

would receive an impetus, or *its death-blow*; and, in all probability, even orthodox McGill would be compelled to adopt, in a modified degree at least, that ingenious and subtle speculation known as the Darwinian Theory.

Yours truly,

BUFFON.

"HUMANUM EST ERRARE."

SIRS,—

It was a very noticeable fact, and one much commented on at the time, that not a medical student of McGill attended the funeral of Doctor David, the late Dean of that Faculty in Bishop's College. This was a decided breach of etiquette, and to say the least of it, points to the existence of a very defective organization among them.

Again, another instance of this kind occurred in connection with the representation given for the benefit of the Western Hospital. An official invitation was sent by the "Meds." of Bishop's to their confrères in McGill, to attend the same in a body. Now, no one will question the right of McGill to refuse this invitation; but what shall the verdict be when it is known that the invitation was *not even refused*?

All this may appear very insignificant to many, but occurrences such as these engender unkindly and bitter feelings, and tend directly to snap asunder those peculiar relations of fellowship and *bonne entente*, which, light as air, yet strong as steel, the magic watchword "student" should never fail to create.

It is not in this manner, by slights and contempt, that McGill intends to assume her superiority; the undergraduates of no University can well afford to disregard all rules of etiquette, without being among the first to feel its evil effects. Let the "Meds." remember that politeness and good breeding are characteristics or attributes pre-eminently befitting the *Graet*; which attributes can not be dispensed with without loss of prestige.

They might, moreover, derive a great benefit by a careful perusal of the old fable of "The Lion and the Rat," and by a practical and personal application of the lesson taught thereby. "A lion caught in the nets of a hunter, struggled in vain to free himself; when a rat, attracted by his roars, offered him assistance. The lion scoffed at the idea, but the little animal quietly began to gnaw the net so that soon it was cut in two, and the King of the Forest was set free, &c., &c." The moral is apparent.

These facts (?) came to my knowledge in a very disagreeable manner, having been instanced to me, in the presence of a number of friends, as an example of the spirit prevalent among us. I would not for the world do aught to blot the escutcheon or tarnish the fair name our "Meds." have ever held; on the contrary, the object of the present article is to enable those in a position to do so, publicly to refute or explain the statements which called them forth; in order that no Student of McGill may ever be placed in the same humiliating position, viz.: to be compelled to own that any of her sons *could* err.

I remain, etc.

D. A. C.

To the Editors of the MCGILL GAZETTE.

SIRS,—

I should like to call the attention of your readers to the fact that there is a ribbon being sold to students as McGill ribbon, which is not composed of McGill colours, the scarlet (?) and white being out of proper proportion.

Yours, &c.,

E. H. HAMILTON.

THE MCGILL MEDICAL DINNER.

SIRS,—

Are we to have an annual dinner this year? and if so when and where will it be held? are common questions asked now by the students of the Medical Faculty. The junior men appear eager, but the senior men are quite apathetic about the matter. This is not as it should be. The memories which should arise from and cluster about an annual college dinner should be of the brightest and best, and second only to those of graduating day. That they have not been so in the past, all are aware; the fault of which can hardly be imputed to any one, arising as it does partly from that conservatism, happily seldom met with in young men, which considers that what is good enough for one generation of students is quite good enough for the generations which follow. Tradition and custom are often good, but not always best.

The "Footing dinners" of old were but a sorry means to a desired and very desirable end, viz., that of forming and strengthening acquaintanceships, and perhaps of laying the foundation of future and sometimes lasting friendships between the freshmen and the final students. That sounds well, and as a theory is perfect, but did it answer as well? No, for as a rule the freshman went to the dinner, looked on and listened, gained wisdom and experience of a certain kind, and returned to his home again, knowing the best qualities of no man better.

The professors have not been altogether free from blame in this matter. They have received invitations to these dinners, but have been in the habit of sending their regrets, until at last the sending of such invitations became nothing more than a mere form, and, all arrangements were made for hold-

ing the dinner, with the understanding arrived at by experience that none of the professors would be present.

Now it seems to us, and appears to be considered so elsewhere, that the annual dinner of any body of students should possess as much interest for the professors as for the students, and that they should all unite to make it successful, for without such co-operation of teacher and pupil, experience has proved that the success of any college dinner can be but limited. That interest should not be merely of a passive kind, evidenced only and ending with their presence, but active and helpful by advice and guiding considerations; the longer speeches should also be made by them, and in that manner the success of the dinner be ensured. By such a procedure, the influence of the professor, which as a rule ends in the lecture-room, would be in a great measure extended with but little effort on his part; a better understanding would be arrived at on all sides, and a oneness of feeling in regard to work which nothing else good give. No time could be better than the present for the carrying into execution of any plan by which the tone of these dinners shall be elevated. There have never been so many students in attendance on lectures before, and the majority of them are in favour of such a change.

Will the Faculty not see their way clear in this matter, appoint one of their number to co-operate in their name with the committee already appointed, and let us have, before the holidays, such a dinner as all who may be present will be glad to remember.

Yours, &c.,

"TADDY."

Poetry.

RESIGNATION.

Written for the MCGILL UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

Friends must part, and time will sever  
Hearts that beat in fondest love;  
And we oft repine and murmur  
At the will of God above.

At the will of Him who knoweth  
All the days of our short span,  
And in mercy only chasteneth  
For their good the sons of man.

Feeling this in patient meekness—  
Let us in submission bend;  
He who knows our every weakness  
Will true comfort to us send.

Peace, the world with all its pleasures  
Cannot give or take away—  
Peace, our hearts' most precious treasure,  
O'er our minds holds gentle sway.

THE NORSE EXPLORER.

(Written for the MCGILL COLLEGE GAZETTE.)

Before our long snake trails her wake,  
Across those blue waves dancing free,—  
Cast one more look upon the land.  
Then one out towards the open sea.

Look where the sun is glancing bright  
Across the grain fields' golden foam,  
See underneath yon mountain's height,  
That well loved spot each one calls home.

If any heart still clings to land,  
If any wish our search were o'er,  
Speak! for no man can leave the ship.  
When once her keel grates off the shore,  
We seek a sea no eye hath seen.  
We seek a land no foot hath trod.  
Whose sky is crimson with the sheen  
Cast from the banner of its God.

Before this strength of storm and ice,  
Our vessel's frail, our strength is slight;  
But with hearts that never quailed at foe,  
We'll brave the terrors of His might.  
We'll storm his throne of ice and snow,  
We'll face his fiercest days of cold.

And oft ship will ever onward go,  
Though His blackest night about us fold.

We need no living man as guide,  
We need no chart of cape or bay,  
For the ghosts of seekers who have died.

In the search they made to find "the way,"  
Will pilot us through the Witch's sea,

Will charm the spirit beneath the wave;  
And for Beacon lights we'll have the glare

Of ice from some Norseman's lonely grave.  
Shove off! Shove off! farewell fair land!

Long will the French and Saxon shore,  
Rest from the terror of our hand,

Until we plough these seas once more  
Aho! the Raven's fluttering free,  
The long snake's plunging in the flood.

Follow our flight ye birds of prey,  
We'll slake your thirst in the Ice King's blood!

PHILIP HAY.