

We think that more work should be done in the last year, so as to give more time for draughting and practical field work, of which not enough is done; and if the standard of admission is raised, students will prepare themselves for it, and come better fitted, and in as large a number.

After all an engineer begins to learn when he begins actual work, and above all he must be practical, able to grasp the main details of his work, and not dissipate his time and energies on minor parts: This is one great fault of college-engineers, they waste much time in doing some work with such accuracy and nicety not at all necessary.

It is undoubted that many of our graduates are doing well. Some have chosen other professions or entered business, but the majority, with energy and perseverance, are pushing on to success. We can name many who now occupy high places of trust, while others are surely working up to prominence. It takes years of practical experience to make an expert engineer, and we are confident, that many men who have left these halls, will yet do honor to their profession and to *Alma Mater*.

Our professors are doing their utmost to help their students, and their efforts are so successful, that we believe our course of engineering is unrivalled by any other in Canada. This winter a valuable series of lectures by some of our best engineers has been inaugurated, at all of which the students of the Faculty of Applied Science assemble *en masse*, with many others from the city who are interested in engineering work. This is proving a very wise step, and we hope it will become a fixture on the curriculum of this course.

## Poetry.

### LACROSSE.

Patriot Pontiac, redskin wily,  
Plotting death to his English friends,  
Did not value Lacrosse too highly  
When he made it subserve his ends.  
Well he knew that the noble game,  
Every thought, every glance would claim,  
Who could link it with death and shame!  
Yes, that Indian plotted stily.

Mark how the restless ball is flying!  
Who would think it was buried by hate?  
See each man with his neighbour vieing,  
Swiftly pass the unguarded gate!  
Hark to the thoughtless English cheers,  
Every player his victim nears,  
Pontiac speaks and the war-axe sheers  
Head to neck and the dead are lying.

Years have passed since that time of sorrow,  
Pontiac lies in his grave of shame.  
In the light of a calmer morn,  
Naught remains but the grand old game.  
Precious gift of our dusky foes,  
Year by year into grace it grows,  
Every youth all its pleasure knows,  
While our neighbors have learned to borrow.

'Tis as the summer sun comes peeping,  
O'er the edge of the drowsy earth,  
As the drunkard comes slowly creeping  
Homeward, merry with vinous mirth,  
Into the field each player hies,  
Breasting the breath of waking skies,  
Facing the world with sparkling eyes,  
Gathering strength while the dull are sleeping.

Worthy son of our young Dominion,  
Tower of strength for her hour of need,  
Scare the bird on its tireless pinion  
Can surpass him in stay and speed,  
Taught to follow the flying ball,  
Trained to laugh at a blow or fall,  
Knowing his rights and those of all,  
No one's tyrant and no one's minion.

Mark two clubs when a game is playing,  
Each one striving with heart and soul,  
Fears of prowess and skill displaying,  
Driving the ball from goal to goal,  
How the audience away and cheer,  
As to one goal the ball draws near,  
Flying so swiftly there and here,  
Ne'er an instant in one place staying.

JOHN SMITH.

## Contributions.

### A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

### CHAP. VII.

"Night has let its curtain down  
And pinned it with a star."

September brought us all back to old McGill, ready for new work. I came back a few days earlier in order to see that Clooney and I would again board together. We had kept up our friendship by a frequent interchange of letters, and I was dying to meet him again. He came up from home a few days after the session opened, and had apparently recovered from his wound, except for a certain graceful lassitude which I assured him would take with the girls, "especially with Miss Mayflower," I added, with some hardihood, whereat he colored up and changed the subject. The boys, who had all lamented Clooney's mishap, the more so since they did not know the good fortune that attended it, wished to give him a supper to celebrate his recovery. Clooney was modest and refused the honor, but the boys were not to be done out of some jollification, and their feelings found expression in a presentation of a gold pin and a right good bouncing one day after the lectures in Physics.

At his earliest opportunity Clooney paid a visit to Mrs. Mayflower, ostensibly to thank her formally for her hospitality and to show he had not forgotten it. I did not know of this visit until after it was over, so I cannot say what went on then. This, I know, that he used to visit there with great regularity, though he never alluded to Miss Mayflower in his conversations with me. I am a bit of a psychologist, and reasoned from this that the course of true love was running smoothly, for it is well-known that lovers usually seek confidants only when miserable. A man can enjoy all his pleasures himself, but likes to shove off part of his sorrows upon some one else. I gave him one warning and then left him alone; I warned him not to become too intimate there or he would find all the right he had enjoyed as a guest vanish in the neglect