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A SONG OF CHEER.

The winds are up with wakening day
And tumult in the tree.
Across the cool and open sky,
White clouds are streaming free.
The new light breaks o'er flood and field,
Clear, like an echoing horn ;
While in loud flight the crows are blown
Athwart the sapphire morn.

What tho' the maple's scarlet flame
Declares the summer done ;
Tho' finch and starling voyage south
To win a softer sun ;
What tho' the withered leaf whirls by
To strew the purpling stream,—
Stretched are the world's glad veins with strength,
Despair is grown a dream !

The acres of the golden rod
Are glorious on the hills ;
Tho' storm and loss approach, the year's
High heart upheaps and thrills.
Dearest, the cheer, the born delight,
Are given to shame, regret,
That when the long frost falls, our hearts
Be glad, and not forget !
—Charles G. D. Roberts in *January Century*.

AT GIBRALTAR.

I.

England, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger ; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow—
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found
Still surging dark against the Christian bound,
Wide Islam presses ; well its people know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below ;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.

I turn, and meet the cruel turbaned face ;
England, 'tis sweet to be so much thy son !
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race ;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened ; hark, the evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa.

II.

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built ;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with his decrees.
Law, justice, liberty—great gifts are these ;
Watch that they spread where English blood is
spilt ;
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease.

Two swords there are ; one naked, apt to smite,
The blade of war ; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am ; would wars were down !
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night—
Peace to the world from ports without a gun !

—*Atlantic Monthly*.

POETICAL LAW REPORTS.—In one of his genial and humorous letters, Cowper states the advantages of having law reports in rhyme. In the first place they would be more readily remembered. In the next place, being divested of circumlocution, they would be far more intelligible. And, lastly, they would be rendered capable of musical embellishment ; and thus disperse the cloud of sadness and gravity which hangs over the jurisprudence of our country. Lord Mansfield one day seeing a barrister in court who was reported to be turning Coke on Littleton into verse, asked him how the work was getting on. The barrister replied that he had only got as far as the first section, which ran thus :—

Tenant in fee,
Simple is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands,
Free from demands,
To him and his heirs forever.

QUEENS COLLEGE has 406 students this session, of whom 212 are in arts, 167 in medicine, and 27 in theology. Forty-two lady students are in attendance. Of these, 19 are in arts and 23 in medicine.

PUNCTUALITY.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled."

To the student who is anxious for success in college and in his professional career,—more than to any other,—should this question be interesting and important. To attain the height of his ambition the habit of punctuality is necessary, which habit should be inculcated—if not before—at any rate during his life at college.

Punctuality is one of the most essential attributes of a sterling character. History repeats itself every day, in showing us that it is necessary for success in every walk of life, and especially so in that of a student. There is no royal road to learning and success, and this was never more true than in our day, when the different professions are crowded, and present in different ways so many obstacles to success. On every hand men are eagerly elbowing each other for the first rank. "The weakest go to the wall" in every case, the weakest in method as well as in knowledge.

There is no habit so fatal to the success of students as that of reckless irregularity in study. Carelessness and procrastination have been the ruin of thousands. There is a class of words, which, if we would prosper in life, we must study well and make the rule of our conduct. They are "now," "presently," "instantly," "at once," words which are too often exchanged for "soon," "just now," "to-morrow," "at some future time." If we wish to make study effective and answer the purpose of our ambition, we must be governed and inspired by that spirited little word, "now." And to do this aright, we must not only do something now, but do that thing—that study which ought to be done—first. "Do the work that lies nearest to you," says Carlyle, and this is sound advice for the student.

By punctuality much unnecessary labour can be avoided. Thus believed our wise forefathers, on whose authority we have that pregnant aphorism, "a stitch in time saves nine." How forcibly does this apply to students' work! Work, which in getting behind-hand, has such a blasting and irretrievable effect, as every student

knows, to his sorrow—who carelessly and indifferently neglects his work. This is, alas, one great mistake which many of our students of to-day make. They let the time slip by. Work unprepared is the daily programme, and when examination looms in the distance there is a terrible fuss for a fortnight or so, going through the process, technically called "cramming." The question naturally arises, is not this mode of studying a sad mistake? Let our students consider. Do they thus accomplish the great end for which they attend the University? Is not the knowledge thus acquired superficial, and of that kind which is going to prove of no service to them in the future? Why, even he who does this kind of slipshod work, will admit that after wasting his time, although he tries to catch up, and for a short period is very busy,—too busy even to partake of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" at the proper time, although he puts on all force possible, and drives Jehu-like with furious speed that the diligent and systematic worker does, in a calm deliberate manner, much more and better work after all, than he does.

The punctual student not only performs more work, with ease and efficiency, but he gets it up better—in a much neater form—while the other, with all his spasmodic vehemence, verifies the old adage, "The more the haste—the less the speed." He will soon find that his unpunctuality is the cause of a large amount of needless labour, expense, loss of health and derangement of circumstances, which might well be avoided, by doing the right thing in the right time.

Mark the successful student. Is he not the punctual one? The one who gets his work up every day with exactness, is always prepared for examination, always in time from the first of the term, in attending lectures and getting up lessons. He alone can understand what advantages this habit gives him, even over his more brilliant fellow student, who only works by fits and starts; and that by these means he gets the full benefit of his course,—that he understands thoroughly what he studies. Yes, mark him, for he is the one who is going to lead—not only in his college, but also in his professional career.

After a young man has determined to follow a certain course, consistency and firmness in that course is indispensably necessary to invest his character with strength, and crown his labour with success. There is nothing more contemptible and worthless than a whimsical, fickle, and erratic character, which is the sport of every wind, and at the mercy of every changing circumstance. The projects and arrangements of an unpunctual man are like the clouds of heaven, intermingling, shifting, changing, and ever supplanting and defeating one another. By being too late with one duty—another urgent business is put off—another positive engagement is broken, and so on to the end of the chapter.

By punctuality we may secure the first and best advantages appertaining to every situation in life. Shakespeare says,—“There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,” and doubtless it is so to a very large extent. There are many who have taken the tide at the flood and sailed on to fortune; many more have allowed the tide to ebb, or, in other words, have missed the golden opportunity, and have remained poor and helpless. He that stepped in first to the pool of Bethesda, after the angel troubled the water, was healed of whatsoever disease he had. But some lay there all their lifetime without being healed, because they failed to descend betimes to the pool after the periodical agitation of the water. This is symbolical of the conditional and contingent advantages of human life. By timely care and prompt activity, you stand the best chance of securing the greatest good your opportunities are capable of yielding; while, by dreaming and dawdling tardiness, you may live and die near the pool, without ever realizing the life-giving virtues of its healing waters.

It is but repeating a well-known fact, to say, that the most successful men of modern and past times owe their success, their wealth and influence, chiefly to their intelligent and punctual diligence; while the lives of others, with superior advantages, have been and are failures, through their irregular and unmethodical habits. Reading the lives of such men will prove this. Nelson said, "I owe all my success in life to

being always five minutes before my time." Wellington and Washington had the same characteristics, and would not tolerate unpunctuality in their subordinates.

"Redeem thy time;" these words come to us with startling and impressive significance. What sadder words can there be, than, "It might have been?" What sadder picture than a life wasted, from want of fixed habits? What more melancholy than remorse for such wasted life? Yet it is so with many. Would you avoid this terrible remorse? Redeem thy time. Use it as a sacred trust from God. Do not squander it in idleness and frivolity. Take care of its fragments. Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours—which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. How many minutes have you to spare? Five, ten, fifteen? Much may be done with them. We have heard of a young man who penned a History of England while waiting for his meals in his boarding house; and of a cabman who learnt several languages while waiting for fares. We have heard of a mathematician who composed an elaborate work when visiting with his wife, during the interval between the moments when she first started to take leave of their friends, and the moment she had finished her last words. All this and much more is possible. By a similar frugality of time, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last richer in that which makes intellectual wealth, than multitudes whose time is all their own. "He most lives—who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

A RHYME FOR MONTH.—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* who has got tired of hearing the statement that there is no rhyme in the English language for the word "month," sends the following verse. The correspondent made his point, but convinced the *Tribune* that in some cases poetical high license is not a good policy.

"I saw them take him down Broadway,
December was the month;
His pistol it was thrown away,
As also was his gun th—
(rown away.)"

THE BACONIAN THEORY.

Second only to the interest which a great literary work excites through its own merit, is that which is felt in its author. It is entirely a false idea that it matters nothing to us how, when, or by whom such a work has been brought into existence. It is necessary, to a great extent, that we should know as much as we can about its origin, its causes, in fact all about, if we would thoroughly understand and enter into sympathy with it. Apart from this also, is the fact that we never like to think that we are being deceived in our beliefs—a fact, probably, the most potent of all in urging us on to the solution of all questions regarding obscure or disputed authorship and the like.

It is a curious fact that about the greatest literary works that the world has ever seen, there is dispute in regard to their origin. First and foremost in the list comes the divine Homer, whose poems have been attacked time and again for their want of unity, and declared to have been written in fragments by various writers. His great peer, Shakespeare, has also to bear him company in the fray. It seems, indeed, that the annihilation critics will fight only with the giants—the greater the danger the greater the reward. The giants, however, seem to stand it pretty well as yet—doubtless they will survive.

The controversy over the authorship of the Shakespearian plays has arisen from the incompatibility, or rather the alleged incompatibility, of the facts of his life with the literature which bears his name. The critics who deny Shakespeare's right and title to be called their author, usually go by the names of Baconians, from the fact that they believe the real author to have been Lord Bacon.

The most famous, or perhaps I should say the most notorious, of these critics at the present day, is Ignatius Donnelly, the advocate of the "cipher theory."

In view of this discussion, it is well enough for us to ask ourselves if we have really sufficient grounds for doubting the genuineness of the Shakespearian plays. If we have, by all means let us endeavour to discover the real author, using, of course, sensible methods in our

search, for the method that Mr. Donnelly is pursuing doesn't seem to commend itself very well to our common sense.

Let us then take a brief survey of the grounds of our belief in favour of Shakespeare. In regard to internal evidence, the first thing noticeable is the great dissimilarity between the acknowledged words of Bacon and those attributed to Shakespeare. Those who have made a careful and thorough study of the former, tell us that it is almost absurd to suppose that Bacon could have had anything to do with the composition of the latter. Here, of course, there is some difference of opinion, and we find some eminent writers maintaining that, "In every case the conviction that Francis Bacon was the real poet, has grown out of a knowledge of the prose works, legal, scientific and literary, and the plays and poems which include every particularity of Baconian language, science, philosophy and belief." Nevertheless, the great majority of opinion is against any such similarity as is here stated with so much confidence.

Again, in reading the Shakespearian plays connectedly, one cannot help noticing the marked continuity of development apparent in them. All attest the superior genius of their author, but some incontestably exhibit that genius in its immaturity, while others no less strongly show it in its maturity. This fact tells strongly against the "cipher theory," though, of course, no argument against Bacon writing them in an ordinary way. It is not likely that this development would be so marked had the plays been written as a mere "cipher." In reading "Hamlet," or "Othello," does it ever occur to us that these sublime tragedies are in reality mere puzzles—ciphers to express some hidden meaning, trivial it may be, certainly so in comparison with the grand truth they bear on their faces? It is impossible to think so. Be the artist as skillful as he may, he would leave some trace of his real meaning; but these plays bear such a perfect stamp of nature that no one can well believe them other than they seem.

It is difficult to imagine, also, what adequate reason Bacon could have for observing such profound secrecy; but supposing he did write them,

no "cipher theory" will throw light on the matter. Even if there were a "cipher" in them once, it is utterly futile now to think of solving it completely, for we have not, nor can we pretend to have the correct words of the author. Many words, and lines too we may suppose, have been lost, and one lost word destroys the whole thing.

Stronger, however, than any internal evidence, is that which is supplied from external sources. Here we have evidence most convincing in favour of Shakespeare—evidence that it is hard to see how any one can refuse to credit. It is true, indeed, that we have little knowledge of the facts of Shakespeare's life, but we have most indubitable testimony that he actually lived, was an actor and wrote plays. Further, we have testimony from his own contemporaries that he wrote the plays which now bear his name.

The first reference to Shakespeare of which we have any knowledge is that by Henry Chettle in 1592, who in his "Kind Heart's Dream," mentions him as "excellent in the quality he professes," and as one who has a facetious grace in writing that approves his art." His great predecessor, Spenser, too, in his later days recognized the genius of the rising young actor and dramatist, and spoke of him in terms of high commendation:

"And there, though last not least in action,
A gentler shepherd may no where be found;
Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound."

More direct and unequivocal testimony than this is given by Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia," published in 1598, in which he says: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet wittie soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare." Ben Jonson, again, one of the most famous of his later contemporaries, writes of him in a strain of most enthusiastic admiration.—

"Soul of the age!
The applause, the delight, the wonder of the stage!
My Shakespeare rise!"

This from a man who knew Shakespeare intimately, a man whom it would be almost impossible to deceive, must surely be sufficient to set aside all doubt on the question. Is it

likely that the learned and keen witted Jonson would have been so easily imposed on by an illiterate clown such as these critics are fond of representing Shakespeare to be? It is absurd to think so. That Jonson really was intimately acquainted with Shakespeare, the following lines written under the portrait which appeared with the folio of 1623 will sufficiently show:—

"This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit,
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass."

Testimony such as this shows whereon we rest our faith in a genuine Shakespeare. To doubt it is to throw serious reflection on the veracity of many eminent writers, reflection most unwarrantable in every case. Some people, however, can not or will not be convinced, and with them it is next to useless to argue. Suffice to say that Shakespeare will live to see the death of many "annihilation critics," unless, perchance, the race dies out very soon.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY now distributes to students \$66,000 a year.

PROF. TURNER, of Edinburgh, receives \$20,000 a year. The largest salary paid to any professor in the world.

PROFESSOR ASA GREY, America's greatest botanist is dead.

DR. DICKSON, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, died suddenly on 30th Dec. He was curling on the ice at Peebles, when he was seen to fall back, and was caught by a friend standing by him. He expired immediately. The cause of his death was heart disease. The Professor was a good musician, and often took part in Concerts given by the students, and was a great favorite with them. The salary of the Chair of Botany is derived from the fees of the students, and amounts to \$15,000 a year, and the Professor is only required to lecture three months a year in the Summer. Dr. Dickson had in addition a private income of \$20,000 a year from his estates in Peebleshire. Professor Dickson and Professor Lawson, of Dalhousie, were students together at the University of Edinburgh.

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WHOEVER may find Time pass slowly and judge that he is properly named "that bald sexton Time," it is far otherwise that the student feels. Though Time travels slowly with those not busily employed and with the world in general at most only 'ambles', where the student is concerned he doth assuredly 'gallop.' Men of the world find six days of the week amply sufficient for legitimate labour, and long for the repose of the seventh; but the student (so swiftly do the objects along his path of life flit past) measures time by the recurrence of Sundays. Not more than four short months have elapsed since the labours of this session began, and soon the decks must be again cleared for examinations!

It is our wont to consider the life of the the genuine student as the ideal life—if such can be attained by poor creatures of the day.

No wonder that men who have passed through college, and are now struggling in the mad busy world, think the years they spent as students the happiest and most pleasant of their lives. Only they realized it not at the time, thinking that the life which we now lead was simply "going through the mill." If these men were called to testify I doubt not but that they would declare the world a ruder "mill" than what we wish to prove man's happiest life. Few indeed are there of those who experienced such a pleasant life in Minerva's Temple but have since found that grim Care takes a free ride behind them. The life of the true student is so filled up, its busy hours so systematically arranged, that harassing thoughts can have no place in his mind. If, as Socrates says, the nights during which a man sleeps so soundly as not even to see a dream, are the pleasantest and best spent of all his days or nights; it must follow that the man whose life most approaches that blissful state of freedom from care, is nearest to living the best life. We are far from applying the Socratic conception directly to student life, and identifying the unconscious state of the sleeper with the mental activity of the other; but rather seek to show how a mind so occupied as not to regard the disturbing elements in human nature, is more than any other in the blissful state described by Socrates. In a student, then, who is true to his calling, we should expect to find those virtues which cluster round an ideal life. The proverb says that when a mind is idle his thoughts run on mischief. An ever busy mind, on the other hand, drives off these disturbers of its peace, or is too much engrossed even to call them up.

Some will have it that the successful lover, of all men, lives the ideal life. Since some fair image has possessed his heart and changed the whole current of his being, he sees all things in a new light. Everything in Nature now wears a look of beauty. When the gentle winds blow, he interprets them as the whisperings of the loved one. When he looks up at the twinkling stars, he loves to think that *she* is also watching them. In everything he does there is a thought of the loved one. Such is Love and Love's high power to change and mould the lives of men to her

will. But there is a higher and more sublime love than this—the love of the enraptured student for his work. Here we find all the charms of the other love, divorced from all baser elements. Here alone does the term Platonic love find significance. Every man (in college or out of it; young or old) who is worthy the name of student, must be supposed to be in love with some branch of his work. The attachment of early years grows into the deep and impetuous love of the matured man. The love of the true student for his work never dies. Time cannot destroy its force, and old age finds it still strong. On his work he lavishes the affection of a pent-up nature. Gray dawn ever finds him keeping close vigil with his love. When he sleeps he dreams of his work, and in his waking hours re-thinks the thoughts of his dreams. Such is the absorbed state of him who is filled by this ideal love. Was ever devotion seen like this?

We fear that many who think, as others did before them, that college life is but a period of trial and affliction, will not be persuaded by these words. The gay and frivolous student, who ever has some weight on his mind, who never walks the streets in daylight lest he should meet some importunate tailor or other creditor, will laugh the idea to scorn. "Ours an ideal life! which subjects us to continual annoyance—preparing of lessons and the dreaded examinations; which precludes the idea of real content and enjoyment. Never!" Such may be the premature judgment of him who lives a selfish life; but sober and impartial thought will easily convince other men of the reality of the ideal theory as applied to genuine student life.

IT is currently reported that Dalhousie College is again to suffer the loss of one of the ablest and most active of her teaching staff. When Judge Thompson was taken to Ottawa to fill the position of Minister of Justice, it was thought that the Law School had, at such a cost, purchased immunity for Dalhousie from similar attacks for many years to come. Yet hardly three years have passed away and Dalhousie is called upon to make another sacrifice. This time Mr. Sedgwick, Q. C., Lecturer on Equity Juris-

prudence, and the representative of the Alumni in the Board of Governors, has been asked to take the position of Deputy Minister of Justice. It has not yet been made public that Mr. Sedgwick has accepted the position offered him; yet if he does leave us to take such a high position and one which he is so well fitted to occupy, he will go with the hearty wishes of of former and present students of Dalhousie, for that abundant success that he so readily attained while among us.

IT has been a matter of great regret to the students here that our reading room and library have not been better fitted up this session. The reading room, in fact, has not been fitted up at all, nor do we see any likelihood that it will be this session. However, we are not disposed to grumble. We can make allowances, knowing that we can't get everything at once. A spirit of grumbling is a very bad one to fall into; and we, though having occasionally to indulge in it, are not desirous of allowing it to become chronic.

A good reading room is an advantage which we have never yet enjoyed, but it is to be hoped that this is the last session we will be without such an institution. Many of the students have odd hours to wait in the college for lectures, and naturally feel keenly the need of a reading room. But even with the best equipments possible, there will still be the question of supplying it with the necessary matter. We have no reading room fund. This, however, could be easily remedied. The students themselves could without any difficulty provide it with a fair number of the leading papers and periodicals of the day. It is, of course, too late in the session now to do anything in regard to this matter; we merely make the suggestion in order that the students may be ready for it at the beginning of the next session.

WE publish the article entitled "Punctuality" not because we consider it intrinsically worthy of a place in our columns, but because it is thought that the GAZETTE should, in some measure, give publication to all articles put in competition for the Waddell prize.

ARE WE BENEFITTED BY A COLLEGE COURSE?

"College has been the ruin of him." Such was the remark made by a friend a few days ago with regard to a graduate of one of our colleges. Struck with the remark, I turned to consider what advantages or disadvantages a college course offers a young man. Every walk in life has among its leading men those who are strangers to college life. Many of our leading lawyers, judges, preachers and business men, and not a few of our doctors, know little or nothing of college life beyond what they have heard from others; add to this the fact that many of our young men go forth from college with broken down constitutions and narrowed minds, while others may have fallen among companions who have led them to sow the seeds of vice and intemperance, and we fear that often those who know but little of college are led to the conclusion in our first line. With regard to the charges laid against college life unfortunately some of them are too often true. Leaving home with a desire to stand above all his companions, the young man, forgetting the first great duty which he owes to himself, thoughtlessly risks health and even life to gratify his ambition, while the ideal student should always be the man who strives to do thoroughly what he does, yet he who risks all for a mere name is guilty of the double sin of ruining himself and his chances of future usefulness.

The charge of immorality so often laid against the University student is unfortunately not without its victims to point to, as a proof to that statement; and more than one parent has just cause to mourn over the child's downward career apparently begun during his college course. Although those unacquainted with college life may lay such charges at our doors, yet those who know anything about the inner student life cannot but admit that there is exerted around him a powerful influence for good which, if properly used, must leave him a better and more useful man.

Placed under men whose characters are already formed, and whose every word and action tends to elevate and ennoble the mind, he cannot but feel that "Tis only noble to be good," and that to become truly great, he must imitate the good and the great. Society to-day owes much to the influences for good exerted upon young men through the agency of college life. Few, if any, who have pursued a conscientious college course can deny that morally as well as socially and intellectually, they have been benefitted by the training they have there received. But what of the man who leaves college with

his better nature deadened, his higher feelings destroyed, and lower in the moral and social scale than when he entered. To him his years have been ones of comparative waste. While he has no doubt secured much that he may use for his benefit he has also given root to those seeds of evil which will prove an injury to him all through life. Yet college life is hardly to blame for his course; for it has only given him a chance to pursue openly a career which he had begun before ever he entered college.

Again, students are in danger of neglecting their work for their sports. A mother once speaking of the success of her sons in college remarked with a degree of pride, "we are all so proud of them. John has carried off the prize for two years as the champion boater. Fred takes the lead of the base ball nine. Harry has not an equal on the lawn tennis field; while Tom, of whom we had almost despaired, is best player in the cricket club. We are all so proud of them." So far Canadian colleges have been free from this excess, but they are fast following the examples of their sister universities, and are in danger of falling into the same evil. A student who, during his college course, neglects to develop his physical as well as his mental powers makes a mistake which he will ever regret; but he who neglects everything for his sports has missed the true aim of a college education, and might have been more profitably employed as a day laborer. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work leaves him a useless creature and a burden on Society. He who can strike the glorious mean and mingle with his work a proper amount of sport will come forth from college a man, physically, intellectually and morally.

But might not the student have his character formed, and his course in life laid out without the expenditure of time and money necessary for a college course? To this we might add another question. Could not the man unacquainted with working in wood, iron or paint, construct his own carriage without the aid of builder, blacksmith or painter? To both questions an answer might be given in the affirmative; yet the student of to-day, without some college training must stand to the college student in a relation somewhat similar to that of the carriage built by the novice to that built by the skilled workman. The quality of the work will depend largely on the material used and the skill of the workman. A good and serviceable article may be produced, but the chances of failure are almost equal to those of success.

But apart from all other considerations, the student has received in college a power, which if

properly exercised cannot fail to exert an influence for good. A student dying once said: "The Greek and Latin which I have learned here will be of use to me when I reach a brighter world." Perhaps few of us will go so far as to say that the Greek and Latin even of the best of us will pass current in a future world, but most of us will admit that the knowledge stored up during a proper college course is a powerful force stored up to be exerted in after life, either for evil or for good. If, during our college days we have learned that "unless above himself he can erect himself how poor a thing is man." If we have received the materials with which to work and the means of applying them, then we have acquired something which will help us not only to do well what we do, but to do much that we would otherwise have left undone. MAX.

EXCHANGES.

WE have received the *Farmers' Advocate and Home Magazine* for December, and are pleased with its appearance. As an agricultural paper the *Magazine* will compare favourably with any published in America, besides possessing the recommendation of being published in Canada.

Life and Work is the title of a neat little monthly published in the interests of Erskine Church, Montreal. Rev. L. H. Jordan, M. A., B. D., the pastor, is editor. We wish him success in his new undertaking.

In the *University Gazette* the serial, "A Country Boy," by Nihil V. Erius, is continued, otherwise the *Gazette* is sadly lacking in literary matter, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the work is left entirely to the editorial staff, as is too often the case.

THE *Presbyterian College Journal* is deservedly one of the most popular of our college monthlies; its articles are of a high character, well written and practical in their being. In the January number the question of Christian Unity is ably and exhaustively treated; *Cornish Literature; Nomenclature*—a very interesting dissertation on family names; *Literary Warfare, &c.*, are articles well worthy perusal.

THE *King's College Record* for December has just come to hand, and were it not that its interesting table of contents disarms us of reproof, we might be disposed to comment on our contemporary's dilatoriness. In this number Prof. Roberts gives a short review of the recently published volume of Sir John Suckling's poems. A much longer review of Philip Stewart's

poems by Martin, deals in a rather masterly way with this promising Canadian poet.

Knox College Monthly contains a very interesting article on *Recent Ethics and Theism*, in which the writer reviews the different attempts made of late by Science to solve in her own strength the Ethical problem. He shows that Spencer, Huxley, Leslie, Bain, &c., have signally failed to furnish from their standpoints a rational basis for morals, or an explanation of the outstanding phenomena of moral consciousness. *Infidelity in France* is the title of another very readable article in the same journal.

FOR some time back quite a vigorous discussion has been going on in the pages of the *Varsity* in respect to the merits and demerits of the practice of hazing. Were it not that Scrimmaging (which is the most scientific and approved method of dealing with obstreperous freshmen) with us now, is in a somewhat debilitated condition, owing to the recent actions of their Lordships in the Senate, we would heartily recommend its adoption as a substitute for a practice that has undoubtedly many odious characteristics. "The Passing Year" is a pleasant little sonnet in the last number of this journal.

ALSO received: *Unity, Oberlin Review, Pennsylvania, Vick's Floral Guide, Recorder Supplement, Athenæum, &c., &c.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR GAZETTE,—We read in the Calendar, at page 65, that the Thomas McCulloch collection, now in the college museum, though not yet opened, contains a large and valuable collection of birds, especially of the native birds of the Maritime Provinces. The value of the collection is much enhanced by the presence there of a well preserved pair of pied ducks—a species of sea-fowl, now become extinct. In the *Century Magazine* for January, 1886, Mr. R. W. Shufeldt has a very interesting article upon "The Feathered Forms of Other Days," in which he writes at some length on the pied duck and its almost unaccountable extinction. Though many of your readers have seen the article I refer to there are others who have not, so permit me to quote some paragraphs from it:

"The pied duck was never dreamt of as being on the road toward extinction, even in the very latter days of Audubon's writing, and its disappearance was quite sudden. This duck

never was known to carry its migration far inland, but was confined along the Atlantic coast to Labrador and northward, rarely being seen south of New Jersey. It bred off the mouth of the St. Lawrence, on the rocky islets, and English ornithologists say not much north of this, citing this as one of the causes of its extermination; for persons visiting these resorts for its eggs killed large numbers of the ducks besides. There were no other causes why such a bird should become so suddenly extinct; for it was a strong flier, not brilliantly plumaged, nor particularly sought after for its flesh. A specimen of the pied duck was killed in Halifax harbour in the year 1882, but even at that time no foreboding had been expressed by ornithologists as to its probable early extinction. Quite recently two hundred dollars was offered in England for a well preserved pair of these birds.

Audubon drew the beautiful pair of these birds in the plate in his princely work, from two he had received from the Honorable Daniel Webster, of Boston, who killed them himself on the Vineyard Islands, on the coast of Massachusetts.

The pied duck was a few inches smaller than the common Arctic eider, to which it was nearly related. There are good specimens of it in the Smithsonian Institution, but so rapid and unexpected was its departure that the writer is unable to say how well the museums abroad are favoured in this respect."

Mr. Downes, of the Smithsonian Institution, who examined the pair in our museum, pronounced them to be exceedingly well preserved, recommended that they be placed in a separate case, and represented them as being worth much more than the figure Mr. Shufeldt mentioned in the extract from his article given above.

Perhaps I need add nothing farther to what I have written to give the students a greater interest in the museum, and make them realize more fully how valuable a donation this collection of a former professor was.

Yours truly,
GEO. PATTERSON, Jr.

To the Editors of the Gazette:

If you will permit me to mention the subject through your columns, I would like to suggest to the students some changes in the management of the GAZETTE, which I think will be appreciated by you and your successors, and will be in the interests of our college journal. My suggestions can be stated very briefly. They are, first, that the medical school be represented on the editorial staff, and second, that the editors for each year be appointed at the close of the preceding session. If the attendance at the Medical College next year prove as large as one is warranted to expect, the medicals will be numerically fairly entitled to one representative. As for my second suggestion, I think the advantages of such a course too obvious to need demonstration. The students elected to fill the trying and difficult positions you occupy, would

not then be surprised by the news of their sudden elevation from our ranks, just as they are settling down to the session's work, on the plan they have marked out for themselves during vacation. The editors would also be able to consider at their leisure, and would thus be better able to cope with the many difficulties that, I expect, a college editor must encounter.

Yours, etc.,
REFORMER.

DALLUSIENSIA.

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

WHO kicked the tool-chest?

THE latest swell—Cog-swell.

How he raved when his cane fell through the grating!

Who has a hymn-book that doesn't belong to him?

WHY doesn't the *natu maximus* put in his English exercise on Monday?

TWO Sophs were seen counting on their fingers the young ladies with whom they skated at the rink.

A YOUNG lady has recently undertaken to lecture the Sophs on the error of their ways. We admire a missionary spirit.

A SELECT committee invested with pleni-tentiary power, has been appointed to shave Finlayson and Grierson the first fine day.

A bald-headed medical hypocritically confesses, in his prayers, that his sins are as many as the hairs on his head.

WE see by the P. E. I. papers that McCallum was well pleased with the kindness of Capt. Finlayson, of the S. S. Northernlight.

"MASHY" continues his old business. The latest evidence of this is a hat band given him as a Xmas gift by two of his fair class-mates.

THE big Freshman is contemplating the propriety of instituting legal proceedings against the fellows who took his cane. He feels the lack of sufficient evidence.

THE Antigonish Freshman rose to distinction last Sunday night, by escorting a young lady home from Chalmer's Church. Is there any policy in this?

WHEN "Blanditiae virorum maxime ad muliebrem ingenium efficaces preces sunt," was

PERSONALS.

H. G. CREELMAN, B. A., '81 B. Sc., is studying science at Berlin.

MR. W. B. WALLACE, L.L.B., 1885, was married on the 30th January. We extend our congratulations.

REV. H. McD. SCOTT, B. A., '70, Professor of Church History in Chicago Theological Seminary has had the degree of D. D. conferred upon him by Beloit College.

J. A. BELL, B.A., '83, is now proprietor and editor of the Riverside (Cal.) Chronicle. Mr. Bell's well-known literary talent is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of his paper.

We are pleased to learn that D. A. MURRAY, B. A., '84, ex-tutor of mathematics in this University, has won the Graduates Scholarship in mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The GAZETTE, as the mouthpiece of the Dalhousie boys, among whom "Dannie" was a great favorite, congratulates Mr. Murray on his successful competition which has reflected lustre on his *alma mater*.

W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., '84, now a junior in the McGill Medical College, has through illness been compelled to drop out for a year. For the benefit of his health he determined to spend the winter in Southern California. But we are sorry to hear that the change of climate has not brought about the hoped for improvement. His many friends here would be glad to learn of his recovery.

WE regret to record, that the REV. WM. LYALL, LL.D., Prof. of Logic and Psychology, while on his way from college to his home in Dartmouth, last Monday, fell on the street and broke both an arm and leg. The doctors say it will be impossible for him to resume his classes this session. Professor Seth has kindly undertaken to carry on Dr. Lyall's work. We sincerely sympathize with the venerable professor and hope to see him again able to discharge his professional duties.

JOHN CALDER, B. A., '86, who is now studying theology in Pine Hill, was fired at three times a few evenings ago while on his way from the city to the college by some unknown scoundrel. Only one of the bullets took effect and that one but slightly. If the villain who attempted the dastardly crime could only be apprehended, as the old country man said, hanging would be too good for him. He should get a thorough good kicking. The result is that the Pine Hill boys, like prowling wolves go now in packs.

translated, the rosy-cheeked Soph marked his approval with *loud* applause. But the Professor of Humanity meekly reminded him that his *confirmation* was unnecessary.

All is one in this life to the tall Junior. He is completely broken up, and has taken to writing love odes on the desks by the yard. And she—rubs them out.

A STUDENT, whose big head intercepted his companion's view of the blackboard, was thus addressed by the Professor:—"Move your head to one side, Mr. M., it *may* be clear, but it is not transparent."

THE *natu minimum* topped the climax of Freshman-transgression, when, with a coolness that would do credit to a Law School man, he was seen walking from Class the other day with one of the lady candidates for a Bachelor's Degree.

At Chalmer's Church concert, our journalistic friend was in Elysian blessedness. During the rendering of the piano duet, an angelic smile played upon his handsome face, and his large, expressive eyes rolled skyward, so soothed was he by music's charms.

THE affectionate Freshman bearing the cognomen of a distinguished Canadian statesman, has heard at length, after weary days, from his fair friend across the border, and now this is the burden of his song:

"Oh, when shall I see
My own Nellie B.,
Oh when, O when?"

THE Junior philosophers are each busily engaged in fondling and caressing a "lovely concept outlined in the less vivid future." The questions they ask each other are, "Has it any objective reality? or, is it purely subjective?" This subtle metaphysical issue is constantly upon their lips, it is said.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIÆ.

SAFFRON CAKE isn't a bad substitute for tobacco.

THE Second Year Class sing:

O who will teach us Equity
When he is gone away?

A difference of opinion exists among some students as to the day of the week on which Ash Wednesday will fall this year.

AN M. P. finished a lengthy attack on the Government with the significant words—"The curtain falls: and the farce is over."

J. P. McLEOD, B. A. '84, ex-tutor of classics in this University has been appointed principal of the Victoria, B. C. High School, at a salary of \$110 per month. His is the highest position in the schools of that province. "The Colonist," published in that city, says in reference to the appointment that Mr. McLeod "is a *native* of Dalhousie College, N. S."

Also the following Dalhousians are in the teaching profession in B. C.:

H. M. STRAMBERG, B. A. '75, is principal of New Westminster High School; and R. LANDELLS, B. A. '82, is principal of Port Moody High School.

The following graduates are studying medicine at Edinburgh University:

A. G. Reid, B. Sc.; H. M. Smith, B. Sc.; A. E. Thompson, B. A.; D. F. D. Turner, B. A.; W. G. Putnam, B. A.

W. Aiton, B. A. '85, is studying in Edinburgh.

The following general students from Dalhousie are studying medicine at Edinburgh University: H. Slayter; E. Slayter; F. Symons; A. Thompson; D. W. Silver; L. J. Weatherby.

THE MOCK PARLIAMENT.—The debate on the Commercial Union resolutions introduced by the Government, was continued on the 21st inst., by Mr. MacNeill, the leader of the Opposition. A lively discussion followed, in which Messrs. Forsyth, Cummings, Ross, Hamilton and others, took part. On a vote being taken the resolutions were defeated. Parliament has been prorogued until the fifteenth of September next.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Miss L. M. Scott, John D. Logan, C. E. McMillan, Rev. A. Rogers, J. A. Chisholm, H. C. Borden, \$1 each.

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