

what they are singing, we have made the following hurried translation, for which we crave Dr. Frechette's forbearance, should it ever meet his eye.

THE MCGILL BOY.

Who is this youth who speeds along
O'er asphalt pave or yielding snow?
Around his brow the laurels blow:
He hurries schoolward with a song.

Refrain.

Than a bird gayer, freer than air,
What youth is this? Tell me, who will?
'Tis the wonderful, 'tis the successful,
'Tis the merry old Boy of McGill.

He bears a book beneath his arm:
Youth is as yet his sole estate;
Confident, bold, he scoffs at fate
And finds in life itself a charm.

His moustache, though it often seems
A rebel to his tireless care,
More than the whiskers others wear
Has been in many a fair one's dream.

Sweetly deceived, oft-times his heart
To cling to some dear memory seems,
Yet in the future that he dreams
His aged mother has a part.

What though in many an escapade
He shares? His sins we'll not recall:
This scamp will often give his all
Some needier college mate to aid.

His heart is proof to worry's stings,
And, merry still, he goes his way,
And ever "Forward" seems to say
"Until the hour for labor rings."

"All people cry on every hand:
Who can this noisy fellow be?
That seeks amusement? Know that he
The promise is of this our land."

The publication of a Song Book is an event of such importance in the students' history of our college that we deem it our duty to give the history of the enterprise and to put on record the names of the committees, who with almost blame-worthy modesty have neglected to insert their names in the Song Book. It was on Feb. 12th, 1884, that the first meeting to discuss the advisability of issuing a Song Book, called by W. G. Stewart, B.A., '85, was held in the Medical Building. The result of this meeting was that on March 7th, 1884, the first sitting of the committee took place, at which representatives from every faculty, except that of Law, were present. Law has stood aloof throughout the entire enterprise, but whether this is due to the faculty or only to its representatives we do not know. The committee was hindered by a lack of funds and the difficulty of procuring a publisher. One could not publish for a year, another for two, and a third was willing to begin at once but demanded a price beyond the committee's command. In time, however, Mr. Lamplough purchased the copyright upon the book, and with a guarantee of a sale of half the first edition has brought the book out. The limit as to price has necessitated a limit as to size, but we understand that the third edition will be increased one-third from songs unavoidably kept out of this issue and from such new songs as may be deemed worthy of a place in the book.

It was to be expected that the students, and might have been expected that the professors would interest themselves in the Song Book, but we have been fortunate in securing the valuable aid of Messrs. McLennan and Gould, each of which gentlemen has contributed more to the song book than any one other, Mr. Gould bringing his musical talent to bear upon faulty songs and Mr. McLennan putting Pegasus into harness for our benefit. The latter's translations of "Brigadier," "A La Chaire Fontaine" and "En Roulant Ma Boule" are little gems.

The following are the names of the committees that have at last ceased to exist after nearly two years of unremitting work.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—W. G. Stewart, B.A., '85, chairman; C. W. Wilson, '86, Med., secretary; E. P. Mathewson, B.A.S., '85, treasurer; C. H. Livingstone, '86, Arts; G. H. Dawson, '86, Sci.; W. D. T. Ferguson, '87, Med.

COMPILATION COMMITTEE.—Prof. Moyses, chairman; Wm. McLennan, B.C.L., '89; Prof. Harrington; E. P. Mathewson, B.A.S.; C. H. Gould, B.A., '77; C. W. Wilson; W. C. Stewart, secretary.

We feel sure we only voice the desires of our fellow students when we congratulate these gentlemen upon the success of their undertaking and thank them for their labors on our behalf, and on that of those who will come after us.

Poetry.

(FOR THE GAZETTE.)

MOORE HORATIONE.

BOOK II.: ODE X.

Liepine! wisely wouldst thou steer,
Launch not too boldly on the deep,
Nor to the treacherous coast, in fear
Of storms, too closely creep.

He who selects the golden mean
Shuns the foul cabin's mouldering walls,
Nor sighs, contented and serene,
For envy-haunted halls.

Tall pines by gales are shaken oft,
Proud towers fall with heaviest crash,
And mountain peaks that soar aloft
Provoke the lightning's flash.

A soul well tutored hopes, in woe,
And fears in woe, a change of state:
The God that sends the cheerless snow,
Withdraws it, soon or late.

Tears will be followed by a smile:
At times Apollo with his lyre
Wakes the still Muse, nor bends awhile
His bow with vengeful fire.

Caught in the narrow straits of ill,
Prove the brave mettle of thy mind:
And wisely reef the sails that fill
With too propitious wind.

BOOK II.: ODE XIV.

Oh! Postumas, my friend, my friend,
The years glide swiftly to an end;
No prayers can wrinkle age delay,
Or death's inevitable day.

Three daily hecatombs of steers
From Pluto's eyes can win no tears;
Sternly he holds earth's giant brood
Imprisoned with a gloomy flood—

That flood, which all must traverse soon,
All we, who feed on nature's boon;
Kings though we be, exempt from toil,
Or needy tillers of the soil.