



The Dalhousie Gazette.

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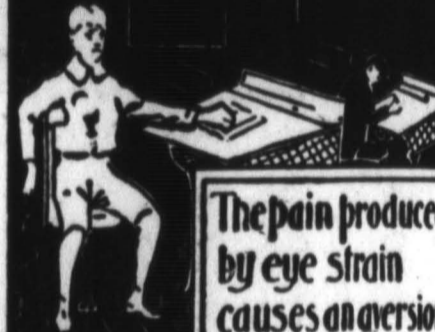
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THE UNION THAT IS ESSENTIAL.

[N a recent number of the "Varsity" there appeared a contribution from a Toronto graduate, entitled "For Closer Union." The article was an earnest plea that such thought and action should be taken as will result in spreading wide and deep, the idea of the essential unity of all Canadians. "It is the concern of Canadian studenthood as it is the concern of no other class in the community to see that Canada is one in heart and will from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We can think of no finer, no nobler task for us to undertake at the beginning of this new century than the enthusiastic promotion of Canadian Unity."

The article is timely. The Race Cry, as it is called, has been so much discussed in recent years, the party press, in season and out of season, has tried to shift to the opposing party the responsibility for racial differences, and has done much harm by ceaseless discussion. It is pitiful to see the leading papers of Canada trying, day after day to set a whole race against a party. The result cannot but be full of danger to our land.

It is a trite remark that the leaders of coming years are in our colleges to-day. How important is it therefore that our young men should leave college with a feeling of good-

will to all the citizens of the Dominion ; the result of friendly intercourse with the other colleges.

Here in these Atlantic provinces we have no serious race or religious differences. For this we may well be thankful. But within a comparatively small area we have seven colleges attended by about a thousand students. It is easy to see how a spirit of sectionalism may arise, if the different colleges stand aloof from each other. But there should be no sectionalism. The reasons for Canadian unity can be advanced with greater weight for the union of aim that should exist in the three Atlantic provinces. Taken together they are not a large country, our interests are the same in every field, industrial and intellectual. Let our college students then be united in sentiment and aim. Here is a great argument for consolidation. It would bring us all closer together. Our own Law School and Medical College, by attracting graduates of sister Colleges, have done much to promote fellowship. So have our Athletic meetings. An Intercollegiate Debating Union would do more.

It is not necessary to forget our own college. But it is wise, it is necessary that we should remember with friendly interest our sister colleges, working as they are for the advancement of the same people and the same land.

THE SYDNEY POST AND THE DELTA GAMMA.

WE are sorry to observe, that, owing to lack of knowledge, an esteemed Cape Breton Daily has been grieved, and has become much exercised over the ethical condition of a portion of the student body. Indeed, since the authorities have taken no action in the matter, even the faculty are at fault, and through their inaction are themselves guilty. It is the custom in our debates for the decision to be given on the merits of the debate, not on the question itself. That side which presents its case best wins. The Delta Gamma society recently had as its subject for debate: Resolved, That a lie is sometimes justifiable: "Sad to say", our contemporary puts it, "it was decided that a 'lie

is sometimes justifiable.' " In other words the young ladies supporting the affirmative were more skilful than their opponents in presenting the arguments for their side. The *Post* ought to be relieved to learn that this institution is not "endorsing one of the greatest vices of the age." Further the *Post* objects to the discussion of such subjects in our college. We are quite willing to affirm that the great questions of right and wrong are fit subjects of discussion in college, in fact many colleges have professors whose duty it is to present the privileges of moral philosophy. We believe that the *Post* is under editorial guidance of a Dalhousian, who would not willingly even hint that our institution would justify any vice. It must be a pleasure to the instructors in the college to learn that our graduates are so sensitive to any deviation from the path of stern and uncompromising virtue.

NO task more sad has ever fallen to our lot, than to make this mention of the death of our fellow-student, Fred. W. Day. With us one evening, full of life and energy, the next morning—dead. Perhaps his loyalty to his college was the cause. Who can tell! But we cannot pierce the veil which obscures the mysterious future from our eyes, and no one knew the danger till the blow had fallen.

Tuesday evening, January 14th, "Freddy" as we delighted to call him, played on Dalhousie's Hockey Team against the Wanderers. It was a hard, plucky fight in the face of overwhelming odds, and all were tired when the game was over. But Fred. had promised to play for the Y. M. C. A., and although fatigued, went on the ice again immediately. Coming home utterly exhausted, he fell asleep, and gradually the spirit slipped from the tired body, away to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Physicians, when summoned, could do no more than give the verdict "acute dilatation of the heart."

Saturday we followed him to his last resting place, the

medical students having charge of the final obsequies. The mound was left one mass of flowers. Wanderers, Dalhousians and classmates sent tokens of their sorrow. These blossoms may wither, but the memory of him who is gone will long remain in the hearts of all his friends, till that last great day, when we shall be re-united.

All who knew him, spontaneously testify to his upright life, his straightforwardness of character. Many will remember how hypocrisy was a thing utterly abhorrent to his soul. Classmates smilingly recall the class-dinner, when his wit and humour enlivened even the most morose. Always in the midst of some harmless fun, he had endeared himself to every one of us.

A clever student, a good athlete, and an all-round good fellow, was Fred. W. Day. Truly, "whom the Gods love die young."

IN MEMORIAM.

Upright he was in all his dealings, just,
 The soul of honour shunning all things mean ;
 To work attentive, earnest in his play,
 By word and practice gained he our esteem.
 'Tis true the day is cold, that life hath fled,
 But in our hearts his memory is not dead.
 And yet, how sad it seems that one so young,
 For whom the best of life had but begun,
 Should so be taken ; yet the Lord who rules us all,
 Hath thus decreed it, and "His will be done."
 For He who made us cannot make mistake,
 In naming when the silver cord will break.
 'Tis hard for us to think of, but 'tis true,
 As true as that the ruler of the sky,
 First breathed the soul into the human clay,
 And then decreed that onward it should fly,
 Until it reached the haven He has made
 Where all is perfect bliss that cannot fade.

T.

THE LOWER LIGHTS.

No trace of blue there is nor gleam of star
 In sky or sea ; all grey above, below.
 Wind-driven, the cloud fringe hurries to and fro,
 Sullenly glooms the deep. But out afar
 Upon the waste, glitters a fair expanse
 Of light ; nor fairer is the morning glow
 On fields Elysian. Night's Queen doth show
 Her image : deserts bloom with radiance.

Sometimes the night winds sweep across the cold
 Dark sea of life. Dull earthly clouds enfold
 Those heavenly lamps that give the higher light
 Of Knowledge. But the waves their glory hold.
 As in a glass shine Faith and Hope all bright
 With promise of a coming perfect Sight.

SONS OF AULD SCOTIA.

The perversity of human nature, always remarkable for its inexplicability, has never operated with greater effect than to-day. It is very remarkable, for example, that in an age when philologists and their ilk with giant efforts seek to put a stamp on our vocabulary, and when purists raise their suppliant cry for redress from the sad havoc made with our chaste and classic English, dialects which are anything but classic should receive such attention. Not the unlearned, but the polished scholar of English, is the most enthusiastic supporter of these rude languages.

Of all dialects studied by English people to-day, Border Scotch is the most popular. Why it is so, is a question. It is not all a matter of cold logic either, though the logician might solve the problem quite bravely ; but whatever else it may be, it is chiefly a matter of sentiment. The history of Scottish eccentricities and foibles, superstitions and blunt forwardness, has a charm distinct from any other class of folk-lore ; and the Scottish accent, broad Scotch as we call it, completes the spell. When we meet a man who draws out his *r's* with a good *burr*, we get interested at once, and want to cultivate him ; and if the truth be told, to imitate him also. The never-ceasing supply of capital stories in the Scotch dialect has given us a good vocabulary ; and it is seldom we find a person who cannot talk Scotch.

So universally has the broad Scotch gained favour with the reading public, that many forget that it is not *the* Scotch language, but only *a* Scotch language. Perhaps it would

be a surprise for them to learn that Sandy is not within his rights when he calls himself a Scot. But it is too late now to complain, and the Lowland Scotchman is here to stay. He is an interesting animal, is the Lowlander, if you can study him impassionately. Seeing that he is so much in evidence, such a big fish, as it were, it is quite a piece of audacity to crawl over his head and look at his neighbour of the Highlands.

From the Lowlander to the Highlander is a long cry; and although they may be studied together, the Highlander most truly fills his category when studied by himself. There is really not much in common between the two, though most people are ignorant of this fact. As a practical man, the Lowlander has not suffered much deterioration amid the rush and whirl of modern life, while the Highlander has. Indeed the golden age of the Highlands is gone, but it existed nevertheless.

Historians tell us that nations who inhabit mountainous countries are intensely loyal. For the Highlander in earlier times, this meant that, in time of war, a chieftain was followed by a band of tall, swarthy, fierce men, passionate, untiring, half-civilized, who despised the arts of their more practical neighbours of the Lowlands; quick to take offence, swift to revenge, delighting in swooping down from their mountain retreats upon the farms to carry off cattle, and do such damage as lay in their power. Intensity was the keynote to the Highland nature. If he loved, he loved madly; if he hated, his hatred was fearful; whatever he did, he did with his whole soul.

Christianity tamed him, and he made religion a part of his being. But the Highlander was always deeply religious. His Celtic origin and Gaelic language made him that. Isolated as he was, proud of his nationality, taciturn, he preserved his primitive nature wonderfully intact. He seems to be a cold, unloving being, but that is merely because he is not understood; and perhaps no nature is so little appreciated. If you want to catch him, follow him where the skirl of the pibroch floats among his native hills. The sound of the bagpipes works on his nature like magic. The popularity of this musical instrument is said to depend entirely on its primitiveness; and bagpipe music has suffered greatly through the efforts of well-meaning but mistaken people to lift it out of its proper sphere, and graft it on to city life and inside entertainments. To compare its music with classical productions is like comparing "taties and

herring" with wine jellies. A Chicago jury once decided that the bagpipe was not a musical instrument at all, but could one expect anything else from such a quarter? One of the most remarkable things is, is that while Scottish songs are to-day popular as perhaps never before, Scottish psalm tunes with harmony unsurpassed in the whole category of music should be hardly known, and badly reproduced when known. But this is a digression.

The Highland is not popularly supposed to be a man of wit, although he has been known to say things which border on the humorous. Perhaps, however, it is not too much to say, that a Highlander never laughs when he most appreciates a joke. In his home he is as unfathomable as out of it, and the quiet waters which run deep do not babble there. He can be drawn out though, if you use two baits. The first is politics, the second religion. Chief among the delights of his soul is an argument, politics if you will, but theology is his forte. He takes theology dry, while he often has to wet politics with the dew of his native hills. From his cradle he is instructed in the shorter catechism, and his ability in expounding his favourite doctrines is worthy of his early training. Do not go too far with him, for not only may he show you how impregnable is his system of theology, but he may make you believe in his superiority of origin, because his blessed Gaelic was spoken by the first man and woman. A traveller relates a story to the effect that he was one day walking in a part of the Highlands, where he heard singing in the distance. As there were no houses in sight, he was at a loss to know where the singing came from; but after a short search he found, behind a fence, lying in the drain, a drunken Highlander. The man was singing, "High is the rank we now possess, But higher we shall rise," etc. from the 63rd Paraphrase. Even in such a state he did not lose his sense of religion. However, to be amused at the expense of the poor Highlander is very uncharitable.

Of the Scotchman's many virtues, perhaps none has so survived the lapse of time as his conceit. It is a sort of birthright. The Scotchman in this connection has put himself on record many a time; as for example in reply to Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar, the inference is that "He kent the Scotch would do theirs."

Scotchmen have gained the title of being canny in a mercenary sense as well as otherwise, but this is really not a Highlander's failing. The reverse is rather the case, and we speak of Highland hospitality as the *ne plus ultra*.

The hills of Scotland have been stripped of the best of her sons; they wrought their own destruction, and to us there remains but their memory. They did not live in vain, and in spite of many defects they showed the world a type of Christian piety the very highest. A true Highlander can never forget that the blood of his forefathers stained the heather as a token of their loyalty to their faith. He can never value lightly the religion they died to uphold.

THE HAND OF FATE.

Almost everyone knows what it is to feel his way in a row-boat by night along a winding stream, when every object on the banks but adds to the gloom and uncertainty that prevails around, and the more distant shores of creek or cove are known only by the spots of denser blackness that guard their recesses. I can think, at this moment, of such a stream and of a little wooded bank, that boldly thrust itself out to meet the rising tides. The stream itself, by its uncertain windings and the broken outline of its shore, almost defies the attempt to unravel its main channel even by day; but to approach this gloomy headland at the dead of night when an oily ripple alone breaks the calm and silence, is to feel more than just a little uncertainty. For over this spot, lies a mystery that, even though it has been fostered chiefly in the minds of the good old mothers of the adjoining settlement, cannot but have its subduing influence over the strong, matter-of-fact-man of to-day who laughs at superstition. Though no deadly lake exhales its miasma, yet deep, black night qualifies this pretty little shore as a veritable Avernus. Two unfortunates at least have found their quietus here, leaving little possibilities of explanation of their end; in fact, in the case of one, his contemporaries, many of whom still flourish, would sooner have dared to intrude into the mystery of "forewarnings" in which the Highland folk so firmly trust, than to seek to explain his fate. Up to and after the deep dark blank that even conjecture must not fill, their story is as follows:

Somewhere in the third decade of last century, when the only ready access to market from this part of the country was by boats or canoes down this river, the poor wretch who has left his kith and kin the only legacy he could, a legacy of unmentionable mystery, was one of a rather hilarious party of market people coming from town in two

boat-loads. As was too often the case, a certain ready article of exchange had had its effect on the rendezvous, so that before they put off from town the night was well advanced, and not a ray of light shone upon their course. But our friend was not, and in fact had never been known to have been under the influence of any enlivening spirits such as were so plentifully retailed on market days, and on this particular occasion, as was afterward recalled, he seemed unusually pensive and silent. Such a circumstance was, of course, little noted at the time; but his young wife, who waited for him at her father's, near the shore, might perhaps have been able, had she come on board on the way up the river that night, to account, in part, at least, for any undue seriousness on his part. For not long after he had left her, she noticed that something had been forgotten. Not his watch, his bank-book, or any such trifle, but a little piece of brass not larger than a penny, which she knew he always carried. She never dared to ask why, and indeed, the wholesome regard that all those folk had for anything that might suggest Fate, made such questions actually profane. The "charm" was here: *he* was not. "Now I need not be surprised to hear that some harm has come to him," she thought.

But the rollicking boat-load knew and cared little for such things. With drunken jargon and noisy brawl they were coming round the long point beyond which, in daylight, the little wooded bank was visible just ahead. But a thicker veil of blackness alone hung in that direction now, and the echo of the broken clamour in the boat came back like feeble warnings to the heedless voyageurs.

All at once the bow grates on the pebbles, and six or seven unsteady forms rise and half stumble out head first. Our passenger, steadily and unenquiringly, as if this could be no other than his destination, made his way forward, and, with a bulky parcel under his arm, the result of his day's trade, perhaps, and the bit of evidence that was to clench and close all future surmise, stepped ashore with a loud splash and a discordant chorus of exclamation from his fellows that echoed weirdly from the wood and made this uninviting spot seem all the more lonely and forbidding. He walked up the beach without a word, while the boat pushed off and its occupants were soon conscious only of their own incoherent clatter.

Farther up, paddling quietly across the mouth of a stream that forms the largest tributary of our tortuous river,

was a canoe whose sole occupants were a young man and woman, soon to be husband and wife, he escorting her home in this primitive but interesting fashion, from an "evening out" with friends up the river. Whether their romantic situation, or the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out prevented much conversation, this fond pair, at least, were attentive in ear and very soul to every sound the still night sent up. No excess of animal or other spirits clouded their powers of discrimination, and the intensest illness but made them hold their breath with reverence, as it were, lest they might interrupt some voice out of the darkness. They now began to hear as they approached the lower bank of this tributary stream, the ever increasing Babel of men's voices on their way from town. Nearer they came, so that now they could recognize the more boisterous tone of some acquaintance, or even in a lull in the merriment, detect the irregular splash of oars.

But stop, what was that? No sound of rollicking or ripple of water is it that is so clearly distinguished amid the now rapidly approaching sounds of careless abandon. Again, and louder, deeper, and yet again. A deep agonizing moan seemed to come from a point farther down the river. The boat with its merry load would now be in plain sight round the headland at the mouth of the stream which the canoe is crossing, but no longer do the awe-struck couple attend to that. Moan after moan, dismal and like the night itself, comes from below, and now the sound begins to die away, though yet clearly distinguishable. The boat passes up the river, and when its splash and wrangling are lost again in the distance no sound is heard besides. The paddles are dipped again, and the drift of the canoe recovered, these two, with scarcely more than looks to express their conflict of feelings, point homeward, out of hearing of the mysterious moanings, should they recur, but not out of their remembrance.

Darkness and uncertainty give place to the clear, busy matter-of-fact day, but to three persons at least, the night has left uncertainty that may not soon be dispelled. Two of these haunted by torturing thought and conjectures, yet thinking it little use to pry into what perhaps belongs not to man to know; the third in anxious waiting all the previous day and all that night, and now fully confirmed in her dread suspicions. True, it was not seldom that delay in returning from town occurred, for market traffic was not a mere matter of an hour's run in those times; but the little brass "charm"

gave the young wife no rest. So, before the sun was very high she had sent out a searching party of three, her father and two boys, who made their way through the thicket to the landing place, aimlessly indeed, and little expecting to do else than turn their fruitless gaze down the river toward the town whose spires just appeared over the high evergreen-clad points round which the winding channel swirled.

But there was little need for search or idle gaze. Hanging from a limb just inside the fence that skirted the bank, was a parcel done up in white paper, and unbroken as it had been left. Aroused so suddenly they crossed the fence, and now saw marks of a hasty scramble up the steep clay bank, and down again. And there below, just hidden by a fallen trunk was all the explanation they could ever receive. Surrounded by every sign of a fierce struggle, but itself unmarked, nor disfigured in the least degree, now almost lapped by the returning tide lay the body of the ill-fated wretch who had dared to venture forth without his charm. Hardly did even his features show sign of anything else than that he had dropped dead on the spot; the beach alone dug up by heels and hands, gave evidence that the end was in strife. A fit of some kind was a natural suggestion. But if so, it was the first ever known in the man's history. But such a thought did not long serve to give what meagre comfort it might to those who made the grim discovery. No; some more awful and superhuman source of explanation, not to be tempted, came to their minds, even before they proceeded, in dumb dismay, to trace the foot marks from the waters edge to the bank, then up to the fence above and back, as if in answer to a dread summons not to be slighted, to the spot where the expiation had been made. But expiation for what? No other foot marks were there, nor could a motive for the presence of any on such a mission be imagined. Since coming to the country in his early manhood, the victim's life was blameless. Previous to that nothing much was known. But that little or nothing was enough for these good Highland folk to build conjecture upon. Some foul wrong had been done perhaps in boyhood, if it were not too cruel a supposition for even these stern fatalists, so merciless in their beliefs, so charitable in their conduct. However, since that deed an ever-present Nemesis had dogged the doer's footsteps, and in the first unguarded hour and alone, had closed upon him and extracted the awful penalty.

Such, according to those who alone can tell, is the final chapter of a tale of which they themselves are otherwise

wholly ignorant. It is not characterising these honest people as peculiar, mystical or superstitious to say that, not only those who knew of the affair at the time, but as well their sons or daughters who bear the burden of life to-day, rest in pious assurance that "more than mortal hand" was laid on this unfortunate man. The facts were related to the writer a short time ago by the aged widow who, when a young girl scarcely out of her teens, heard along with him who was to be for so many years her beloved partner in life, the sound of that last struggle; and while some, in the pride of their learning, may seek to go into the realm of the metaphysical for an explanation, or others in the pride of what they call their matter-of-fact common-sense find it in the commonplace, this good woman, with all the surviving kin of the subject of the enquiry and all who personally know of the case along that river side, rest reverently content without further prying into what they know is not to be revealed.

AS I THINK.

As the Ladies' Home Journal would say, this is a new department; it is the direct result of Christmas indigestion. It may be continued and it may not be.

Of course it's often struck you how absurd these examination are? Two or three weeks beforehand you begin to *plug* for them. This little catch, that little quotation is made pat. If *you* means an Arts man at Christmas, you knew a neat summary (borrowed) of Hedonism or you had the atomic theory in a (Remsen) nutshell. And what did it profit? You put down what Someone else thinks about Lobsterre, or what happened in 247.7 C. O. D. But the levity of Christmas evaporated your knowledge, and now you know exactly what you knew on December 4th, if that was the day you began to plug for the exams.

That's always the way with exams, they say. But there is a special danger here about preparing for examinations the right way—as if there were none to prepare for. If by any mischance one should have a proper, scholarly knowledge of his subject what would be the use of it for a paper "strictly limited to two hours"? A string of trite plagiarisms or guesses is all one can answer to an unexpected question.

A little learning is the very thing.
Should one drink deep of the Pierian spring,
And to the exams extensive knowledge bring,
There won't be time to answer anything.

Really, the time-limit to examinations is an ill-wind. It proves nothing of a student's acquirements or ability. It only gives vague indications. It demonstrates satisfactorily (to the—well, not to us) that one man can do more than another in a certain two hours. There are a hundred accidents that make it an unfair test.

Many of these are not due to the time-limit. But the most serious are; a great part of the nervousness that many never overcome by experience, passing bodily discomforts, and the queer tricks of memory that brings things as the bell rings, may be obviated. It is a fallacy to say that a competitive examination needs a fixed time. We don't compete through life on a time-limit. It is a fallacy to say that it will take the professors longer to examine. For better writing and more rational statement will over balance a slight increase in matter. It is a — a fallacy for me to think anything I write will make any difference.

Talking about exams, haven't we a fine consistency in marking? Law. First Class, Second Class: Order of Merit; Pass: Alphabetical. Medicine. No classes; Order of Merit. Arts and Science. High First, First, Second: alphabetical; Pass: Order of Merit. Consistency, thou art the soul of wit, as they say.

I. THINKER.

A LETTER, ETC.

This little contribution though written by one of the editors, is not dignified with the dignity of the editorial "we," and placed in the forefront of the articles. There are several reasons why this is so, and perhaps one of them is that being near the last of the journal it may stand some chance of being noticed. For it is the earnest desire of the writer thereof that the few words here written will move some students to good works.

The various GAZETTES of this present volume, and a letter, are my texts. The GAZETTES aforementioned may have been read by all the students. The letter is private. One who worthily carries a degree from our College wrote it, and therein promised a contribution to the GAZETTE.

The first part of my text, that is the GAZETTES, says this. Of the four numbers of the GAZETTE published before Christmas *one* contribution was received from a student in the College, not on the GAZETTE staff. The second part, the letter, is a criticism of the Dalhousian from a point of view.

"I shall be happy to comply with your request." (No one but a College editor can enter into the joy of such a remark.) "Our Colleges give far too little attention to that which is purely literary." Then follow some remarks concerning our ability to write English, complimentary to the Professor, but rather hard on us. Now how does this look? "You do much of grinding at Dalhousie; your students are veritable slaves. But you give absolutely no place to sweetness and light." "Whether you can write a sentence that will stand the test of analysis is neither here nor there. You write *articles*, (that's the word I used in my letter to him. Notice how it grates!)—but you don't write English. No person learns to write, or becomes interested in writing by writing *articles*. The secret of writing is in writing fiction. There form is everything." "Where are all the literary alumni of Dalhousie? Likely they owe all they have done to her."

This is a sober judgment of us and our life. Is the judgment just? What can we say in reply? The GAZETTES say, 'Alas it is just.'

About the first of December last a gentleman came here at the invitation of the students, to lecture on a subject about which he could speak with authority. To the number of thirty undergraduates we went to hear him. More than half the audience was made up of outsiders. The nearness of examinations kept us from being courteous to our guest, and from enjoying one of the best lectures we have had these last years.

The lecture must give the same answer as the GAZETTE.

A few years ago there was a death in the College. A society called the Philomathic Society departed this life. "They dug its grave, but every mark is gone." The aim of this society was to give some place to sweetness and light. Now we have no such society in our College. We are beset by these three witnesses, the GAZETTE, the lecture, and the Philomathic, and there is no evidence on the other side.

This is not evidence of the decay of college spirit. Spirits do not decay. They are deathless. But we may assert in this instance the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. It *may have been* that in olden times the Spirit of our College was enveloped in a body, light, bright, and gay. Sweetness and light *may have been* the characteristics of the former days. If so that body has decayed, the spirit has shuffled off that mortal coil, and has entered something more substantial, more solemn, more prosaic. Over its brow is the shadow of examinations. It wears on its heart the image of a High First.

It is time for a change. The first signs of such a change should be evident in the GAZETTE. Following the advice of the letter let every undergraduate seek to cultivate the art of writing. Allow the editors to spend their editorial hours in selecting the best, instead of begging for anything at all. Then it will be a matter of pride to sign one's name to a contribution. In these days the college sentiment makes nearly every student contributor stipulate that his writing be published anonymously. Three students have so done in this present issue.

Whatever be done we should think on these things. The statements of the letter seem to be true. The fault may be with the students, it may be with the professors and the courses, there may be fault all round. For our sakes as well as for our College Journal it is time for a change.

G. H. S.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER CONVENTION.

THE Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will meet in Toronto, Canada, February 26th to March 2nd. Students will be sent as delegates from the institutions of higher learning from all sections of the United States and Canada and it is probable that 500 institutions will be thus represented. Those in attendance will also include professors, national leaders of young people's organizations, returned missionaries, representatives of Foreign Mission Boards, and editors of religious papers.

The programme will consist of addresses during the morning and evening sessions, and section meetings for the consideration of missions. Among the speakers are Mr. Robert E. Speer, Mr. John R. Mott, who will return from his tour around the world to preside at this Convention, Right Rev. M. L. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, Mr. L. D. Wishard, the first College Young Men's Christian Association Secretary, Bishop Calloway, President Capen of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Dr. and Mrs. F. Howard Taylor of China, and many returned missionaries and secretaries of Foreign Mission Boards. Student Christian leaders of other lands will also participate.

The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions was started in 1886, when at the first Northfield Student Conference, 100 students expressed their desire and purpose to become foreign missionaries. The call to missions was taken the following year by two Princeton students to the

Colleges of the country. Two years later the movement was definitely organized. As a result of its work several thousand capable college men and women have been led to form the purpose to spend their lives on the mission field. 1,800 have already been sent out by the regular missionary boards, while similar movements have been inaugurated in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Scandinavia, South Africa, Australia and other countries.

DALHOUSIANS ABROAD.

HAWAIIAN SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

One who has never been here can hardly realize how cosmopolitan we are. A visitor going into any of our schools or churches is struck by the number of nationalities he sees. Thirty-seven per cent. of the teachers and fifty-nine per cent. of the pupils in the schools are Hawaiian or part Hawaiian. The other pupils, in descending order of numbers, are Portuguese, Japs, Chinese, Americans, Germans, British, Scandinavians, South Sea Islanders, etc.

The natives and most of the foreigners are in American garb, but many retain their national costumes. In their homes each speaks his own language, but English is the language of the schools.

Some teachers prefer pupils of one nationality and some those of another, but the gentle and kindly native child is a favorite. All teachers prefer a sprinkling of Europeans in school because they acquire English so much more rapidly than the Hawaiians or the Asiatics.

One School Board in Honolulu controls education for the islands. This board consists of six commissioners, two of whom are ladies, presided over by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. There is one Inspector General and three men travel and instruct the teachers in better methods where it is necessary, while they inspect the schools. The School Board appoints all the teachers of public schools and fixes their salaries, which are paid monthly by the Government. We have free schools and the School Board provides books for the children when the parents are too poor to do so.

Education is compulsory between the ages of six and fifteen. A truant officer is paid a monthly salary to visit the school in his precinct every morning, find out what children

are absent, and take those to school who should be there but are not. There is a Reform School for any who are negligent in their attendance or show any vicious tendency. There are night schools in different parts of Honolulu for those whose early education was neglected and for others who wish to increase their educational advantages.

In the city schools specialists teach drawing, singing and agriculture. In one school the boys have formed themselves into an agricultural club, divided the land at their disposal into gardens, and are cultivating. Each disposes of the products of his labour as he sees fit. Much attention is given to the beautifying of school grounds. This work is very encouraging, because we can till the soil and plant all the year round. In some of the country schools the lack of water for irrigation prevents the practical teaching of Agriculture.

A physician in each district is paid a monthly salary by the Government that no native may lack medical attendance. The Government physician is required to visit the schools and examine teachers and pupils to see that all are vaccinated and free from communicable disease. Nobody without a health certificate is allowed to teach and the teacher who receives a pupil without a certificate of health is liable to a fine of five dollars.

Sewing is taught in all the schools and other industries find a place in most.

The traveller is struck by the number of churches in ruins in the country districts, and asks "Why were so many churches built? Where are the people who attended them?" In 1837 a great religious wave passed over the Islands. One can scarcely call it a revival of religion for the missionaries have not yet been here eighty years, but it is commonly spoken of as the revival of 1837. Later there was another and during these two revivals the churches were built, and at that time they were full to overflowing with natives.

In many places over the Islands one can see the plots marked out where groups of dwellings once stood: now scarce a stick remains and not a native lives near. Measles and other diseases came and swept off many, and some moved to the city. Some predict that fifty years hence there will be no more Hawaiians. They are fast dying out, but their case is not as bad as that.

Much Sunday School work is being done in the native churches. Once a month all the Sunday Schools of each district meet in one church for a review, and the importance

they attach to these meetings may be judged by the throngs who attend as well as the preparation made for them. Each Sunday School in turn passes on to the platform to be there questioned on the work of the month by the Superintendent. They mostly answer in concert. The amount of memorizing done is remarkable. But this is only an affair of a few hours. Once a year the Sunday Schools of each Island meet in some central, or otherwise suitable place and then one day does not suffice. Great is the preparation for that event.

Generally the pastors of the native churches are natives trained in a Theological College in Honolulu.

Sect is little spoken of, perhaps because we have so many heathens in our midst. There are the Protestants, the Catholics, and the Mormons. It is a sad fact that the Mormons have quite a hold on these people. Some say that one-fifth of the natives are Mormon and they have many churches. There are Seventh Day Adventists, Christian Scientists, Theosophists, etc., who hold their services regularly but one seldom hears them spoken of. There are also the heathen temples of the Asiatics, well attended.

In Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, our second largest town, the English speaking, Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese and Chinese Protestant Churches, hold a union service once a month, and part of this service is in the language of each church represented. The pastor of Central Union church in Honolulu needs to exercise much tact and discretion for his congregation is made up of people of every denomination and some of these worshippers are bitter Royalists while others as keenly approve of the revolution.

The readiness with which the people of Central Union responded to an appeal for help impressed the writer on more than one occasion. The wife of a missionary in one of the South Sea Islands on her way to the United States of America for a vacation, stopped at Honolulu. On Wednesday evening she went to the prayer-meeting and was invited to speak. She rose and told of her husband's work and the difficulties he had to contend with, and asked for money to enable her to hire an assistant for him in the States who would go back with her, and a type-writer. Before the end of the week the money was raised to pay the assistant's salary for the year and an order was on the way to the United States for the best type-writer possible for him. The order stated that no "missionary discount" was wanted; nothing short of the best would do.

On one Sunday an appeal was made for Home Missions

and more than six thousand dollars were raised. On the following Sunday more than five thousand five hundred dollars were given in response to an appeal for Foreign Missions.

Truly the benevolence of the people of Honolulu is extraordinary. M.

MISSING BOOKS.

THE following books are missing from the Library. All readers of the GAZETTE are requested to help in their recovery:

- Dryden : Works, vol. I.
- Riddell : Plato's Apology.
- Chambers : History of Greece.
- Robertson : Charles V., vol. I.
- Descartes : Method and Meditations.
- Watt : Geology for Beginners.
- Remsen : Theoretical Chemistry.
- Jones : Qualitative Chemical Analysis.
- Newth : Chemical Analysis.
- Perkin : Qualitative Chemical Analysis.
- Parrish : Chemistry for Schools.
- Stewart and Gee : Practical Physics.
- Lock : Mechanics.
- Minchin : Dynamics.
- St. John : Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.
- Scott : Theories and Criticisms.
- Modern Apostles of Missionary Byways.
- Geikie : Life and Works of Christ.
- Sheppmann : German Primer.
- Eugene : French Grammar and Exercises.
- Tatham : Livy, Book XXI.
- Todhunter : Theory of Equations.
- Edwards : Differential Calculus.
- Smith : Geometrical Conics.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—It is hard for me to kick, as the Scripture hath it, being a man of equable temper. But my just anger has been provoked and kick I must. The causes for kicking came under three feet :

Firstly, the notices on the bulletin board are for the information of the students, not as the weak-witted seem to think for scattering odd bits of brain upon. Said brain is usually rather thin in quality, but has matter enough in it to stain a white surface. Of course, the ingenuity displayed is remarkable. For instance, it is so clever to write "N. G." over a list of hockey players to deface a notice of a Y. M. C. A. meeting, or to turn a lecturer's name into ridicule. If the offenders were Freshmen who are not expected to know much better the matter would be beneath notice, but such childishness in upper class students is disgusting. It would be well to turn these persons over to the "Old woman who lived in a shoe."

"Reserved books" cause my second *motus pedum*. I believe that there are such things as these, but my faith has not yet been lost in sight. Long and earnestly have I searched for certain works on Philosophy but in vain. Where are they? "O, Mr. Mitchell Sarcophagus Mellab or Miss Marie Brune Isett has had them for a week." Reserved books are like unreserved seats at a popular show ; if you want to get them, come early and avoid the rush.

And lastly, Mr. Editor, for it is time to close, a word about cold weather. To this I do not object in the outside world, but would prefer have the College building a little above arctic heat. A bracing atmosphere is good, but we have a little too much of the good thing. If the authorities feel unable to buy coal, the case might be laid before some Association for the relief of the Poor.

My kicks are kicked. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your precious space.

I am,
Your injured servant,

MARTYR LUTHIN.

PLATO.

AD JOHANNAM CARISSIMAM.

(A Medley.)

Ave: Vale: O Plato divine.

Centuries have past but thy fame still lasts ; thy soul rejoices, cleansed from all earthly parts, in heaven refreshed, with *divinum vinum*.

Plato loquitur :

"The Law of Divine Justice is the worse to the worse, the better to the better ; like to like, in life and in death."

A Heavenly Messenger :

Heaven will not be like a strange place ; but a *divina domus* ; and the welcome words uttered, will be *Adeste fidelis*. We shall see, not strangers but old familiar dear ones, faces never seen before will be known instantly by a spiritual recognition by which also we know Christ and all who see His divine image.

Plato loquitur :

"The guardian teacher must be able to give a reason of the faith which is in him. There are two great evidences of Religion : the priority of the soul and the order of the Heavens, No man of sense when he contemplates the Heavens, will be likely to substitute Necessity for Reason and Will.

The Heavenly Messenger :

There is no fountain opened for sin and uncleanness behind Calvary.

Plato loquitur :

"No man can truly worship the Supreme Being, who does not believe that the soul is eternal and prior to the Body, and the ruler of the Body, and does not believe and perceive that there is Mind in the Stars."

Loquitur der Geist von Tennyson :

"You have but faith ; you cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we think it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness let it grow."

Pax Vobiscum,

Semper eadem,

JOSEPHUS SCRUTATOR.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 17th, 1901.

COLLEGE NOTES.

PRESIDENT ALLISON was the first lecturer in the Sunday afternoon course after the vacation. On Jan. 12th he lectured on the subject "Revelation and Reason," or Biblical Criticism. On what shall we depend for our interpretation of Scripture? The two great bodies of the Christian church differ on this question. The lecturer claimed the right of private judgment. Let a man after careful study draw his conclusions for himself.

ON Sunday, Jan. 26th, Rev. J. W. Falconer, of Fort Massey Church, addressed the students, taking as his subject The Hebrews and their gifts to us. When contemporary nations were asking whether their plans were suited to expand their territories or make them more prosperous, the Hebrews asked the question as to whether a course of action was right or wrong. They were the means of forcing this to the front. They also taught Monotheism. The belief in one God is due to the Hebrews. Dalhousians welcome Mr. Falconer to the city, for we know his interest in the College and in students life.

ON December 6th, Rev. Geo. B. MacLeod, M. A. of Dalhousie, lectured before Sodales on "Browning as a Poet." Mr. MacLeod graduated in '88 with high honours in English and History. That he has not ceased to be a student was manifest from his lecture. To many of us Browning has been but a synonym for chaos. 'Given up myself so many times' is the verdict of the most of us dabblers, who have tried our hand at Browning. But Mr. MacLeod has been a thorough student of the great poet, and in his lecture he gave us a clear view, not only of Browning's poetic excellences, but of his defects. The lecturer illustrated his positions by interpretations of My Last Duchess, and The Lost Leader. A vote of thanks was moved by Dr. Ira MacKay and seconded by Rev. W. H. Sedgewick. The one disappointment about the lecture was the small attendance. There were many things in the way, but no student should miss a lecture given by one who can speak on such a subject with as much authority as Mr. MacLeod. He will be welcomed by a much larger audience when he comes again among us.

ON Wednesday evening, December 18th, the students of the Law Faculty entertained their friends by a "Smoker" in the C. of E. Institute. For some years the Law men

have set a good example to the other students in their efforts to make the life of the student more worth living. The Smoker was a great success. The committees in charge made every provision for the comfort of the guests. The harpers discoursed sweet music with their harps, and solos by Mr. Gillis and Mr. Hebb added to the enjoyment of the evening. Mr. P. J. Worsley delighted all by his readings from 'The Habitant.' The flow of conversation and good-fellowship was continued till the turn of the night when, after cheers for each other and for the King, the guests and their hosts parted. All expressed the hope that 'to be continued' would be the rule for Law students of succeeding years.

THE Sunday before the close of the fall term, Prof. W. C. Murray lectured before the students on "The Authority of Creeds." Needless to say the lecture was enjoyed by all, for Prof. Murray is always worth hearing. To many of the untheological among us a creed was a thing established and made sure away back in the dim past. To question our creed was to question our belief in everything. It was reassuring to be reminded that the creeds of the present day, though they have stood for a few hundred years, were the last formulated after repeated efforts, that many of them were the result of compromise, and that men, mortal even as ourselves, made them all in times less advanced than our own. It was surprising, the lecturer said, that, though our standards of judgment had changed and are ever changing with the increase or knowledge, the formularies of three hundred years ago have been accepted and held to in matters of religious belief.

THE Christmas break-up took place Thursday evening, December 19th, the usual rites and ceremonies being observed. The concert was much above the average, thanks to our friends, and the students were in a mood to enjoy the programme. Exams were over, and "plucks" far-distant. *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

Loud and prolonged were the roars of laughter as King gave his rendering of "The Snore," and startling and shrill were the shrieks of many a hapless freshman, caught in the crush, as the medicals charged home in flying-wedge formation.

The march-out was not well attended, most of the students having gone to say farewell to their lady friends. The marshal selected by the committee to lead the procession followed this pernicious example. False prophets took

charge and led us all over the south end in a fruitless search for the Professors of Chemistry and Mathematics. The Dean hinted darkly that the Faculty was now provided with six-shooters and bowie-knives, ready for the next scrim. And the procession dissolved into thin air.

THE Second Year Medicine gave a most enjoyable fare-well dinner to their quondam classmate "Nat" McDonald, on Saturday evening, January 11th. "Nat" had transferred his affections from Aesculapius to Mars, and was about to depart for South Africa as Trooper McDonald of the C. M. R.

The management of the "Queen" gave a most attractive spread, and a piano, capably presided over by Mr. Farquharson, added much to the general harmony. An unexpected but nevertheless welcome guest was Mr. Frank Day of Mount Allison, who spoke in feeling terms of the friendship between the two colleges, in responding to the toast "Mount A." Many and varied were the oratorical efforts, some being quite pyrotechnical in character, notably those which referred to "The Empire," "Dalhousie" etc. New songs were invented to old tunes and sung with much gusto, the bards of the class being spurred to greater effort by the solemnity of the occasion.

After wishing "Nat" God-speed and a safe return, the meeting broke up with "He's a jolly good fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne."

EXCHANGES.

Besides those acknowledged before, we have received *Vox Wesleyana*, *Sydney Academy Record*, *Merchistonian*, *Oak Lily and Ivy*, *St. Margaret's Chronicle*.

Wesley College, Winnipeg, has established a chair in Icelandic language and literature.

"After all, politics is the strenuous life. Men walk in business paths but they run for office."—*The Saturday Evening Post*.

Our publishers make apology to the *Niagara Index* for addressing it as *Juden*. They explain that, knowing the *Index*, they got it confused with Punch and Judy, and this caused the mistake.

"But years of uninteresting grammar study and dictionary leaf-turning, of drudgery, if you will, are needed before one can reap true enjoyment from Greek poetry and philosophy.

It may be; but few things of permanent good to man are acquired except by hard, laborious work, and in the stiff application to mastering apparently little things lies one of the great advantages of classical training."—*Acta Victoriana*.

The *Halifax Academy Annual* for 1901 is as successful as its five predecessors. These high school "youngsters," as a former *Gazette* called them, are certainly very precocious. They write history, travel, fiction, poetry—the Academy is famed for its poets—with equal ease. And most interesting and creditable it all is. The editors and pupils in general may well be proud of their work.

Why should not Intercollegiate debating be made an annual affair as well as football? So the *Athenæum* says and so say we. Not only do such contests impart "vitality" and a "loftier college spirit," but, if properly understood and conducted, they bring about good feeling among the different student bodies. For our colleges here, this is an all-important matter. The old jealousy was not only unpleasant but suicidal.

The *Student* pours vials of its wrath on W. E. Henley for his notorious article on Stevenson in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Here are three stanzas from an address to "W. E. H.":—

Heaven had worked in wondrous ways,
And, furthering some unguessed-at end,
To sweeten your polluted days—
God pitying you—you had a friend.

You judged him, that we may ignore,
We need not deign to say you lie.
We may, as we have done before,
Contemptuously pass you by.

But this last insult sings like fire,
Even from a scribbler mean and mad,
You seek to make the world admire,
In him your friend, yourself the cad.

POOR HENLEY!

Since our last issue there have been three intercollegiate debates in the Upper Provinces; Toronto vs. Queen's, Trinity vs. MacMaster, Trinity vs. Victoria.

GOGITANDI FACULTAS.

*In oppido quodam resided
Magister qui semper se prided.
Se nunquam did aught in a hurry,
Quin ter cogitet sine flurry.*

This rule *sedulose docebat*
And oft to his pupils *præbebat*
What dire consequences *sequantur*
If maxims, like this one, *frangantur*.

*Heu ! olim, in deep thinking mood,
Dum ter goad ignem he stood,
Jum unus ex parvulis cried
"O ! Domine."—There the words died !*

"Think once *ante loqui audebis*
Think twice *aliosque docebis*
Yea thrice ! *age, quid tibi velis ?*"
"You're on fire, *mi magister fidelis !*"

J. B. C.

Personals.

W. R. Fraser, B. A., '82, Ph. D., is lecturing in Classics and Sanskrit at McGill.

Melville Cumming, B. A., '97, has been appointed to an assistant professorship at Guelph.

Rev. J. M. Robinson, B. A., '78, has received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Princeton University.

H. L. Dickey, M. D., '98, after practising for some time in Charlottetown, is now in Halifax as an eye, ear and throat specialist.

D. A. MacRae, B. A., '98, instructor of Greek at Cornell, was married on Christmas Day to Miss Laura G. Barnstead of Montreal. The *Gazette* extends congratulations.

On New Years Day Rev. Frank Baird, M. A. '99, was married to Miss S. H. MacKee, M. A. of Fredericton. The *Gazette* wishes much happiness to Mr. Baird, who has so often honoured our journal with his contributions.

Mr. Murray McNeill, M. A., who was Prof. MacDonald's assistant last year, has accepted a position in the Finance Department at Ottawa. The many friends of Mr. MacNeill in Dalhousie will be glad to learn of his success.

The '00 class in medicine is becoming smaller, for two of them have been made one. On December 12th, in Butte City, Montana, Miss Winifred Brenda Braine, M. D., and Mr. Wm. Pearson Reynolds, M. D. were married. Dr. Reynolds is now practising at Aldredge, Montana. The *Gazette* extends congratulations.

The following extract from a recent Harvard letter is self-explanatory:—"The Dalhousie men here are doing, as usual, good work. E. Archibald has been recently appointed to an important assistantship, and C. M. Pasea has, in addition to a fellowship, been given some other work. Archibald, Webster and Mackay go up for their final degrees this year: all hold positions here of some kind."

M. M. S. Johnston, B. A., who was connected with the reportorial staff of the old MORNING POST, is now in Portland, Oregon, holding a very lucrative position in the general offices of a Steamship Company that operate several steamers on the Columbia river. "Mont." as he was favorably known while in Sydney, went West shortly after leaving Sydney last spring. Mr. Johnstone is a native of Bedeque, P. E. I.—*Sydney Daily Post*.

The *Ottawa Citizen* publishes the following, concerning Mr. Charles Morse, LL. B. '85 :

"Word has just been received in this city of the election by the authorities of Trinity University, Toronto, of Mr. Charles Morse to the board of examiners in the law faculty of that university. Mr. Morse is a member of the bar of the province of Nova Scotia, a graduate, in course, of Dalhousie University law school, being one of the prizemen of 1883-84 ; also a B. C. L. and D. C. L. of Trinity, in course, a portion of his thesis for the doctorate being published in the *American Law Review* for July-August last. He is one of the editors of the *Canadian Annual Law Digest*, deputy registrar of the exchequer court of Canada and president of the *Ottawa Literary and Scientific society*. A hard worker and conscientious, Mr. Morse has earned the distinctions which have come his way, and has come to be regarded as an authority on the more abstruse points of law."

Dalhusiensia.

B-g-n (explaining allusion to Pyrrha), "She was the only man who survived.

A Freshie. Soph. bitterly complains of the way the Sophettes treat their class "Why, he says (wiping a big tear away) we even don't know them

Why do not the Sophettes treat these poor mortals to some of the milk of human kindness with which they deluged the Freshettes when they first came.

GEMS from the Xmas examinations : "Our *ancestors* will desire and do the same things." "Adde gradum"—Get a gate on.

WITTY Junior entering ill-ventilated class-room. "They must have had some very bad Latin here last hour."

Why do the "Pine-Hillers" always greet each other with "Hello, Sport?" Why are they always the first to uproariously applaud any reference to "booze" in the classics?

Freshette, at Rink, speaking about a Sophette—"Do you think it is very nice of A—— to skate with one boy four bands in succession? He's a little freshman, and I wanted to skate with him myself."

It is reported from Boston that Ch-p-n has been convicted of attempting to smuggle rabbits into the "Land of the Free." The aforesaid animal being wrapped up in a dissecting-apron and labelled "Chewing Tobacco."

Eb-r.—Mr. O'Connell, this work will have to be done over again.

Freshie O'C.—My experience has led me to conclude that these minor details do not repay the time and trouble bestowed on them.

Eb-r., (dryly.)—Mr. O'Connell, would you mind telling me your experience?

SCENE IN A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

Enter—T. G. McK. and Kirk-r, (latter carrying parcel.)

T. G. (loftily.)—How much will you advance on these trousers?

Isaac Goldenstein.—I will gif you feefy cents.

T. G.—Why, Abram Joseph offered us seventy-five.

Kirk-r. (aside.)—Let us go to Ikey Reubens, perhaps we can get a dollar.—
Exeunt.

It was a very comical chemical experiment, that the Medical Sophomore tried the other day, when he fitted the Bunsen burner to the water-tap. When this experiment is successful it will be a small matter to "set the Thames on fire."

Overheard at Fort Massey Social :

Junior, to Fair City Girl—"I am the only boy here to night,

F. C. G.—"What do you mean?"

Jun.—"I mean, the only boy in our set."

Query: Who belong to "our set"? If any one can supply the list, it will be published in the next GAZETTE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BLACKADAR'S ARMY.

Nine freshmen with clubs and a feeling of dread
In each frightened heart, and in each empty head,
Lined up at the Earncliffe, where bold "plugger Stan,"
Proudly gazed on their cuffs, and exhorted the band.

"Now O'Connell the modest, and Crilley, you soak,
Boozer Blackadar, dread any Sophomore's joke,
They have vowed to "burnt-cork" every man of us here,
But Weaver will shield us, so shed not a tear."

But alas for the courage in each little *cor*,
The "Halifax Medicos, nineteen and four"
Had dosed up those chocolates so tempting and sweet
And given each Freshie a generous treat.

Each spleen was enlarged, till it double was bent,
Each gall-bladder stretched to its fullest extent.
But both of these organs had now gone to smash
With the Oleum Tiglii's "papular rash."

Each *γαστήρ* now felt its last day had arrived,
Each omentum curled up, and twisted and writhed,
The ileum kinked, the jejunum was "fixed,"
And villi, Peyer's Patches, with glycogen mixed.

The kind Doctor now brought his X-Ray to hear,
But nothing but chlorophyll could he find there.
So he pumped them all dry with his brass stomach-pump,
And showing the door, gently gave them the dump.

A. R. C.

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THE NAUGHTY GREEK GIRL

Miss Alpha, though she led her class,
Was yet a most unlovely lass;
She had a little sister θ ,
And she would often bang and β ,
And push and pinch and pound and pelt her
And many a heavy blow she δ :
So that the kitten, e'en would μ ,
When θ 's sufferings she ν .

This Alpha was so bad to θ ,
That every time she chanced to meet her,
She looked as though she longed to η ;
And oft against the wall she jammed her;
And oft she took a stick and λ ;
And for the pain and tears she brought her
She pitied her not one ι ;
But with a sly and wicked eye
Would only say, "Oh fiddle ϕ !"

Then θ cried with noisy clamor,
And ran and told her grief to γ ,
And γ with a pitying ψ
Would give the little girl some π
And say, "Now darling mustn't χ ."

Two Irish lads, of ruddy cheek,
Were living just across the creek—
Their names, σ and ω ,
The one was small, the other bigger.

For Alpha so demure and striking,
 ω took an ardent liking;
And Mike, when first he chanced to meet her,
Feel deep in love with little θ ;
And oft at eve the boys would go
And on the pleasant water ρ .

So when the little, hapless θ
 ν Alpha was about to β ,
She down upon the bank would ζ
And cry aloud, and shout like fun—
"Run, Mike! run, Mikey! σ !"

MORAL.

Have you a sister? Do not treat her
As Alpha did her sister θ .

—By Prof. J. B. L. Soule From U. N. B. Monthly.

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