

Tell me, dost thou love the carnage,
Love to see the boxes fly,
Lovest thou mad travellers damage
When their tones mount hot and high?

Neither bile nor bale nor rancor
In thy strenuous heart is hid;
Almost never dost thou hanker
To wrench off a hinge or lid,

Save for tourists in mid-summer,
And thy old inveterate foe,
The seductive, guileful drummer,
Thou art free from passions glow.

But the Saratoga waxes
Every year more broad and tall,
And the drummer never packs his
Samples in a band-box small.

These thou markest thy examples,
These thou smashest with a slam,
Using specially the samples
As a high-power battering ram.

But impartially thou wraiest
One destruction in the main,
On the strongest as the weakest,
Like earthquake or hurricane.

Unto me thou scarce seem'st human;
Rather a dread cosmic force

So I care not if thou small be,
Medium, massive, lean, or fat,
Knowing I'm constrained to call thee,
Though thy name's more likely Pat.

III. THE HOTEL CLERK.

Thou, only thou, hast to perfection brought
In our rough world, the ozymandian art
Of making all men feel thou liv'st apart
From them, and hold'st their vulgar life at nought.

Such dignity as thou hast can't be bought
By wealthy parvenus in common mart;
And yet it seems to me thou play'st a part
Which with thy stately mien comporteth not.

Thou should'st have been a monarch in an age
When slaves were numerous. Alas that now
The Ethiop bell-boy should exact a wage,
Thy minion. Servilely he seems to bow
Before thee in thy presence, but e'en he
Behind thy back makes mocks and gibes at thee.

MEDIEA.

WRITTEN FROM A PAINTING.

Avenging passion in these strange glad eyes
Leaps to the light, and yet so fierce it glows
Around thy strong, full face; as from the skies
The lightning hurls its terror, yet bestows
Upon the face of Heaven a weird, wild beauty.

And yet thou once wast full of grace, and true
To all the world; thy gleaming eyes spoke love,
And 'round thy noble life thou wrapped thy new
And glorious passion, and joyous as a dove,
Rove o'er the rolling waters of the sea.

How changed thy face! at last I see thee stand
Lifting the coverings from thy children's forms,
A podniard's hilt rests in thy firm, sure hands,
And soon the glittering blade their young blood warms:
Yet I not blame; 'twas not thy nature to forgive
The hand that shattered all that made thee long to live.

SOCIETIES.

MCGILL LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meeting on Friday, Oct. 12th, was called to order promptly at eight p.m., the President, Mr. Hanson, occupying the chair.

After the reading and confirming of the minutes of the previous meeting, the business of the Society was quickly disposed of and the programme for the evening proceeded with.

First came a reading, by Mr. Packard of Science. This was delivered in splendid style, and was without doubt one of the best readings ever given before the Society.

Next came the event of the evening, the debate on the subject:—"Resolved, that the poets have exerted a more permanent influence on civilization than the Statesmen."

The subject was ably handled by Messrs. Robertson, Campbell and Hopkins for the affirmative, and Messrs. Hanson, Trenholme and Ross for the negative. The question was then put to the meeting for decision, and resulted in a victory for the affirmative. Mr. Wallace gave an able critique of the evening's proceedings. Mr. W. C. Sutherland, who was unavoidably absent during the earlier part of the evening, being now present, read a splendid essay on the "Principles of Anarchy." This concluded the programme, and the meeting adjourned to meet again on the following Friday.

Perhaps the most interesting meeting of the Literary Society which has been held at Old McGill for years opened at ten minutes after eight last Friday evening, with President Hanson in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and, approved, and as there was no business the programme followed immediately.

First came a very appropriate reading from Oliver Wendall Holmes, by Mr. McMaster (Arts '97), which was delivered with great feeling and expression.

Neither the song nor the singer were present, but as someone thought that the latter might be suffering from a severe attack of "Coldus Canadensis," he was excused without censure.

Next came an excellent essay on "Friendship" by Mr. R. Rogers (Arts '94), which was well written and, if possible, better read.

And then *the Debate!* The subject for discussion was:—"Resolved, that the advantages of a British connection are such that Canada would not be benefited by national independence."

The speakers pro and con were as follows: Howard (Arts '94), Craig (Arts '94) and Pollock ('97) *versus* Mullin (Law), Burnet (Arts '94), and Trenholme (Arts '97).