorous schools are being built up by the consolidation of weak ones.

It was in 1869 that the State of Massachusetts passed its first law looking to the consolidation of schools. Since that time hundreds of schools have been consolidated with the most gratifying results. The expense for the transportation of pupils in 1898 was \$105,317, an increase of \$14,000 during the four years previous. A case which came under our observation in this state may be noted. Four small schools outlying the town of Wayland were consolidated with the graded departments of the town school. The principal informed us that the attendance increased nearly 100 per cent, and that tardiness practically ceased. The pupils were given the advantage of more extended associations, and larger classes with which to recite. The teachers

had fewer recitations and consequently, more time could be given to each recitation. They were able to classify and grade the pupils better. The pupils came to school in the most stormy weather with dry feet and clothing. They did not have any time to loaf on the road to and from school, and the pupils were under the care of a responsible person from the time they left home until they returned. Besides this, they had the advantage of attending a school with excellent heating and sanitary arrangements, a most vital factor in the education of children.

In Victoria, Australia, 158 schools were closed in 1897, and the people were saved \$50,000 per annum. The Minister of Education there says that the system of consolidation is a marked success. The more remarkable features in connection with adoption of the scheme, he says, were the strong regularity in the attendance and the rise of value of lands.

In the instances where the scheme has been tried, the expense of schooling has been reduced from one-half to one-third, while the attendance has increased from 50 to 100 per cent, and the quality of the work has improved beyond expectations. The Massachusetts report on Education for last year contains the following:—"The money saved in a single township by reducing the number of teachers is often large enough to furnish better accommodations to the pupils, better wages to better teachers for them, such training as consolidation requires and longer schooling."

The advantages arising from this plan are many. Better school buildings are provided, and the services of trained and experienced teachers secured. A system of grading and classification can be adopted, practically impossible otherwise. The pupils are pleased where they can work to advantage. There is a better attendance of pupils. Through consolidation, children are given "the advantages of interest, enthusiasm and confidence which numbers always bring." "The work of supervision is made more effective," writes a Massachusetts state supervisor, "it can be so concentrated as to have a most stimulating effect upon the work of the school."

The objection is made to consolidation that it removes children to long distances from the school, that children, in being conveyed to and from school, are exposed to all sorts of weather, that an increase of taxation is necessitated by the cost of transportation, that in large schools children are obliged to associate with undesirable acquaintances, etc., etc. Each of these offers no valid argument against consolidation. In the matter of conveyance every precaution is taken that

children are not unduly exposed to the weather. The contractor must furnish suitable means of conveyance, robes and anything needed for the comfort of the children. Again, if education be worth having, it is worth whatever it costs us. By extending the limits of a section, a more equitable system of taxation can be adopted. The burden imposed upon one section in paying for the services of one teacher should not be so high as upon three, four or five united in one with two or three teachers. Consolidation seeks not merely the union of sections but the securing of the best teachers possible and the erection of buildings upon sanitary principles, the promotion of simplicity and ease of administration. This means better instruction for the children, and surely no one is so selfish as to refuse to make a sacrifice for their benefit.

Anyone acquainted with the rural districts of our provinces knows there exists a large number of schools that, as centres of educational value, are worthless, even more than useless. The buildings are poor, violating every canon of architecture and sanitation, and the teachers employed are little better than the pupils they presume to teach. Such schools are veritable clogs in the Education system of our province.

If education is to be recognized as the fundamental force in the industrial life of our province, the children of the country districts must be as well taught as those of our towns and villages. This can be done most effectually only by consolidating weak schools into strong ones. In unity there is strength.

J. W. G. M.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LITERATURE.

There was a time when there were no books. The only poems were the trees and the running brooks, the only songs were those of the birds,—nature was the only book. "Between that day and this there has been a pretty space of time, a pretty spell of work which *somebody* has done." Carlyle rightly praises the pioneers of literature, "the nameless great and greatest ones, the long forgotten brave," who strummed the seven-stringed heroic lyre, and beat the studious poetic brain, long ages ago. Somewhere, at some time, and by some one's hand, it had a beginning—this Apostolic Succession of Books, and from that unknown beginning there has evolved the world's literature as we have it to-day. Unconscious of itself, a mere flicker on the altar of Art, there came the Spirit of Letters, after many

empty years. The flickering spark has never gone out: 'tis a fire now; but the men who kindled it—who were they?

Away back into what seems the mystery of Eternity, into the mist of the world's morning, must we go to find the birth of literary genius. We call this the age of books; but do we imagine that it has taken but a few hundred years to make a world-library? We have read the signs amiss if we think that the beginning which is but the more vigorous fanning of the fire—the fire that was first kindled when the eternal hills were young.

The four oldest literatures in the world are Egyptian, Babylonian, Hebrew, and Indian. Thus Hamites, Semites, and Aryans were the first men of letters. A vast amount of what these peoples wrote has, of course, been lost: it is rather to be wondered that so much has been preserved; yet the life, manners, and society of Thebes, nearly twenty centuries before Christ, are said to be better known to-day than are those of English towns in the days of the Anglo-Saxons. Within the past two decades, explorations in Egypt have been so rich in discoveries that we have now a body of literature and historical data, dug from the ruins, that spans the break of time like a fairy tale. The secrets of the papyri are being given up, year by year.

The poetry of these ancients as recorded in hieroglyph, and indeed the early poetry of all peoples, is characterized by its ardent professions of fear, or trust, in some divinity. The God-conception is common to the civilized Egyptian and the savage North American Indian alike, and the oldest literature known to us is in part devoted to the glorification of the deities. From this as a starting-point, the early poets went on to the intensest hero-worship, and painted pen pictures of royal princes in their courts that are gay in color.

In 1890 there was found near the pyramid at Illahun the papyri of what is beyond doubt the oldest poem in the world. It dates nearly fifteen centuries before the time of Moses—two milleniums before Homer. Userteseen III was the Egyptian monarch then, and in the second stanza of the poem his kingly goodness is sung in loyal praises:

Twice joyful are the gods; thou hast established their offerings.
Twice joyful are thy forefathers; thou hast increased their portions.
Twice joyful is Egypt in thy strong arm; thou hast protected the ancient regime.
Twice joyful are the people in thy policy; thy mighty spirit hath taken upon itself their welfare.
Twice joyful are thy paid young troops; thou hast made them to prosper.
Twice joyful are thy veterans; thou hast made them to renew their youth.

Egyptian literature flourished most in the fifteen centuries from 3000 B. C. to 1500 B. C., and during that period a great number of tales, hymns, proverbs, and medical works were produced. The old literature, after declining into a series of tablets and inscriptions, came to an end about 700 B. C., when foreign influence produced the new Coptic literature.

In the pure Egyptian stories there are often very beautiful touches of true art. The style is simple, and the plots are ingenious. Animals talk with men, and befriend lost wanderers. The everyday life that is pictured is that of the royal court, where noble kings dispense favours to noble princes; and of the farm, where men work in the fields, and eat the fruits of industry. Religious conceptions frequently occur, as in the passage which tells of a dead man's soul finding rest in the seed-pod of an acacia, and coming to life again when germinated in water. Some of the prettiest poetry is in the series of love songs, written about 1500 B. C. In one of these, love sickness is thus described:

I will lie down within,
Behold, I am sick with wrongs,
Then my neighbors come in
To visit me,
This sister of mine cometh with them;
She will make a laughing-stock of the physicians;
She knoweth mine illness.

Still better are the hymns King Akhenaten's hymn to the Aten, the Sun God, written about 1450 B. C., is a good example of nature worship. Two of its stanzas are as follows:

Beautiful is thy resplendent appearing on the horizon of heaven,
O living Aten, thou who art the beginning of life.
When thou ascendest in the eastern horizon thou fillest every land with thy beauties;
Thou art fair and great, radiant, high above the earth;
Thy beams encompass the lands to the sum of all that thou hast created.
Thou art the Sun; thou catchest them according to their sum;
Thou subduest them with thy love.

At dawn of day thou risest on the horizon and shinest as Aten by day.
Darkness flies, thou givest forth thy rays, the two lands are in festival day by day;
They wake and stand upon their feet, for thou hast raised them up.
The whole land goeth about its several labors.

The proverbs and maxims show high ideas of morality and prudence, and are well expressed. The advice of Amenemhat I, 2500 B. C., was used as a text-book for

Egyptian school-boys. Among the poems of the XIXth dynasty is a "Reproach to a Dissipated Student:"

They tell me that thou forsakest books,
And givest thyself up to pleasure.
Thou goest from street to street;
Every evening the smell of beer,
The smell of beer, frightens people away from thee,
It bringeth thy soul to ruin.

Thou art like a broken helm,
That obeyeth on neither side.
Thou art as a shrine without its god,
As a house without bread.

Hundreds of public inscriptions have been recovered. Very few of the papyri are intact, and Egyptologists have had great difficulty in deciphering the crude fragments they have been able to unearth. But enough has been already done to show that ancient Egypt had a remarkable civilization, of which one of the best evidences is its prolific literature.

Though later by several centuries, the literature of Babylonia takes us back nearer to the beginning of things than that of Egypt, and we seem to catch in it more of the primeval spirit. Babylonian prose, dating from 3800 B. C., consists of royal inscriptions, chronological tables, legal documents, grammatical tables, lists of omens, and official correspondence. The poetry, richer in variety and expression, includes cosmogonic poems, mythical narratives, magical formulas, and prayers to the deities.

According to the Babylonian story of the creation, the beginning of all things was in the watery abyss, and the gods proceeded from two abysmal powers. There is a curious parallelism in some parts of this creation-story with the Bible, despite its pagan conception. In the Izdubar epic, 2000 B. C., discovered in 1872, an account of the Flood is given, almost identical with that in Genesis,—even to the dove and the ark. There is a story of a visit to the lower world by one of the love-sick heroes.

In their religious literature the Babylonians manifest considerable feeling and penitence. The hymns evidently belong to a temple ritual. The legal documents are of great value from an historic-economic standpoint. The poetry is rhythmical, but not metrical. It has little real merit as poetry, but it is interesting in its subject matter and its age, and it throws much light on the activity of the first men of letters. The cradle of humanity was also the nursery of the world's literature.

AWFUL.

E LIBRO RUBICUNDO.

AN IMPULSE.—As I was brought up near the salt water, I early learned to swim. My home was in Orwell, a village about twenty miles from Charlottetown. Between the two places a steamship ran daily. Late in October, 1898, on a wet, drizzly day, I sailed for the city in the S.S. *Jacques Cartier*. She was a wooden, side-wheeled boat. On each side, some distance before the wheels, there were two port holes, through which all freight passed. As the day was slightly stormy I remained out on deck most of the time, to avoid being sick. I was standing quite near the captain's cabin. Hearing a splash, I looked down, and saw a little boy of twelve or fourteen years, in the water. As I afterwards found out, he was standing on the wet floor before the open port hole, when the ship gave a lurch, and threw him headlong into the water. Immediately throwing off my overcoat and hat (accompanied, in my excitement, by shouting for the captain to stop the boat) I jumped into the icy water. By this time the boy was astern perhaps thirty yards. I swam towards him with all my might, and reached him none too soon, for he was about to sink, when I grabbed his hair. He, in turn, seized my head and neck. I was almost choked. All this time there was great excitement on board the ship. When the alarm was given, everyone rushed aft. Even the captain left the wheel and followed the rest. After spending valuable time running to and fro, he issued the order, "Launch the boat." But the old boat, which had not been moved from its chocks for years, could never be launched in time to save us. Seeing this, the captain's next move was to back the ship. Meanwhile, I was shouting "Hur"—when a wave would fill my mouth, and stop the remaining "Yup." The response, "Hold on, we'll soon have you," brought no consolation to me, for I thought the ship might be backed at double its rate of speed, if she was being backed at all. I now contented myself with keeping the boy above water. At last they were quite near, and the ship still coming on. She was likely to back over us. When at length a line was thrown, it fell over my shoulder. In the act of grabbing it, I lost my buoyancy, and sank. My first thought was that I was lost. Still, I held the rope, and was pulled to the surface. The men, in their excitement, had neglected to put a noose on the end, so I had no means of getting it around my body. They soon hauled us up to the side, when the little boy was lifted on deck. Three men, after some trouble, got me aboard in a badly exhausted state, and poorer

by one rubber boot. We were taken into the engineer's room, where a glass of good old "Mountain Dew" did much to restore us. On moving about the ship again, I could plainly see many wet eyes among the elder women. The delight of the little boy's mother can be imagined. How she wrung my hand! I heard afterwards she was from Pictou, N. S., and was out on a pleasure trip.

IN MONTEVIDEO.—Last year was spent, partly in sailing and fishing, and partly also in seeing as much of the cities which our ship called at, as our limited time would permit. The incident I am about to relate, occurred in Montevideo.

The harbor of Montevideo has not a sufficient depth of water to accommodate large vessels at the wharves. Their cargoes are lowered into barges, whose draught permits them to reach the piers. We had been there for about two months, and as my father and I always translated the local papers together, and as I had some intercourse with the Uruguayians, I learned sufficient Spanish to make myself understood. Our second mate had lived in Argentine for two years, and could speak the patois as well as a native. He and I were very chummy, and we went ashore frequently together. The Dagos are a pack of cut-throats, and I always carried a revolver when I was absent from the ship.

One Sunday we went ashore with the intention of visiting the public gardens, but Fate willed otherwise. When we reached the head of the wharf, we were accosted by an Italian; he and my companion were soon in a heated discussion. I did not understand their lingo very well (it was partly Italian and partly Spanish) but I could see that the stranger was getting angry. The Latins are a quick-tempered race, and as most of them in Argentine and Uruguay carry knives a foot long, it is not well to dispute with them.

I put my hand in my hip pocket, and grasped my revolver. I was watching every movement the Italian made, and when he began to stroke his chin, I saw that he meant mischief. Quick as a flash he seized the knife, which he carried diagonally across his breast, and held in position by two loops in his vest, and made a plunge at my friend. The Englishman was on his guard, and jumped backwards, but just in time, for the dagger in its descent cut the brim of his hat. I drew my "Colt" and shot the Italian in the thigh. The report of the pistol, and the cries of the wounded man, soon drew a crowd. Like Falstaff, we thought that discretion was the better part of valor, so we made all possible speed for the head of the pier, off which our ship was anchored,

followed by a swarm of angry men with drawn knives. Arriving there, we did not wait to secure a boat, but plunged into the water and swam out to a skiff moored in the stream. There was no other boat around, and as our pursuers did not care to get wet, they gave up the chase.

"RUDYARD KIPLING."—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

In Bombay—

"Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait,"

Rudyard Kipling was born on the thirtieth day of December, 1865. His father, John Lockwood Kipling, an English artist holding an official position, was a native of Staffordshire. The early years of his life he spent in the Burslem potteries as a modeler and designer of terra cotta. At a picnic by a picturesque little English lake near the village of Rudyard, John Kipling met a pretty English girl, Alice Macdonald, the daughter of the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan minister at Endon. He fell in love with her at once. They met very often, and their engagement was soon after announced. When shortly afterwards he was sent to direct the art schools of Bombay, he took pretty Alice Macdonald along as his wife.

On arriving in Bombay, Mr. Kipling and his young wife were assigned to their government quarters on the Maidan, where in the course of time a son was born to them.

Their first meeting at Rudyard Lake must have been the pretty bit of sentiment of their lives, for when they named the son they took for him the name of the little lake on the banks of which they first saw each other. They called the boy "Ruddie," in a familiar way, and being the first child, the parents made a great pet of him. As a lad he had unusual aptitude for learning and scorned commonplace toys. Books were his great pleasure. In fact, he was quite beyond his years in intellect. He had a will of his own, and at times asserted it in spite of the remonstrances of his parents.

Rudyard at the age of twelve accompanied his father to England, and thence to Paris, to visit the exhibition, which was one of the chief delights of his boyhood. He enjoyed this first glimpse of European civilization more perhaps because of his father's companionship. They were lovers always—this father and son—the ideal affection being bestowed upon each other.

Mr. Kipling, since to manhood grown, has said with modesty of his father and mother: "All that I am, I owe to them."

The elder Kipling, before his return to India, placed Rudyard in the United Service College, "Westward, Ho," in North Devon, an institution intended chiefly for the education of sons of Anglo-

Indian civil and military officers. From his thirteenth year to his eighteenth, this undersized, near-sighted boy was an indifferent scholar. Not always at the head of his class, nor even within reach of the top, he succeeded however, when he left the college in 1882, in taking away with him a well-earned first prize in English literature. For two years during his course at the college he was the editor of the *College Chronicle*, to which he contributed many clever sketches and verses.

He returned to his father's house at Lahore early in 1883, and became sub-editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. At this time, the editorial staff of the *Gazette*, comprising only two men, did the entire work of getting out the daily paper, and we can imagine how Kipling as one of the two had to work.

Briefly his daily work on the *Gazette* may be stated as follows:—1. To prepare for press all the telegrams of the day; 2. To provide all the extracts and paragraphs; 3. To make headed articles out of official reports, &c.; 4. To write such editorial notes as he might have time for; 5. To look generally after all sporting and local news; 6. To read all proofs except the editorial matter. In short to do the work of two men with the salary of one.

The Duke of Connaught, then military commander of the Northwestern district of India, was occasionally a visitor at the house of the Kiplings. When he met Rudyard he became greatly interested in him, and in course of conversation remarked: "What are you going to do Mr. Kipling, now that you are in India again? What would you like to do?" "I would like, sir, to live with the army for a time, and go to the frontier to write up Tommy Atkins," was the reply.

The duke considered the matter, and finally gave him permission to go to any military station in his command, and, if he wished, go to the frontier and live with officers or men, and if at any time he required an escort he could have one; thus Rudyard was given the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Tommy Atkins.

To the *Civil and Military Gazette* he contributed many of his earlier poems and stories, and the paper, having many military men as patrons, was a proper enough receptacle for them.

In 1890 Kipling left India for London with his collection of stories, in whose possibilities he had himself infinite faith, although the editors of the Indian newspapers, in which he published a number, thought so little of them that they begrudged them the space they filled. His first idea was to publish them in America. He went first to Hong-Kong with his manuscripts and thence to San Francisco. There he found neither publisher nor friend, nor would the newspapers of that city give him employment. It is not natural then that some years later he should write of San Francisco as "a mad city—

inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of remarkable beauty."

From San Francisco he came to New York, with a letter of introduction in his pocket to a prominent publishing house in that city. Here he met with no better success, and feeling quite disgusted with the reception he received, he made no further attempts to dispose of his stories on this side of the Atlantic but sailed for England. He tried his luck in London with better success, so far as finding a publisher is concerned. His stories were brought out but, strange as it may appear in view of their subsequent popularity, they proved an utter failure. No reviews seemed to be impressed by them—in fact, few if any reviewers paid any attention to them at all. They were piled up on the shelves of the bookseller, covered with dust, showing no prospect of resurrection. Kipling had the magnificent faith of genius in the certainty of his triumph, but every possible trial of his faith was experienced. It looked as if the triumph would be postponed until after his death, when some student of obscure literature in the latter half of the twentieth century should, by chance, light on these forgotten volumes, and wonder at the stupidity of his ancestors in leaving them to die stillborn. Kipling had friends and relatives of wealth and position in England; but he was too proud to make himself known to them as an unsuccessful author, when he had planned to visit them as a conquering hero. They knew nothing of his being in London, and if they thought anything about him at all, supposed he was in India, or wandering about in some remote corner of the world. Kipling's stock of money had given out. His lodging and board were of the most economical. It looked as if he was intended to gain his living by some less agreeable occupation than story-writing.

One evening, Edmund Yates sat down to dinner at his club, wondering what would make a good stirring article for his paper—the *London World*. He asked a friend at an adjoining table if he did not know of something that was going on. "Why don't you print an interview with Rudyard Kipling," replied his friend. "Who in thunder is Rudyard Kipling," asked Yates. The friend, who was acquainted with India and with Kipling's career there, explained that he was a brilliant young man, who knew India as few men do, for he had a remarkable faculty of observation; that he had just come home, bringing with him a volume of stories which he had published; that he must also have a large stock of interesting manuscripts; that Kipling was the coming man in story telling; that it would be greatly to the credit of Yates' paper to anticipate the public in discovering him; that he would at any rate have much to say that was fresh and interesting.

The suggestions thus made forcibly struck Mr. Yates, and he detailed one of his reporters immediately to interview Kipling. The reporter had some difficulty in finding him, for his lodgings were obscure, and his disgusted publishers had not kept close track of his address. But found he was at last, and when found he had all the hauteur of confident genius when most prosperous, in being, on the whole, rather unwilling to submit to the advertisement of an interview. The reporter prevailed upon him to do the favor, and so the interview appeared, some two columns—in a much read paper. It created no little talk.

Among others who read it was the book reviewer of the *London Times*. He remembered in an indistinct way that Kipling's stories had come to his desk, and that he had let them lie there. He hunted them up, and in the light of what he now knew about the man, was greatly impressed by them. He gave them a half column review or more, and, that with a great many Englishmen, was enough. To find Kipling endorsed by the *Times*, immediately set them to work reading him. His stories no longer lay, dust-covered on the publisher's shelves. The stock on hand was not sufficient to meet the sudden demand, and the young man from India became at once a much-read author.

His acquaintance with Wolcott Balestier brought him to America again in 1891. The Balestier family lived on a farm in Vermont, near Brattelboro, and Kipling, evidently taken with America and American ways, fell in love with his friend's sister, Carolyn. They were married in All Souls' Church, Portland Place, London, on January 18th, 1892, and returned to America shortly afterwards. Here, Kipling, by this time a known figure in the world's literature, built for himself a home on the mountain slopes of Vermont.

The Kipling home, near Brattelboro, is a long, low building with projecting roof that has just the suggestion of a thatch. A wide veranda extends along one entire end of the house. A long hall divides it in the centre, there being eleven rooms on each side of it. It is built on a hillside overlooking the Connecticut River, and the only entrance is from the rear. At every approach to the house is to be found the sign: "No trespassing on these grounds."

In 1897 he visited South Africa principally to see new peoples and new scenes. After a short visit there he returned to England where he remained until February, 1899, when, accompanied by his wife, he returned to the United States.

It is now about ten years since Kipling's first East India Tales reached England and America. The time was favorable, and in the adventures of Kipling's humble heroes the public found refreshment as grateful as a cold plunge to a loiterer in a

hot house. Humor glowed, imagination shone, and evidence of the keenest observation appeared in these pages.

"The young person" has discovered that she can read the East India Stories without blushing. She may have been obliged to ask explanation of certain passages, but she learned nothing she ought not to know; and this is, after all, a proof of Kipling's essential wholesomeness which is the health and sanity of the natural man. Kipling's shortcomings, like those of his heroes, are open to every reader, and they are the more evident because this is precisely the age which has made a particularly unctuous virtue of the literary qualities to which he is indifferent. He is the one writer of English at the present time who satisfies quite fully the two great classes of readers—the multitude who read to be amused, and the cultured minority who read for art's sake.

Devoted to his home life, simple in his habits, regular and systematic in his work, Kipling is a quiet, industrious, modest man, deeply in earnest.

In his movements he is quick and lively, and somewhat nervous. Sir Edward Russell has described him as a "practical, spruce, athletic, well-groomed, little figure—making a splendid living—not an Amos or an Isaiah."

DALHOUSIANS' ABROAD.

DEAR GAZETTE:—I must own to a certain feeling of depression as often as I recollect that my contribution to the GAZETTE has not yet been sent. I suppose such a feeling is the usual characteristic of that state of mind in which we all find ourselves when we realize our duty, and at the same time our incapacity to properly discharge the same. However, in response to your kind invitation, I venture to send something, if only to fill up, encouraged by the reflection that you will probably be all too busy preparing for examinations to read it.

One reason why I regard it a duty to contribute something is, that I feel the great desirability that the graduates should make the columns of the GAZETTE a means of communication with one another. Personally, I have a very great interest in the letters from graduates, especially letters from those whom I happen to know, and I doubt not that such is the feeling of all who have left Dalhousie. I need hardly point out that, as things go, the GAZETTE is the natural and only practical medium by which Dalhousians can remain in touch with one another, and with their university. But to make it effective for this purpose you must draw on the graduates themselves. They must contribute. I prefer letters to arti-

cles. Let these be anything. Let them be *Saturae*. Let the standards be easy and elastic, or, if you like, no standard. For myself, I prefer those contributions in which the personal element is most prominent. Severely impersonal dissertations we can get in books. What I look for in the GAZETTE, is something of the old fellowship of undergraduate days. I hope you will develop this department fully and persistently. Dun us for letters. For, I repeat it again, to secure the fullest interest on the part of the graduates you should make it a medium wherein we can hear of, and from, each other. No one of us, I presume, has the time to write to each and all of his classmates and college friends. Since that is so, let us compromise by letters in the GAZETTE. If a college paper caters exclusively to the interest of those who are resident for the time being, it is bound to become lacking in interest to those who have gone beyond the college walls. It is a somewhat chilling and saddening feeling, not without its alienating tendency either, that comes to a graduate when he realizes that, if he were to go back to the old halls, he would find himself among strangers, and the same feeling is liable not to be absent when he takes up his college paper after several years' absence, and finds no mention of the old friends in it.

Now, what to write about? I do not want to tell you of college life at Cornell, for college life, to my mind, is pretty much the same everywhere,—largely what you make it and what is else you already know, or are in process of knowing. From what I can see, the size of the university makes little difference. Multiply your quantity by as large a factor as you please, you affect the quality little. To be sure, library facilities and laboratory equipments are greater. But the knowledge absorbed is, after all, conditioned much less by these things than by the capacity of the student, and the thoroughness with which he does his work. And there is no law or edict that prohibits the student with the small library and meagre laboratory from having equal capacity with his more favorably situated brother of the larger concern, while the chances in favor of his greater thoroughness are in inverse ratio to the number of books he studies. You have greater freedom of choice, more options at the larger university. But is that an unmixed good? A big question, perhaps, and I will not undertake to decide it. But there are those of us who believe, *pace* our good friends with fine theories about "study of the individual" and other pedagogical fads, that the fundamentals of educational discipline are not altogether elective or dependant on the caprice of the individual, especially of the individual at the crude and inex-

perienced age at which he is called upon to make the choice; also that these fundamentals can be as well taught in the small university as in the large. There is such a thing, if you will pardon the homely figure, of biting off more than you can chew, and I am not sure but that the big university, with its showy programmes and many courses, encourages this kind of mental gluttony. Of course, in our graduate department, here we have graduates from colleges all over the Union. But for myself, and I trust I am not unduly influenced by patriotic considerations, if I had my undergraduate course to go over again, I should unhesitatingly choose Dalhousie—the small university, with its narrower curriculum and greater thoroughness.

"But we have ceased to regard Dalhousie as a small college." So Professor Burr, Prof. of Ancient and Mediaeval History, told me the other day. That is what they all think. An instructor of Dartmouth College, who had been conning the lists of graduate students at the leading American universities for some years, was astonished when I told him we were so small. A Norwegian whom I fell in with on the way here, on learning that I was from Dalhousie, exclaimed, "Oh ho! Dalhousie. Have you got a fellowship?" He went on to explain that all Dalhousians got fellowships or scholarships.

There are other things I wanted to say, but I have already taken too much space. I hope Dalhousians will keep coming to Cornell, and keep up the "apostolic succession." It is a good place to come to. It is steadily winning a reputation for genuine and thorough work. And the students work here. If those folk who try to justify their own idleness by applying opprobrious epithets to their industrious fellows were to come here, we would hear less foolish and hysterical outeries against plugging at Dalhousie.

The physical attractions are mixed. The town itself (Ithaca) is small, and, but for the University, would be insignificant. It is dumped down in the orchestral part of a laterally-flattened amphitheatre of hills, forming the head of Cayuga Lake. On the right shoulder sits the University.

"Far above Cayuga's waters
And the busy town,
Reared against the arch of Heaven
Looks she proudly down."

The campus is generous and ample. With the ornamental grounds, it embraces nearly eighty acres. The central quadrangle, about which the principal buildings are ranged, comprises about fifteen acres. In spring the surroundings are very attractive. Chauncey Depew said, that not since he

stood on the Acropolis at Athens, and looked out on the Plain of Marathon, had he seen a finer view than that from the campus at Cornell; and thereby hangs a joke on Chauncey. For it is utterly impossible (so our instructor, who was there, assures us) to see Marathon from the Acropolis,—unless you have Sam Weller's "double-million-magnifying-microscope-of-hextra power" eyes, and can see through Mt. Pentelicon. Perhaps the diplomatic astuteness that can see around a corner, could see around Pentelicon. But I must stop. If any of the boys contemplate coming to Cornell, I will be glad to answer any inquiries.

Yours sincerely,

D. A. MACRAE, '98.

CORNELL, April 2nd, 1900.

Correspondence.

(We cannot hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—It isn't a sin to think of something else besides the gown, is it? If not, I am bold enough to ask a little space, to plead for a revival of the Philomathic.

Your editorial in the seventh issue discussed the question very justly, and one brave man brought it up in the last Sodales meeting, but there the matter dropped. We are all so delighted with our new gowns, that there's no time to think of anything else.

To reason our need of an institution like the Philomathic is surely useless, for it must be apparent to every one who thinks a little. Our hard-worked society, the Sodales, cannot be expected to satisfy all the wants of a student-body like Dalhousie. Its sole object is the encouragement of debating; and rightly so, for I think that the officers of Sodales will tell us that debate is enough for one organization to manage. Thus the general body of students is left without anything that can properly be called a literary club. The ladies, indeed, have met their own requirements in this respect, by founding the Delta Gamma. But this only makes the general want more felt. There is no incentive to make students follow lines of study that are outside the beaten paths of class work. In consequence, we are losing many benefits of original work, and also a profitable and interesting relief from the hum-drum round of plugging.

As for lack of spirit in the College to carry on another society,—well, we might let that argument take a much-needed rest, and make the experiment anyway. And surely, there are signs of an amendment of life among us: one good, solid fine, has gone to enrich the authorities; the "Sophs and Juniors a solemn oath have sworn" to "dress up" next

session; our reading room is to be given back to us. Why should not the session of '00-'01 make a Renaissance of Dalhousie life and spirit?

Let the matter be brought before the coming meeting of the Arts' Students, and if they have not full power to revive the Philomathic, they can at least make a beginning.

Mr. Editor, hoping you'll pardon my wanderings,

I am, yours truly, MR. SMITH.

DEAR GAZETTE:—In a fortunate moment (for your readers) it occurred to me to write you a letter. I have paid part postage.

And so you are going to have gowns, are you? Let me express my opinion along with the crowd. My *opinion*, as you will be glad to learn, may be best learned from Æsop's Fables,—“A certain freshman of recent date being out to tea, was asked by his kind hostess whether he would take tea or cocoa. ‘Thank you, if you please, yes,’ he murmured.” Given that the above freshman equals the *average* opinion on gowns in Dalhousie, and cocoa equals *in favour* of gowns, and tea equals *not in favour* of gowns, you may work out this problem according to mathematics; and mathematical truths are said (by those who read Mill) to be very exact.

Having settled this knotty question, let us pass to the Arts library. In fact everyone goes to the Arts library nowadays—who does not want to read? It puts one in mind of Bunyan's "Vanity Fair." Here is "Flirtation Corner" by the Demill press, and "Consultation Corner" (for freshmen) by the examination paper shelves, and "Giggleby Stand" by the reviews, with a table here where photos are exchanged, and another there where Sophomores discuss the next scrim or the explosive power of Lyddite, (in a loud tone.) Oh for a camera and a big phonograph to preserve the humours of our library. But really if there is no improvement I will appeal to the Faculty, and then—

“Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be.” This remark has no particular bearing here. But I wish to publish this statement as original, and it comes in here as well as at the first, and better.

All Gaul was divided into three parts, so Cæsar says, and in that respect was different from the law results this year, which were divided into but two parts. Oh, excuse me, I forgot the plucks. I was wrong. There were firsts, passes, and plucks. So the law exams. *do* conform to the ancient division of Gaul, and I wish to place on record *my* discovery or rather, invention, of the reason why no records were made this year. Or perhaps the embryo lawyers were like the little

girl in Milton's "Paradise Lost," who "When she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was"—of little importance to all. Someone recently argued, in my presence, after the following manner.

Granted that all papers are to be divided between firsts, passes, and plucks, then the only papers that need to be carefully examined are firsts and plucks; the rest can be casually glanced over, for their position depends on whether their names begun with Alpha or Omega, which Holy Writ informs us are the first and the last. The great "middle classes" about which Englishmen are accustomed to rave so much, "cut no ice" this spring in the North Wing. Middle classes—that is a good starting point. Who should be the leaders in the Arts departments? Juniors or Seniors or the other fellows? Of course Sophomores, and even Freshmen, will be Juniors, and perhaps Seniors, if they are good (and pass their exams.), but until then let them not assume the upper seats at the synagogues. Speaking of synagogues puts me in mind of Sodales, of which the name is no longer Sodales, but Ichabod, for the glory has departed, or at least the audiences have, and taking away the ladies (and gentlemen) from Sodales, is like taking away the cheese from a mousetrap (rather an unfortunate simile, Mr. Editor, but charity, that covers a multitude of sins, ought to cover a mousetrap).

A mouse trap may be defined as "The continual happening of the unexpected" (to the mouse), and that plank walk south of Dalhousie has lots of surprises beneath it. That company in the "Vision of Sin" who wasted their time "expecting when a fountain would arise," should have got out and strolled over our plank walk. They would have seen fountains arising at every step, though rather muddy, I must admit.

Now *dear* (you cost a dollar, which most of us don't want to pay) GAZETTE, let me give *you* some advice. Why did you discontinue "Dalhousians Abroad?" Were you afraid of getting something of real interest in your pages? You ought to do it again, and really you need something to atone for your Dallusiensia, especially your last issue. Some people have impudence and some have stupidity, but when impudence and stupidity are combined, Zeus himself will not forgive it.

What are these jokes *which speak evil of dignities* supposed to be? "A joke," Webster says, "is something said to excite a laugh;" but judging from your columns, a joke might be defined as "essence of gall, mixed with an equal quantity of brass." Yours,

DEAR GAZETTE,—Kindly allow me a few words on the matter of gowns. I was much surprised at the result of the recent class meetings on the matter, but the decision of the majority, that they would like to purchase gowns and wear them, would have called for no remarks from me had it not been for Galora's letter in the last issue. After that I thought it best that the views of the minority should be presented and a protest made against any attempt at making the wearing of gowns compulsory.

In the first place what are the arguments advanced for the adoption of gowns? I quote the chief ones.

"The wearing of gowns is a time honored custom which has always distinguished the student. All the Canadian Universities require the wearing of academic costume. Why should Dalhousie stand alone?"

Well, why shouldn't she? Why should we follow any custom merely because it is a custom? Many a time honored custom is utterly worthless and foolish; for example the wearing of wigs by the lawyers in England, which seems to bear a perfect analogy to the present issue. We should follow no custom whatever that cannot be shown to be a good or beneficial one, and before the pro-gowns can use the above argument from custom, their task is to show the benefit arising therefrom, which they have not done.

"The gown will have to be purchased before graduation anyway, so why not now?"

This is worse than nothing. Why should we purchase the gown now, wear it for four years to get our money's worth and cause ourselves needless inconvenience, and in the end, in all probability have to purchase another to graduate respectably. A present Freshman is liable to have several torn to ribbons in his second year if he assists in any way in the sociability of the scrim. If we buy our gown new at graduation we could sell it for almost cost price to a Junior who would need it next year. Or what is to hinder our buying fifty or a hundred gowns for the college? We would each have the use of one at graduation; and they could be kept in stock for each successive graduating class, thus saving a lot of bother and expense.

"Gowns will add to the dignity and prestige of the University. People will look upon Dalhousie as a University indeed."

Does anybody think seriously of the above? What is dignity? I read, "true worth, excellence." Would gowns add to that? There are various other meanings to the word dignity. I find one in the phrase "to stand on one's

dignity." Here seems to be the meaning with which the word is used in the arguments of the pro-togas. The phrase corresponds exactly to the modern slang "to have a swelled head." That this is a large element in the desire for gowns is shown by the words of the gownites themselves. One "hasn't yet given up hope of proudly strutting up Spring Garden Road in his college cap and gown." Another thinks that the wearing of gowns would "give us a more worthy idea of our exalted position." How absurd these sound: "our exalted position," and "proudly strutting," worthy of a *σφόδρα μωρός*. What a college education should do is not to give us an idea of our "exalted" position but make us realize how small we really are and how little we ever will or can know in this life. I have heard one of the gownites confess that he did not know of any *arguments* in favor of their adoption, and that there were some against it, but he wanted to see them adopted just for the "looks of the thing." If instead of saying that these robes would add to anyone's dignity, we should say that they would tickle someone's vanity we would perhaps be nearer the mark.

"Gowns would add to the prestige of the University."

To show what an utter myth that is, consider this. How many of the students do you suppose could say positively in what Universities gown are worn and where they are not? Suppose that you now believe that gowns are worn in McGill and you find out to-morrow that they are not, would your opinion of the prestige or standing of McGill undergo the slightest change whatever? Do you suppose that the students of other Universities know whether gowns are worn at Dalhousie or not, and if they learned that we did not wear them would their opinion of the University undergo the slightest change? These things are altogether trivial, and have no weight with a person estimating the value of a university's course.

They say the standpoint of personal inconvenience is a narrow-minded way to look at it.

Even if that were our only standpoint, we would be entirely justified. If a person should propose to me a useless and a foolish expenditure of five dollars (for that is to be the cost) and I should object on the ground that it was inconvenient for me to throw away that amount of money, I would not consider it narrow minded.

But it is more than a matter of inconvenience. It is a matter of principle. It seems to me that for us to resurrect a dead custom of this kind here in Dalhousie would, with outsiders, not increase their respect for the institution, but

betray a cheap and silly vanity in the eyes of those who should know better. We should pursue our studies in all humbleness.

But, as I said at the beginning, had it not been for the talk of trying to make the thing compulsory, nothing need have been said by me. Let those that wish to wear their gowns wear them, and leave others the right to their own convictions, though I am sorry to see so many carried away by this foolish agitation. In my mind it is a tribute to the sound sense of our former students that we have broken away from this old custom and have shown ourselves so far ahead of the times in having our minds untrammelled by such worthless traditions.

Yours, with thanks for space,

LIBERTY.

COLLEGE NOTES.

PROFESSOR and Mrs. H. Murray gave a very pleasant "At Home" to the Glee Club on the evening of April 3rd.

THE Eighth Annual Glee Club Concert was given in the Examination Hall, on the evening of Thursday, March 29th. The following is the programme.

- PART I.
1. CHORUS.—"Hark the Lark".....*Dr. Cooke.*
GLEE CLUB.
 2. VOCAL SOLO.—"The Englishman".....*Blackley.*
MR. W. R. SHUTE.
 3. MALE CHORUS.—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea".....*Lloyd.*
GLEE CLUB.
 4. FLUTE SOLO.....
MR. W. R. SHUTE.
 5. VOCAL SOLO—"Our Army and Navy".....
MISS E. HUBLEY.
 6. CHORUS.—"Black-eyed Susan".....
GLEE CLUB. *{ Air by Leveridge*
{ Harmonised by Max Vogrich.
 7. LYRICUS.—"Plutum Gun Powderorum".....*Paulus Krugerum.*
MR. A. M. MACLEOD, *et cetera.*
 8. CHORUS.—"Peacefully Slumber".....*King.*
GLEE CLUB.
- PART II.
1. SOLO AND CHORUS.—"The Absent-Minded Beggar".....*Sullivan.*
SOLO BY MRS. G. S. CAMPBELL.
 2. VOCAL SOLO—*{ a—T'Amo Ancora..... } Tosit.*
{ b—Marie..... } Abt.
MISS B. SHUTE.
 3. MALE CHORUS.—"The Three Chafers".....*Truhn.*
GLEE CLUB.
 4. VOCAL SOLO.—"If Thou didst Love Me".....*Denza.*
MISS E. HUBLEY.
 5. VOCAL SOLO.—"Bonnie Prince Charlie".....*Hogg.*
MRS. G. S. CAMPBELL.

6. VOCAL SOLO.—"Hearest Thou".....*Mattai*,
MR. GEO. BURGOYNE.
7. EPICUS.—"Tumultus in Freshibus".....*Frederick Legibus*,
MR. E. FLEMING CUM FORTIBUS.
8. CHORUS.—"Fairy Song".....*Zimmerman*,
GLEE CLUB
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Director.—MR. W. R. SHUTE. *Accompanist*.—MISS KATIE STEWART.

The concert, though not attended as well as usual, which was perhaps owing to the nearness of Exams, was nevertheless a very enjoyable one. The choruses were good, and the parodies bright and appropriate. Mrs. Campbell's "Absent-Minded Beggar" and her Scotch songs, were the features of the evening.

While congratulating the Glee Club on the success of their concert, we wish to point out one defect, which we think they must guard against in the future, that is, introducing into their programme too many numbers by outsiders. Though the entertainment in itself is probably higher class than if mainly by students, still it must not be forgotten that the concert purports to be by the Dalhousie Glee Club. Through the last few years there has been a steady growth in the practice of getting more outside talent for the concerts, until this year only eight out of sixteen numbers were by students.

College Societies.

THE Delta Gamma Society held the last meeting of the year at the home of Miss Williams, Fawson Street, on the evening of Saturday, March seventeenth. The business meeting was left until the last part, and the first half hour taken up with the debate on gowns. Miss Edith Read, Miss Gorham and Miss Saunders objected to the motion, while Miss Winnie Read, Miss Liechti and Miss Cann held that we should wear gowns in Dalhousie. The vote of the meeting was taken and the Delta Gamma Society declared for the scholastic garb. Miss Cumming acted as critic and was listened to with much pleasure. The nominating committee then presented their report and the election of officers for the next year took place. Those elected were:

President.....MISS JEAN F. FORREST.
Vice-President....." FLORENCE O'DONNELL.
Secretary....." HEDWIG HOBRECKER.
Treasurer....." INA BENTLEY.

The Treasurer, Miss Jessie Campbell, then handed in her report for the past year, and after a little time spent in fare-

wells and wishing each other well both in the coming examinations and the coming years, the Society adjourned until September, 1900.

D. A. A. C.—The semi-annual spring meeting of the D. A. A. C. was held Feb. 16th, in the English Room with President Roach in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The Treasurer submitted the report for the year and showed a balance of \$209.23 in favour of the Club. The report was audited by Messrs. Routledge and Morrison, and found correct. The report was then adopted. J. McKenzie moved and L. Cumming seconded the motion that the Captain of the Football Team be appointed next fall instead of this spring as has been the custom, which motion carried unanimously. A spirited discussion next took place as to whether a member of the First or Second Fifteens should be a member of the Executive Committee. Finally it was moved by A. M. Hebb, seconded by F. A. Morrison, that the Executive Committee be composed of men who are not players on either the First or Second Fifteens, and that the captain be an ex officio member of the Executive, carried. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Hon. President.....DR. FORREST.
President.....F. A. MORRISON.
Vice-President.....L. H. CUMMING.
Secretary.....A. H. S. MURRAY.
Hon. Treasurer.....R. T. MCLREITH.
Executive.....{ W. D. LIVINGSTONE.
 { J. MCKENZIE.
 { A. M. HEBB.
 { G. H. SEDGEWICK.
 { J. A. MCKINNON.
Ground Committee.....{ J. A. MCKINNON.
 { R. T. MCLREITH.
 { J. C. O'MULLIN.
Trophy Committee.....{ R. T. MCLREITH.
 { A. H. S. MURRAY.

A motion to reconsider the motion passed in reappointing Football Captain was lost. Meeting adjourned.

Exchanges.

Exchanges from the following Colleges for March have been received: Queens, Kings, Trinity, Mt. Allison, Acadia, Niagara, Ottawa, McMaster, McGill, O. A. C., Montreal Pres. Coll., Halifax Pres. Coll., Edinburgh; St. John's, Manlius; Lasette Semin.; Philadelphia High School.

AT THE FORD.

I.

A deathlike dew was falling
 On the herbs and the grassy ground,
 The stars to their bournes prest forward,
 Night cloaked the hills around.

His thought of a night long past,—
 Of the ladder that reached to heaven,
 The Face that shone above it,
 The pillar, his pillows of even.

II.

From out of the sleeve of the darkness
 Was thrust an arm of strength—
 Long he wrestled for mastery,
 But begged for blessing at length.

White fear fell on him at dawn,
 As the Nameless spake with him then,
 "Prevailer and Prince," called He him,
 "A power with God and with men."

And, alone, the lame wrestler mused :
 "The Face of God, is this place I
 Ah me—and my life is preserved,
 Yet God I have seen face to Face!"

III.

Life's darkness is background for God,
 For unsleeping Love's high command,
 And the shadowy heap of each life
 Is revealed at the touch of His hand.

And the arm of Love doth wrestle
 All night by the fords we cross,
 To shrivel our sinews of self
 And give His blessing for loss.

Night shows the houses of heaven,
 O pilgrim for life's journey shod,
 And from out the sleeve of darkness
 Is thrust the arm of God!

THEODORE H. RAND.

McMaster's Monthly.

"THE coming century calls for the incarnation of the 'Sermon on the Mount' in its social life. The blighted life of childhood, the withered life of womanhood, the crushed life of aspiring manhood, wail between this artificial pressure. That wail is heard above the hum of the dawning century's industries, that wail is heard above the coming century's strains of social song, that wail declares that ere the coming century's social joy shall flow unimpeded, these wrongs must be avenged. These wrongs can be avenged by no ethereal dreamers who would reform the world without doing the work of the Reformer; these wrongs can be righted by no select club, safely esconced in softly-cushioned and heavily-draped parlors, reading theoretical essays; they can be righted by no kid-gloved philanthropy, which is content to contribute money for the service, while sacrificing others' hearts in that service. Something nobler than money must base the structure bridging the chasm. Across that chasm's gaping mouth must be flung the noblest manhood of our day and land. Only this sacrifice of such manhood can show that men are brothers, and that as brothers they must live. Hence the dawning century's cry, 'To you, O Men! I call, and my voice is to the sons of men.'"—R. O. Morse, in *Acad. Athen.*

Personals.

MESSRS. TERNAN, PEARSON, and BEGG, members of this year's graduating class in Law, have already been admitted to the bar.

MR. J. A. FERGUSSON, a third year student of last year and now teaching at Glace Bay, C. B., was recently awarded first prize for a story written to an American Magazine. The story is said to be very cleverly written and of considerable literary merit.

Dallustensia.

PROF. W.——"I'm glad to see many of this class have been found or perhaps it's *fined*. I never was quite sure about those participles."

THERE'S "no more trouble" in the English room now.

LIBRARY NOTES.

MR. BINGAY is sorry that he could not be "at home" in the Library during the last week or two.

MR. FRASER wishes someone to return the "Variorum Lear" as he would like to have it for summer reading.

THE Sophomore class meetings in this room have been very largely attended.

THE Picture Exchange reports business rushing.

Young Person.—"Oh, is that a new picture of Lord Dalhousie?"

Senior Friend.—"No, that's one of Mr. Cunningham's graduating photos."

It was his first walk with the fair one after graduation day. They were strolling through the Zoological Gardens. While looking at the lions he addressed the keeper in most unbane tones: "If one of these gigantic and

ferocious carnivora contrived to emancipate itself and to hurl its prodigious strength into our midst, what steps would you take?" "Bloomin' long steps" said the man—and the unimpressionable tittered.—*Ex.*

THAT AWFUL TELEPHONE.—"Hello! is this Dr. Briggs? Good morning doctor. I want to ask you what to do for my wife; she's a little feverish."

"Oh, yes; if I were you, I'd"—buzz-z-z! rattle! bang!—"I'd see if her ribs are all right, and, if they are cracked, replace them with new ones; recover her, and give her two coats of paint, and leave her out on the river over night, and, if she persists in getting full, why—"

"What the—! *! -?—*!!"

"Oh, hello! This is Central! Your line got crossed with Robertson's boat house."—*Ex.*

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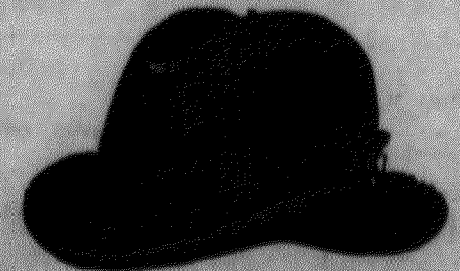
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