

be that all the professors have been made D.C.L.'s without respect to class, creed, or, we were going to say, attainments. This probably will add to the dignity of the school, if not to its usefulness. The Graduates' Society has probably given up their agitation of last year as a hopeless undertaking. When it comes to a contention between the Bar of this Province and McGill, we hold that McGill is in the right. We have always claimed, and we claim still, that the McGill Law Faculty is as good as any other in this Province. But surely that is a low standard! How would such a comparison suit Sir Wm. Dawson, if applied to the Medical, the Arts, or the Science Faculty? Had the University done its duty heretofore with reference to this Faculty, she would be in a better position to-day to fight the cause of Protestant education in this Province.

The youthful Faculty of Applied Science is growing rapidly. We understand that a suitable building for its work is likely to be soon erected. Mr. Jeffrey Burland's donation of \$4,000 to this Faculty is a bright example to our young graduates.

So much for the success of the past year: it has been eventful in that McGill has taken the initiative in the struggle against the aggressive spirit which characterizes the acts of the majority upon certain questions, and this year has begun a struggle, of which the end is not yet.

#### THE POET.

The poet is an evolution. Mark  
His early efforts, how they sob and sigh!  
Life is a burden, even the sun is dark.  
He only wants, sweetlike, to sing and die.  
His tender soul feels every petty smart  
Born of his robust fellows' thoughtless sneers.  
From gay society he steals apart  
To rhyme of grief and loneliness and tears  
His sweetheart leaves him, wearied of his sighs,  
And elings to one who loves this fair earth well.  
And then he waits in limping elegies  
That she was "fair as heaven, false as hell."  
Ah! "Tears" and "Sneers," what would the rhyming  
    throng.  
Weak-minded, long of hair and wild of mien,  
Treading the earth ten hundred thousand strong,  
Have done for rhymes had you two never been?  
The early period many never pass.  
But life-long mumble in a maudlin woo  
Of broken hearts, of all flesh being grass  
And this great world only a fleeting show.  
True poets soon escape the primal stage,  
And, ever climbing, soon surmount the mist,  
Till from the vantage of maturer age  
They see the world by sunshine warmly kissed.  
They learn that all who would be truly great  
Mix with the stormy world, nor shrink their part;  
But take the trials all are given by fate,  
And set them to sweet music by their art.  
He only is a poet who can find  
In sorrow happiness, in darkness light,  
Love everywhere, and lend his fellow-kind  
By flowery paths towards life's sunny height.  
The poet who sings failure all can spare;  
But he who sings of victory, and first  
Men's hesitating souls, until they dare,  
And daring do; him all the world desires.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

#### Contributions.

A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

#### CHAP. XI.

"That tacin of the soul—  
The dinner bell"—Byron.

Grief teaches us many things, among them the value of happiness. The death of Lulu did not make me a misanthrope, though it did make my smiles graver. I have recognized that time is only a shifting point in eternity, and that some day we shall meet again. Here I have my papers and my books, and a little Lulu, for which latter I am indebted to Clooney and Edith, and I am quite content to wait. Clooney got over his sister's death, I will not say easily, but, in time. In his life it was an incident, in mine a catastrophe. For a time he was quieter than usual, then he entered almost feverishly into excitement, forming acquaintances at college and elsewhere, which he found it convenient in after-life to drop.

I did not return to the city until late in November, but when I did so, I took up my old quarters with Clooney. I have described many phases of College life, but, so far, have omitted one most important one—the dinner. I will devote this last chapter to this subject, not because anything remarkable occurred that year—for all dinners are much the same—but because it is interesting as showing that College dinners are not traps of Satan, as a maiden aunt of mine once remarked. Like other occurrences in life, dinners offer opportunities for good and bad, and it depends on one's self whether or not they are misused. Well, this that I am about to describe, did not take place until after the Christmas holidays, and it did take place in a hotel not a thousand miles from the river, namely, the Richelieu. It was a dreary tramp down there, and, for many, a difficult tramp back; in fact, a few of us stopped at various stations on the way up, to interview certain insatiable men in blue, who offered free lodgings for the night.

Clooney had inveigled me into attending, and, as an old graduate, the thought of a dinner with the boys thrilled me as a blare of bugles thrills an old war-horse. There were four or five of us in the party that set out for the hotel, and we arrived in safety. Clooney was president of his year now, and occupied the head of the table. At either hand sat the delegates from other Colleges, and as the Y.M.C.A. had not begun its good work in those degenerate days, we who wished it had wine from the word go. I get even more amusement at a dinner in watching my neighbours than in eating. It is amusing to see the old hand, who intends making a night of it, breathe himself in his drinks, much as one starts a horse off