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honored God in that beginning. And now as we ring out the old, and ring in the new we must see to it, and we have done so, that the old ark is deposited in the new temple. As we listen to the many voices, "in the rich dawn of an ampler day," we must not fail to hear the still small voice which whispers of God, and His law, and love, and our duty to Him and His.

The crowning event of the programme of that morning was a never-to-be-forgotten address by Dr. Forrest. It made a profound impression upon the multitudes of admiring listeners. It once more spelled out the secret of his matchless hold upon the hearts of all his students. It also gave more than a hint of the secret of Dalhousie's strength and success in the past. Her Presidents and Governors have been true to the things that are bigger than big classes, and endowments and academic distinctions—the things represented by the Ark of God. In a way that is altogether his own, Dr. Forrest pointed us, that day, to Him who has been the source and secret of all our success. He closed his address, which was really his valedictory, by asking the audience to sing, as their confession of gratitude to, and faith in, God—"Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow." Led by the fine band of the Canadian Garrison regiment, the great and distinguished assemblage sang, with evident emotion, the grand old Doxology.

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Dr. Forrest then led us in prayer, giving fitting expression to our gratitude for the past and our hopes for the days that are to be. The passage in which Dr. Forrest formally passed over the trust that was his, and which he has kept so well, to his young and brilliant successor, Dr. A. S. Mackenzie, was most affecting.

It was a great day for Dalhousie. We got a glimpse of the greatest things, and we all came home better men and women. We felt anew the truth of Tennyson's words: "What matter it what a man knows or does if he keep not a reverential looking upward? He is only the subtlest beast of the field."

And with loyal hearts we pledged ourselves anew to old and new Dalhousie, now become the repository of the ancient ark, the dedication tablets. Let them hang in her halls like "armory of the invincible knights of old," telling of the best things in the past and pointing to a brighter future. Let these tablets be a constant reminder of her trust:

"Her office there to rear, to teach,  
Becoming as is meet and fit,  
A link among the days, to knit  
The generations, each with each."

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# DALHOUSIE'S ACADEMIC ARK

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A BRIEF PEN PICTURE *of the*  
CENTENARY CELEBRATION  
Sept. 11th, 12th and 13th, 1919

*By*

The Rev. John A. MacGlashen



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DALHOUSIE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE  
Silver Building, Halifax, N. S.

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“Ah! then, if mine had been the painters’ hand,  
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet’s dream.”

Academic life, in Halifax, has been tingling for days. Almost every street has had its thrill. Dalhousie’s Centenary has called her scattered sons and daughters from the four corners of the Continent to celebrate her worthy praises. And some have come across the sea to pay proud tribute to this ancient hall of learning. And for all of these the Old Citadel City by the sea is filled with mementoes. Into many a humble window kindling eyes have once more looked, from which the same eyes looked out in the days of auld lang syne, as the gazer struggled with problems in classics, mathematics, philosophy and English, and dreamed of the hoped for golden future. And today, as we again walked the old familiar lodging house streets, many have said: “Today I have been happy, all the day I held the memory of you.” And as we met the cherished chums of college days, and walked the streets, and roamed through the college halls and rooms, “sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.” It did not matter that the day, without, was dull. The light that never failed, gave back the golden hours, and we were boys and girls again. Judges dropped their ermine, and doctors their sick. Presidents and profes-

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sors, celebrated over the Continent were hailed as “Jim” and “Bob” and “Jack.” Those were indeed “crowded hours of glorious life.”

Perhaps the most interesting of the experiences of those memorable days—it was surely the most significant—was the class muster and march from the old college site on the Parade to the new campus at Studley. Each class from the earliest to the latest, 1860-1922 was led by boy scouts with banners. The march was made through crowded streets, and intense enthusiasm was shown in the suggestive and striking procession. It was a demonstration in every way worthy and the sight will not soon fade from the minds of the spectators.

At Studley the long yellow and black ranks opened and countermarched, with the President and venerable and beloved ex-President Dr. John Forrest and Dr. David Allison in a car at the head. Next to their car was a float, bearing the Academic Ark, resplendent with bunting and draperies and flags. On the top was a model of the old college. On the sides were shown the dedication tablets of the old college, which were thus in triumph borne to the new college shrine at Studley, where they will become the most significant and suggestive part of the structure and life of New Dalhousie.

The scene on the Studley grounds, as Dr. David Allison, the oldest living alumnus

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of Dalhousie present, formally presented these tablets to Mr. A. M. Campbell, representing the youngest undergraduates, was worthy of a painter, certainly of the pen of an artist in words. Dr. Allison’s remarks were delightfully reminiscent and cordial. Mr. Campbell’s words pledging the safe-keeping of this sacred trust, were as brief and as appropriate, and the campus rang with resounding cheers.

Into one mind at least there flashed a text from Holy Writ, which will not be profaned by application here.—“Let us fetch the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh.” The Ark was the depository of the tablets of the law, the great document of the Covenant. It was a protest against idolatry and materialism. The moving it from place to place and finally by Solomon to the Temple in Jerusalem, was accompanied by significant ceremonial. It was indeed the most important thing in the Temple, representing as it did the law and enshrining the very presence of God. Without that law and presence the Temple would only be a house. Dalhousie’s dedication tablets represent the sacred purpose of its founders, and they enshrine a pledge to be true to those principles, without which a University is but a pile of brick and stone. They represent the day of small beginnings, but truly great ideals. They could say: “Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.” And they