

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

And if the little flowers did know
How wounded was my heart,
Their tears with mine would ever flow,
Sweet comfort to impart.

And if the nightingales would guess
How sad and ill I be,
They'd strive to lighten my distress
By warbling joyfully.

And if the twinkling stars on high
Could tell how sore I grieve,
Their lofty places in the sky
To comfort me they'd leave.

But none of them my heart can know,
Or see my grief or pain,
Save one, and she has caused my woe,
And rent my heart in twain. F. S.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this society was held on Saturday evening, the 10th inst. The President, Dr. Osler, in the chair.

The proceedings were begun by Mr. E. J. Rogers reading "Edinburgh after Flodden," in a way which well deserved the applause it received. There being no specimens to exhibit, the discussion of the evening was then proceeded with. The subject chosen for debate was "Whether Science or Literature and Art had done most for the civilization of mankind," the champions for science being Messrs. Mills, Chisholm and O'Callaghan, and Messrs. Mignault, Guerin and Henderson for literature. The different speakers did their utmost to convince those present of the undoubted superiority of their claims, and many effective arguments were brought forward by both sides; but when a vote was taken it proved decidedly in favor of science.

The society is to be congratulated on the success of this their first debate. From the tone of the speeches, the quality of the arguments, and the ready manner with which the arguments were answered, it is evident that it has the material necessary for a good debating society.

It is no doubt pleasing to the society that this, the first discussion not purely medical ever held in the medical building, has proved such a success.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

Sit up to the table when you read; easy chairs abolish memory. Do not go on reading the same book for too long at one sitting. If you are really weary of one subject change it for

another. Read steadily for three hours a day for five days in the week: the use of wet towels and strong coffee betrays ignorance of how to read. Check the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put your facts in order as soon as you have learnt them. Never read after midnight. Do not go to bed straight from your book. Never let your reading interfere with exercise or digestion; and lastly, if you can, keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a good cheerful heart.—*Medical Examiner.*

ALMA MATER.

I.

Nunc est bibendum fratres.
Since once again we've met,
As vigorous as young bay-trees,
A right good jovial set,
Nunc est bibendum, fratres,
As oft we've done before,
For well we know "*esprit de-vie*"
Keeps up "*esprit de corps.*"
Then—

CHORUS.

Here's to Alma Mater—
A bumper let us pour;
Rejoice within our ancient halls,
To meet our friends once more.

II.

Our governors so descending,
Sent us here to store our minds
With heaps of classic learning,
And various other kinds,
But we'll teach them "*Ipsius factus,*"
And what more do they need,
If we but reduce to practice,
And remember what we read.

CHORUS.

III.

What though we've left our homes, boys,
And all we love so dear,
We ne'er shall spend where'er we roam
Such happy days as here.
What though we've left our darlings,
Won't absence lend its charms?
And months fly by like starlings
To restore them to our arms?

CHORUS.

IV.

"*Αριστον μεν εστιν,* boys,
Cuspidum, do you see?
But I'll bet in the days of yore, boys,
'Tis meant *eau-de-vie,*
For old *Ovidius Naso*—
For so the story goes—
Derived his name and fame, oh!
From his jolly big red nose.

CHORUS.