

student, in the sense that he has mixed with his class-mates as well socially as in the classroom. We too often have mere book-worms elected, and the consequences are that they are in no way representative of their fellows, and unfitted to give proper expression to the feelings—the traditional “mingled feelings”—of the class on graduation day. The medical students have in the past been far ahead of either the law students or those in arts in the conception and delivery of their valedictory addresses.—why, we do not know. We trust, however, that the graduating classes will ponder over our suggestions, and be careful in their choice.

IN another column appears an account of the part taken by the undergraduates of McGill in the demonstrations in honour of the distinguished visitors to Montreal. The programme was well arranged and well carried out, and we feel sure that we only express the general opinion when we thank the Committee for their capital management of the affair. To them we owe it, that the students have been brought more closely together than they have been for some time, and we are sure that we have now heard the last of any dissensions between the Faculties. Medicine, Law, Arts and Science, all worked in perfect harmony and with good effect. A feeling of *esprit de corps*—this expression may not be new to some of our readers—was strikingly manifested, and we heard many students emphatically remark that a grand re-union of all the undergraduates at dinner after Christmas was all that was wanted to heal old sores—existing without cause—and to knit together elements in the University which should never have been kept asunder. We are thoroughly in accord with this opinion, and we would call upon the Committee, which did the work so admirably on this occasion, to see to it that the idea is carried into practical effect.

THE extreme readiness with which certain journals publish any scurrilous attack upon students, has been often noticed, in days gone by, in these columns. A few years ago, one would have judged from the remarks which from time to time appeared in the press, that the students of McGill were more like Bashi Bashouks and wild Indians, than civilized young men. Latterly, however, there has been a scarcity of these attacks in the Montreal press, and we have had little or no cause for complaint on this score. However, just as we were congratulating ourselves upon the orderly manner in which our demonstrations in honour of the Queen's representative had been conducted, we were rudely shocked by a very coarse and malignant half column of unmerited abuse which appeared in the *Montreal Daily Witness*. This was in the form of a communication signed “One who loves a joke,” and purported to be written by “a public school-boy in England, subsequently a cadet on board the training ship ‘Britannia,’ the old craft on board which the Prince of Wales' two boys are now receiving their education, and afterwards an officer of a gun-room mess in a line of battle ship.” From the general tenor of the letter, we should rather say that this party's nautical experience had been gained in the fore-castle of a Spanish pirate. After detailing several pieces of skylarking practised on shipboard, all of which were gentlemanly, the writer terms our procession on the evening of the illumination “a disgraceful crowd”; our conduct was “caddism in the highest degree.” “Billingsgate roughs of the lowest description would not be guilty of such rowdyism.” This is tolerably strong language, and if the insinuations were true, should undoubtedly cause every McGill student to blush with shame, and to cry *peccavi*. Fortunately, however, every one who took part in the procession knows that this letter is a tissue of untruths from beginning to end. Not only this, the testimony of many of Montreal's most respect-