

## CLORINDA.

Clorinda, could my fancy bear  
 An image more serenely fair,  
 And more majestic than thine,  
 Methinks that maid must be divine;  
 The beauty on thy burnished brow  
 That lingers like an angel's vow,  
 And in the tangles of thy tress,  
 If nothing more is nothing less,  
 Now while my lyre is lifted high,  
 And o'er the chords my fingers fly,  
 Give me to grasp a theme divine,  
 A maid whose beauty beams like thine;  
 Her blush is like the dawn of day,  
 Her lips are like the rose in May,  
 Her smile is like the noon-day sun,  
 Her eye like eve when day is done,  
 The waves around the rocks that roar,  
 Or break in billows on the shore;  
 The wavelets on the sea that sweep,  
 Or dance in dimples on the deep;  
 Are vocal with a voice which tells  
 The flowers that flourish in the dells,  
 That howsoever fair they be  
 Their beauty is surpassed by thee.

## MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of this Society was held on Saturday evening, the 12th ult., the President in the chair.

Mr. Mills began the evening's proceedings by reading an original paper on "The Two Valedictorians," satirizing the style now so characteristic of Commencement Day in most of our colleges. The satire will be found in another column. Our reporter regrets that he was unable to copy Mr. Mills' style of delivery, which he assures us added much to the effect of this piece.

Mr. Vineberg followed with a paper on a very complicated and interesting case of Polypus, lately seen at the Montreal General Hospital. Mr. Vineberg's ideas on this subject evinced much care and study, and received the well-merited applause of the Society. Dr. Osler, chairman of the committee appointed to revise the laws of the constitution, reported progress, and the new constitution will be laid before the Society at its next regular meeting.

## PERSONAL.

—Dibblee, '80, is ill with typhoid fever.

—Rutherford, '78, has been obliged to discontinue his studies owing to ill-health.

—Dr. Osler has returned from his visit to New York. While there, he read a paper before the Pathological Society of that city.

## CLIPPINGS.

—Sleepy Senior, (listening to the sweet strains of "Pull for the Shore," proceeding from the next room)—"I wish those fellows in there wouldn't sing that boat-song every Sunday morning."

Senior of commanding appearance, to landlady.—"Who's that green looking chap over there?" Landlady, modestly—"Only my cousin from the country, sir."—*Dal. Gazette.*

*Scene in Chemical Laboratory.* Student, (giving formula)—"It must be right because it says so on the bottle." Prof.—"My friend, bottles often mislead people."—*Ex.*

Prof.—"Do you recollect meeting a passage similar to this before?" Soph, after reflection, and quite confidently—"In the Odyssey, sir." Prof.—"Hardly, it occurs only in the Bible." Laughter.—*Orient.*

A few days before his marriage, the former Tripoli manager whiled away the hour he should have spent in Greek exegesis singing "Almost Persuaded." Class and professor below smiled in sympathy.—*Tripoli.*

A skeptic, in talking about Adam, was nonplussed by his opponent's asking him what his other name? Such might have been the question of Professor—, when a fourth-year man who has made our debating-room echo, introduced his friend as Mr. R—R—R.

Prof. O., to a new-comer.—"What is the gender of ovum?" J.—"It is neuter, sir; no, it is masculine; no can't tell what it is." Prof. O.—"Why can't you tell?" J.—"Why sir, you can't tell the gender till it is hatched, for it may be a rooster or a hen."

*Scene: Oyster Supper; Inquiring Freshie.*—"Are the pearls found in the common oyster regarded as gems?" Learned senior.—"Certainly." Freshie.—"In what part of the beast do they grow?" Senior.—"Just between the fore-feet."—*Tripoli.*

*1st Scene: Latin room; time 11.59 a.m.* Freshman reading at sight from Pliny's letters comes to the sentence, "*Jam vero liberi tres duo mares, quos,*" etc. Translates,—"*now he had three children, two,*"—hesitates and says—"I don't know what '*mures*' means, Professor." Prof. kindly inquires,—"*Does anyone know what the meaning of that word is?*" A.—"*h* looks intelligent—"It means '*horses*' doesn't it, professor?"—*Dartmouth.*

Oh! when will the Freshmen change from green

To some more brilliant hue?

Oh! when will the Sophomores cease to tell

Professors what to do?

Oh! when will the juniors quit the girls'

And act like little men?

Oh! when will Seniors all agree

On class elections, when?

—*Rochester Campus.*