

From The President

A Christmas Message

It is a pleasure to extend to all readers of the *Gazette*, who will include all students at Dalhousie, my warmest greetings in anticipation of the Christmas season and my most sincere good wishes for the New Year.

In our arrangement of the session, it is inevitable that students' thoughts at this juncture should be preoccupied with the forthcoming examinations. Rather than dwell upon the more rigorous aspects of your studies, I prefer to express the hope that most of you will be able to enter with a sense of accomplishment upon an interval of well-earned rest.

The great majority of you, I know, will have the privilege of spending the holiday with your families, and I trust that all will have an opportunity for making or renewing the friendships whose spirit is traditional to the season. I hope also that you will find some leisure for quiet thought and the reappraisal of intellectual and spiritual values that is sometimes lacking under the pressure of daily tasks, and that you will return refreshed and encouraged to meet the challenge of the New Year.

I join with my colleagues in the prayer that 1959 will bring you a full measure of health, happiness and success.

(Signed) A. E. KERR,
President.

The Hopes and Fears of All The Years

by REV. H. F. SKOUTAJAN
University Chaplain

Christians will sing creeds and declarations that they will not say. They make confessions with a tune that they would not dream of making in plain speech. Never is this double standard so eagerly, even flagrantly invoked as at Christmas. Then in carol and hymn, we happily chant all the lovely poetry and legend of the occasion, agreeing at the top of our lungs to the statements that in sober discourse we would at least want to discuss before affirming.

We hymn the little town of Bethlehem, for instance. We see how still it lies; "above the deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by. Yet in thy dar streets shineth the everlasting Light; the Hopes and Fears of all the Years are met in thee tonight."

"Hopes and Fears", here at last are two words untheological and strikingly familiar to us. When we talk about hopes and fears we are finally on familiar ground. Here at last are words that even the most unreligious of us know the meaning of. Student, teacher, labourer, manager, father, mother or child, all have a keen sense of the meaning of the words **Hope** and **Fear**. We all have desires and needs and the prospect of having them fulfilled gives us **Hope** and the chance

they may remain unfulfilled brings **Fear**.

But what of this claim that these **Hopes** and **Fears** are finally met and dealt with in that first Christmas. Here we do not mean the hopes of receiving as gift something that we can really use or the fears of receiving and unexpected gift for which we will have to send another in return. What the hymn means and what we affirm when we sing the carol is that on the first Christmas night something happened that was world shaking, something happened that has bearing on the most profound matters of life.

Certainly all our fears and all our hopes are not the same, for we all desire and need different things. Therefore it seems difficult for us to say that there is any one thing, or any one event which can meet with all these fears and hopes. The variety in our fretting and in our yearning is as multiform and many shaded as is our humanity itself. But trace all the fears back far enough and follow all the hopes ahead to their end, and the hopes and fears of all the years are always about the reality and the significance of life.

Has life meaning? Is there a goal toward which we might struggle or something for which

we might strive or is it a ceaseless effort of trying to fulfill the so called baser animal instincts. Am I something of value? Have I any relationship to the ultimate reality? The ultimate fear is the fear of meaninglessness and the ultimate hope is that there is a God who loves us and cares for us.

The hopes and fears of all the years were met on that Christmas night when God manifested himself in Christ. For those who believe that that is so, Hope is kindled. They see a new world, a world of meaning, they are filled with a new expectancy because love never rests but is active always. Life then is no meaningless period of consciousness, no cruel accident but the beginning of an eternal relationship between man and his Creator.

This, then, is Christmas, a joyful day of remembrance of the revelation of God in man. In a world plagued by wars, to a fugitive folk, to a materialistic society, to a self glorifying people who have lost all sense of belonging and who have followed themselves in their own self-importance, the startling bursting in of Christ into history is the supreme joy, source of all Hope and end of all Fear. The Hopes and Fears of all the years are met in thee to-night.



Nov. 14
Did rise and early betake me to the **College-by-the-Sea**. To the Coffee House but with little cheer, for those entering made it known that the **Plague List** was posted. Did hasten to it—a list of various **Horrid Maladies**, of every humour, of which divers found themselves to be suffering. Many turned pale and did

betake themselves immediately to **Quarantine**, but others, fortifying themselves, declared it their intention to wait until the Disease became more Acute.

Nov. 19
In the evening to light **Entertainment**. **New Revels** held, in which various players did joust for a

Shield. Many new masques displayed. Finally announced, amid much suspense, that **Gone Cracker** had won the **Shield**, while **Christmas Lark** and **Cigordon Pale** did also receive honours and acclaim.

Nov. 25
Did betake me to the **Old Bailey**, there to hear disputants from afar

discuss a serious case with legal men from the City. Although the foreign orators overwhelmed all with their earnest speech, our forsenic **Fellows** succeeded, albeit narrowly, in winning the case. Much felicitation, amid hospitality from **Alasandalack**. The orators from afar did come from **Youcanbe**, **Minkstreams** domain, and I questioned them eargerly about their academy. Congratulated all profusely, our own orators also, fiery **Pick Moneyworth** and **Lawyer Fish**. In the evening did fall to medita-

ting that a month today was Christmas tide. As I passed the **Jam Palace**, the inmates chanted carols, a joyous sound, and brought Sad Thoughts to the mind.

Did fall despondent, then doleful . . . feeling fevered, discovered I did suffer from several of the **Diseases** about, and the time of the moon being such it could not be cured much before Christmas. And so go **Quarantine**.

A Merry Yule to All . . .

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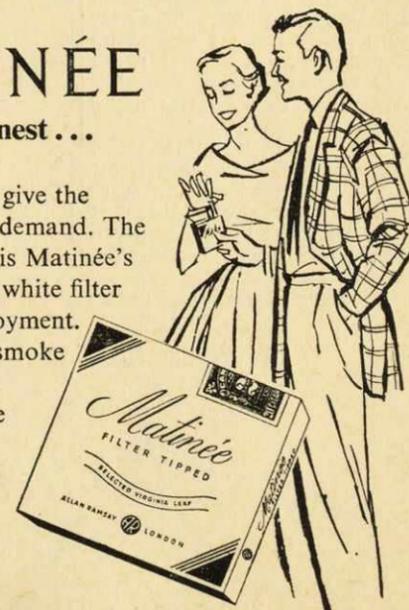
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