

## MEDICAL GERMS.

A few more days of suspense, and M.D. or MuD will be our titles.

It is pretty hard, after half an hour's pounding on a man's chest, the beads of sweat rising on your brow, to find out that there was nothing wrong with him.

The majority of us found our Waterloo in the matter of Eye and Ear work. Large drafts were made on the imagination, and the interview was, on the whole, a painful one.

It has been suggested that one of the Professors write a book on the "Pleasures of the Imagination."

The Medical members of the Football Team have presented an engrossed copy of this year's photo. to the Reading Room.

Mulligan and Patten will, P.V. (professores volentes), be lacking to the Team, next year. Teddy says he is bound to have an M.D., even if he has to go mule driving for it.

It is marvellous what a pandemonium of sounds one hears in a man's chest, when Dr. Dick's eye is on him.

It would be hard to imagine a more perfect method than that adopted this year, for testing a man's knowledge in Clinical work.

The Hygiene results were a great surprise to "those who knew all about it" beforehand.

The Graduating Class photo., by Martin, is a very pretty piece of composite work.

It really seems as if five years were not too much to spend in Medicine. This is not a request to be "sent up" for another year.

"On dit," that Bishops is to open its doors to ladies next session, and that a number of the Kingston students will patronize it.

The Lady Supt. has invested the nurses with blue bows. Some of them would almost prefer auburn, or even dark beaus.

Dr. Vipond, class '89, has already taken the Edinburgh degree, and is now going up for his London Exam.

"NIX FORSTAY."

## Poetry.

[For "THE GAZETTE."]

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.  
(Freely rendered from the prose of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter).

Once on a time—it was the New Year's night—  
An old man at a window stood, and gazed  
Upon the myriad-eyed and changeless Heaven,  
And on the pure white earth, where—there shined  
No human soul so hopeless as his own.

In mute despair, he looked upon his grave!  
The snows of age, and not the green of youth  
Shrouded its blackness; and that woe-fallen man  
Out of his whole rich life now thither brought  
Nought but a load of follies, sins, and cares—  
A wasted frame, a desolated heart,  
And lone old age embittered with remorse.

And now, like ghosts, the bright days of his youth  
Hover about him: and he stood once more  
At Life's dread cross-roads, by his father's side.  
The right-hand pathway led by sunny tracks  
Of virtue to a Paradise of peace,  
Full of glad harvests and of glorious light;  
But the left strayed through labyrinths of vice  
Down to a dismal, poison-dropping cave,  
Where serpents darted! and the sultry damps.

And now, those serpents writhed about his breast—  
Those drops of poison paralyzed his tongue—  
He learnt the error of his choice—too late!  
Crushed by despair, he sobbed aloud to Heaven,  
"Give back my youth, O God! and oh! my Sire,  
Place me, once more, upon that branching road,  
That, once again, my pathway I may choose."

In vain—his father and his youth were gone!  
He saw strange lights that danced about the march,  
And died within the grave-yard—and he sighed.  
"Those are my youthful days!" He watched a star  
Shoot from the skies, and glimmer to its fall,  
To be extinguished on the gloomy earth.  
"That star is I," he groined, and fell remorse-  
dashed at his wounds again with serpent-teeth.

Suddenly, music for the new-born year,  
Like distant church song, floated from a tower.  
His soul was stirred—he gazed around the earth,  
And gazed upon the playmates of his youth,  
Who, happier now, and holier far than he,  
Were teachers of the world—world-honoured men—  
Fathers of loving children—and he cried:  
"I too, my Sire, might now have happy been,  
Thy New Year's bidding had I erst fulfilled."

He bowed his head—hot penitential tears  
Streamed o'er the snow: again, he softly sighed,  
Hopeless, unconscious almost: "Come again,  
O my lost Youth, come back!" It came again—  
For, on that strange and solemn New Year's Night  
He had but dreamed. His Youth was left him still,  
His errors only had not been a dream.

With grateful soul he poured his thanks to God,  
That he was spared, still young, to turn aside  
From Sin's foul ways, and follow the fair path  
That leads the pilgrim to a land of peace.

Turn thou aside, with him, O wayward youth!  
Who standest, couching, on the road of Life,  
His chastity dream was pictured for thy sake:  
He'er, grown old, in anguish thou shouldst cry,  
"Come back, once more, O vanished Youth, come back!"  
The golden years can never more return.

Geo. Murray.

## Societies.

## GRADUATES' SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Graduates' Society was held on Saturday night, 8th March, in the Law Faculty rooms in the Fraser Institute, to elect the candidates to represent the graduates on the corporation board. This board consists of forty-five members of whom the graduates elect eight, each holding office for two years and four retiring each year. The retiring members this year are Dr. Rodger in medicine, Dr. F. W. Kelley in Arts, John S. Hall, M. P. P., in law, and Jeffrey H. Burland, B. Sc., in science.