

AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

The wind bloweth where it listeth.

We cannot err in beginning with a Scriptural word, and we have chosen this particular quotation because it illustrates the privilege we claim within this column—the privilege of the wind which bloweth where it listeth. We intend, with your permission, and within certain bounds, to talk of what we will and in what manner. It is such a determination that we have striven to emphasize our title: as we please and you listen.

There was somewhat of striving about the matter. A column must be christened like everything else, but it is easier to denominate an hundred children than one column—provided you wish to combine in the name, the suitable, the serious, the unpretentious, the unappropriated, the unique. It might be a matter of doubt, in this era with its rampant literary epidemic, whether there are or not more columns than children in the world. In naming his family, a conservative parent once resorted to the following simple expedient: thinking William to be the finest name a man could bear, and Mary that most proper to a woman, he adopted the royal plan, and called his five sons William I, II., III., IV. and V., respectively, and his five daughters, likewise, Marys. We were more ambitious than he, and our search for the elusive appellation was prolonged in failure. Without any hesitation we dismissed the legions of stereotyped *Onlookers*, *Ramblers*, *Spectators*, *Critics*, *Bystanders*, *Observers*, and other personages loquacious or non-committal. Neither did we find any attraction in the *Editor's Drawer*, the *Library Table*, *Stray Topics*, or *What Next*. About the *Point of View*, there was a certain latitudinarianism which pleased us, but it has already, like the others, been monopolized, and we decided against it. Continuing, we lost ourselves in a wilderness of names. Our judgment refused to guide us, and we entertained, momentarily, ideas, not only whimsical, but absurd. *The Polygon* was suggested as expressive of our all-sidedness, and we were not conscious of anything amiss, till some one pointed out its similarity of sound to the name of an aquatic animal of no high social standing. At length, wearied out, we took refuge in *The Easy Chair*, and, despite the liability, remarked again by *some one*, of a degeneration into an *Invalid Chair*, we would probably have remained there, had not our dulled perceptions been suddenly thrilled by the remembrance of one* who has so lately occupied "The Easy Chair." An occupant, for the love of whom, every man, and still more every woman, should preserve it sacred.

That which we have really had in view, however, was a re-incarnation of the "Round the Table," which appeared in THE VARSITY of yore. If anyone has in his possession a file of THE VARSITY for the four or five years preceding its decay and resurrection as a purely undergraduate journal, let him glance over some of the numbers. He will find in "Round the Table," paragraphs, and criticisms, and conceits, which could only have proceeded from appreciative minds, original faculties, facile pens. A like thing we cannot revive, neither in title, for it would be a misnomer; nor in quality, for it would be impossible. The table is gone with those fine spirits that sat around it. They are as unknown to our younger generation as dim Old Moss Hall, wherein they made their sanctum. Yet there is a permanence about us that escapes the wreck of time. There is a something in us not susceptible of desuetude. We leave behind us an impalpable presence stronger than tradition, and what we have been must always help or hurt the ones that are to be. The events of life are not like the colored forms in a kaleidoscope, which are destroyed and shaken out of shape, but they are rather like the long threads woven into a continuous web, which constantly are shading newer patterns.

* George William Curtis, in *Harper's Magazine*.

And to those men, who once were here where we are, and who have now passed on in their divergent courses, we owe the impulse that we feel to try to gain their standard.

It is becoming in the people of a present to turn with reverence to the past. But in looking backward, while they discover much that causes wonder, praise and admiration, they see also very often things that foster in them a pharisaical thankfulness. We of to-day cannot but rejoice that we are here to see the University expanding not only by affiliation, but by a steady, inner growth. It is a broad and generous institution recognizing neither "bond nor free, male nor female," but holding all as one in the desire after strength and understanding. And few of us ever pass its carven portal without a quickening hope of whither it may lead.

MEDICAL NOTES.

The Toronto School of Medicine opens this year its sixth session since the re-establishment of the faculty under unusually bright auspices. A larger number of freshmen have registered than at this time last year, and if face and form have any significance they will distinguish themselves before they graduate. The osteological store-room has been furnished with a large quantity of new material; it is proposed to give each first year student a bone for examination during the "bone grinds." A case of new models has been added to the reading-room, and many other improvements have been made during the summer. It also affords us pleasure to congratulate the new members of the faculty and others who are occupying new positions.

The formal opening of the session took place last Monday evening in the Biological Department, when Professor Oldright lectured to a large audience composed of members of the faculty, lady and gentleman friends of the school and a large majority of the students. The lecturer, while carefully avoiding the questions on which the recent senate elections have turned, made a strong plea for state aid in medical education. Incidentally he described the protective measures against cholera now used, and urged the necessity of disinfecting the money of those exposed to infectious diseases. Dean Aikins presided with his usual grace and dignity.

His many student friends will regret to learn of the death of Mrs (Rev.) J. M. Hodson, sister of Mr. M. Currie, B.A. Mr. and Mrs. Hodson were travelling in Europe, when the latter was taken ill in Paris and died in a few days. The body has been brought home for burial, and Mr. Currie will join his class in a few days.

The old school, with its newly painted doors and new floor, has been smiling welcome all week. Nearly all the boys are back.

These items, at the beginning of our term, would be incomplete were reference not made to the inventive genius of our janitor, as displayed in his recent patent. It is to be hoped that many of this year's graduating class will soon be in a position where necessity will compel them to invest. No invention of the kind could be more useful or complete in all its details.

The first meeting of the Medical Y. M. C. A. was held on Saturday evening, and it was decided that the society give a reception, as soon as it could be arranged, to the students of both schools—or rather all three schools. Doubtless further notice of it will be given.

The final students were especially glad to see Prof. J. H. Richardson back again in the old school, looking younger and fresher than ever. His unswerving allegiance to truth and duty, and his many kindnesses, coupled with his unflinching interest in their success, have endeared him to every pupil in the successive classes.