

UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

VOL. IV.—NEW SERIES.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 26, 1878.

No. 6.

COLLEGE PARTING SONG.

(Air—"Auld lang syne.")

I.

Four years of life have passed away,
Since first from "Fresh" we strayed,
Where mirth and learning hold their sway,
Beneath this classic shade.

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll aye have kindly hearts and hands,
For auld lang syne.

II.

And now the word that sadly falls,—
We meet to say farewell,
And loud through old McGill's dear halls,
Our parting song to swell.

Chorus.

III.

"All hail to old McGill," we sing,
"Our mother, staunch and true,
May added years fresh honor bring,
And still her age renew."

Chorus.

IV.

Then once again in friendly grasp,
Classmates, our hands we'll join,
And sing, while hand in hand we clasp,—
These days of "Auld lang syne."

Chorus.

THE TWO VALEDICTORIANS.

(A Paper read before the McGill Medical Society, by F. M.)

I do not know what you may here think, but it has frequently occurred to me that the valedictory addresses of students were not the most sensible, or practical, or modest things in the world.

I present you with an imaginary sketch, which is meant to be a satire on a certain style of writing. The scene is laid in the United States, simply because

that vast country furnishes men that are types of the extremes of character.

Convocation having assembled, Mr. Julius Sublimatus, after addressing the authorities of the university in due form, and making a most gracious bow to the audience, proceeded to speak as follows, as Valedictorian of the Medical Society of the University of —, State of —, United States:—

"The exalted honor of delivering a valedictory address on behalf of students in the Faculty of Medicine has been conferred upon me—an honor, gentlemen, allow me to say, which I shall appreciate to the latest hour of my existence—an honor that gives me a gratification that seems to penetrate to the remotest fibre—I may say to the nucleus of the most obscure cell in my economy; and whatever reward my country may have in store for my humble merits—though it be the Presidential chair—such honor I should consider but a trifling accession to the one you this day bestow upon me.

"Of our world-renowned University, we may feel *unutterably* proud. Whether we look to her magnificent buildings, within whose learned walls we have been accustomed to assemble, and acquire that knowledge of our profession which is to render us famous, and to elevate the whole world in general;—her unrivalled museum, on viewing which, even Huxley himself turned pale in ignorance, and Darwin seemed to dwindle into a mere fellow with the magnificent specimens of the monkey species therein found; her illustrious list of professors, each of whom would in himself make the fame and reputation of any other of the colleges of this country, much less those of the less advanced quarters of the globe; her students—here I pause—her students! Ladies and gentlemen, look around upon the graduating class of this year, and tell me where in any land can such specimens of manhood be found? Perfect in address, polished in manners, graced by all modern accomplishments, of unrivalled physique, profoundly versed in the knowledge of human nature, and especially in that most necessary knowledge to the physician, of *feminine* human nature.

"These alone would be considered as constituting a perfect man for the *ordinary* business of life; but when you add to all this, that profound professional knowledge only to be acquired in *th's* University, you do seem to improve upon perfection itself. You have the man,—the perfect man; you have more—you have the doctor—the perfect man and the perfect physician."

After eulogizing in this strain on a great many topics, he concludes as follows:—

"But the hour has come when from all these dear