

Mr. L. Y. McIntosh next proposed the toast of the "Dean and Professors." He expressed the warm feeling which had always existed between Students and Professors, and suggested some points which he thought might, in the good time coming, increase the comfort of the classes.

Dr. Girdwood, in the absence of the Dean, replied. He referred to the illness of Dr. Craik, which all would regret.

He hoped that the reputation of the Medical faculty of McGill would be no less prominent in the future than it had been in the past. Through the generosity of some of the Governors, who had placed considerable funds at their disposal, the Professors would be able next year to give to the Students increased accommodation in the way of lecture room and library, and well equipped laboratories for the prosecution of their studies. They also hoped before long to be able to give them a good reading room, and in the time to come to have residences within the College, with a large dining hall, where the Professors could meet around the social board, not once a year, but often during the season.

Dr. Bell, who also spoke to the toast, was warmly received, and after thanking them for their kindness, said the work of McGill had never been interrupted, and that the best fellowship existed between the Professors and Students. He regretted that the annual dinner was the only time in the year that they could meet for social intercourse, but he hoped the time would come when they would meet more frequently.

Mr. W. H. Smyth, B.A., proposed the health of the "Sister Universities," congratulating Queen's upon having obtained the Dominion Football Championship. He emphasized the cordial feeling existing between the different universities of the country, and expressed the hope that in the future a system of Inter-collegiate games would be established, as this would do much to increase this fellow feeling. This was responded to by Messrs. N. J. McCallum, Toronto; J. M. Jory, Trinity; J. R. Allen, Queen's; A. A. Detchman, Dalhousie; Geo. Fisk, Bishop's; and S. A. Dandelin, Laval.

The toast of "Class '94" was proposed by Mr. J. H. Gleason, and responded to by Mr. A. Bazin; and that of "The Freshmen," proposed by Dr. Elder, was responded to by Mr. W. Gesner Allan.

During the evening, songs were rendered by Messrs. Scott, H. M. Kinghorn, B.A., and F. M. Fry, B.A., which were very well received.

The song rendered by Mr. Scott was a clever parody of "The Man in the Moon" by Mr. W. M. Mac-kerracher, and has been sung with great élat before.

The success of the Dinner was due to the following Committee:—

OFFICERS.

President—E. J. O'Connor.

1st Vice-President—A. T. Shillington.

2nd Vice-President—E. H. Saunders.

Hon. Chairman—G. P. Girdwood, M.D.

" Secretary—J. C. Cameron, M.D.

" Treasurer—J. G. Adami, M.D.

MEMBERS.

Hon. Member—H. S. Birkett, M.D.

Chairman—A. J. Richardson.

Sec.—J. E. Robertson.

Treas.—A. G. Allan, W. T. Scott, W. R. Ferguson, T. I. Lynch.

FROM CALLIMACHUS.

CALLIOPE the deeds of heroes sings;
Great CLIO sweeps to history the strings;
EUTERPE teaches mimes their silent show;
MELPOMENE presides o'er scenes of woe;
TERPSICHORE the flute's soft power displays;
And ERATO gives hymns the gods to praise;
POLYMNIA's skill inspires melodious strains;
URANIA wise the starry course explains;
And gay THALIA's glass points out where folly reigns.

MIGNON.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

Knowest thou the land where now the citrons bloom,
Where the golden oranges glow from out the gloom,
Where soft and gentle winds from the clear blue heaven sigh,
Through the lowly myrtle and fragrant laurel high?

Know'st thou it well?

Thither! would I with thee, O my beloved, flee.

Knowest thou the house,—its roof on pillars tall,
O'er many a brilliant room and sun-illuminated hall?
These alabaster statues, wrought by the artist's hand,
Seem e'en to pity me, as motionless they stand.

Know'st thou it well?

Thither! would I with thee, O my protector, flee.

Knowest thou the mount, ascending through the cloud,
Where seeks the mule his path amid the misty shroud,
Where dwell in caves the dragons, so famed in mythic lore,
And o'er the jagged cliffs the rushing torrents pour?

Know'st thou it well?

O father! I beseech thee, thither let us flee! E. A. H.

CI-GIT KITTY.

Thou art dead! E'en now the rigor mortis
Stiffens out thy tiny limbs and makes thy muscles rigid.
Scarce did I dream that thou shouldst part so soon,
Thy life was morn; not yet thy elders hard
Responsibilities had pressed thy shoulders down.
From morn till night and e'en long after shadows weird
Had fallen cross the ice-bound stream from waving pines
That line its banks, thou foundest trifles pleasures,
And 'mused thy watchers with thy playful ways.
But Death ere lurks in hideous form upon our path
To snatch the loved ones from our side, and make
Us sorrow. He came to thee in form least thought.
He whose care should be to guard thee from all ill,
Grown vicious with old age and the heavy weight of life,
Could no more support thy happy playfulness.
And with one sharp and horrid snarl, he pierced thy brain
With these fell canine teeth. Ah Kitty, would
I had not seen thee die! Or would I had;
Some wondrous apple of Arabian lore
That I might place it on thy nostrils chill
And give thee further lease of life! But no,
It was not thus to be. Thy struggles soon
Were o'er; but while they lasted how my heart
Was pierced by those dread shivers of thy frame.
We were such friends! And who has not looked on
The dreary world with sighs and tears when Death
Has robbed them of a friend? No longer shall
I feel thy velvet paws as round my neck
Thou climb'st, to purr into my ready ear
The satisfaction that thou feel'st. Ah me!
I sigh, the tears come unbidden to my eyes.
Alas! thou art no more!

WYDOWN.