

The hockey club of McGill College must not be forgotten at this season of the year. We are not writing to call the attention of old players to the sport; there is no need of that, for they will certainly be found on the ice. We desire, however, to recommend the sport to the new-comers, who do not know its charms. Do you want to learn to skate? Then play hockey, it will give you steadiness on your feet, grace and agility of motion a hundred times quicker than mere circling a rink will give you skill. Do you want a sport combining the speed of lacrosse and the perseverance of football, then again we say play hockey. There's, perhaps, no game more rapid, more exhilarating and fascinating than this, nor any better suited to train the student for the campus.

To be a fine player is difficult. Speed, coolness, audacity, adroitness are needed. But to be able to enjoy the game needs little practice.

McGill's is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, hockey clubs in the Dominion, and her voice in hockey councils has done much to conserve the game. She has fallen on evil days, so far as success in matches is concerned. The cup won in open competition at the first Carnival has been lonesome too long. Out of the hundreds of students at McGill surely seven men can be found able to retrieve the name of the club this year.

We quote from an editorial in the *Cornell Era*—

"No one can deny that a college is, to a large extent, judged by its college press, and this press will have a standard of excellence commensurate with the support it receives. Every class of students, therefore, that forms an integral part of the University, that is benefited by its good name, owes a support to the press."

Oh! all ye students of McGill, cast off your garments of parsimony and indifference, deny yourselves the cigarette, and ye, O! fair ones, the caramel; stretch forth your monied hands to the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE—do your duty, and reap the reward of virtue!

We publish in this issue the notice of a paper, read before the Theo Dora Society, by a lady who has been for some time engaged in missionary work among the Indians in the far North. We are glad that—full of life and energy as it has proved itself—the Theo Dora does not confine its researches to foreign fields, but is at length drawing the attention of the students to Home Missions.

Before the issue of another number we shall have had our Christmas dinners and entered upon a new year. To all the students, we, of THE GAZETTE, wish "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

# FLOWERS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

## INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB.

(Author unknown.)

I seek, Sabinus, by this little stone  
Great love for thee, departed friend to own:  
My love will last—thy love for me to show,  
Drink not of Lethe in the realms below.

## ON VENUS ARISING FROM THE SEA.

(Antipater, of Sidon.)

Charm'd by Apelles' magic, here thine eyes  
May view sweet Venus from the waves arise.  
Twin'd in her hair, her glowing fingers press  
The dew of ocean from each dripping tress—  
So fair, that Juno's self and Pallas sigh,  
"With thee 'twere vain in loveliness to vie."

## THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

(Antipater, of Sidon.)

Small is the chapel where I make my home,  
Queen of these shores all white with ocean foam,  
But still 'tis dear: my presence calms the waves,  
And oft the mariner from shipwreck saves.  
Pay court to Venus—she will succour thee  
In love's wild storms, or on raging seas.

## THE SHRINE OF VENUS.

(Ange.)

Fair aphroditè, from this marble fane  
Delights to gaze upon the glassy main,  
Smoothing the sailor's pathway—while the deep  
Beholds her image, and is lull'd asleep.

## DISCONTENTED.

(Author unknown.)

Poor, when a boy, but opulent, when old,  
Twice have I suffer'd misery untold:  
Wealth, when I could have used it, I had none—  
I have it now, when life is nearly done.

## A LOVER'S PRAYER.

(Polemon.)

Sweet Cupid! kill my power to love,  
Unless I'm loved again:  
Thou, free from passion I shall prove,  
Or share the blissful pain.

## A LAMENT.

(Callimachus.)

The gentle maids of Samos' isle  
Miss their sweet fellow-weaver's smile:  
For Crethis oft with prattle gay  
Would while the hours of toil away,  
But now she sleeps beyond recall,  
The sleep that must be slept by all!

## ON THE STATUE OF A BACCHANTE.

(Author unknown.)

Restrain that Bacchante! ere the marble maid  
Leaps from the shrine, and seeks the forest glade.

## ON THE PICTURE OF VENUS BY APELLES.

(Julian, of Egypt.)

Stand back! while Venus quits her ocean home,  
Or her wet locks will sprinkle thee with foam.

## LOVE AND WINE.

(Rufinus.)

Love, by himself, I can defy:  
With Reason for my shield:  
When Bacchus fights as Love's ally,  
To two such Gods I yield.

## THE ZONE OF VENUS.

(Antiphanes, of Macedonia.)

When Venus loosed the cestus of desire  
From her white breast, the love-compelling zone  
We tent thee, too, all mankind to fire—  
But thou hast used it against me alone!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.