

and second year men could then look forward to the meeting as one of the honors of the third year.

Judged by the attendance at previous meetings this society would not consist of more than about twenty-five or thirty. We could then have a regular experience meeting, and I am sure that it would prove so enjoyable that the attendance would be largely increased. The gathering would then be small enough in size to allow the chairman to call upon each of the members by name, mentioning the year in which they attended College, to tell what they were doing themselves and also what they knew of others. We could all meet around the same festive board, crack the same old jokes and tell the same old stories. While writing this I am pleasantly reminded of a dinner last fall where the ex-students met together, while at Toronto Exhibition, and I think that if this could be made an annual affair that it would add to the enjoyment of the students attending the Exhibition and would become very popular.

Another difficult question to decide would be the time of meeting. If it were possible I would propose meeting in the afternoon and evening before the regular days. Then the boys would become acquainted with each other and would feel more at home in the discussion, but I hardly think that it would be possible to get an attendance on that day as two days seems to be as much as most of them can spare away from home.

Another suggestion would be to follow the example of the previous year's Second Year who held their dinner on the second night of the Union. Will not both the officers and students bear me out when I say that this annual supper has become too unwieldy and is nothing but an expensive farce. It had its use when the number of students was small and the visitors few. But now it is too much of a crush to be pleasant. The same old toasts are sprung on us each year and the same old replies given, and a general air of familiarity and languor prevails through the entire meeting. While the staff and employees are nearly driven off their feet in their attempts to provide accommodation, and a general state of confusion reigns which can only be likened to a second visitation of smallpox.

I will now leave this matter in the hands of my fellow-students. It is a subject upon which I have given considerable thought, but confess my utter inability to propose a satisfactory way out of the difficulty, but offer these suggestions, hoping that through the medium of the Review the matter will be brought to the notice of the students and that some feasible plan may be brought forward. Let us hear from some of the old students, and among those who helped organize the society and have watched with fostering care the tender plant budding out into a flourishing tree. I might mention the names of Messrs. Zavitz, Holterman, Rendall, and Lick.

G. F. MARSH, B. S. A., '92.

INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY.

The board of health we credit give
For all their watchful tender care,
And no deserved praise we spare,
They did their best, and yet we live.

The smallpox past, and credit due
To those deserving it we give,
And thank good fortune that we live,
And leave their praises to the few

Who in seclusion at their home,
Of dread diseases sat in fear,
And thought that perhaps the air would clear,
And free from microbes they could roam.

Then, when the joyful news they hear,
That all the danger is now o'er,
These now may venture out of door,
And sound their praises far and near.

They go about from place to place,

Their clothing smells of sulphur fumes
With which they fumigate the rooms,
Sure death to all the microbe race.

They may be saints, you cannot tell,
But from appearances we think
That they are not, and then we shrink
When we smell fumes of other worlds.

But what about the students, who
Lay down on straw-strewn floor to rest,
Because the health-board thought it best
To quarantine the exposed few.

And with them those who in this town,
By name of "students" oft are classed,
With these exposed few are cast,
Midst absent comforts settled down.

Arranged in rows close side by side,
They slept, or tried to sleep in vain,
Because they thought, "If we remain
Here, what would cruel fate provide.

If one were taken ill, would all
Not find in death a resting place,
And so would end this mortal race?
Or if, perhaps, they missed the call,

They in the distant future would
Give thanks to those whom praise is due,
That they were yet among the few"—
"But then it was for public good."

The doctors too, our thanks we give,
Preventive measures were not spared,
They for our feelings little cared,
They did their best, and yet we live.

Some hold a doubt that they can say
They yet a smallpox case have seen,
But then by this we do not mean,—
For case broke out day by day,

With symptoms grave, which caused much fear,
As they pronounced a serious case,
The isolation then took place,
And no one dared to venture near.

The vaccine had begun to take,
'Twas what the cases proved to be,
And then each one began to see
That isolation was a "fake."

'Tis said a townsman you would know,
As calmness lit up each one's face,
As if "to fear" would bring disgrace:
And daily, thus, to work they'd go.

And fearless maidens dared to hold
A letter from th' infected hand,
In her well covered, dainty hand,—
But then, who else could be so bold?