

course. But he who does faithful and conscientious work will go out from McGill as well fortified to do battle in the intellectual world as the graduate of any other University; and he may in after years, by the application of those general principles first taught him in McGill, and the use of that intellect which was first trained here, by long and patient work devoted to a few branches, hope to get down to the very roots of things. Hence it is clear, that however voracious our appetites may be, we cannot gobble up all knowledge during our undergraduate life. We ought to remember that there are other sides than the intellectual to our nature. It is indeed multilateral. And by recognizing the physical, moral, and social sides of our nature, let us do ourselves justice by equipping ourselves for the battle of life. "The education of the generality of the world is not in reading a parcel of books, but in restraint of discipline, emulation, and in noble examples," says Edmund Burke. That dictum applies to the great world without, and also to our University microcosm. Let the pale hermit-student, therefore, break away occasionally from his books, and rub up against his fellows in the different societies, social and otherwise, and if he be too light to meet the shock of his heavier brother in the football field, at least let him take a walk out and see the few games which remain to be played, and shout himself hoarse for McGill. Soon he will find his intellect clear and scintillating bright, while all morbidity and unhealthy humors of body will be chased away. And students, coming back to your books, organizers, committee men, footballers, do not lament your lost time. You are on the right track, and will not regret it a few years hence.

LOUDER THAN WORDS.

When we pass in glorious procession past crowds of admiring spectators, or fill a gallery above hundreds of upturned and expectant faces, we swell with pride as again and again we sound forth the praises of our Alma Mater, our Faculties and our Years. How loyally true we are to them all! How insignificant all others are compared to them! Perish the man who will not endanger his vocal organs for their sake along with us! And then we shout again M-c-G-i-l-l, until our hearers believe those letters are branded on our very souls and trust that their eardrums may remain intact until the close. But now we draw a yet deeper breath; for here come the Professors, that "noble army of martyrs" in the cause of our education. We shall prove to them our gratitude and devotion by many a ringing cheer. And thus we keep it up until—

With bodies weary and worn,
With throats made raw and red,

we disperse to our homes, congratulating ourselves upon the fine spirit of loyalty and unity that has been displayed.

Now we are at work again, and the "light of common day" shines upon us instead of that from the foot-lights; gone are the upturned faces, and with them some of our enthusiasm. We certainly *appeared* loyal men and true that night, and surely it was more than an appearance, put on with our fantastic costumes and laid by with them when we donned cap and gown. Did those loud-voiced declarations mean no more than did the white trousers, the ancient beavers and the huge chrysanthemums? Our answer cannot be spoken: for our college will take as a proof of loyalty our furthering of her highest interests; our professors will believe in our gratitude, if we follow the path to knowledge which they point out; and our classmates will not doubt those professions of class-unity, if self-seeking competition gives way to hearty co-operation. They had a right to believe words so emphatically iterated. Let us prove them true, and then, with her halls filled with sons who mean what they say, our Alma Mater will indeed be "all right."

CONTRIBUTIONS.

HORACE.

It is now about nineteen hundred years since Horace died, and during all the centuries that his works have been before a public which has included all the learning and refinement of every cultivated nation, no writer in any language has been so much read, quoted, translated and commented upon. He is the first of those classic authors who become the friend of the reader, and the friendship lasts with life. Malherbe said that he used the Epistles as his breviary. Condottet took a volume of the Odes into the dungeon where he died. DeWitt, when a murderous mob burst upon him, repeated to his brother the noble lines in which the poet describes the righteous and resolute man, whom not even the fury of the citizens can shake from his purpose or can drive into error. What is the secret of a popularity which time leaves unimpaired? How is it that this writer, dealing with the transactions of a life, the very traditions of which are now obsolete, never fails to interest, to delight, to fascinate? We know that Demosthenes was the greatest orator, Thucydides the greatest historian, Euripides the most tear-provoking tragedian of antiquity. We admit their claims, but we do not read them. Schoolboys learn them at college, and students master them in after life; but Horace is not for us an author, but a friend. We read him in our youth, and we return to him when our judgment is more mature, and we think with kindness of the man