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The Dalhousie Gazette.

MARCH 26, 1904.

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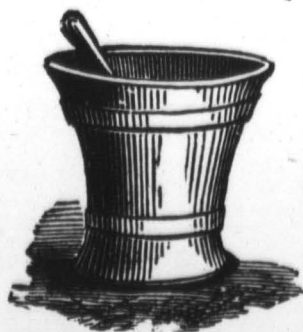
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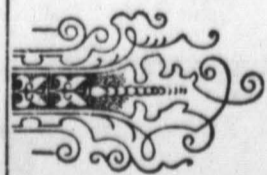
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His statue in bronze should stand in the square where he suffered martyrdom, where the executioner to please the lowest of the populace insulted his dead body, being himself a few years later, by a strange irony of justice, torn in pieces by the same populace for carrying out the sentence of the law on an innocent man.

Here for centuries "the common people" have come every 23rd of May to strew violets on the spot where the prophet who loved Florence only less than he loved righteousness met his death, amidst the derisive shouts and ferocious yells of their forefathers, which followed even his ashes, drawn in a common cart to the Ponte Vecchio and then thrown into the Arno.

Though "many fell from the faith," as the old writer, whose own faith had for a time gone down under the lying reports of his enemies, tells us, yet even in that hour of all but universal contempt and hatred, some noble Florentine ladies in spite of the hooting crowd and angry signory, gathered up some of his

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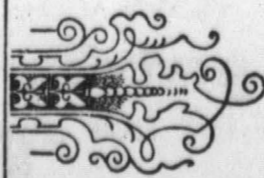
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ashes as sacred relics. Perhaps among the art treasures of some old palace there may be to-day a Greek cinerary urn, valued for the beauty of its workmanship, where all unsuspected rest the ashes of the man, who fearing God had nothing else to fear.

But we are wandering a long way from the Piazza San Marco.

The church and convent of San Marco occupy the west side of the square. Neither has any external beauty.

You enter the convent by a plain, narrow door, set in a flat wall of stucco pierced by uninteresting windows. This door leads into the first cloister. Around the walls are frescoes of the life of the good bishop of Florence, St. Antoninus. As pictures they have better value. But here are a few of Fra Angelico's master-pieces—St. Peter Martyr, with finger on lip, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Dominic at the foot of the cross, Christ as a pilgrim. Mrs. Oliphant's stupid criticism, that Christ looks like a peasant is a good illustration of the inadequacy of her dicta.

This fresco is over the door leading to the convent guest-chambers, and teaches the lesson, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these ye did it unto Me." Had Christ appeared in His own person at the convent gate, it had been no virtue to have welcomed him. Even those on the left hand say, "Lord when saw we Thee and did not minister unto Thee." Fra Angelico intends that Christ should look like "one of the least." Mrs. Oliphant cannot grasp the very simple idea that Fra Angelico very seldom paints the historic scene. That he could so paint it is shown in *The Mocking of Christ* in the Belle Arte, a small but most valuable collection of pictures, mostly taken from churches and suppressed convents. In this picture Fra Angelico spares us nothing. It is only by an effort one can look at it. Every indignity is given, and what is painful to read is intolerable to look at; it must have been unutterably painful for such a man to paint. The same scene is given in the fresco of one of the cells at San Marco. Christ robed in white and blindfolded is seated in patient dignity, the background is filled up with shady faces and hands which insult the Divine Sufferer, faces and hands, nothing more. The first picture was an altarpiece, to be seen at long intervals

and when religious feeling was stirred to fresh life; the other was to be lived with day by day.

The Transfiguration, in another cell, is treated in the same way, though from a different reason. The Mount is a very small, conical hill, on which the Saviour stands, the three apostles dazzled by the sudden brightness stand below, while from soft clouds on each side of the glorified Christ appear the faces of Moses and Elias, scarcely more substantial than the clouds.

The whole picture seems to say, "This is My beloved Son, hear Him."

We pass from the cloisters to the great Refectory, with the usual pulpit on the wall, from which a novice reads some good book during mealtime. There is a fine Crucifixion by Fra Bartolommeo, and another striking fresco of a scene in the life of St. Dominic. This is a Dominican convent.

In the Chapter House, where Savonarola received Romola, is the great fresco of the Crucifixion by Fra Angelico. It occupies the whole of the wall opposite the large window, high on the wall, which lights it remarkably well, and the fresco, except the sky, is perfectly preserved.

The shape is a lunette inclosed in a frame, of which the lower or straight part is composed of heads of Dominican doctors and saints.

The brothers of San Marco took great pains to borrow for Fra Angelico authentic portraits of these, so they are all likenesses. The upper or curved part of the frame shows heads of the Prophets and Sibyls who prophesied of Christ, each having a scroll with the prophetic words, the whole forming a very beautiful framework for the central picture. There is no agony on Christ's face; He is the patient sufferer but no more. The penitent thief is a sunny-haired, innocent lad of seventeen. The impenitent thief is older, has coarse, black hair, and is the only one of the figures that expresses agony. At the foot of the cross, the Virgin, almost fainting, is supported by the Magdalen and St. John, a very touching group. Near them stand John the Baptist and St. Mark, patron saints of Florence and the convent respectively; behind them are the two patron saints of the Medici family, Cosimo and Damien. The present convent was built by a Medici.

On the other side of the cross stands a long line of saints, headed by St. Dominic and St. Francis, with faces full of love and sorrow.

This is one of the great masterpieces of religious art, and would make San Marco renowned throughout the world were it the only painting in the convent.

In the small Refectory is a fine Last Supper by Ghirlandaio, a very interesting fresco, and in very good preservation, notwithstanding the criticism of a young American girl who just stepped into the room, remarked to her companion "Well, I call that tablecloth mouldy," and tripped off to see the rest of the convent.

Before we go up stairs we must look at the larger cloister, not at the very poor frescoes of scenes from the life of St. Dominic, but at the very interesting armorial shields and fragments of sculpture, very beautifully carved, some of them. Here too is the convent garden with its old well. Savonarola was in the habit of walking in this garden with his friars after supper, bible in hand. In time, as the expounding of the bible became a more important part of the evening walks, forty or fifty laymen would join them. "For an hour or two one seemed verily to be in paradise, such charity, devotion and simplicity appeared in all." It was in this garden that when the dark days came for Savonarola, a beautiful boy of noble family, falling on his knees before the Prior, begged to be allowed to pass the ordeal of fire for him. "Rise, my son," said Savonarola, "for this thy good will is wondrously well-pleasing to God." When the boy had left, he told those about him that though many persons had made him this offer, "from none of them have I received so much joy as from this child, for whom God be praised."

Savonarola had always a very soft spot in his heart for the young. He seemed to bear his novices constantly on his heart before God and was especially gentle in his manner when instructing them.

Let us now re-enter the convent, passing through the corridor with its portrait of Fra Angelico, a placid but uninteresting face, and several pictures by Fra Bartolommeo, we go up the narrow staircase and find ourselves in front of Fra Angelico's famous and lovely Annunciation.

Probably no other Annunciation has more of the feeling of the simple Gospel Story of the angel's visit to the Holy Maiden of Nazareth.

The Virgin sits on a roughly-made stool in a cloister. We see, through the arches of the cloister, a bit of an enclosed garden, the grass thickly studded with pink and white anemones, beyond the fences are cypress and olive trees.

The Virgin, with bowed head and hands crossed on her bosom, receives the message of the angel. Scarcely less reverent is the attitude of Gabriel. The colouring is soft and tender, strongest in the angel's wings. Besides the usual "Ecce Ancilla," etc., there is an injunction urging to prayer as often as this picture of the spotless virgin is seen.

Fra Angelico began his painting each day with a prayer for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and when a picture was finished he would kneel before it and thank God for the grace given him.

The cells are arranged on each side of a corridor which forms three sides of a square.

Starting from the Annunciation we take those on the left, all painted by Fra Angelico. Most of those on the right are by pupils, some say by his brother, Benedotto, and all representing Christ on the cross.

It would take too long to describe all Angelico's frescoes, though all are well worthy of careful study.

The Noli me tangere, Christ as a gardener standing beside the open tomb, Mary Magdalen kneeling at His feet, is a very touching one. The garden is set thick with flowers, palms and cypresses in the background. The Maries at the tomb, full of reverent feeling; the Saviour in a glory, invisible to them as they gaze into the tomb; the one immediately in front of Christ shades her eyes with her hand as if the light were too bright for them. The Mocking of Christ and the Transfiguration I have already spoken of. There is a very tender Nativity and the Coronation of the Virgin. The inspiration of this picture was surely from above if ever Fra Angelico's prayer was answered.

On softly tender clouds the Virgin, in meekest reverence, bows her head while the Saviour, the God-Man, places the crown upon her head. Nothing can surpass the expression of

the two faces, love in both, but, as always with this painter, Mary is no Queen of Heaven, but the meek Handmaid of the Lord, deepest humility mixed with joy is in her face. Both Christ and the Virgin are robed in purest white. Below kneel St. Francis, St. Dominic, and other saints; they give the necessary depth of colouring and by contrast heighten the pearly effect of the upper part of the picture.

Passing by several cells with frescoes of less interest, we come to the cells allotted to the Prior of the Convent. In the outer and largest one are two old pictures of Savonarola's martyrdom, though very old, not quite contemporary, frescoes by Bartolommeo, and some modern busts of Savonarola. In the inner cell is Savonarola's picture by Bartolommeo, his desk, bible, crucifix, books of manuscript sermons, and in a case his hair shirt, his Dominican frock, the parting from which at his death gave him such sorrow, his rosary, and a piece of charred wood from his funeral fire. In the cell beyond is a small, silk banner, painted by Fra Angelico, and used in processions during that short time, when Florence, taking Christ for King, the people found their pleasure in processions in honour of Christ and His Mother; when "a kind of spiritual inebriation took possession of people and rulers alike."

Turning, we pass some cells painted by Angelico with Christ on the cross, and those by his pupils. Stopping, however, to look at a Madonna with saints on the right wall of the corridor, we find ourselves again at the Annunciation.

The next cell is that of St. Antoninus and has various vestments, etc., of his; a fresco by Fra Angelico of the Descent into Hell. As Christ touches the heavy gates they fall in, crushing in their fall the fiends who have vainly tried to bar His entrance. Ruskin speaks of "The intense fixed statue-like silence of ineffable adoration upon the spirits in prison at the feet of Christ, side by side, the hands lifted and the knees bowed and the lips trembling together."

On a sort of white silk banner are the names of the Priors of the Convent, Savonarola's quite obliterated by the kisses pressed upon it.

In cells further on are three exquisitely painted pictures, all small, originally the doors of reliquaries; to me less interesting than the frescoes.

In the next cell is a fresco of the Institution of the Sacrament. The "large upper room" is simply the cell enlarged, with two windows instead of one. The view seen through the windows is the same that we see to-day through the windows of the cell.

Four of the apostles are kneeling, having already received the Wafer. One of them is Judas, he has no halo. Christ holding in one hand the Chalice, offers the Wafer to St. John. The Virgin kneels a little apart in greatest humility. The whole fresco is full of deepest religious feeling. The stools on which the apostles sit are of the same simple construction as the one the Virgin sits on in the Annunciation, no doubt those used in the convent. At the end of this corridor are two cells used by Cosimo di Medici, who spent many hours here during the last years of his life. There is a fine picture by Angelico of the Magi, a bust of St. Antoninus, a very human face, small and very thin, but full of goodness, kindness and humour. There is a picture of Cosimo too, considered very fine by art critics. Next this all is the great library, with a fine collection of illuminated books. It was here that Savonarola, after praying with his friars, gave himself up to his cruel enemies on the night of that tumultuous Palm Sunday, only praying them not to molest the brothers whom he was leaving.

Though Fra Angelico's frescoes meet one at every turn, it is the stronger and more passionate nature that dominates San Marco. He told his weeping friars, on that sad night, that dead or alive he would return to his beloved convent, and in spirit he is there to-day.

These two men, in character as unlike as any two of Adam's sons, were alike in a perfectly heartwhole devotion to Christ their King. We look in vain for their names on the marble slabs so thickly set in wall and pavement of those pleasant cloisters. Savonarola was denied a grave. All that was mortal of Fra Angelico was laid to rest in the church at Rome, whose very name, Sante Maria Sopra Minerva, tells of the triumph of Christianity over the religions of the elder world. His recumbent effigy is shadowed by Michael Angelico's Risen Christ.

W. MARY RITCHIE.

H Dramatic Club. Why Not?

"A school of expression is needed at Dalhousie."

—Halifax Acadian Recorder.

The attention of a large number of students at Dalhousie is directed almost exclusively to the subjects of the curriculum. This concentration of aim results in a loss to college spirit, a lack of vim in student societies, and a disposition to forget that there are other subjects, allied to and second only to those placed in the college calendar, without which a course, whether in Arts, Science, Law or Medicine, is incomplete. Just what proportion of our time these subjects should take is not easy to determine. Certain it is that we lose by their exclusion.

It is with but one of them—Elocution—that we now propose to deal. To show as well as we can what the *real* aims of this subject are, what advantages it has to offer us, and how these advantages may best be obtained is the purpose of this paper.

At the mention of Elocution the reader will perhaps think of himself (or herself) as a nice little boy (or girl) with freshly washed face, and neatly brushed hair, standing in a school-room, a Sunday-school, or the "bestest" parlor, his hands crossed behind his back, his feet placed firmly together, and his tongue rolling off as fast as it can the words of some pretty little verse *it* had learnt the day before.

If that is your idea of Elocution—we believe there *are* people, and students too, who have such an idea—get rid of it; but please do not give it to anyone else.

Nor does Elocution consist, as so many people think, of affectation in speech, gesture, and facial expression. It is simply the *art of speaking to a number of people in the most clear, forcible and pleasing manner.*

The student of Elocution aims first at training his voice, strengthening it if weak, modulating it if harsh. His purpose is to make it projective, flexible, and capable of expressing every shade of feeling, an instrument in fine of which he has full control. He strives to possess a voice that will be heard, if possible, in the farthest corner of the largest hall, a voice that by mere variety of modulation and resonance of tone will hold the attention of his audience. Elocution is intended secondly to

be the means of acquiring a correct pronunciation. In the words of Ruskin, "A false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough in the parliament of any civilized nation to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever." Need more be said? The third great aim of Elocution is to teach its student to articulate. The trained elocutionist never mumbles, never runs one syllable into another, never confuses one word with the one following. Every syllable he utters is perfectly distinct.

These three things—articulation, a well trained voice, and correct pronunciation, are but the starting points of the elocutionist. The finished speaker has self-possession and ease of bearing; he is never afraid to face an audience, no matter how large, he knows what to do with his hands, and how to make his attitude lend force to his argument.

This mere enumeration of the chief aims in the study of Elocution ought to be enough to convince even the most sceptical of its importance, enough to show them that it is an almost indispensable accomplishment of an educated man or woman, and that it therefore should have a part, and a big part, of a college student's attention. Students, and Dalhousie students among them, have far-reaching ambitions. They expect to be called upon, either in the pulpit, the law court, the lecture room, or in public life, to give vocal expression to their opinions. The foundation of those opinions is laid in years upon years of study. What about the method? There are some persons who, with the greatest gravity, the greatest assumption of knowledge, tell us that the method is of little importance, that it is the matter which counts. Do these persons think that style is a mere trifle in literature, style, which "is of the essence of thinking." DeQuincey, who has given us the pith of the argument, will perhaps enlighten them. He says, "Assuming that the thoughts involve the primary interest, still it must make all the difference in the world to the success of those thoughts, whether they are treated in the way best fitted to expel the doubts or darkneses that may have ^{be} settled on them; and secondly, where the business is not to establish new convictions, but to carry old convictions into operative life and power, whether they are treated in the way best fitted to enkindle in the mind a practi-

cal sense of their value." Style in literature is then no trifle; it is vital. Style and matter are inseparable, they form a complete whole, a whole which is imperfect if either of its component parts be imperfect.

Now, since the word Style has in common use become the almost exclusive property of one art, that of literature, we are obliged to use the word Elocution to express the corresponding idea in the art of public speaking. For elocution is but style in vocal expression; it bears to public speaking the same relation that style does to literature; it is vital. What argument under heaven will carry conviction if it be not heard? What opinion do we have of a speaker who mispronounces words of everyday use? Who would listen to a man who hurries forth his words in such a way that one is indistinguishable from another, or whose voice is incapable of a single change in tone, who speaks on in such a sing-song, monotonous way that his listeners either fall asleep or feel like crying out from nervousness?

Do you still think that Elocution is of no or little importance to us? No man has an audience more inert, an audience harder to impress, than the pulpit speaker; and no man, therefore, has such a need of using every means in his power to hold its attention. Has he no need of Elocution? Those same wise people of whom we spoke tell us that in the law courts the days of oratory are over, that this is a matter-of-fact, business-like age. Perhaps it is; but the days of clear, forcible and pleasing speech are not over in the law courts, not over anywhere; nor will they be until man invents some means of communication, other and better than language, between himself and his fellow. "We are not all prospective preachers or lawyers" say some of the students from Arts and those from Science and Medicine. No; neither are you dumb; you all have tongues, and you all hope to be in positions—either in the lecture room, at professional assemblies, or as independent and progressive citizens—where you will have need of them.

Granted that the knowledge of how to enhance the effect of an argument by clearness, force and grace of expression is no mean one, how are we to acquire it? A few years ago a writer in the GAZETTE suggested that Elocution should be made

an optional subject in the third and fourth years of the Arts course. That suggestion, valuable as it is, has not been carried out, and is not likely to be at the present time. There is but one other way of attaining the same end, a better way in some respects, and one that should be used and will be used even when Dalhousie has a professor, or course of lectures in Elocution. It is a Dalhousie Dramatic Club. Not only is this the single available way, but it is by far the most interesting way of learning the art of vocal expression. Dramatic clubs have from time immemorial held a legitimate place in college life. The American colleges, as was to be expected, have carried them to extremes, and now many of their men waste a large part of their time in studying farce comedy and the frothiest of light opera. However reprehensible such clubs are they but show that the best of things are harmful in excess.

As soon as you recognize the worth of Elocution you will perceive the advantages a legitimate dramatic club has to offer us. The elocutionist entering dramatic work is like a gymnast who after having separately trained different sets of muscles is called upon to use them all at once. He must possess complete control of his voice, articulation, a correct pronunciation, ease of manner, and full command of gesture and facial expression. Moreover a dramatic club as a means of studying vocal expression has this special advantage: in it the student's interest is enlivened and his efforts enforced by the demands and delight of interpretation—the delight of the artist in his creations. For the actor is an artist no less than the painter, writer or musician. He takes the words of an author, words which in reading perhaps scarcely effect us, uses all his powers of intellect and artistic insight to seize upon the heart of their meaning, and then calls upon all the resources of his art to convey that meaning to us, to make us feel the force and power of the words, to illuminate them, and to raise in our hearts the deepest feelings of "pity or horror," indignation or sympathy.

We all know that the study of the drama is inseparable from the study of literature, we also perhaps know that the true actor is a dramatic critic, one who conveys more to us in a few hours than we could gain from a lengthy course of reading. The perfect actor would have to unite the literary feeling of

a Lamb, or a Hazlitt, with the talent of a Booth or an Irving. The nearer the actor approaches such an ideal the greater he becomes.

Aside from the peculiar advantages to be derived from such a club, it will promote college spirit, for nothing else with the exception of athletics, will bring students from all the faculties so much together. Moreover it will or ought to pay, it ought to be possible for it in time to give an annual gift to the different college institutions. Now 1902 saw the first Dalhousie Class Day, 1903 saw the first Graduates-Alumni reception, let this session see the formation of a legitimate dramatic club that will furnish a training in expression that will add to college spirit, and give a zest to college life, that will be a credit to its members, and an honour to old Dalhousie.

W. K. P.

At Landry Beach.

For a fortnight we had been pursuing the mackerel from end to end of Chaleur Bay in the staunch fishing schooner "Vixen", and late one evening our captain ran into the little harbor at the south end of Miscou Island to replenish his empty water-casks, and give his crew a run on shore. When I came on deck next morning the smell of the good green earth was in the air, and in full view of us lay the little Acadian fishing settlement, with its white-washed houses gleaming in the hot July sun. After breakfast was over the schooner was left in charge of the cook, while the crew went ashore to bring off fresh water, and I accompanied the captain to the only store in the village, where the dried fish "smelled to Heaven". Here we learned that a picnic was to be held at Landry Beach that afternoon, and, as I was curious to see the merry-making, the captain said we would go, crew and all.

Landry Beach was two miles further up the coast, and at noon we left the harbour and started on our walk along the dusty, country highway. The whole settlement was going to the picnic. Groups of bright-eyed Acadian girls, bedecked in gay ribbons and bright-colored dresses, thronged the road. Here plodded three old women, shrivelled with age, each one

wearing a white kerchief, an heirloom, perhaps, from some Breton or Norman ancestor. The group of young men, swaggering along the road, with boots freshly greased, were just in from a fishing cruise in the Gulf. Further along we overtook a whole family, the father carrying the baby and the mother in the rear, leading two other children by the hand, while a third grasped her dress from behind. Everybody was happy—everybody excited with the prospect of a holiday. The picnic was held in a large field bordered by green groves, and sloping gradually to the beach. To the north and south spread the wide expanse of Chaleur Bay, with the blue Gaspé hills lifting their heads in the distance—"Running like a solid wall into the Gulf," as Gilbert Parker says. We had been on the grounds only a short time when Father LeBlanc, the parish priest, challenged the captain to a game of bowls, and I was left alone to wander among the good-natured crowd and note the various means of amusement.

In the centre of the field stood a large booth, where one could buy confectionery, home-brewed beer and lemonade; in another section was the bowling green, and nearby the swing, where, at the cost of a cent a minute, one could experience all the first stages of sea-sickness. But the great centre of attraction was the dancing-platform. I was watching the dancers as they whirled to the mad music of two fiddles, when someone of the crowd jostled against me. "Pardonnez-moi, monsieur," said a girl's voice, and, on turning, I found the owner of the voice was a red-cheeked Acadian demoiselle. She was holding by the arm a young fisherman, who, with an ill-smelling cigar between his teeth, and hat tilted back on his head, was oblivious of everything except his fair companion. I afterwards saw the same couple take their places on the dancing platform, and, later on, drinking lemonade at the booth.

About sunset I hunted up the captain and we started on our walk back to the harbour. In the dusk of the evening as we were approaching one of the small white-washed cottages along the road, I saw two figures at the rustic gate, and before we came up to them they parted. "Bon soir, Marie," said the man; "Bon soir, Prosper," answered the girl, and I thought I recognised the voice. We quickened our steps and

came up with Prosper, when I knew my friend of the dancing-booth. We came along with him to the harbour, and in his broken English, with much waving of his hands, told us he expected to leave next morning on a month's fishing cruise in the Gulf. He was sorry, as there was to be a dance at Fidèle Beaudin's the next night, and if he was not there "Marie she would be sad". They were to be married in December.

We sailed from the harbour the next afternoon, and, late that evening, rounded Point Miscou in a south-west breeze and began the long beat to windward and—home. As darkness settled down "one by one the lights came up, winked and let us by." When off Shippegan Gully we came up with a fishing boat beating out to sea, and a voice I had heard before hailed us from the little craft. Running to the rail, I called "Bon soir, Prosper"; "Bon soir! Bon soir! mon ami," came back the answer, and I knew then that "Marie she was sad, that night."

Sessional Examinations in Law.

Following is the result of the Law Examinations, recently posted:

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Miller, L. J.; Bell, I. H.

Class II.—Dickie, H. A.; Carroll, W. F.; Haviland, J. A.; McCurdy, D. D.; Ross, E. B.; Cameron, J. J.; Redmond, J. A.; MacKay, Ira; Harrington, G. S.

Passed—Cameron, J. McK.; Cheese, G. O.; MacLean, D.; Meagher, T. J. N.; Moulton, G. A.; Wood, J.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.

Class I.—McCurdy, D. D.; Trites, R.; Roscoe, B. W.

Class II.—Mounce, R. B.; Carroll, W. F.; Cameron, J. J.; Miller, L. J.

Passed—Wood, J.

EQUITY JURISPRUDENCE.

Class I.—Trites, R.; MacKay, I.; Roscoe, B. W.; Carroll, W. F.; McCurdy, D. D.; MacKay, R. G.; Bell, I. H.; Shaw, V. H.; Mounce, R. B.; Haviland, J. A.; Cameron, J. J.

Class II.—Harrington, G. S.; McLennan, D.; Fenerty, L. H.; Cameron, J. M.; Elliot P. St. C.; McLeod, J. A.; Meagher, T. J. N.

Passed—Cheese, G. O.; Church, E.; Corey, B. S.; Dickie, H. A.; Dickey, Horace; Eagar, M. W.; Foster, W. G.; Landry, A. F.; MacDonald, A. E. M.; Redmond, J. A.; Sanderson, C. L.; Wood, J.

PARTNERSHIP AND COMPANIES.

Class I. Miller, L. J.; Harrington, G. S.; MacKay, R. G.; Bell, I. H.; Carroll, W. F.; Cameron, J. J.; MacKay, Ira; McCurdy, D. D.; McLennan, D.; Wood, J.; Corey, B. S.

Class II.—Shaw, V. H.; Sanderson, C. L.; Cameron, J. M.; Cheese, G. O.; Mounce, R. B.; Roscoe, B. W.; Elliot, P. St. C.; Fenerty, L. H.; Dickey, Horace; Trites, R.; Dickie, H. A.; Meagher, T. J. N.

Passed—Eagar, M. W.; Foster, W. G.; Gilpin, T. B.; Landry, A. F.; MacDonald, E.; MacLean, D.; MacLeod, J. A.; Redmond, J. A.

BILLS AND NOTES.

Class I.—Roscoe, B. W.; Haviland, J. A.; Trites, R.; Miller, L. J.; Shaw, V. H.; Cameron, J. M.; MacKay, R. G.; MacKay, Ira; Carroll, W. F.; MacLennan, D.

Class II.—Harrington, G. S.; McCurdy, D. D.; Cameron, J. J.; Fenerty, L. H.; Bell, I. H.; Dickey, Horace; Foster, W. G.

Passed—Cheese, G. O.; Corey, B. S.; Dickie, H. A.; Elliot, P. S.; Landry, A. F.; MacDonald, A. E. M.; MacLeod, J. A.; Meagher, T. J. N.; Mounce, R. B.; Redmond, J. A.; Sanderson, C. L.; Wood, J.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Ross, E. B.; MacLean, D.; MacKay, R. G.; Shaw, V. H.

Class II.—MacKay, Ira; MacLennan, D.; Landry, A. F.; Elliot, P. S.

Passed—Fenerty, L. H.; Sanderson, C. L.; Wood, J.

SHIPPING.

Class I.—Shaw, V. H.; MacKay, I.; MacKay, R. G.; Locke, E. C.; Trites, R.

Class II.—MacLennan, D.; Roscoe, B. W.; Fenerty, L. H.; Mounce, R. B., (equal); Corey, B. S.; Foster, W. G.

Passed—Dickey, Horace; Eagar, M. W.; Landry, A. F.; Wood, J.

REAL PROPERTY.

Class I.—McCurdy, D. D.; Locke, E. C.; Morrissey, W. S.

Class II.—Elliot, P. S.; Elliot, Murray; Seller, L. A.

Passed—Chisholm, J. E.; Graham, B. T.; Lyons, J. B.; MacGillivray, A. A.; MacDonald, B. D.; MacLeod, J. A.; Sanderson, C. L.

TORTS.

Class I.—Barnett, J.; Locke, E. C.; Morrissey, W. S.; McLeod, J. A.; Sanderson, C. L.

Class II.—Lyons, J. B.; Graham, B. T.; Chisholm, J. E.; Elliot, M.; Sterne, G. H.

Passed—MacGillivray, A. A.; MacDonald, B. D.; Elliot, P. S.; Seller, L. A.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

Class I.—Baillie, C. T., Charman, J. H., (equal); Bayer, Miss H. M., Toombs, H. W., (equal); Seller, L. A.

Class II.—Gladwin, Miss A. P.; Morrissey, W. S.; MacDonald, B. D., Lyons, J. B., (equal); Ballem, J. C.

Passed—Andrew, G. A.; Chisholm, J. E.; Elliot, M.; Logan, F. R.; MacNiven, Miss C.; Sutherland, R. H.; Sterne, G. H.; Trueman, J. M.; Weir, A. S.

CONTRACTS.

Class I.—Barnett, J.; Charman, J. H.; Morrisey W. S.; Locke, E. C.

Class II.—Elliot, M.; MacDonald, B. D.; MacGillivray, A. A.

Passed—Chisholm, J. E.; Graham, B. T.; Lyons, J. B.; Seller, L. A.

CRIMES.

Class I.—Locke, E. C.; Morrisey, W. S.; Seller, L. A.

Class II.—Elliot, M.; McLeod, J. A.; MacGillivray, A. A.; Elliot, P. S.

Passed—Chisholm, J. E.; Church, E.; Graham, B. T.; Lyons, J. B.; MacDonald, B. D.; MacLean, D.; Sterne, G. H.; Sanderson, C. L.

E Libro Rubicundo.

Pat McQuaid was dead. No one was surprised, for it was one of the wonders of the village how he had kept alive as long as he had. The night before he had come home drunk, beastly drunk; his wife had got him to bed and next morning he could not be woke up.

The Resurrection of Pat McQuaid. There was no doctor within twenty miles of the McQuaid house, but one of the neighbors pronounced him dead from "heart failure", and that night they had the wake.

I had never been at a wake, so gladly accepted the invitation of one of the boys to go and see the fun. It was quite late when we got to the house, which was nothing but a small, miserable hovel completely filled with people, but we managed to make our way through the crowd and into the front room where the corpse was laid out.

In the centre of the room, supported on two empty barrels, was the coffin, a plain wooden box. At the head of the coffin sat a woman dressed in deep mourning. From the many outward signs of great grief, I concluded that she was the widow, and she seemed to be well aware that she was the chief mourner, for at the approach of every fresh arrival she would wring her hands and give vent to a big sob that fairly shook the house, all the time watching the effect produced by these demonstrations on the people around. The sides of the room were lined with women, young and old, who were telling in awe-stricken whispers of the good deeds of the poor departed soul. One woman near me was telling her neighbor how, if it had not been for her own good man coming along, she herself might now

have been in the poor widow's place, "for McQuaid was the fine man when he was young."

As I turned to leave the room I noticed an old, grey-haired woman back in one of the corners. Some one told me that she was Paddy's mother, and that he had been her only son. The poor old woman was quietly moaning and weeping, now and then muttering "My poor Patsy." "My poor Patsy." She mourned not for the good-for-nothing wretch that lay dead beside her, but for the light-haired child that had prayed at her knee. She saw not the red faced, bloated drunkard, but only the image of a tiny baby, the smile of a little urchin, the face of her only boy, and for him she greeted, for him she wept.

With a sadder heart, I left this last scene of real grief, and went into the kitchen, where the men were assembled. Somebody had just brought in a large jar filled with whiskey. "Now," one of the boys whispered to me, "the fun will begin." And it did begin. I had scarcely reached the other side of the kitchen, when I heard, in the room that I just left, a great commotion, screams, oaths, the fall of some heavy body, and then a rush of feet. I was carried along with the crowd, but before I was pushed outside I turned, and there behind me I saw Paddy McQuaid, just as he had been laid out, in his Sunday coat, his "boiled" shirt, and a white sheet; he was waving his hands and cursing and shouting "Git out of me house, ye murdering thieves, git out of me house, there'll be no more wake here the night; Pat McQuaid is alive, and if any man doubts it I'll"—But no one doubted it, and in ten minutes' time there was not a living soul within half a mile of the McQuaid house.

Class Re-Union.

A re-union of Arts and Science class '01 will be held on Monday evening, April 25th, at 22 Tobin Street, Halifax. Members purposing to attend should notify the undersigned of the same.

R. S. BOEHNER, President.
Pictou Academy.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA"

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Editorial.

It is a matter of some surprise that at the recent annual meeting of the University Students Council when, among other reports, that of the reading room committee came up, it was passed without discussion. Are the students of the University satisfied with the present arrangements? Does a reading-room containing the city morning papers, a half dozen local journals and a stray magazine or two meet all the needs of our under-graduates? If so, there is something wrong with our college life and college training. We think, however, that this is not a matter of indifference to the body of students and that, though it has been slow to find expression there is a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction with the character of what we are pleased to term the Reading-Room. Men have accepted the existing conditions and gone elsewhere for their reading. This should not be. In his college a man should have access to the leading Reviews, literary and scientific Journals of the day as well as the best newspapers, and not be compelled to depend upon the courtesy of outside societies. It has frequently been

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complained, rightly or wrongly, that Dalhousie students—Arts and Science men particularly—take little interest in public affairs, that hence arises the difficulty in keeping up Sodales, when even a debate on a live public question fails to bring out an audience, unless there is the added spice of rivalry over an inter-class contest. One reason is not far to seek. The man who comes to college with some interest in current thought and public affairs will find it slipping away in spite of him, when he has no convenient means of satisfying that interest. But the needs are apparent. How are they to be met?

In the first place we must have a room larger and better situated than the one used at present. Opening, as it does, on a corridor that is one of the busiest in the building and the favourite battleground of Freshmen and Sophomores it receives the overflow of every "scrim," and the man who has been fortunate enough to rescue a newspaper from the general disorder is somewhat interrupted in his reading, to say the least. Owing to the crowded condition of the building it is practically impossible for the Senate to provide better quarters. The solution of the difficulty, then, is to be found in the new Library Building. Let the committee who are drawing up the plans make provision for a suitable reading-room, with plenty of space and plenty of light. It could be connected with the Library proper and under the direct supervision of the librarian and his deputies who would be responsible for its care and the observance of order. It would, of course, be accessible to both sexes. It would be for reading purposes only and not a resort for the eternal loafer.

Given a room fitted for the purpose and the rest will follow. The student who reluctantly pays the annual levy for the support of the present pitiful substitute for a Reading Room will gladly pay a larger tax if he is to get value in return. An appeal for subscriptions to a permanent fund should meet with a ready response. At any rate, a comparatively small annual outlay will give us a well equipped Reading Room that will satisfy this most important need and be a credit to the University.

College Notes.

SODALES.—There was a small attendance at Sodales on Friday evening, February 26, to hear an interesting discussion on the Russian-Japanese war. The resolution was, "Resolved that the defeat of Russia by Japan would be in the interest of civilization." Messrs. Harlow and MacBain supported the resolution with clear forceful arguments. J. C. Barnett and C. J. Cumming made strong speeches for the negative side. A lively general discussion followed and brought to a close one of the best debates of the year.

SODALES LECTURE.—On the evening of March 11th, Attorney-General Longley lectured in the Munro Room on Joseph Howe. Dr. Forrest was in the chair.

Mr. Longley showed a thorough knowledge of his subject. Much interesting information was given regarding Howe's parentage, his boyhood, and his apprenticeship as printer's devil. The greater part of the lecture, however, was taken up—and justly—with his work of reform, and the lecturer spoke with genuine appreciation of Howe's steady resolute fight for responsible government. A number of anecdotes illustrative of his character were given in the lecturer's best style. Interesting extracts were also read from the advance notes of the lecturer's own biography of Howe, which is to appear shortly.

At the close of the lecture Dr. Saunders added some humorous reminiscences of Howe. A vote of thanks to the lecturer, moved by W. K. Power, and seconded by J. H. Charman, received the hearty approval of all present.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' COUNCIL.—The Spring meeting of the University Students' Council was held in the Munro Room on March 4th. Reports from Theatre Night and Reading Room committees were read and adopted. The following officers were then elected:

President: W. S. MacDonald, B. A.

Vice-Presidents: V. H. Shaw, A. R. MacBain, J. B. Morrow.

Secretary-Treasurer: A. S. Payzant.

Executive Committee: Messrs. Coffin, MacKenzie, Buckley and MacGillivray.

Reading Room: J. H. Charman, A. Moxon, C. T. Baillie.

The report of the Financial Editor of the GAZETTE for the previous year was read and adopted. C. J. Davis was elected Financial Editor for the coming year on the retirement of Hugh Miller. A unanimous vote of thanks to the various officers of the past year was passed.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURE.—On Sunday afternoon February 14th, Rev. Gordon Dickie (a Dalhousie graduate of '96), lectured in the Munro Room. Dr. MacMechan presided.

The subject of the lecture was "A Basis of Faith", and Mr. Dickie made a strong appeal for honesty in religious belief. He emphasized the importance of religious experience to the individual. The value of this experience he found to be internal not external; the essential thing being to know and to feel, rather than to subscribe.

Dr. MacMechan spoke in complimentary terms of the lecture, and extended to the lecturer the thanks of the students. Miss Brunt sang at the close.

The lecture which followed might very well be said to be a companion piece of the preceding one. It was given by Rev. M. A. MacKinnon, of Park Street, on February 28, and his subject was, "Is Pain a Reality." Dr. Walter Murray presided.

Throughout the lecturer emphasized the necessity of pain, but placed it in proper relation to life itself. In the physical world pain is nature's way of protecting life. At the basis of all moral improvement there is struggle, which involves pain. Sympathy is but another form of pain, giving unity to the many parts of life. God's supreme sympathy with man forms the basis of the atonement.

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough;
Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go."

Dr. Murray conveyed to the lecturer the heartily expressed thanks of the students. Mrs. Collier then sang "The Holy City" with fine expression.

PINE HILL RECEPTION.—On Friday evening, March 4th, the Professors and Students of Pine Hill College were at home to their friends. Dr. Pollok and Dr. Forrest opened with interesting addresses. The building was then thrown open to the visitors, and a pleasant time was spent examining the various souvenirs of the South Seas and elsewhere. Later on the supper table received due attention. An excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Slayter, Miss Farquhar, and the "Quartet" of college fame, and readings by Rev. Jas. Carruthers brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

HOCKEY.—Since last issue the remainder of the league games have been played, and the Law team is the winner of the series.

The following are the scores:

Team.	Won by.	Score.
Medicine vs. Arts '05-'07.....	Med.....	2—1.
Law vs. Arts '04-'06.....	Arts '04-'06.....	1—0.
Medicine vs. Arts '04-'06....	Draw.....	1—1.
Law vs. Arts '05-'07.....	Arts '05-'07.....	4—1.
Law vs. Medicine.....	Law.....	5—2.

The total scores are as follows: Law 17, Arts '04 13, Arts '05, 13, Med. 6,

D. A. A. C.—The D. A. A. C. has just completed one of the most successful years in its history. The interest in class games, both football and hockey, has been greater than ever before. The Football Team has justly earned the title of "English Rugby Champions of Eastern Canada," no slight honour, and one that reflects great credit on the Executive and Captain Dickie who so ably chose and managed the team. Financially, also, the year has been a success. In spite of the heavy expenses, incurred by the Montreal trip, the two sides of the cash account are about even.

At the regular annual meeting the following officers were elected:

Hon. President—President Forrest.
 President—Campbell Macdonald.
 Secretary—Chas. T. Baillie.

Treasurer—G. M. J. MacKay.

Executive—J. Rankine, B. A.; W. F. Carroll, B. A.; M. A. Lindsay, B. A.; H. Miller; Horace Dickey.

Auditors—W. M. Corbett, T. G. MacKenzie.

Trophy Com.—E. Church, H. A. Dickie.

Grounds Com.—R. T. MacIlreith, LL. B.; J. C. O'Mullin, LL. B.; J. A. MacKinnon, LL. B.

The agitation for a campus must not be allowed to cease. The reasons why Dalhousie *should* have a football field have been fully gone into. It remains for the club to support its new Executive in furthering the scheme. *Dalhousie must have a campus!*

Y. W. C. A.—The following are the officers of the Y.W.C.A. for 1904-05:

President—Minnie Spencer.

Vice-President—Anna MacLeod.

Recording-Secretary—Lottie L. Ross.

Corresponding-Secretary—Lina Grant.

Treasurer—Ethel Munro.

DELTA GAMMA—On Wednesday evening, March 2nd, the 1st and 2nd year girls entertained the Delta Gamma and their friends. Dr. Fraser, of the School for the Blind, kindly gave the use of a hall for the evening.

The entertainment consisted of scenes from Shakespeare. The acting, although that of amateurs, was cleverly done, and the interpretation of some of the difficult parts showed a clear conception of the characters presented.

Miss Sturmev, Miss Wood, and the Mandolin Trio from the Blind School delighted the audience with vocal and instrumental music during the interludes. Miss Sturmev's graceful and intricate Scotch dancing was also very much enjoyed.

A NEW BOOK.—The attention of the students of Dalhousie University is called to the following proposed literary venture on the part of Mr. E. Blackadder, M.A. in attendance at the Medical Faculty. Through the columns of the GAZETTE, student readers have been made acquainted with Mr. Blackadder as a writer of verse; but besides those pieces printed in local publications, a number of the productions of the above writer have appeared

in leading American Magazines, as well as in some well known collections of Canadian poetry, as for instance, Dr. T. H. Rand's "Treasury of Canadian Verse."

Mr. Blackadder now proposes to publish a volume of verse to consist of about two hundred pages, with first class cloth binding, and, in order to make matters secure, will follow the plan of obtaining a certain number of subscribers before publication, the subscription price to be fixed at one dollar payable on delivery of book. If three hundred subscribers at the above rate can be obtained, the work in hand will proceed and the volumes be in readiness by September of the current year. Students who are desirous of aiding in this plan can do so by giving their names and addresses to Messrs. Brunt and Johnstone MacKay.

Alumni Notes.

The GAZETTE extends congratulations to the Honourable Mr. Justice Fraser, on his appointment to the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. Judge Fraser is a B. A. of 1872, and was on the first Board of Editors of the old DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE. The present graduating class remember the lecture given, when they were freshmen, by Mr. D. C. Fraser, M. P., in the college. He has sat in the House of Commons for many years, representing Guysborough County in the Liberal interest. The GAZETTE cordially wishes one of its founders many years of useful work on the Bench.

Hugh Ross, LL.B., '96, of Ross, Ross & Macleod, has recently been appointed Recorder of the City of Sydney.

Miss Jeanette Cann, B. L., '02, has accepted a position on the staff of the High School at Victoria, B. C.

The GAZETTE congratulates Dr. A. F. Thomson, M. D., '98, upon his marriage to Miss Elsie Miller, of Elmsdale. Dr. Thomson has been a member of the Dawson City Council. He is going to spend a term in London at his studies.

A. D. Gunn, LL.B., '97, and D. F. Matheson, LL.B., '01, have formed the law firm of Gunn & Matheson, at Sydney.

Walter Crowe, LL.B., '86, and C. L. Moore, B. A., '91, are associated in the firm of Crowe & Moore, at Sydney.

J. McK. Cameron, T. J. N. Meagher, Law '04, and D. P. Floyd, of the same class were recently called to the Bar of Nova Scotia.

T. T. Fulton, B. A., '02, and Loran A. DeWolf, B. Sc., '02, read papers before the Mining Institute at Halifax recently.

J. L. Ralston, of the Law Class of '03, is a member of the legal firm of Logan, Jenks and Ralston, at Amherst.

Rev. W. T. Hallam, B. A., '01, is assistant to the Rector of the Parish of Lindsay, Ontario.

C. A. Myers, B. A., '00, who graduates from Knox College this year, will spend the summer in the North West Territories.

A. J. W. Myers, B. A., '02, is assistant to Rev. John Neil, Westminster Church, Toronto.

C. O. Main, B. A., '01, will spend the summer in British Columbia.

Dallusiensia.

Prof. Walter (to Philosophy Class in cold room) "I'll only keep you a little while, and then you may go to (*hesitatingly*) a warmer place."

Freshman McL— (newly elected Class President) "Well, I'm pretty sure all the girls voted for me!"

Miss G—y (thanking Freshman Class for office conferred upon her) "I'll help you every way I can except in scrim."

Prof.—"Very well then. I walked home to-day over these icy roads without falling, therefore I can do so every day."

Hill—"Yes, if you are in the same condition."

Dr. Clark says he didnt intend reporting Hill for holding him in Howard's room while the scrim was on, but "that cussed little Morrow" taunted him about it, while he "was standing among the other Professors."

The Big Chief is operating a Chinese Laundry on Edward Street. Best work done Saturday evenings.

McL—n, '07, (displaying his Latin) "If L—d J—n hadnt come downstairs so soon, there would have been need of a *post mortis* examination of some fellows."

Vice-President of Freshman Class (translating "Ich hab' ziven *frische* Augen") I have two *fresh* eyes.

Prof.—Nein! Two *Freshmen's* eyes.

Query: "Has Dannie McL—n eaten the doughnut yet?"

Medical School Warblers.

Freshies B—l—m and L—d—s—y (singing sweetly in hall)
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hark how the angels sing."

Prof. in Materia Medica (slamming door) "Dogs must howl you know."

Great applause from Sophs.

Rules for the Guidance of Candidates taking Oral Exams in Medicine:—

I.

Previous to the Exam., get your hair cut. This not only clears your intellect, but improves your appearance. Most of the examiners will not have long hair.

II.

On taking your place at the table, if you wish to gain time, feign to be intensely frightened. One of the examiners will then rise to give you a tumbler of water, which you may with good effect, rattle tremulously against your teeth when drinking. This may possibly lead them to excuse bad answers on the score of extreme nervousness.

Endeavor to assume an off-hand manner in answering; and when you have stated any pathological fact—right or wrong—*stick to it*; if they want a case for example invent one "That happened when you were home for your holidays." This assumed confidence will sometimes bother them. There was once a student who swore that he gave large doses of opium in a case of concussion of the brain, and that the patient never required any other treatment. It was true—he never did.

A DREAM.

The other night I had a terrible dream and woke up all trembling. This is what I dreamed:

I seemed to see a class room filled with row upon row of girls, pretty girls, ugly girls, blue-eyed and black-eyed and all giggling. As I looked, each girl leaned forward and carefully

and scientifically chalked the bottom of the chair in the vacant row before her. Presently the door opened and they began to tramp and bang their books on the desks and make a great racket. Then I saw a few of our fellows come in, blushing to the roots of their hair and carefully keeping their eyes front. As soon as they were seated, each girl in the second bench put her feet on the chair of the boy in front of her, and shook it steadily, till, in my dream, I wondered if it didn't make him nervous.

And I seemed to hear a girl translating and she translated and said:—"The men growled and scolded." Then she whispered to her neighbor in an audible and superior whisper:—"All men do that; it's the most foolish thing in the world." And her neighbor giggled and said:—"Let's toss a note ahead," and the girl who had translated said:—"Go on, I dare you to do it;" so the other girl giggled and did it. But the youth to whom it was tossed seemed to take no notice of it, and she said—"Wonder if he can read?" And her neighbor whispered back:—"Don't believe it; let's blow the note." And they blew it and blew it, till it flew off the desk at the feet of the Professor. Then each girl leaned forward and was just about to chalk the dark coat before her when I awoke. And it was only a dream. Now what do you suppose made me dream that dream?

FABRICIUS.

Acknowledgments.

A. McG. Young, B. A., \$5.00; Miss Mary McKenzie, \$4.00; Rev. A. F. Robb, C. M. Pasea, B. A., \$3.00; Dr. W. P. Reynolds, Miss Gerrard, Miss Alice Gladwin, D. D. McCurdy Rev. Jas. McDougall, Rev. P. M. McDonald, C. A. Myers, M.A., \$2.00; W. Smith, Miss N. K. MacKay, J. McK. Cameron, Miss Spencer, Miss Alice Haverstock, Miss E. M. Burris, W. M. Grant, M. A., Miss W. B. Williams, F. A. Grant, Dr. J. L. Cock, W. C. Stapleton, Miss Hennigar, Miss Crichton, Miss Katherine McKay, Cam. McDonald, Rev. J. G. A. Colqohoun, Miss G. C. Read, Miss Blackwood, Robt. Landlls, B.A., C. Munro, R. A. Squires, LL.B., C. W. Coffin, B.A., J. Stuart Carruthers, Dr. A. M. Hebb, C. W. Neish, Miss Dalmeny, Miller, Miss Stanfield, Miss Bayer, Miss Susan Stairs, \$1.00 each.


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