

them at the moment. We don't mean that the students now serving in different capacities are not qualified for the positions they hold. We cannot know this; nor can any one until the session is over and the way in which they filled the offices is calmly reviewed. But what we do mean is that if they are the best men who could have been determined upon, it is partly accidental, and not the result of wise foresight on the part of their classmates. There is too much thoughtless haste in making nominations, too little consideration beforehand of the men at disposal. Several will perhaps be proposed for an important office, and some will decline, and finally the lot will fall upon some one who values the position less because he knows that it has been refused by others. The class and other meetings at McGill are becoming notorious for this kind of thing, and it is now rather difficult to get the students together, so disgusted have they grown with the way valuable time is wasted in senseless nominations and pointless speeches. There is danger of the students falling into complete apathy about the carrying out of all undergraduate movements, and this should be avoided by the exercise of more wisdom in the matter to which we have referred.

THE DINNER QUESTION.

The time is not yet at hand for the yearly dinners, at least in Arts and Science, but there is no harm in giving the matter some consideration. What may be capable of improvement in this long-established custom, or what may render its further maintenance undesirable should be made known and discussed. That the holding of dinners has become firmly established is no valid reason why it should be continued, if the causes which instituted it are no longer in active operation. Because these annual dinners appeal to the conservative instincts of the students in upholding the institution bequeathed to them by their predecessors this cannot prevent the custom from lapsing, in our day of keen scrutiny into the merits of every enterprise appealing for public support. For our part we believe that the annual dinners should be continued. They are an excellent method of drawing the students of different years together. There they meet on common ground, and the narrow distinctions obtaining within the college walls are dropped, or at any rate should be. We therefore say to the students, by all means hold your dinner this session, as usual, and do not be the first to set up barriers between the classes, which may result in serious injury to all your college movements. Much more can be said on this question, but it is not necessary to go deeply into it at present. But we

would be glad to hear from our undergraduate readers their views, especially from those who oppose the idea.

We congratulate the Governors on their recent choice of a Professor in the Faculty of Applied Science. It is gratifying to know that a native-born Canadian and above all a graduate of McGill has been judged competent to fill this important position. We hope that the precedent established by this and the few other appointments of a like nature will, in future, be followed by the powers that be, as opportunity offers. Professor Chandler enters on his duties under the advantages of being already well-known and esteemed by the students, and we are sure all McGill men will join with us in wishing him every success as Professor of Practical Mathematics.

Poetry.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

FAME.

"We strive through life to sculpture deep
Our names in every human heart
That the forgetful world may keep
Our memory green when we depart.

Behold the schoolboy! School dismissed
He stoops at every snowy wall
To write his name with clumsy fist,
Oblivious both to book and ball.

And lovers in the woodland shade
Their secret to the trees confide
And write their names with eager blade
Deep in some noble elm's side.

That, when themselves have passed away,
Their children's children still may shew
The intertwining names and say:—
"These two were lovers long ago."

Lo! read in some deserted cell
The words with years of labor wrought,
And every slimy stone will tell
The lonely captives' saddest thought.

The thought is everywhere the same,
One long, low, agonizing moan
That he who might have wedded fame
Must live forgotten, die unknown.

The schoolboy, lover, captive, each
Has bid for immortality,
And brother, ere you smile and preach,
Be sure you seek more worthily.

Though fools and sages, young and old
Alike, are striving for renown,
'Tis those who bid with honest gold
Alone can hope to win the crown.

There are but few shall reach the goal,
The tree shall die, the cell and wall
Shall crumble down and Time shall roll
Its sullen waters over all.

Then, brother, bid with gold indeed;
Work to uplift the human race
And all in after years will read
Your epitaph in every face.

ATTIE.

The shortest letter ever written consisted of a single letter. A French poet wrote to Piron, the dramatist: simply 'Eo rus' (Latin for 'I am going into the country') Piron, not to be beaten in brevity, wrote back 'I' ('Go').—