

nation, the chairman resigned his position, leaving the affairs of the committee in a most unsatisfactory state. A new chairman was appointed in his stead, and the society felt there was ample excuse for reasonable delays; but we have no words of praise for the committee as now constituted. A tree is known by its fruits. And certainly their labors are rich only in negative results. It is somewhat singular that there should be such difficulty in finding persons to "accept the honor" of lecturing before the society? Why not try a change in the tactics? However, in fairness, the committee should receive credit for what they have accomplished. We believe Mr. J. F. L. Parsons, of Halifax, has consented to deliver the Dec. lecture and we trust this success will be the earnest of better things next term.

FUTURE generations will doubtless record as one of the most amusing characteristics of the nineteenth century, the prevalence of that superstitious element among the people which allowed them to tolerate an almost innumerable host of would-be prophets. Mother Shipton has done her share toward terrifying the ignorant of our times, while Vennor and a countless throng of the same stamp are troubling themselves and imposing upon others by their attempts to foretell the course of nature. The latest seer, however, does not concern himself with the weather, nor with the end of the world, but with the future of higher education. The present system, he tells us, must fall, and will be supplanted by one which shall educate not only the brain, but "the wonderful human hand" at the same time. We cannot withstand the temptation of giving our readers a further insight into the matter, and this we do in the exact words of prophecy:—"I have in my mind's eye a glorious university completely organized and equipped to afford an education such as the future man will be given. It looks not at all like Oxford or Cambridge or even like Harvard. It looks more like a factory village situated in the midst of a finely cultivated farm of one thousand acres with beautiful gardens and parks, the whole the centre of a thriving industry such as our factory villages might be, must be, shall and are just going to be, for man will not long be the submissive vassal that he is now. This university of mine shall have a chime of bells which at six a.m. summons two thousand men to rise and cast off sloth and put on workingmen's clothes and prepare for labor. At seven they are

in their different shops, workers in wood, in metals, in leather, in stone, in hemp, in cotton, in flax, in wool. For three hours they labor, being held to a strict account for the use or abuse of tools material and time. In summer a portion of each day is spent by all upon the land, so that all may have insight, some practical knowledge of farming, of horses, of cattle, of the dairy, the garden, the orchard. At ten all this is over, except in harvest time or other periods of pressure. The chimes now send these workmen to their rooms, where they remove the dress and the garments of manual labor and come out to class and remain all day university students. Separated from the soil with its various handicrafts, man never yet has succeeded in thriving. At best, without it, he is a potted plant and some of the pots are miserably small."

#### ARTHUR H. HALLAM.

Doubtless not a few, in reading that "threnody of infinite sadness," *In Memoriam*, have paused and wondered what the meaning of the mysterious letters A. H. H. could be; to whose memory such a perennial tribute could have been paid. Some have thought of a man who by industry and zeal had contributed something to the world's knowledge which has won for him a name; some, possibly, have thought of some great man of ancient times—great in literature, great in arms, whose works, the inspiring source of future ages, have rendered him worthy of such an immortal tribute; others, perhaps, have conceived some mythical hero and have laid aside the volume ignorant of the rounded man whose memory it sings. Few, however, have any definite knowledge of Arthur Hallam, the early splendour of whose genius is still cherished by a sorrowing nation, and upon whose grave Tennyson has laid a poem, which will never let his ashes be forgotten, or his memory fade like that of common clay.

Arthur Hallam was born in Bedford Place, London, on the 1st of February, 1811. The eldest son of Henry Hallam, the eminent historian and critic, his earliest years had every advantage which culture and moral excellence could convey. At twelve years of age he went to Eton, where he studied nearly five years. According to the usual test of that place he was not reckoned a first rate Latin student, for his mind had a predominant bias towards English Literature, and there he lingered among the exhaustless fountains of the earlier