

placed a lamp, whose heavenly rays point out the way of right, and with equal clearness show the wrong, men's minds have changed, and Cromwell now is held in praise, as well he should be. Then wonder at him, and, living in his atmosphere, learn *earnestness, sincerity and truth*. Wonder at Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. Dante, in whom "ten silent centuries found a voice;" Shakespeare, the chief of poets, with his all-seeing intellect; Milton, the intellectual, the sublime, the most melodious singer e'er yet listened to by man. Read of Luther and Knox. Examine their lives and learn bravery. Be inspired by their example and become in a degree great. Look at the successful business men of to-day and learn *perseverance and integrity*. Become familiar with modern statesmen, with Gladstone and Bismarck, an unsullied name and an iron will.

But we are not forced to draw our inspiration from human sources alone. Humanity is weak even in greatness, and may contaminate as well as purify. Everything about us contains food for reflection. All that is necessary is to go *deep* enough, and to keep at it *long* enough. Look at the heavens above and the earth beneath, the dry land and the sea, all created by the Infinite and placed within the knowledge of man. Marvel at these and strive to live a life worthy the ruler of such a domain. Strange things and wonderful are written in the blue vault of heaven. The sun, the moon and the stars all speak clearly of divinity. The earth, throbbing with life, is more than a study for anyone. Both the sea and the dry land speak of power and wealth. Each teems with life—"life radiant, ecstatic, wonderful." The mountains lifting up their thunder-blasted brows point men away to higher things. The rivers rolling on toward the sea show us that we too are moving to a larger place. And everything created points with finger plain unto its maker. Then why not spend a lifetime wondering at Him whose slightest nod made marvels? wondering at Him who created out of nothing, who breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of man and formed a living soul? wondering at Him to whom eternity looked for creation, and because of whom all things now live?

It is said that "the wellspring of wisdom is as a flowing brook." Its channel is the universe, its banks the boundaries of our vision. We find it not confined to one place, but wherever we choose to look. Then what excuse is there for one who loiters through a lifetime, squandering precious days that, rightly used, would add to his possession stores of countless wealth? The excuses of the village loafer and the college drone alike are valueless. "Keep but ever looking" and you will find "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." An open book lies before us all. It is for each to decide whether to read and get wisdom, or to let it alone, and so pass through life cursed with the want of enthusiasm.

EXCHANGES.

The first paper we find on our table is the Centenary Number of *King's College Record*, which came to hand during the summer vacation. It is neat in mechanical get up. "Windsor as a University Town," "Our College Clubs and Societies," and a biographical sketch of THE FACULTY are of more than ordinary interest.

A special number of the *University Monthly* is early to hand. "A Maritime Province University" from the pen of W. F. Ganong, of Harvard, is worthy of consideration. The writer proposes for our Maritime Colleges, a system similar to that adopted by many of the European Universities, viz., a uniform standard of Matriculation, Graduation, and Honors, the degrees to come from the different colleges collectively under the name of the *Maritime Province University*.

The *Monthly* evidently does not believe in the "Sun's" proposal. Stand by your University, Eds., but let not the sanctum be pervaded by the delusive thought that, should the University be abolished, the province must in consequence be brought to such a dire contingency. A little comparison—though comparisons are odious—would admit some new light.

The *Arctosy*, under its new management, is quite up to its usual high standard of excellence.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* appears in a becoming new dress. It has made some changes, by virtue of which the claims of each department can be advocated to better advantage.

We are glad to greet the *Varsity* again. It is looking well and vigorous after its extended vacation.

CELESTIAL MURMURINGS.

Ho-ang-Ho!—or the Lochaber Huanlan.

Perpetual Motion—or spurr-wheeled Bill.

Khartoum unearthed—or the joker's target restored.

The Old Maid of Lee—or the Honorable Commoner.

Yank T(s)ing Nahant—or the Chinese idol.

Fred June—or the cyclodierm specialist.

The Wandering Jew—or the Parkdale peddler.

Thaumaturgus of the L—or the ascetic Digby chick.