

Dr Schurman, previous to the delivery of his lecture on "Milton, the Genius of English Puritanism," at Halifax, agreeably surprised his class in Literature, by reading the greater part of this paper. Space does not permit to make a review of it, but suffice it to say that some passages were applauded, and the class was confirmed in the belief that Dalhousie students would enjoy a treat.

The following was handed to us, and we infer from the tone that it was contributed by some of our fair friends.

Reply to poetry (?) in ATHENÆUM.—"Why do not more of our young men get married?" asks a recent writer. Whist! till we tell him. There isn't more than about one young man in ten worth marrying, and the girls are finding it out.

[Good,—but this sounds like the old fable of the *Fox and the Grapes*. And if your conclusion be true, 'tis a lesson which the girls are long in learning.—EDS.]

The Annual Report of the Schools of New Brunswick has been forwarded to us. The statistics show the number of schools for the *Summer Term*, 1880, to be 1,368—decrease 36; the number of teachers, 1,410—decrease, 23; the number of pupils, 52,739—decrease, 3,977. For the *Winter term*, 1881, the number of schools was 1,297—increase 14; the number of teachers, 1,356—increase 23; the number of pupils in attendance, 49,550—decrease, 758. The *General Report* says:—Indeed, it has never been my privilege to witness so universal and successful a movement, having for its aim the securing of the proper subjects of school instruction, the best order of their study and truly educative methods of dealing with them in the daily lessons of the school-room.

When a fly tickles one he generally brushes it off; it is some feeling of this kind that causes the ATHENÆUM to "usually have something to say about the *Gazette*." Again you have fled to your accustomed resort, the *Argumentum ad hominem*; again you accuse us of untruthfulness, while the fault is in your looking at us through the dim light of a *puerile Judgment*. You say, "In the criticism the ATHENÆUM bestowed on us, we find nothing to which to reply." Have you not found this your difficulty throughout, and tried to extricate yourselves by hurling, as you thought, daggers at the editors of the ATHENÆUM? The last quoted words sound weak and faint as the wail of a sickly infant, and your attempted criticism throughout was *flat*,—a type, doubtless, of the *men* who wrote it. In your last we shall look for a farewell "blow," and perhaps a requiem for that *faithful staff* who have tried to hold the helm of Dalhousie through the turbulent waters. Vale! Vale!

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes:
Bowing low to wealth and favor,
With abject uncovered head,
Ready to retreat or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
Just the thing that he must lack.

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—Backbone.—*Grip.*