

for practical life ; the Academic course which constitutes a true liberal education, is not elective, but the same for all. No father would permit one of his boys at school to study Geometry alone, another Rhetoric only, and a third confine himself to Latin, because each of the three had their separate tastes. What is true on the threshold of education is true on the threshold of culture, which is precisely where the newly graduated M.D. stands. The world is before him, let him have not one but all the good things—poetry, history, art, science, religion, philosophy. Let the soul structure have a broad foundation. Why not Plato and Spinoza for every young physician who wishes to know the history of mind or society? Why not Homer and Horace, Shakespeare and Goethe for every professional man? If he has no taste in this direction, can he do better than to cultivate it? Modern fiction in Thackeray, Hawthorne and Geo. Eliot, will do for dessert, but it is not well to live on dessert. A dinner of several regular courses is found on the whole to be much the best. Let him take a turn of Luebke's "History of Art," and Fergusson's "History of Architecture." These are a liberal education in themselves. Has he yet done his Grote, Mommsen, and Gibbon? If not, there is a treat in store for him. Bacon's essays, Montaigne, Addison and Macaulay, form a course most desirable; what citizen of the world would wish to be without it? Away with narrow-mindedness; let us have the best of everything for mind as well as body.

From the report of Dr. Ranch, Secretary of the Illinois State Board of Health, on Medical Education in Canada and the United States, we glean the following: "There are at present thirteen medical colleges in Canada, of which two are exclusively for women. Below is the list with the registered attendance of each during the session of '88 9: Trinity Medical College, 289; Medical Faculty of the University of Toronto, 258; Medical Faculty of the University of McGill, 233; Ecole de Medicine de Chirurgie, of Montreal, 202; Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, 150; Laval University Medical Department, 149; Western, at London, 64; Bishop's College, 39; Manitoba Medical College, 30; Halifax Medical College, 19; Woman's Medical College, Toronto, 35; Woman's Medical College, Kingston, 23. During the session of 89-90 there were 300 students registered at Trinity, showing a merited increase.

THE TRAVELLERS.

'Twas evening, before my eyes
There lay a landscape grey and dim;
Fields faintly seen and twilight stars,
And clouds that hid the horizon's brim.
I saw—or was it that I dreamed?
A waking dream! I cannot say;
For every shape as real seemed
As those that met my eye to-day.
Through leafless shrubs the cold wind hissed,
The air was thick with falling snow;
And onward through the frozen mist,
I saw a weary traveller go.
Driven o'er that landscape, bare and bleak,
Before the whirling gust of air.
The snow flakes smote his withered cheek,
And gathered on his silver hair.
Yet on he fared through blinding snows,
And murmuring to himself he said,
"Tho' night is near, the darkness grows,
And higher rise the drifts I tread.
"Deep, deep each Autumn flower they hide;
Each tuft of green they whelm from sight;
And they who journeyed by my side
Are lost in the surrounding night.

"I loved them; Oh, no words can tell
The love that to my friends I bore,
We parted with the sad farewell,
Of those who part to meet no more.
"And I who face this bitter wind,
And o'er those snowy hillocks creep,
Must end my journey soon and find
A frosty couch, a frozen sleep."
As thus he spoke a thrill of pain
Shot to my heart; I closed my eyes,
And when I opened them again
I started with a glad surprise.
'Twas evening still and in the west
A flush of glowing crimson lay,
I saw the morrow there, and blest
That promise of a glorious day.
The waters in their glassy sleep,
Shone with the hues that tinged the sky,
And rugged cliff and barren steep,
Gleamed with a brightness from on high.
And one was there whose journey lay
Into the slowly gathering night;
With steady step he held his way
O'er shadowy vale and gleaming height.
I marked his firm though weary tread,
The lifted eye and brow serene,
And saw no shade of doubt or dread
Pass o'er that traveller's placid mien.
And others came, their journey o'er,
And bade good-night with words of cheer;
"To-morrow we shall meet once more;
'Tis but the night that parts us here."
"And I," he said, "shall sleep ere long—
Then fading gleams shall soon begone—
Shall sleep to rise refreshed and strong,
In the bright day that yet will dawn."
I heard; I watched him as he went,
A lessening form, until the light
Of evening from the firmament
Had passed and he was lost to sight.

TORONTO DINNERS.

THE inhabitants of this Continent often remark with just pride that what cannot be had in Toronto cannot be had anywhere. This, if good and true living be the matter in question, is certainly true. If a person have a dollar or a dollar and a half or less in his pocket he may dine like a prince—French, Italian or German. He may dine Hungarian, Spanish or Norwegian, English or high-toned American, or even Chinese. As a specimen of one of these dinners, foreign in its aspect, take that given at one of our fashionable restaurants.

A true Italian dinner is remarkable in several ways—there is no pastry or entremet; there is an absence almost total of vegetables, and finally a tendency to substitute a *hors d' amore* or *minestra* for soup. Here, catering a little to the northern tastes, they give a first course consisting of all three. *Hors d' amore*, sardines, radishes and sausages de bologna, a soup, and a *minestra* of maccaroni *al sergo*.

The second course will be a perch or some small fish, served whole flanked on each side by a potato.

For the *piece de resistance* say a veal cutlet breaded and a leg of turkey.

As an *entree*, calves livers and kidneys cut in chips and fried in butter.

The roast is quail with salad.

Then apples, oranges, *fromage creme* and *gorgonzola*. Coffee. Cigarettes.

Vind Toscani is furnished, and the total, \$1.25, with a *dolce* for the waiter.

The genuine Italian in dining cares not for soup, vegetables, pie or pudding.

Warm liquids and carbohydrates are better adapted to a cold climate.