

Now there may be exceptions to this, I hope there are, but I have been there and know a good many fellow sufferers. On the other hand suppose you do know how to dance, now I have to a certain extent been there also and so too have you, reader, in all probability. Your evening becomes a truly social evening. Your time between the occasional dances in which you may join, can be pleasantly spent in that greatest of social pleasures—conversation. You make some new acquaintances and cement many old ones. The supper becomes merely a variation. The pleasant tete-et-tete on the road home merely an appropriate finale. If you do feel seedy in the morning the thought of the previous evening's pleasure will cause you to shake off the more easily any lingering ill effects. Now there may be exceptions to this also, but if so no one is to blame but the "ego."

Now it will be perceived that this contrast is made from my standpoint of social enjoyment. It is one which makes and most distinctly keeps dancing as a mere means and a subordinate means at that. I think that every one should dance, but merely that it might serve as a means for social intercourse; when better means are provided then dancing can step down and out. To make dancing the only enjoyment of the evening is to abuse a pleasure. Dancing is a great enjoyment to many, but any one can find on experiment that it is not the highest enjoyment. Keep up dancing all the evening, but let not the workers be the same throughout; then as it is impossible for moving water to stagnate, so it will be found impossible for a moving company to stagnate. Let the dancer but exercise what little common sense he has, and consider dancing not as all the enjoyment in itself, but also as a means to other and higher enjoyment and he will be aiding in the good work of ennobling and improving social intercourse. X.Y.Z.

### ONLY.

ONLY two pretty blue eyes,  
Laughing through floating hair—  
Only two pretty blue eyes,  
Haunting me everywhere—

Only two little white hands,  
Modeled on ancient arts—  
Only two little white hands,  
Made but to play with hearts—

Only two velvet soft arms,  
Lithe with a supple grace—  
Only two velvet soft arms,  
Mating the matchless face—

Only two rosy red lips,  
My soul could save or sell—  
Only two rosy red lips  
Would make a heaven of hell!

—Yale Lit.

### ROYAL COLLEGE.

WE have a relic of antiquity still hovering about our Medical course. It is a ghost of by gone days left alive from sheer carelessness, and as the days of ghosts have passed away, we feel sure that it requires but a single blow to lay this one in the dust and to send it to meet its brothers who have gone before. Why it was left so long we can hardly say, unless from its slight inconvenience when the requirements of the curriculum were less extensive. It is no longer necessary to find some plan of keeping "those awful students" quiet; the progress of our Science and the introduction of new branches furnish almost a superabundance of work so that we are not likely to languish from want of employment. Now that our studies are becoming so much wider and our examinations so much more exacting, it is scarcely worth while to require us to hunt up some old or some unused author and steal from his work a full-fledged Thesis on some recondite Medical subject. The time taken in hunting out the book, from which bodily to clip the essay, could be spent much more profitably in many ways. There is no exaggeration in saying that the essay has nothing original within its covers, it is a case of theft, more or less skilfully concealed, from the title to the signature. Most things have a *causa essendi* and we suppose this custom had, but we fail to see any reason for its continuance. As an exercise in the expression of our thoughts, or as a test of our knowledge of English Grammar, an essay would be a valuable aid; but as a criterion of our Medical knowledge, or of our ability to practice our profession it is the merest sham—a piece of useless torture. The merits or demerits of the Thesis never enter into the decision of our fitness for the degree; if we pass the examinations successfully the essay may be a complete jumble of balderdash and yet no notice be taken of it. In fact we doubt if one half of the essays presented are ever read; they are silently relegated to the archives of that splendid library (?) which consists solely of the learned effusions. Let the Thesis be done away with, and sent to the shades to find its place among those old forms whose usefulness has departed and let it give place to more modern and more important requirements.

WHO threw the snow-balls?

"CAST IRON" remedy for inflammation—Calomel and Opium.

SOME of our pet names for fellow-students: Cockey, Turkey, Cupid, Cyclope, Rascality.

A SOFT answer turneth, etc. Prof.: "Who are making that noise, Mr. C.?" Mr. C. replies, "Let up on that, please."

OUR Professor of Medicine gave us his experience of Cuban beds as consisting of a burdette, a hair pillow, two sheets, and an unlimited supply of bed—well, you know—those small animals. *Experientia docet*.

BECAUSE ladies are admitted to the study of medicine some people have taken it for granted that any one may enter our sacred shrine, but the sudden expulsion of the colored gentleman who visited us last week proves that we pick our company.