

night is that with the growth of McGill the faculties might become so large that the affair would be unmanageable from the masses being unwieldy. We have not, however, arrived at this condition of things yet. But the principal object of the writer just now is to enquire whether a *theatre night* is the best for either a university or faculty annual gathering of students "on pleasure bent."

The fact that a considerable number of the students and a probably larger proportion of the parents are strongly opposed to the theatre as an institution is a serious consideration in connection with any proposal for its endorsement by the University.

It is known that some of the professors, who would like to join with the students in their pleasures, have refrained from attending students' night, because of the belief that by so doing they would seem to endorse the theatre as an institution, and thus run foul of the conscientious convictions of the parents who have entrusted, in a measure at least, their sons to their care. Some of these very professors believe themselves in the theatre as an institution that may, and as regards certain presentations does actually, tend to good. They believe that Hamlet, Macbeth and indeed most of Shakspeare's plays, with others put on the stage, are great moral levers, doing a work that neither the pulpit nor any other existing institution can equally well accomplish. Nevertheless, they cannot but respect the views of those to whom they are so peculiarly related as the parents of the students.

Is it not possible to select a mode of celebrating Students' Night which will be entirely beyond cavil, and will heartily commend itself to all? At present the students have little or no selecting power as to the play they shall witness. At all events, it is quite a subordinate part of that long series of somethings not very easy to define which make up that unique institution—Students' Night. The music will be conceded first place. Why not then let this students' institution follow entirely its natural lines of development, untrammelled by the accidental and foreign element of a play, on which the student's part is attempted to be grafted with but indifferent success for both, and change the theatre night into a concert night?

By such a change the students could develop an institution that would be entirely in harmony with their own views, traditions and feelings, and to which no one could raise reasonable objection.

Various athletic organizations in this city have held concerts, in which the genius of their own peculiar institution was admirably reflected, especially in their music. Students' music is susceptible of great development, as witness the results in Germany; while amongst ourselves, the advances in this direction are to me one of the best assurances of the progress students are making in the ethical and æsthetic. Imbued then as a solution of the problem which is before us, a University Students' Concert Night, using the term "concert" in a somewhat free sense, so as to include, if thought desirable, other features not strictly musical.

WESLEY MILLS.

#### AT MISSION SAN JOSÉ.

MOONLIGHT ON THE VIRGIN, San José, Cal., 1892.

The sleeping moonlight lingers  
On Thy shrine at San José;  
The tender velvet shadows  
Shroud the rigor of decay,

While shafts of palest silver  
With soft, caressing grace  
Bend o'er Thy ruined altar  
And light Thy Holy face.

The patient hands that carved Thee  
Long have crumbled into dust;  
Thy chalice bowl hath yielded  
To the ravages of rust;

And they who knelt before Thee  
In the days of long ago  
No longer swing the censer  
To the organ's rhythmic flow.

But ever through the ages,  
With their tender, Holy light,  
The moon and stars of Heaven  
Still shall keep Thy altar bright;

And though by man forgotten,  
From above, the white moon's shine  
By angels earth directed  
Shall for ever guard Thy shrine.

Though no melodious music  
From the friars' voices rise,  
Yet the melody of silence  
In Thy purple shadow lies,

And for e'er the stars drip glory  
On Thy crumbling ruins gray,  
And for e'er the mellow moonbeams  
Bless Thy shrine at San José.

EDMUND DAY.

[Mr. Day, one of the prominent members of Alexander Salvini's troupe, has sent the above original poem, and in the letter accompanying it states that he "would be more than satisfied if he could think that it would reach the hearts of the 'boys' in anything like the way that their kindness touched and possessed the hearts of the 'mummers.'"

We hope that Mr. Day will again favor us with another contribution, and wish him every success in his literary as well as in his histrionic career.—Ed.]

#### THE FRESHMAN'S TALE.

It was one of those bitterly raw evenings in November, that I left my snug study to plough through the snow and slush of Dominion Square to have a smoke and chat with my college chum, Hugh Felton.

He occupied a very cosy bedroom and sitting room in one of the McGill College Avenue boarding houses, and any evening in the early part of the session was sure to see three or four college men congregated in his den.

The very strong smell of smoke which greeted my nostrils as I came up the stairs convinced me that Hugh was not all by himself.

As I came into the room I saw an elderly-looking