

In the department of medicine, perhaps more than in any other, this evil should be combated as far as possible, and more value should be attached to a practical knowledge of the science than to a mere expertness in rhyming of theories, hypotheses, etc., per text book or lecture notes.

Now while the teaching of our college tends to be pre-eminently practical, the method of examination is such as to favor this process of cramming, and is such as to make it possible for a student by a few months' hard reading to creditably pass the prescribed examinations—as Huxley says: "They pass and they don't know."

"Reading and much reading," said Edmund Burke, "is good: but the power of diversifying the matter in your own mind and of applying it to every occasion that arises is far better—so don't suppress the *vicida vis*." The aim then should be to make the examinations, wherever possible, largely practical. They should be of such nature as "to let reason, memory and method have free play." We would not recommend the abolition of written examinations by any means; but we would desire to see the oral practical part, put on an equal footing with it, and not confined as heretofore to ten or fifteen minutes, which often seemed more of a matter of form than a part of the examination. Would it not be well to have the oral last at least half-an-hour in each subject. Then the examiner could test his man and find out his capacity and power and thus he will not pass a one-sided opinion on him as he often necessarily does if he judge him by his written examination. Another, and we believe, a more salutary change would be to abolish the present system of competitive examination, with its medals, prizes and "honorable mention." The spirit of emulation and the desire to excel his companions, is a feeling which induces very few students to make an extra effort, as very soon the measure of each student is taken and a few soon leave the rest so far in the rear that all hope of successful competition is given up. Hence as an incentive to study competition fails. These few (who in any case would be successful students) are stimulated to excel by a spirit of rivalry which is certainly not the noblest or healthiest. The one wins the prize or attains the coveted position; the rest get—nothing. Who shall say this one is the best student? Has he not merely "showed his power of work under stimulus, and his capacity for rapidly and clearly producing that which, for the time, he has got into his mind?"

The remedy we propose is the following:—

Let there be a pass and honor standing as there is now, and let this be all. Let there be no positions in

these classes—no medals or prizes. They are wrong in principle, are a practical failure, and often won by only a few marks or a lucky chance.

By the above method all will be compelled to work as now for a pass. The more ambitious or gifted can attain an honor standing; while the few who now spend their time in superfluous reading and much cramming that they may possibly win a medal, may spend this time in acquiring a PERMANENT and more SCIENTIFIC knowledge of their profession, and at the same time not jeopardise that which is the acme of human welfare—a sound mind in a sound body.

We should like to hear through the columns of the GAZETTE the opinion of the students on these matters as well as on that of having an outside Board of Examiners.

Poetry.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

HOPE HORATIANE.

HOPE—BOOK I, ODE IX.

See, dazzling with untrodden snow
Socrates stands; the straining woods
Bend with their burden, and the floods
Curbed by keen frost have ceased to flow.

Pile logs upon the hearth, afar
To drive, O Thaliarch, the cold,
(And draw the vintage, four years old,
With lavish hand from Sabine jar.)

Resign all else to Jove's high will;
When once he lulls the winds asleep
That battle on the boiling deep,
O, rest, and ancient ash, are still.

Seek not to-morrow's fate to know,
Set down as gain whatever chance
To-day brings forth, nor scorn the dance,
Or youthful love's delicious glow.

Age soon will blight thy manhood's flower:
Park and parade should claim thee now,
And thou shouldst murmur passion's vow
At dinky twilight's trysting hour:

Or track the low, sweet laugh that tells
Where some coy maid conceals her charms,
And snatch a forfeit from her arms,
Or hand, that tenderly repels.

BOOK I, ODE XIII.

Fuscus, the man whose life is pure,
And clear from crime, may live secure;
No Moorish darts or bow he needs,
No quiver stored with venom'd reeds:

Whether on Afric's burning sands,
Or savage Caucasus he stands,
Or where with jagged hoisted tide
The waters of Hydaspes glide.

For, while in Sabine glades, alone,
Singing of Lalage, my own,
I roamed light-hearted and unarm'd,
A wolf that faced me fled—alarmed.

No monster so portentous roves
Through pallid Daunia's broad oak-groves,
Nor e'en in Juba's thirty land,
That suckles lions' mid the sand.

Set me on lifeless deserts, where
No tree is fanned by summer's air,
That zone of earth, which must and cloud
With sultry atmosphere enshroud:

Set me in houseless realms afar,
Beneath the sun's too neighbouring car,
Or on these sweet-smiling Lajags,
Sweet-speaking maid beloved shall be.