

by the devotion of its members; and an annual field meeting where the feats are not of the most heroic description. This is the natural outcome of many disadvantages under which our students labor, and which are absent in other American colleges. In the first place, our Arts men are younger than in most schools, and the older men in Medicine and Science have no time to spare to sport. The session here is shorter than elsewhere, and the term breaks up before the snow is off the ground. Again, there is wanting to a great extent that interest in the *Alma Mater* which only a common residence for the students can confer. Furthermore, if there were a residence on the college grounds, the proximity of the campus would be a constant incentive to exercise thereon. So long as sport in McGill finds its main expression in a field meeting, for which there is a desultory preparation of a couple of weeks, and in which only our own men are allowed to take part, we cannot expect any astonishing results. In time, however, as the college enlarges, and the long-hoped-for boarding-house makes its appearance, we may hope for a field day much more worthy of the name than we have at present.

MEDICOS AND "THE GAZETTE."

Hitherto the students have not taken that active interest in THE GAZETTE, which it is necessary they should, in order to make it interesting to the great mass of its readers—namely, the students themselves.

It should be borne in mind that THE GAZETTE is the organ of the University; and through its columns all discussions touching the interests of the student, or the general welfare of the college should take place. Seeing, then, that this is its particular function, it should receive from the students that support which it certainly merits.

More particularly are these considerations submitted to the students of Medicine. In the words of Sir Wm. Dawson, "the faculty of Medicine has always been the *strong* faculty in McGill;" and yet it is a noted fact that the students of Medicine furnish no more to its support in the way of literary and other contributions than even the weakest faculty in the University.

This should not be. There is sufficient talent in this faculty to make THE GAZETTE a far more acceptable treat, to the medical students at least, than it at present appears to be. However, beginning with the present issue, it is hoped that some able support from the "strong" faculty will be given.

IN LOVE'S BOWERS.

I am a bee in the bowers of love,
Buzzing from red rose to lily,
Since woman is false, why should I not rove?
The love that is constant is silly.
Who loves only one,
Of love may taste none;
He who will rove
Is never undone.

The sparkle that brightens the eye of Cerise,
The folds of fair Alice's wimple,
And Lucy's lithe figure, my roving heart please
As well as Kate's mouth or Belle's dimple.
Who loves only one,
Of love may taste none;
He who will rove
Is never undone.

One cheers me when sad with a flash of her eyes,
One speaks like a learned professor,
One strengthens my soul, and another but cries
"Fie, sir!" when I wish to caress her.
Who loves only one,
Of love may taste none;
He who will rove
Is never undone.

Who loves only one may win beauty. I know,
And a soul that is worth his possessing,
But if she's a blonde, why the brunettes meet go,
If brunette, the blondes miss his caressing.
Who loves only one,
Of love may taste none;
He who will rove
Is never undone.

It gives me no pang that my Alice in pain
Sees Cerise have a share of my kisses,
And Lucy may pout, and sweet Kate in disdain
Turn away when my worship she misses.
Who loves only one,
Of love may taste none;
He who will rove
Is never undone.

I care not a whit; there are maidens fair as they—
I leave reconciliation to Joe—
The honey I've sipped, so I wander away—
Oh! happy is life to the rovers.
Who loves only one,
Of love may taste none;
He who will rove
Is never undone.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Contributions.

THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY JOHN WATSON, LL.D.

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No sympathetic critic would say of the Canadian people that they are wanting in practical ideas or in energy. That cannot fairly be said of a people who have boldly drawn on the future, and bound ocean to ocean by a gigantic line of railway: who have sought to weld into a whole a number of scattered provinces, differing in language, religion, customs and sentiment, and who, in commercial enterprise, combine boldness with caution, and energy with thrift. But, perhaps, it might be said that the Canadian people have not yet grasped the full meaning of political unity, and that they are not altogether conscious of the importance to national welfare of devotion to art, literature, science and philosophy. The idea of political unity, the critic may say, still remains for them too much a "mere idea." Each province, each county, each city, is apt to set up for itself as an independent unit, and to forget the universal in what seems the