

influence, always for good. Those of his class will miss the warmth of his presence, and those who knew him well will long have in mind his kindness and gentleness, and the free use he made of his many social and intellectual talents, and they will mourn for him for their own sake and for the sake of the friends more near to him.

In his death he was a hero. There is little doubt that he could have saved his life had he been willing to sacrifice that of the lady who was with him. He died as he had lived, kindly and brave. He died lamented and honoured to an extent not less than he could have been had he lived to the allotted span of three score and ten years.

#### FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

Drowsily McGill blinks her eyes and awakes from her summer slumber. Back to her halls flock the students, brown and merry after the long vacation. She numbers them, and some are missing; for the full-fledged brood of '88 have soared far from the protecting shadow of her East Wing. Two have entered other universities. One over the border, will even tually add Ph. D. to her well won B.A. The other, first girl graduate to adopt the medical profession, still sees from her college window the waters of our own St. Lawrence. One, in a quiet Ontario village, fills a position both useful and honorable—that of a "Country parson's" wife; while her companion of former years strives to master the works of great musicians and German poets, by the blue Rhone, and historic lake Leman. Another is teaching in the seagirt capital of one of the Maritime provinces. Three still remain at home. Here, in our lonely and much-loved city, they, too, will find many opportunities wherein to bank their golden talents.

Fondly McGill cherishes the memory of the eight girls whose picture hangs in her reading room; ever will she watch with anxious eyes their future life work; and they, although now among new scenes and interests, will ever continue to love and reverence their *Alma Mater*.

There are 33 undergraduates attending lectures in the Donalds department. One in the second year, who has not yet returned, intends to do so, and five partials taking full first year work will matriculate at Christmas. This makes a total of 39 ladies reading for the degree of B.A. 36 partials and occasional bring the complete list up to 75. Last session our roll numbered 102; of these but 21 were undergraduates.

Recently, the lady students in the several years elected their officers, with the following result:—

4th year.....	Pres.....	Miss Squire.
".....	Vice Pres.....	" Wilson.
".....	Sec.....	" Reid.
3rd year.....	Pres.....	" Abbott.
".....	Vice Pres.....	" Henderson.
".....	Sec.....	" Williams.
2nd year.....	Pres.....	" Hall.
".....	Sec.....	" Mew rt.
1st year.....	Pres.....	" Pitcher.
".....	Vice Pres.....	" Raynes.
".....	Sec.....	" Campbell.

We are glad to welcome to the East Wing quite a number of new students from the country.

#### Societies.

The Natural History Society of Montreal has among its members a large University element, and some account of the Autumn Field Day at Abbotsford, the hospitable residence of Mr. Chas. Gibb, will be of interest in THE GAZETTE:

When the excursionists left the Canadian Pacific depot at 7.45 in the morning, of 29th September, the three special cars to convey the party contained over one hundred and thirty passengers.

Nothing could be finer than the morning, cool and clear, just fitting for sealing hedges and leaping from rock to rock, with massing clouds and the sun breaking through the grey of an autumn sky and spreading over the shorn fields in a flood of yellow light. The trip carried the scientific ones over the new bridge, with Laehine on one side and the Indian village on the other, where a dusky maiden was seen standing knee deep in ferns, shading her eyes with one well-shaped arm; past great heaps of stored fruits, and workers in the field, over the limestone formation of the island of Montreal, the succeeding Utica shales, Chazy and Potsdam series, but never past the light and shade that lurk on the hills and the soft colors that September brings to wooded slopes. Here and there were huge boulders of granite and gneiss standing as everlasting memorials of glacial days, but the interpretation of such marks as these is in itself a landmark of an age as wonderful as any which geology recounts. These marks are printed deep in civilization and will last when rocks and cliffs have weathered away. Every scientific effort is placing a mark to show what manner of men lived in these days, and it is no small thing to have contributed to this end. This, the Natural History Society is doing, but it is working not so much for the future as to direct the tendencies of its members to that work. It aims to place them in connection and harmony with the long foretime that the development of every plant and animal reveals, and that there is a far reaching purpose in every event leading to a better understanding of the condition of things in which we find ourselves.

At 11 o'clock Abbotsford was reached and the party met by Mr. Gibb, who, in addition to the things to be spoken of presently, captivated every one by his artless honesty and straightforward earnest generosity. They understood what he meant when he said simply "Some one had to go to Russia, and I went." The road leading up to his residence was lined on both sides with flags that led into a perfect forest of fruit trees. On one side was a nursery containing from two to five specimens of one hundred kinds of Russian and German apple trees, upon which experiments are being made as to their adaptability to Canadian conditions of soil, temperature and moisture. Of ornamental trees, Mr. Gibb has two hundred species and varieties not natives of Quebec, and one very fine cut leaved alder was shown. There are also twenty varieties of Russian pear which have grown rapidly but have not fruited as yet, and twenty-five from eastern Europe which promise to prove hardy, and some species of dwarf cherry from the same place, the fruit of