

have no time to attend gymnasium work, the writer would recommend a course of about 10 or 15 minutes every morning and evening, or both, with light dumbbells or a barbell, or even without apparatus at all.

This alone may be effectual in keeping the body in good condition to digest both your "daily bread" and that mental pabulum, less material but not less important for mental growth, that McGill supplies in such quantities and so rich in quality that it requires a well nourished and vigorous brain for its proper digestion and assimilation.

R. TAIT MCKENZIE, M.D.

The Death of Ambition.

(AN UNFINISHED SIMILE).

As some fair swan, of inland seas the pride,
That trusts her scornful plumage to the tide;
Down to the ocean with the stream she flows,
As yet the unshaken mirror of repose.
But swifter soon the treacherous currents speed;
Alarmed, she marks the broader banks recede,
Looks for the lily that she loved to woo,
And sees the waters deepen into blue:
Shrinks from the roughness of the embracing wave,
And screams a fearful chant, with none to save:
Then, among tangled seaweed floating high,
The rash adventurer folds her wings—to die!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

Sonner.

I have no temple, heaven-built and dight
With orient wealth of pearl and massy gold;
No casket diamonded, whose depths fast hold
My Deity, cased from the eager sight
Of vulgar eye; but in the slumberous night
I enter, when the vesper bell hath tolled.
The fane none other knoweth, and I fold
My hands in prayer, a pious Eremité.
O Spirit that oft led me where the ways
Crossed, mossy boles and fields of summer wheat—
Rill-watered dells all pranked with crocus-blaze,
Beneath the paly forests—Spirit sweet,
It may be at the mystic end of days
Thou lead thy son before the Paraclete.

CHAS. E. MOYSE.

The Illness of Doctor Ross.

We have with sorrow to chronicle the steady decrease in strength of Dr. George Ross, the vice dean of the Medical Faculty and professor of Medicine. We fear that the class of 1892-93 can scarcely expect to listen to the clear and comprehensive course which, in former years, it has been the privilege of the Medical Students to attend. We shall yet hope to hear that his illness has taken a more favorable turn, and that ere long the distinguished professor may again be with us.

Sir Wm. Dawson.

We are pleased to note that the venerable Principal of the University is now recovering from his late severe illness, and that his friends hope he will soon

be sufficiently strong to stand the fatigues of a journey to the South, where, upon the advice of his physicians Drs. Blackadar, Stewart and Craik, he proposes spending the next few months. While he will be greatly missed in all the Faculties, we trust that this trip may speedily result in his complete restoration to health. Not only will his absence be felt in the lecture room, where for many years he has given to the Students the results of his researches and study, but still more shall his wise counsels and experience be missed at the head of affairs. More than most Principals, he has given of his time and energy to promote the interests of his University. On more than one occasion, when the University was in difficulties, he did not hesitate to come to the rescue with help from his own private funds, and it is largely owing to his fostering care and wise management at many critical periods in her growth that McGill has risen from a small college to the proud position which she now holds. We hope that with renewed health he may long be able to superintend her continued development along the broad line of liberal thought on which he has ever been desirous of seeing her advance.

The Fall of Assyria.

(See Ezekiel XXXI, a chapter which Dr. Davidson, in his well known work on "Prophecy," calls "the truest and noblest monument of Oriental History.")

Mighty Assyrian! in thy glory thou
Wast like some Cedar on a mountain's brow;
Soaring with beauteous boughs, in lordly pride,
He loved to fling his shadow far and wide,
Fair in his greatness, for his root was set
Where the vast multitude of waters met.

Beasts of the forest came and hid their young
Where the tall Cedar's canopy was hung,
Wild birds their nests amid his branches made,
And distant Peoples dwelt beneath his shade,
Till in God's Eden every goodly tree
With envy drooped his stateliness to see.

Then was he lifted up with fierce disdain,
And sought in solitary strength to reign;
But God looked down, and bade the spoiler's hand
Cast the proud boaster from his pleasant land;
They drove him forth in lonely woe to dwell,
And nations shuddered as the scorner fell!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

To Wordsworth.

Like mighty Alp whose base is round beset
With murmurs from the lips of common men,
The housewife's song, the echoes of the glen—
Shepherds and folds—th' interminable fret
Where winding trodden parts run to a net
Around the market-cross, the shout from fen
Of childish sporting beyond austere ken,
The plaintive wail of lover's flageolet—
O'er all thou risest to eternal light
Soft falling upon solitary ways,
And pilgrim climbing to that Pisgah height
Scans musingly the land of future days;
Grand soul! thy crest which cleaves th' æth'rial air
Stands rooted on thy world—Humanity.

CHAS. E. MOYSE.