

THE UNIVERSITY BANQUET.

Arrangements have now been all but concluded in regard to the University Banquet, which will come off at the Windsor on Friday, the 14th of February, at 7.15 p.m., the price of tickets being \$2.75. The Governor-General, visitor of the University, will unavoidably be absent. Sir Donald Smith, Chancellor, will preside, and the gathering will embrace all features and departments of the University's being and work, including the Donalds students, wives of Professors, and Graduates and lady patronesses. Among the speakers, Sir Daniel Wilson or Principal Grant, Sir William Dawson, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Hon. Mr. Justice Church, Dean Trenholme, and Principal MacVicar, will be heard, while the Graduates and the Students of the various Faculties will voice their sentiments through elected representatives. An excellent programme of music has been arranged by the Musical Association. It is expected that the regular features of the programme will conclude by eleven o'clock, when doubtless an informal programme of less weight, but more merriment, will succeed.

In conclusion, the committee may fairly lay claim to have done all in their power to make the inaugural University Banquet an unqualified success, and it remains but for the hearty co-operation of all classes in the University to make the undertaking what its best supporters could wish.

Societies.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The above society held its usual meeting on Friday evening, the 24th. The respective merits of German and French civilization were debated with vigor by Messrs. Hibbard and Topp, on the side of the Germans, and Curtis and Ferguson on that of the French. After an earnest and deep discussion, 'Froggy' won.

DELTA SIGMA.

The Society met on Thursday, Jan. 23rd. The attendance of regular members was not what it should have been, but several welcome guests were present, among others Mrs. Ross, a former President of the Society. Miss Reay, in a paper on 'The Great North-West' carried her hearers with her on a pleasant trip across the midland prairies. Miss James followed, with an essay on 'Canada's Pacific Coast.'

The Impromptu Debate "Resolved that the church be disestablished in England," did not show very brilliant speaking, and was won for the negative by a very doubtful majority of one. The speakers were: Affirmative,—Misses Monk, Tatley and Moffatt. Negative,—Misses Abbott, Williams, and Leach.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of this Society was held on the evening of the 24th, the President in the chair. The subject of debate was: Resolved, "that secret societies are wrong in principle and pernicious in their results." The Affirmative was supported by Davidsohn, Warne, (J. S.), and McDougall, (G. W.). The speakers on the Negative were Tolmie, Ellenwood and Taylor. The decision was unanimous in favor of the Affirmative. The reading for the evening was given by R. S. Hall, and the essay, which was on Secret Societies, by S. W. Mack. T. Lee Quimby, a former student of McGill, kindly acted as critic.

Poetry.

ON THE DISSECTING TABLE.

Here's our "Subject" tall and strong,
With vermilion well tinged,
Where the blood once coaxed along,
Ready now to be dissected.
Someone never claimed, it seems
Friendless midst our Modern Bable,
Did he ever in his dreams
See his table?

Here's the hand that once held fast
All things pleasant to its liking;
Now its active days are past,
Or, for friendship or for toying,
Nothing colder here could lie,
Yet on someone's palm there lingers
Sense of its warm touch, while I
Strip the fingers.

How the dead eyes strangely stare
When I lift the lids above them!
Yet some human lives, I swear,
Who too well had learnt to love them:
Someone since their fatal sleep
Holds their smiles in recollection,
While I put them by to keep
For dissection.

Then the heart I take it out,
Handling it with no compunction;
Once it wildly pulsed, no doubt
Well performed each wondrous function.
Sped the life-blood on its race
In miraculous gyration—
Felt, responsive to one face,
Palpitation.

Where was life then, was it hid,
In each curious convulsion;
Packed beneath the cranium lid
With such ordered distribution?
Can we touch one spot and say
Here all thoughts and feelings entered,
Here—twas but the other day—
Life was centered.

No, that puzzle still remains
One unsolved, supreme attraction;
Here are muscles, nerves and veins
Where was that which gave them action?
Though the scalp's edge be keen,
Comes no answer from the tissues
Telling us where life has been—
Whence it issues.

Yet this thought remains with him,
Dead he is to outward seeming,
Still these eyes so glazed and dim,
Sees what lies beyond our dreaming.
Know the secret of the spheres,
Truth of doom or bliss supernatural,
Read the riddle of the years—
Life eternal!

So we'll leave him, ready now
For tomorrow morning's lecture;
Little reck that placid brow
Of our wayward, wild conjecture.
It may be our fate to die
All unwept and missed by no men;
As he lies there we may lie—
Able omen!