

I find that I had a namesake in the eighteenth century, and that they made fun of him too. "One Dennis, commonly called 'the Critic,' who had writ a threepenny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends 'they need not wonder at his haste, for the King of France, having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him.'" This is a little joke of Swift's.

\* \*

Perhaps it will be just as well for me to flee some of these days from the privateers sailing about the land.

"Oh! think of me, my friends! when I am gone  
Let not my memory lightly pass away,  
With pleasant songs forgotten—or as one  
A stranger guest, abiding but a day."

"For I will think of you! a purer ray  
Will guide life's journey, dung from times of old,  
And thought will reckon o'er, when far away,  
Their gentle memories—its hoarded gold."

"Oh! dream of me, my friends! when I am gone,  
Then be your happy slumbers lightly stirred  
By tender shadows from the distance thrown,  
By echoes sweet of some remembered word."

\* \*

I should be very sorry to contend that mottoes, crests, family traditions and the like, do not possess their value. The Earl of Shaftesbury's motto was "Love and Serve." How this motto must ever have been as a hand guiding him through a life of nobility and philanthropy till he won the honor and happiness bestowed upon the glorious knight of old who first had these words written upon his banner! How completely, too, he fulfilled the mission which these three words embody!

\* \*

"Coming events" begin "to cast their shadows before." Let us hope that they will not leave shadows behind them as well. I notice that when the time of examinations approaches, a peculiar pervading of uneasiness, distraction and suspicion pervades the community. Everything seems hushed and solemn, as on the eve of some great battle, where kingdoms are at stake, and the contending parties of almost equal strength. As we sit round the bivouac fire, sleepless and silent, the thought will force itself upon our minds that some of us will never meet again,—that this jovial ring is broken,—no more the story and the song.

\* \*

To those who are graduating this year, I give this bit of advice: If you wish to make direct use of any part of the knowledge which you have obtained during your college course, make up your mind to keep up the study of that particular subject. Do not let a year go by and imagine that you can come some time in the future return and start from where you left off. As Sidney Smith says: "It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge, than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian. Every day destroys a fact, a relation or an influence; and the only method of preserving

the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it."

\* \*

"For now we sever each from each,  
I learn what I have lost in thee;  
Alas, that nothing less could teach  
How great indeed my love should be!

"Farewell! I did not know thy worth,  
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:  
So angels walked unknown on earth,  
But when they flew, were recognized!"

\* \*

"Why should one become startled by the thoughts which suddenly come, uncalled for and unexpectedly? If right—all is well; if wrong—calmly, not hastily, reason them away."

\* \*

Many writers have pictured the different kinds of bores, but I do not remember to have seen anywhere mentioned the bore of public meetings. Still you all have seen him. When some subject has been thoroughly discussed, and when the debate is upon the point of closing, a small form is seen to rise slowly to address the chair. "I hope that I am not out of order, but there is one point, which, it seems to me, has been left untouched by those who have already spoken." He then goes on to remark that he did not notice anything of much importance in what the other speakers had said, and that he would give the correct view of the matter. The correct view generally lasts for half an hour, and when it disappears there is a general feeling of everybody having been insulted by a well-meaning, egotistical blockhead.

\* \*

How unexpectedly things happen in this world! What is put up to-day is knocked down to-morrow; he who was here but now is with us no more. Of all the most useful persons and things swept away apparently without reason. What a preacher I have become! It is time for me to stop, for though "I am nothing if not critical," as Othello remarks, yet I should not like to be considered didactical.

\* \*

CRITIC.

## McGill News.

At a meeting of the students in Arts, held on Friday, the 12th, Messrs. J. Naismith and W. L. Jamieson were elected representatives of the faculty on the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association. Mr. A. P. Murray was appointed Arts Editor of the GAZETTE for next year, at the same meeting.

On the evening of Feb. 6th, Mr. P. A. Peterson, the well-known engineer of the C. P. R., delivered the first of the winter course of evening lectures to the Science students. The lecturer was introduced by Prof. Bovey at 7.30. The subject of the lecture was "Pier Foundations," and Mr. Peterson's reputation as a bridge engineer is a sufficient guarantee of its good quality. The address was listened to by a very appreciative and good-sized audience, and at its close a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Peterson.