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Montreal, December 7, 1894.



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A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 7, 1894.

No. 5

## McGill Fortnightly.

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### EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

HOWEVER LIGHTLY Father Time places his fingers upon McGill, his grip is felt none the less keenly by the individuals of the University. At this time of the session we are impressed more than we usually are with the fact that "time flies," and it certainly will not be long before those members who at present make up the Years in the several Faculties will pass out into the world to practise their different professions. But before this separation with McGill takes place, there are a few things we hope to see, and not the least important among these is the new Song-Book.

Silently we have waited—how long and patiently, we will refrain from saying—for some sign to show us that the publication of the book might be expected, and it is only quite lately that rumours are afloat which would lead us to believe that such an event may sometime take place. We do not wish to appear uncharitable or thankless to the members of the committee who have undertaken the far from light task of selecting the book, but we would like to bring the fact most emphatically before them, that we have no song-book, that we have waited an intolerably long time for one, and that other books are being constantly bought by the undergraduates to serve the purpose our own book should.

Whether or not the rumours above referred to are truthful, time will tell; but the committee in charge of the work would be conferring a great benefit upon

all concerned should it attempt to hasten, be it ever so little, what we are so anxiously waiting for,—the new Song-Book.

IN THE LAST ISSUE of the FORTNIGHTLY was published a letter upon a subject which ought to be of considerable importance to many; yet, somewhat to our surprise, we have received no further communication about the matter.

The scheme proposed by our correspondent is, however, too good to be allowed to pass without comment, and we would like to bring the matter a second time to the notice of the Undergraduates.

The subject of theatre night has been frequently discussed in the pages of the FORTNIGHTLY,—but usually at a time when discussion was necessarily fruitless. We do not intend to more than touch upon the subject now, but would point out that, although it is generally agreed among the Undergraduates that a university night is decidedly preferable to faculty nights, and that we shall probably have a university night next year, still this will not come of itself; and all should show their interest by promptly electing the committee as suggested by our correspondent, or by taking such other steps towards the same object as may commend themselves to the Undergraduates.

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

*Read at a meeting of the Folk-Lore Society.*

No results of an acquaintance with Shakespeare are more useful, pleasing and varied, than such as arise upon familiarity with his reference to trees and plants. These references are key-notes to far more than appears upon the surface. I can only attempt to show to what they lead, and the purpose and significance of the terms employed. I can but, briefly deal with the subject, it would be a labour of love to deal with every tree, plant or flower named in his plays or poems, quoting the important passages—the characters should be also dealt with, when the beauty of the reference made it desirable; but this would be far beyond my limit.

Let us pass in review a few of the trees mentioned by Shakespeare;—he was always at home in the woods, of these he never tires, in the woods he lays some of his most admired and poetic scenes. Spending his youth in the ancient and glorious forest shades of Warwickshire, and returning to them after his London life, no wonder that trees hold a place so distinguished in his imagery. It was under the boughs of immemorial forest monarchs that his imagination found earliest nurture, and no pleasure that we can conceive as concurrent with his declining years can have exceeded the calm delight with which he trod the shaded pathways wherein he had gathered his first impressions of the beauty of nature, and tasted the deep joy of meditation. Not only were the grand old trees a daily spectacle during his boyhood; he was much *alone* with them, as with most other elements of wild nature, and thus peculiarly open to their influence. His walks were in scented meadows, where he would hear no voices but those of the birds, and by the smooth and lilled river, from which he would change to the green recesses of the forests. No other scenes were at his command, save in the village, and even here the prevailing condition would be one of tranquility. But we must not think of Shakespeare's forests from the woodlands of to-day, wheat now grows upon many a broad acre, which, when Shakespeare wrote, was covered with timber, magnificent aboriginal forest, the like of which in England can never be seen again. Many of the trees now so common in England that they seem indigenous—the birch, for example, and the Lombardy poplar had not been introduced, and even the sycamore and the Norway spruce were known only in private pleasure grounds.

Shakespeare's forest consisted of trees such as had given shelter to Caractacus, and the great mass of them would be majestic. Trees such as these must be thought of, when we would understand in what kind of school Shakespeare learned his forest lessons.

Of the many beautiful scenes laid by Shakespeare in the quiet of great woods and forests, the most charming are those in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and in *As You Like It*. The chief part of the action in each of these matchless pieces lies amid trees; and it is worth noting that it is in these two that Shakespeare most wins upon the heart that delights in peace. Nowhere are we nourished more exquisitely by his humane and dulcet wisdom than when listening to him among the trees which bore "love songs on their barks":—

"Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

"Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say  
"This is no flattery; these are counsellors  
"That feelingly persuade me what I am,  
"Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
"Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,  
"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

What a master of our language! let me ask you to note the charming alliteration in the two last lines:—

"Tongues—trees; Books—brooks; Sermons—stones."

Of trees, Shakespeare mentions the oak, willow, yew, aspen, linden, hawthorn, box, holly, birch, ash, elm, elder and the sycamore. Every country has its "forest monarch," in England this proud title is rightfully accorded to the oak, which in associations as well as figures and attributes owns no rival. Many circumstances contribute to this supremacy. The total number of references to the oak by Shakespeare appears to be thirty-one,—excluding the repetitions in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, twenty-four. No other tree is mentioned so often, and thus, upon his own showing, it was his favourite; though we must not forget that the oak has in all ages held a front place in metaphor, the various names under which it appears denoting several species not British.

Shakespeare refers frequently to the prodigious strength and solidity of the oak; in *Julius Caesar* we have

"I have seen tempests when the scolding winds  
Have rived the knotty oaks."

In "Measure for Measure":—

"Merciful heavens!  
"Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
"Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
"Than the soft myrtle."

Acorns, the fruit of the oak, are mentioned upon half-dozen occasions; "I found him," says Celia, "under a tree like a dropped acorn,"—Rosalind is ready for her, and replies:—

"It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit."

Although so much historical and legendary lore have clustered round the oak, yet scarcely any mention is made of this by Shakespeare. The legend of *Herne the Hunter*, which seems to have been current at Windsor, is several times alluded to in the *"Merry Wives of Windsor"*.

Mrs. Page says:—

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne the Hunter  
Some time a keeper here in Windsor Forest,  
Doth in the winter time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great rugged horns,  
And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle,  
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain,  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner;  
You have heard of such a spirit: and well you know,  
The superstitious idle-headed eld  
Received, and did deliver to our age,  
This tale of Herne the Hunter for the truth.

He never once mentions the beech tree, and the ash is passed over, except in reference to the strength of spear-shafts made from the wood.

Shakespeare does not care to learn much about what a botanist would call the "species" of trees. It may be doubted whether he knew familiarly more than half-a-dozen different kinds. But how quick and accurate his conception of the phenomena of their life, and of the part they play in the universal poesy! This is the kind of knowledge to be most envied, for it is that to which comparison of forms and colors never reaches.

In the sunshine of high summer, in *Titus Andronicus* we have

"The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground."

Then we are asked in *The Merchant of Venice* to note how quiet they can be

"The moon shines bright, in such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did kindly kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise."

Presently the breeze quickens

"The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day."

1st. part HENRY IV., v. 1.

Autumn approaches, and he tells us

"I have lived long enough, my day of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf"

MACBETH, v. 3.

Lastly, mark the observation, so consummately accurate, of the fact not more true in botany, than so admirably employed as an image, that a tree never casts its principal or larger leaves, till decay of everything is imminent.

In King Richard the Third, he writes:

"When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks,  
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand,  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?"

#### "PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS."

Persian trappings, boy, I hate;  
From the linden save my pate;  
Where the roses linger late  
Cease to search, nor add  
To the myrtle's plain design,  
Fitting for my brows and thine,  
Thou a slave, me quaffing wine  
'Neath the trellis'd shade.

W. M. M.

#### EPIGRAM.

'Twixt those Poets of old, and our Poets of late—  
One perpetual distinction holds true;—  
The New in a twinkling are all out of date;  
The Old—will for ever be new!

H. M.

#### KISMET.

The sun was almost set after a sultry cloudless July day. I stood on a low shoulder of hill which rose sluggishly out of the plain three half-miles to the south, and sloped upward till it was suddenly cut away by the river gorge on the north. The abrupt faces of the rock had crumbled slightly backward, leaving a steep, precipitous slope, broken here and there by tufts of scrub pine and masses of hard, intrusive rock.

Before me lay the immense canons of the Colorado. The hill on which I stood rose like the shoulder of a whale from the plain around, and gave view of league after league of the country before me. Half a dozen miles to the east lay the junction of the Chiquito Colorado with the main river. There the combined streams make a sudden swerve westward, and the great canon begins. I could follow its course for miles as it channelled its way across the plain as the rivulets do in spring, when they run over clay beds and work their way downward in narrow slits until the gravel below is reached. The walls of the canon in front of me were composed of evenly disposed strata of rock which the water had grooved out into horizontal flutings, and chiselled into pinnacles, and channelled into terraces, till they suggested at every turn the distant view of a city's walls and towers and spires. At short, irregular periods the walls were cut by the gorges of tributary streams, which flowed along the bottom of ridiculously narrow slits, cut down as by a knife from the plain above.

Along the southern edge of the canon wound a narrow wagon trail, which the traders coming up from the Little Colorado followed on their way to San Pueblo. Around the base of the hill, where the steep declivity sloping down from my feet met the abrupt walls of the canon, a slender pathway had been made with pick and shovel, a mere bridle-path, so narrow and frail it seemed clinging to the hill-side in terror lest it should suddenly be swept over, which indeed every fresh storm threatened to do.

Along this precarious road all the wagons from the East were in the habit of passing. The danger, however, was more apparent than real, except after a heavy rainstorm, when boulders and smaller debris were frequently washed down from the hill above, and made the passage both difficult and dangerous until they were removed. Such a sudden storm had swept the plains a few days before, and was followed by weather of that peculiar blinding sultriness which is to be experienced only on the western prairies.

As I stood on the highest spur of the hill, and gazed out over the plain which stretched in long swells to the northern horizon, the palpitating blue heat of mid-day was silently giving place to the re-



freshening coolness of night, and purple shadows were beginning to steal over the plain. The sun shook off the dazzling haze which hung about it throughout the day and sank in a blaze of mellow glory, suffusing the sky with rich warm colors of orange and saffron and rose, which spread in waves of increasing tenuity and softness far past the zenith, and were shot through with opalescent gleams and hints of violet.

My eyes were finally drawn from the beauty of the scene before me to a single mule-cart, which crept slowly along the narrow pathway below me. It was the outfit of some emigrant from the East feeling his way carefully towards the Pacific States. The cart was an old one, two-wheeled, and contained, as I guessed, a poor emigrant's slenderest outfit,—single tent, bedding, cooking utensils and a scant supply of food. There seemed scarcely room for even these meagre belongings in the vehicle below me. A young girl was sitting in the cart, leaning wearily forward, and grasping the sides of the box as the wheels jolted from stone to stone. The man walked beside the mule, keeping close to its head and holding the bridle rein loosely in his hand. The mule plodded listlessly on, his long ears pointed forward, stumbling occasionally on a stone and hastily recovering himself at the quick jerk of his leader.

They had the dust of long travel upon them, and were evidently seeking a place for the night's encampment. I watched them idly as they left the edge of the open and began to creep along the face of the cliff below me. The mule pricked up his ears and stepped more carefully and the trail drew closer to the verge of the canon. The man stopped occasionally to remove a stone from the track where the recent rain had washed it from the steep above. The girl seemed to cling more closely to the sides of the cart-box as she gazed sidelong at the fast blackening gulf beside her.

Suddenly there was a jar of the cart and a slight scream from the girl. The inner wheel had struck a boulder and scraped sideways. The mule pulled viciously forward at the unexpected resistance and the wheel began to rise over the stone. Beside the shaft the droop-shouldered man plodded listlessly on, his eyes bent on the track before him and the slack rein hanging over his arm. As the wheel came up, the cart gave a sudden lurch towards the verge. Then the child screamed. The mule, startled at the cry, lunged heavily forward. The inner wheel was thrown grinding down off the boulder and the outer slid over the edge of the canon. The young girl was flung against the side of the box, and her white face showed above it as she sprang fearfully forward towards the shaft. The father turned swiftly and instinctively at the crash of the wheel and the startled cry of his daughter, and with a hoarse, inarticulate

sound, the cry of an animal in pain which a man only utters when his heart turns to water at the presence of death, he flung out his arm, convulsively, and clutched the mule about the neck as the animal stiffened its legs and strove to regain its footing. The mule struggled bravely for an instant, but the man's weight hung like an incubus upon it, and the moment which might have saved them was gone in a flash. The mass of the cart, as the second wheel rose from the ground, dragged them backward, and in an instant had flung them bodily into the air, where they seemed to pause a second ere they plunged headlong after it into the blackness below.

I listened for some sound to break the stillness which had suddenly become awful, but only the mellow clang of a mule bell from the opposite side of the canon struck my ear. Then I turned away. It was four thousand five hundred feet to the bed of the river below.

CAMBRIDGE.

R. MACDOUGALL.

#### A JUNE MORNING.

Damp with the gentle rain of yester-night,  
As yet unwooded by Pheebus, high in air,  
This mossy path out stretches past my sight,  
And curves with elfish mischief, here and there!

A thousand fitful shadows come and go,  
More silent than the sportive summer breeze,  
The tender green of mosses clings below  
Along the gnarled, grey roots of stately trees.

The brambles cling about me, as if loth  
That I should leave them and pass by alone;  
A free full-throated thrush his music forth  
Flings to the silent, listening wood,—Ah, gone!  
Why should all lovely things before us flee,  
But such as cannot cleave the circling air?  
Or why sweet Nature's beauties may we see,  
And feel between the gulf she fixes there?

But now, a troop of nymphs and fauns, I know,  
Fled with a swift, wild whirl behind the trees,—  
What else could mean this sudden silence, so  
Apparent? Tell, O thou wandering breeze!  
I hear them laughing softly.—Hark! and see,—  
Almost, I mean,— a gleeful, impish face  
Peering, believe, most cautiously at me  
From the cool depths of yonder leafy space!

I like to think the young god Pan lives still,  
Though dead to us.—Alas! that this must be,—  
And pipes according to his sovereign will  
To all things wild, and beautiful, and free!  
For who can tell, but, like the crimson rose,  
Our fair, first mother's gift from Paradise,  
Whose perfume comes to each through life, who goes  
Once only, we, the too, too worldly-wise,  
Grown wiser in sweet sylvan lore, may chance  
On Pan himself amongst his merry throng,  
And for one startled moment see the dance  
And listen to the god's immortal song!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

## INDIAN RICE MAKING.

The lake was roughened by a heavy south wind when we set out in search of the rice camp, while from the burning forests of Minnesota there came a smoke which covered all the land, obscuring every point and land mark along the lake shores. •

Presently we were conscious of a dull beating sound, something like that which one hears when a steamboat is beating her way in the distance. As we advanced down the lake, this sound resolved itself into the monotonous "tom tom" of the Indians' drumming. Directing our course towards the sound, we by and by approached a long, low, sandy point reaching out into the lake. Here among the trees stood a dozen or so of birch bark lodges, and a whole fleet of bark canoes lay along the sandy beach before them. Every living thing in the camp came forth to array itself upon the upper bank as we drew near. A curious crowd of wanderers they were: old men with long, grey hair; young men with a kind of half crop, and ill-fitting clothes, neither a grace to savagery or civilization; and women and half naked children, with the usual contingent of howling, half-starved, mangy dogs.

When we landed, an English-speaking half-breed came down to the water's edge, shook hands gravely, then stood aside whilst his comrades went through the same ceremony in the same mechanical manner. One old fellow particularly impressed me. He was an old man, and an old savage. Civilization had not touched him. He wore nothing but a waist cloth and a loose blanket, yet he filled his position as a savage with dignity. If he had tried to fill any other he would have looked a fool.

He courteously showed us where to land our canoe, then led us up to one of the largest lodges. The drumming, which had ceased for a space, once more began, and the painted, bell-begirt band forsook the novelty of our appearance for the never failing charms of the drum. We entered the lodge by one of the end doorways, and passing up the centre way shook hands with numerous women and children who were seated on the ground in various places. Then we sat down to a council, as the residents of the neighboring lodges dropped in one by one to see us. The Chief Counsellor came in. He had red triangles painted on his cheeks and black circles about his eyes, as well as a band of dog-bells about his waist and a yellow and black eagle feather in his long black hair. We were duly impressed by his magnificent appearance, whilst we held mute council together, learning how it went with them in their hunting and their rice making. They had but one great sorrow: there was no tobacco in the camp. So I gave them all I had, and universal smoking and happiness banished this woe also.

In another lodge near by lay a poor sick boy. They asked us how it was with him, looking eagerly for some hopeful reply; but there could be none. Consumption had wasted him to a skeleton, and as he lay panting there upon the ground, he had but little time before his hereafter should reveal itself.

Nearly all these Indians are heathens. Their medicines are the tricks of the conjurers and the drum-beating. One ancient upholder of savagedom was discovered busily prancing up and down in a little pit dug in the ground. This pit was lined with hard baked clay, and the old fellow was husking the parched, wild rice by the primitive method of treading it out, somewhat after the manner of the oxen in the Biblical record. He had not a rag upon his body save the afore-mentioned loin cloth. A few minutes of this jumping up and down with a slight rotary movement served to make the rice and its husk part company.

At many large fires scattered through the camp there were women busily roasting the fresh gathered rice in great pots, to parch its husks, before it should pass under the treatment described above.

Others were out in the rice marshes beating out the grain into the bottoms of their canoes. So each one takes part in this happy harvest time, when all the world to them is bright and peaceful and there is plenty in the camp.

I looked into one tent, where there was an Indian woman sewing moccasins as usual, and behind her peeped out two little fair-haired children, blue-eyed as any Saxon. Their father was a white man, and this was the inheritance of his children.

Be sure we did not leave without a visit to the scene of the drum beating. Here we found a cleared space encircled by a periphery of heathens, whilst four of their number beat a solemn tattoo upon a big drum placed in the centre. Nearly all of them were painted and feathered, and otherwise adorned, more than is usual in these days. After a short pause in the proceedings, one of the number arose and gave the rest an address upon the state of hunting prospects, and the delight his tribe would experience if the friends of this camp would pay them a visit. Then carefully producing a small paper of cut tobacco, the speaker went round to each particular star of the constellation and presented him with a pipeful, receiving a grunt of approbation in return. They then all lighted their pipes, and the drumming went on again.

So we left them, and as we passed on before the south wind down the lake, the sound of their drum-beat followed us long after the smoky air had hidden from us all other signs of their existence.

J. C. GWILLIM,

## THE RIGHT USE OF BOOKS.

LECTURE TO THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY OF  
MCGILL UNIVERSITY BY MRS. ASHLEY CARUS-  
WILSON, B.A. LOND.

Turning then to our fourth class of books, that is to those containing good matter well written, which are rightly designated *Literature*, we have a wide choice in both the two great departments of human knowledge: *Physical* dealing with Nature and *Historical* dealing with Man. Toward one or other of these we each have a bias, and this bias should be followed. Because I am fond of history I am not to question what is for you the more fascinating study of Botany. Because you delight in Philology, I am not to insist that you lay it aside for my favourite pursuit of Chemistry:

But whatever we choose, we must keep two things in mind. First that our own subject probably seems large to us, out of proportion to its real size. It is possible to push steadily along the road we are determined pursue without spending our lives in a cutting that shuts out from our view that there is any other road to take. How many regard with more contempt than sympathy both acquirements and opinions that are not theirs! How many make a point of reading only books that they know beforehand they will agree with! Hear Mr. Ruskin on this matter: "You must show your love to books first by a true desire to be taught by them and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects. Very ready we are to say of a book: "How good this is! That is exactly what I think." But the right feeling is: "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see that it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day." "But whether thus submissively or not, be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first."—(*Sesame and Lilies*.)

Secondly, we must remember that study does not accomplish its purpose if it leads to knowledge only. What we need to "cull" is:

Knowledge that step by step might lead us on  
To wisdom. — *Wordsworth*.

They are very different, for:

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more." — *Coleridge*.

And knowledge is "the second, not the first."

"For she is earthly of the mind,  
But wisdom heavenly of the soul." — *Tennyson*.

Seeking wisdom above all, we shall escape the dangers of that intellectual avarice that merely

amasses for the sake of amassing, until with us as with the Sordello of Robert Browning:

Eyes, bright with exploring once, grow dim  
And satiate with receiving"

The literary banquet is spread for all in these days, since the best books are also the cheapest. It does indeed seem good to the Canadian government to levy a tax upon knowledge that means at least half as much again added to the price of a book, viz., a volume that could be bought in London for 4s. 6d. here costs \$1.75. But even so, half of what many of us spend in superfluous luxuries in the course of a year might furnish us with as many good books as we could really study in the time.

But do we value books as much as they were valued in olden times when they were costly and hard to procure? It would not surprise me to learn that they are valued more here than in the Old Country, just because they are less easily got. One remembers what the enthusiasm of the scholars of old was. How, for instance, the young Erasmus wrote from Paris: "I have given up my whole soul to Greek learning. As soon as I get any money I shall buy Greek books, and then I shall buy some clothes."

For modern expression of the same passion for books, take Isaac Barrow's words: "He that loveth a good book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter"; or Mr. Ruskin's eloquent elaboration of the same thought in his "Sesame and Lilies"; or Mrs. Browning's glowing verse painting from her own experience the young Aurora Leigh's rapture over books; or Book V. of Wordsworth's "Prelude," where one of the least "bookish" of authors shows that he too knows that good books are

"Only less

For what we are, and what we may become,  
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,  
Or His pure Word by miracle revealed."

Classifying books according to the numbers annually produced, publishers place fiction at the head of the list, and religious books next. Ere we leave the right matter of reading, we may say a word on each.

Novels fall into three classes, suggesting three corresponding courses of action: (1) Bad ones,—that is, novels that call evil good, and put darkness for light and bitter for sweet. The *e* we *must* not read. (2) Indifferent ones,—that is, weak fiction in periodicals, and sentimental tales, that fill circulating libraries and make young people dream of a life that never was and never could be real, instead of doing their duty day by day in the life that is real. Concerning these books also our course is clear. We *need* not read them, for if we do, it is at the expense of leaving better books unread. (3) Good ones, meaning not merely "not immoral," but likely to make their readers fear God and love men better than they have hitherto done, because a lofty

ideal of what they ought to be is set before them, and they are stirred up to realize it. Such novels are not numerous, but they exist. Take Kingsley's "Westward Ho" and "Two Years Ago," and Mrs. Rundle Charles' "Joan the Maid." We may gain much from such good novels, given two conditions: (a) That we do not read too many. While repetition strengthens our active energies, it weakens our emotional impressions. The more you read, the less you will enjoy. (b) That we do not read for mere amusement. What was seriously written may be seriously read, and how seriously the best fiction is written we see in the biography of the author of "Westward Ho."

Turning from fiction to theology, we cannot leave unnamed that body of religious literature which we all have, which is at once most ancient and yet ever new, awaking the delight of the child and the awed admiration of the giant in intellect. Its name of *Bible* is an acknowledgment that it is *the Book*; the man who knows it only is educated in the highest sense; the man who does not know it has missed the best thing that Literature has to offer us.

There are two ways in which we may fail to reap from it the rich harvest that may be reaped. If, looking at it only on its human side, we read with the cold superiority of the critic who ignores man's spiritual needs and denies that such needs can find satisfaction, and forgets (if I may for the third time refer to "Sesame and Lilies") "that no syllable of that great Book was ever yet to be understood but through a deed," we miss again and again meanings that are obvious to many a simple soul who does not know what "criticism" is.

If again, looking at it only on its divine side, we read it in that devout but wholly unnatural way that ignores altogether that it is History and Literature, we turn a divine banquet into a feast of scraps, and in the end miss even the spiritual edification that we might have gained.

What is needed is a combination of thorough and intelligent study, with the enlightened heart of that French lady who, when asked why she believed in the divinity of the Bible, answered: "Because I have become acquainted with the Author."

Lastly we turn to the consideration of *Right Method* in our reading. We may possess good books we may read them, and yet we may be little the better because we read amiss. It is an old saying that he who would bring the wealth of the Indies thence must take it thither. What we get from a book largely depends upon what we put into it. Unless we are in some sympathy with the author, we shall misunderstand, as did the mathematician who laid down "Paradise Lost" with the comment that he found in it a great deal of assertion and very little proof.

Thomas Fuller tells a delicious story of a rich and unlearned owner of many books entering the bare room of a poor student with this greeting: "Salve doctor, sine libris!" When the visit was returned, the student glanced round the well filled shelves, and said quietly: "Salvete libri, sine doctore!"

Take Bacon's Essay "Of Studies" for many wise and weighty words on methods in reading. "Non multas sed multum" is an excellent motto here. Those whose culture has been of the highest type have often been *students* of a few first rate books rather than *readers* of a great many, good bad and indifferent. One book mastered is worth far more than twenty skimmed. There is in the world more curiosity to know what is said on a subject than to know the truth about it, and satisfaction of the former curiosity leaves us little the wiser.

Mr. Gladstone tells us that he has been mainly influenced by four authors: S. Augustine, Bishop Butler, Aristotle and Dante.

Archdeacon Farrar would give young people five "best books" to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest: "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, Thomas à Kempis," "Imitatio Christi," Dante, Shakespeare and Milton.

Lowell names five indispensable authors: Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe (*i.e.*, Faust) and Shakespeare.

Short as these lists are, each includes books of widely different ages and races. The battle between ancient and modern books which Swift described is best made a drawn game by availing ourselves of both.

Another reason for aiming at few rather than many is that a book worth reading is worth reading three times: 1st, that we may know it; 2nd, that we may understand it; 3rd, that we may store it up.

Once again let us lay to heart this wise maxim: "A word unknown is a sentence misunderstood!" and let us not be ashamed of minute accuracy and of frequently turning to the dictionary, especially the etymological dictionary, in the study of our own language as well as of other languages.

It is a real help, to young readers particularly, to keep a list of all books read. The record of our choice of books confronts us and shames us into making it a good one. Exact statements of title and author's name are also useful for future reference.

Finally, whatever the views of our author are, and we have agreed to leave altogether unread those books whose tendency we *know* to be harmful, let us not read him for the first time in that critical attitude that is so delightful to the half learned.

"We get no good  
By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits—so much help

By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

—*Aurora Leigh.*

Let us then determine that every power we possess shall be cultured to the uttermost, that it may be a helpful power to the world in which we live; let us apply to all our reading that twofold injunction of Our Lord: "Take heed *what* ye hear" and "Take heed *how* ye hear," and then *Motive, Matter* and *Method* alike *Right*, books may be a true aid in fulfilling the noblest end in life, becoming what God means us to be.

### A MARVEL.

#### DEDICATED TO THE SONG BOOK COMMITTEE.

Cau this be so, which now we hear  
Whispered around as true.  
That our new Song Book will appear,  
Within a month or two?

We looked not for it yet a while,  
In fondest dreams ne'er thought,  
That in the space of but three years,  
This great work would be wrought.

Blessings on the brave committee  
Whom for the work we chose,  
They now will live to see their task,  
Brought well unto a close.

And their names will long be cherished,  
By students old and young.  
And the songs that they have gathered,  
In future will be sung.

So when our Song Book does appear,  
As soon I hope it will,  
What universal joy there'll be  
Throughout our old McGill.

SCHOLASTICUS.

### ANNUAL DINNER OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

The Undergraduates of the Medical Faculty held their Annual Dinner at the St. Lawrence Hall, on Thursday evening, the 29th inst., where a most sumptuous repast was served up amid an elaborate adornment of bunting, crests, etc., which did great credit to the Committee of Management and to the capabilities of the establishment. The *menu* card in every way was one of rare excellence, *i.e.*, in regard to the beauties and arrangement of the card, and last but not least, as to its more substantial contents, which were served up in a manner creditable to any establishment on the Continent.

The summons to dinner, which came about 8 p.m., was responded to with great ardor by most of those

present, and on entering the room each Student was courteously shown to his seat by one of the Committee of Management, the professors, guests, etc., having previously had their seats allotted. For some few minutes there was a hubbub of voices as the Students admired the tastily decorated dining room, tables, etc., when suddenly one end of the room, as if by magic, became strangely silent, and even while we looked, the silence rapidly spread throughout the room, and we knew that the subject of discussion had been changed, and for the next hour little was heard but the noise of many dishes, cutlery, etc. At the end of this time these noises began to be intermingled with those of voices, the latter again gradually getting the upper hand, and the noise of dishes was exchanged for the clanging of glasses. At this juncture, about 9.15 p.m. Mr. J. Tees, president of the Dinner, arose, and having expressed his regret "that His Excellency the Governor General was unavoidably detained by an important engagement in New York," he opened the further proceedings of the evening by a few well chosen remarks, thanking his fellow-students for the honour they had done him in electing him to the position of President, and hoped that he might be able to do credit to himself and to his Alma Mater. He ended by proposing a toast to Old McGill, which was heartily responded to by all present. Mr. J. D. Flinn (Med. '95) replied to this in a most eloquent speech, referring to the general advancement of McGill intellectually, morally, spiritually and numerically, and in this he referred to the Medical Faculty specially. As a proof of their spiritual advancement, he said, that although they could not boast of a chaplain, they could of a parson who had so instilled himself into the confidence and good graces of his fellow-students, that they, to show their appreciation of him as a man, and of his principles, had elected him to fill the most honorable and responsible position of his Year, that of Valedictorian. He also stated that the appreciation of such good qualities had been greatly influenced by one of our most eminent professors, Dr. T. Wesley Mills, who has always shown a keen interest in the moral advancement of his students.

Mr. Flinn's speech was followed by one from Dr. Johnston (vice Principal), who referred to the past and present history of McGill, with special reference to the advancement of the different Faculties in intellectual and numerical standing, and the gratification which the Medical Faculty experienced in having on their roic more students than in any former year, although the course had been lengthened from six to nine months. He concluded by proposing a toast to the Dean and Professors, which was again heartily applauded.

These speeches were followed by others equally

eloquent and impressive, but which we have not room to give here in detail. These succeeding speeches were interspersed by Toasts, to the Hospitals, Class '95, Sister Universities, Professors and Freshmen, and we may here note the more important remarks of the speakers.

Mr. F. E. L. Johnston, in proposing the Toast to the Professors, drew attention to the loss McGill had experienced in the death of one of our professors, Dr. Geo. Ross; he also mentioned that Class of '95 had felt somewhat slighted in not having received the customary Lecture from our Dean. He also thought that the course in Obstetrics should be made more practical for the Students.

Dr. Girdwood, in his reply to Professors' Toast, said that he thought there should be a more intimate and personal relationship between Professors and Students, and suggested one means of bringing this about would be by having a large Dining Hall in connection with the University, where class dinners, etc., could be more frequently given. He also drew attention to the advantages which the Students now entering the Medical Faculty possessed over those of former years, as they had a longer time, and would be able to get a more thorough training.

Dr. Armstrong in a short speech drew attention to the facilities which McGill offered to the Medical Students, and the thorough practical training the Faculty attempted to give, thus preparing the Student to enter the profession as a good general practitioner. He also suggested the annual gathering of all Medical Students at some centre once a year, to exchange ideas, etc., for mutual improvement.

This speech was followed by a song from Mr. W. T. Scott ('96), entitled "Climb up, ye Children, Climb." This song was followed by a short speech from Mr. Von Eberts (Class '97), who concluded by proposing a Toast to Sister Universities.

Dr. Hingston in his reply referred to the advancement of social relationship between Students and Professors, and social advancement of Students in general. He also referred to the increased facilities which the Medical Faculty possessed, being enabled to attain these principally through the munificence of her Governors and Benefactors. This speech was followed by others from the representatives of the different Universities, namely, Mr. M. Currie, B.A. (Toronto), James Neish (Queen's), J. C. Hutchinson (Trinity), A. W. Derome (Laval), Mr. Brymer (Bishop's).

The other speakers of the evening were: Dr. Mills, Mr. Wolferstan Thomas, Mr. Thompson ('96), Mr. Wickham ('95), Dr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Fraser ('98). The above proceedings were intermingled by appropriate songs from Messrs. Robertson, Scot, Lauter-

man, Ogilvy, and others, and on the whole a most enjoyable evening was spent. The proceedings ended about 1 a.m., when all wended their homeward way,—*i.e.*, nearly all.

## FOOTBALL

The annual general meeting of the McGill University Rugby Foot-Ball Club was held in No. 1 Class Room, Arts Building, on Saturday evening, Nov. 24th.

The President, Mr. W. F. Angus, occupied the chair. The meeting, which was an unusually large and enthusiastic one, was called to order at 8.15. After the minutes of last meeting had been read and approved, the Secretary and Treasurer read their respective reports. The Secretary's report showed that the season had been a very successful one; although the Senior Championship was not won, the Intermediate was retained. The Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$11.60 in hand; the expenditure being the largest for many years. Both reports were adopted, and the next order of business—the election of officers for the coming year—was proceeded with, and resulted as follows:

*Hon. President*—Prof. Nicholson (re-elected).

" *Treasurer*—Dr. Ruttan (re-elected).

*President*—Lorne Drum, B.A. (Med.).

*Vice-President*—S. Davidson (Sc.).

*Secretary*—W. G. Turner (Arts.).

*Treasurer*—J. C. Hickson (Arts.).

*Captain 1st xv*—Harry Trenholme (Sc.).

" *2nd xv*—G. Drinkwater (Sc.).

" *3rd xv*—R. Balfour (Sc.).

## COMMITTEE.

*Arts*—C. Howard and Todd. *Medicine*—N. Grace and Schwartz. *App. Science*—E. McLea and Wilkinson. *Law*—W. Donahue and Montgomery. *Vet. Science*—Ness and McKeracher.

This year a change was made in the Constitution, and the Captains of the 2nd and 3rd xv. were appointed at the general meeting, and not by the Executive Committee as heretofore. The proposal, that the annual meeting appoint a coaching committee of three non-playing members brought forth a lively discussion, and it was finally agreed that the Executive Committee should appoint this committee. The question of forming an Intercollegiate League was then introduced by the President, who explained the extent and purpose of the scheme. It was decided to instruct the in-coming committee to take steps in the matter, and to report to a special general meeting if they thought necessary. Mr. Drinkwater moved, seconded by Mr. Wilkin, a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring officers for their efficient services. There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

It is pleasant to see that some of our old footballers do not forget their late Club after leaving McGill. Mr. Guthrie, the old scrimmage veteran, showed that he had lost none of his former interest in his old Club, by showing his sympathy with us in a very tangible form.

We are inclined to think that in point of number the foot-ball meeting on Saturday, Nov. 24th., was a "record" one.

### FOOTBALL IN OLD TIME.

To our ancestors, foot-ball seemed a dangerous game, and a number of laws were passed from time to time forbidding it. James I of England wrote of it: "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises, as the foot-ball, meet for lameing than making able the users thereof." And in the days of Queen Elizabeth sixteen persons were arrested for playing the "unlawful game."

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Association Football has evidently come to McGill to stay. From the interest manifested in the introduction of the game into our University, it is evident that scores of Students were waiting only for some one to take the initiative in the matter, when they would give their hearty support to the movement. The introductory step was taken at a general meeting on Nov. 13th, as reported in the last number of the FORTNIGHTLY. A second general meeting was held on Nov. 20th, in the Arts building. The report of the committee appointed to draft a constitution and draw up by-laws was submitted and adopted. The first article of this constitution states that the new club shall be called the "McGill Association Football Club." The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Professor C. H. McLeod; President, E. Edwin Howard (Arts); Vice-President, Hugh B. Fraser, B.A. (Med.); Secretary, A. F. Edwards (Med.); Treasurer, A. P. Brace (Theology); Curator, W. H. Waters (Arts). The following were elected to constitute with the officers the Executive Committee of the Club:—F. W. Thomson (Med.) George Weir (Arts); A. Suter (Sci.); A. A. Ewing, (Law). The Secretary read a communication from the Shamrock Football Club, challenging the new organization to a match to be played on Thanksgiving Day. The challenge was at once accepted. At a meeting of the Executive Committee held immediately afterward, Mr. A. F. Edwards was appointed captain of the Club, and a practice match was arranged for the following afternoon between two teams from which the team for Thanksgiving Day would be chosen.

### THE MCGILL vs. SHAMROCK MATCH.

The McGill team that faced the Shamrock athletes on their own grounds on Thanksgiving Day, in a game of Association Football, was an unknown quantity. The players had not had an hour's practice together, and accordingly they, as players, were almost strangers to their captain and to one another; moreover, most of the team were quite out of training. Under the circumstances, anything like combined play seemed out of the question, and no one thought the McGill boys had a ghost of a chance of winning against their veteran opponents. But inside

of ten minutes after the kick-off, the opinion of the spectators, and probably of the contestants themselves, had altered very considerably.

The College boys were playing by far the faster and more scientific game, and this they continued to do throughout the first half, at the end of which the score stood McGill 2, Shamrock 0,—and most of the second. Towards the end of the second half some of the College boys showed signs of flagging, though they heroically did their best. The Shamrock won a goal by dint of hard play towards the close of the match. Score at finish McGill 2, Shamrocks 1. For the home team, Fox, Birchmore and Henshaw played exceptionally well; while for the collegians, though every man did excellently, Thompson, Brace, Edwards and Johnson probably were best, and McCosh is a star in goal.

The teams lined up in the following order:—

<i>McGill.</i>	Position.	<i>Shamrocks.</i>
McCosh.....	Goal.....	Auburn
Dean.....	Backs.....	Fox
Gillies.....	do.....	Birchmore
Mowat.....	Half Backs.....	Dick
Edwards.....	do.....	Holland
Waters.....	do.....	Henshaw
Douglas.....	Forwards.....	Greenbank
Johnston.....	do.....	Neilson
Weir.....	do.....	Smith
Brace.....	do.....	Wheable
Thompson.....	Centre.....	Parker

Mr. Frazier-Crier acted as referee.

### HOCKEY.

The annual meeting of the McGill Hockey Club was held on Friday, Nov. 30th, in the Arts Building. The meeting, as far as attendance went, was not as good as it might have been, but it is to be hoped that McGill Students will take a little more interest in this winter's sport than they have done in the last one or two years. With the new list of officers things ought to take a fresh start. After the Secretary's reports were read and adopted, the election of officers took place, and resulted as follows:—

*Hon.-Pres.*—Prof. McLeod.

*Pres.*—G. Drinkwater.

*Vice-Pres.*—F. A. Wilkin.

*Sec. Treas.*—J. C. Hickson.

### COMMITTEE.

*Arts.*—Howard, Turner.

*Medicine.*—Smythe, Davidson, McLea.

*Science.*—Kenny, Bickerdike, Montgomery.

*Captain.*—S. Davidson.

After the election of officers a discussion followed, with regard to a University League and the advisability of dropping out of the Intermediate Series of the C. H. A. of Canada. As everyone knows, McGill has never been a success in this Series and, as it looks, never will be. It was unanimously decided to drop out of this series, and to devote all our attention to a University League; this is practically settled, and all that needs to be done is to draw up a schedule of



matches. The idea is to have the Clubs in Toronto, viz. Trinity, Osgood and 'Varsity play off, and the 3 eastern Clubs viz., Queens, R.M.C. and McGill, then the winners of each set to play home matches. These matches ought to produce more for University spirit than there is at present, and also to make friendly relations with the other Universities in Canada of which we know so little about. It is to be hoped that all Students will interest themselves in Hockey this year.

## GLASS REPORTS.

### "FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING."

#### HER CLASS REPORT.

The clock is on the stroke of twelve  
And I begin to doze,  
But now before I go to rest  
I have to do my very best,  
A "feather" to compose;

For when to-morrow I repair  
To Alma Mater Oh!  
Our Editor, with outstretched palm,  
Will say to me in accents calm:—  
"Your class report, you know."

Well, let me see—I don't believe  
I've anything to say;  
For not a joke has passed our lips,  
Professor Z— has made no slips  
(I hoped he would each day).

I've said to every one I met:—  
"Pray tell me, what's the news?"  
But they have only stared at me,  
And answered with great dignity:—  
"To gossip I refuse."

Even my "lean and hungry look"  
As the fatal day drew nigh,  
Inspired no pity in their breasts,  
Though humbly made I my requests  
Embellished with a sigh.

And now sleep sits upon my eyes  
So that I scarcely see;  
I've no report—I'll let it go  
To a land by the name of Jericho—  
The land of Nod for me!

For the last few weeks the members of the Freshmen class have suffered a good deal of annoyance by reason of their gowns being purloined, during lecture hours, by Students of other Years. These Donalds do not seem to realize that it is unlady-like, to say the least of it, to borrow other people's gowns without permission and to return them without apology.

## LEGAL BRIEFS.

The Christmas Exams. are upon us. Preliminary skirmish in Obligations on Saturday, 24th Nov. The

Freshmen turned up to a man, and faced the music bravely. The reports will doubtless show that the men of '97 have floored the Second Year. 'Oh! that chunk of Latin!

At the recent Exam. the Students were invited to send in their papers either in English, French or Latin. Many papers were written in the polite language, and we believe most of the Freshmen wrote in Latin. We were sorely tempted ourselves to launch out in the classic language: we thought it would be so nice to be able to say we had written in Latin. Fortunately for us, however, on weighing the matter, better counsel prevailed, and we clung desperately to the good old vernacular from start to finish. We, are not proud—English is good enough for us.

F—y (short boy), hurrying in late to a lecture, to M—r (long boy): "Here, you long boy, hurry up. I'm late."

M—r. (indignantly): "I'm not a boy, I'm a *Mau-sir!*"

F—y.—"Oh! you remind me of a poet—Long-fellow."

Criminal Law Exam. has been postponed till after Xmas. Saved! saved! (Let's all faint away with joy.)

Stragglers—weary Law Students—have been seen wandering home at the midnight hour after a "long pull" with some "brithers in distress." And yet people think of the happy, rollicking student who has nothing to do. In many quarters the Spanish Student idea is still extant. The Law Student at McGill resembles the romantic and, we believe, fictitious Spanish Student about as much as a chrysanthemum resembles a turnip. We would not insinuate for a moment that the vigorous, unadorned and woody turnip is just the correct figure to apply to a Law Student,—no; he is the chrysanthemum. But what a change from the ruddy and sunburnt crowd of last September!

We have not reached the yellow parchment period yet; that comes in April. Xmas progresses us fairly on the way however. White with blue rings is the intermediate period,—the Belgium marble, *fromage-blau* period. But never mind, gentlemen, keep up your spirits and keep your powder dry, and wait till the Xmas holidays.

A Student of light and leading in the First Year has taken madly to the study of that most interesting branch of criminal jurisprudence,—Treason. The



Dean the other night helped him out of some difficulties which had arisen in his mind touching offences against the King's person or those of his near relations. All the Students had the benefit of the explanation, and all enjoyed it very much. If our friend will only consent to give the boys a general coach before exam., no doubt we will all pass brilliantly on the subject of Treason.

M. Girard, advocate of Paris, has appeared among us, and offered his services to the Students in the way of a series of lectures on legal technical French. This is a rare opportunity, which no doubt will be embraced by most of the English Students. Unfortunately, M. Girard visits us at our very busiest time as the Xmas Exams. are near at hand.

Recently, in the interval between lectures, when the fagged student puts down his pen and gets the circulation rubbed back into his cramped fingers, Mr. C—e of the Third Year gave us a pleasing address on the subject of "the FORTNIGHTLY." He was pleased to notice that the FORTNIGHTLY was keeping up its high standard of literary and moral excellence. He referred with visible pride to the full Hibernian complement on the staff from the Law Faculty. He said kind things about the Editor and ye reporter, for which we feel very grateful,—of course the Ladies did not pass unnoticed. He was highly pleased with the clever reports of the Societies and those of the classes. (*If the Donalds had only heard him!*) Again we bow our acknowledgments to Mr. C— on behalf of ourselves and, if we may so far presume, on behalf of the ladies.

Mr. J. P. Whelan, of the Third Year, represented us at the McGill Medical Dinner on Thursday evening. He enjoyed himself thoroughly.

#### ARTS NOTES.

An invitation has come to McGill Artsmen to send a representative to the Annual Conversazione of Victoria University, Toronto, to be held on December 7th. The honour of representing us on that occasion has been conferred upon Mr. R. H. Rogers, '95. We have no doubt but that Mr. Roger's well-known social qualities will win him favour among the Students of Victoria.

There has been a singular dearth of jokes in the class-rooms of late. The boys ceased to sing about two years ago, and recent'y they have ceased to joke also. How serious a view of life ye Seniors are beginning to take!

Mr. Hanson, '95, represented Arts at the Medical Dinner. We understand that Mr. H. did us due honour on that occasion.

One of our Professors spoke of an important astronomical discovery, made last century, which has not yet been noticed in our text-book. Was it a joke, or was it a revelation concerning certain college text-books?

Even if the Second Year have no drawing-room, they are frequently told that they have *un gros* "parlor." Where is it?

Who are you?

R-s-l.—Je connais (conny).

T-n-me, to Professor of Botany.—How on earth do you arrive at that conclusion, sir?

That is a rather cold reception to accord to a professor just entering his class-room, to greet him with a volley of ice and snow. The quiet observer was at a loss whether to admire more the coolness of the man who had done the deed or the Spartan-like indifference of the Professor.

The desire for a class photo has at last reached the Juniors. It is to be hoped a picture may be arranged for it would surely prove a good one. A few members are at present opposed to the scheme, presumably out of pity for the camera.

To all whom it may concern:—Upon the twenty-ninth of November, 1894, at about 10 a.m., the French class room was thoroughly aired. The action was severely commented on, but we live to tell the tale. After careful reference it has been found that a similar phenomenon occurred some ten years ago, but on that occasion the offender lost his life.

Prof. (after roll call).—"Who came in just now?"  
C—e.—"Here, sir!"

A petition is to be sent in to have the date of a certain exam. changed. Delegates have been sent to consult the Donalds—their return is expected shortly.

To any of the Juniors who have not yet written their essays we would suggest Procrastination as a fitting subject for their labors.

#### APPLIED SCIENCE REPORTS.

J. H. Featherstone (Sc. '93), who took a post graduate last session, is reported as doing very well in British Columbia, having a responsible position in connection with hydraulic gold mining.

A. A. Cole, B.A. (Sc. '94), is filling the position of chemist at Radnor Forges.

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A recent warning to the Seniors just before an exam. is worth the attention of all:—

"Remember that marks will be deducted for exuberance of verbosity."

Scene: dynamo room. Time, 4 p.m.

*McD.*—Using spring balance—"The force is too great, sir."

*Prof.*—"Oh! you're off your balance—eh?"

*McD.*—"No, I didn't say that."

At a meeting of the Four Years on Monday, 26th Nov., W. R. Askwith, '95, was elected to represent Applied Science at the Med's Dinner.

There was also read a letter from W. F. Angus, '95, announcing his resignation from the Business Board of the FORTNIGHTLY, in consequence of which A. R. Holden, '95, was elected to the position of Science representative on the Board.

We went in youthful to the class,  
Few sorrows our lives then knew.  
Some talked and laughed in childlike way,  
There were jokes cracked by a few.

We came out aged from the class,  
Without an aspiration.  
Our lives were wrecked, we'd run against  
The second degree equation.

A member of the Third Year seemed to be considerably disturbed in the Physics Class a few days ago by the Professor speaking of "p" as the symbol of density. Of course there was nothing personal implied. Roc, so you may still have hopes for the exams.

Science Class '96 seems to be particularly unfortunate in losing its members this year. Mr. F. H. White has been obliged to give up his year on account of a severe attack of rheumatism. We are pleased to report that he is at present much improved. Mr. F. P. Buchanan, who had also to lose his year on account of poor health, leaves shortly for California. In taking this journey, Mr. Buchanan carries with him the best wishes of his class for beneficial results.

It is perhaps not generally known that certain gentlemen in the—Year are attempting to improve their financial standing by starting a meat stall within the portals of the Engineering building. We would hereby advise them that such an action shows a lack of respect for their College, that pre-historic rabbit is not the most popular kind of food, that some students may object to having their lockers used for refrigerators, and that if the undertaking is abandoned at once there will be no more said about it.

## MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

All the Students have wonderful tales to tell of Dinner Night adventures, but gradually the good and bad effects of the occasion are wearing off, and regular work is being resumed.

Mr. A. Cruikshanks, '95, who represented the Meds. at the Dinner of Trinity Medical Faculty, is again back to his old haunts. He is delighted with his reception.

A word to the class reporters of the several years: although the dinner was of consequential importance, and everybody was supposed to attend, we think that is no reason for your neglecting your duties as reporters to the FORTNIGHTLY. We would propose that in future where any other "celebratable" occasion crops up, you might do just a little towards recording class items.

In order to make this column presentable, we insert the following clipping on the Ambulance Doctor, copied from the *International Journal of Surgery*, which will be most interesting to the Medical Students:—

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF THE AMBULANCE.

Strange, passing strange that the ambulance surgeon should have such burdens thrown upon his much-enduring shoulders. Each time that the clangor of the well-known bell announces his passing, we look up and wonder what ills he is bent on relieving, we think that his presence is one of the most shining marks of that loftiest degree of civilization which is based upon mutual help. Yet the sensational-questing reporter, that autocrat of our breakfast-table, when hard pushed for canvass whereupon to bedaub his gaudy pigments, has been known to seize upon the ambulance surgeon. His pen-chromos have depicted the man at the back of the ambulance as one who is haughty and puffed up with a sentiment of his importance, as one who at times commits grave errors, who scorns the disinterested advice of eager bystanders, is heedless of suffering and impervious to sorrow, and finally, and without benefit of clergy, is guilty, oh anathema! of being young.

Ours the privilege of defending him from these odious charges! Ours the hand to lead him to his real position in the esteem of a generation whose vision, though prone of refractive errors, can commonly be corrected by means of proper glasses.

Haughty, forsooth! Because the jolting of his chariot fails to disturb the serenity of countenances that mirrors a restful conscience. He has been known to err! Let the providers of so-called "scoops" pick up their stones. They never get

blown up by the night editor, and have all been preserved in the spirits of just men made perfect. The ambulance surgeon harkeneth not to the crowd's advice. He hath been known to firmly reject the proffer of the usual luscious quid of fine cut wherewith to bind a wound, preferring, in his obstinacy, the golden-hued gauze that smileth to Heaven. He is heedless of suffering, since he prefers to irrigate with bichloride solution rather than with copious tears, and impervious to sorrow, since he can seldom be persuaded to attend the wakes of those for whom the ambulance proves an Acherontian bark.

But he is young. What plea can we advance in mitigation of this damning but often truthful accusation? What is his excuse? Gentlemen of the jury, if length of whisker was a measure of merit and a badge of skill, where should we be? Consider the humble goat. He sows not, nor does he reap, and yet Greeley in all his glory was not in it with him. The ambulance surgeon, we say it without fear of contradiction, is often young through no fault of his own. Could he have hastened the nuptials of his progenitors, he would have done it, and could he have foreseen the reportorial attacks to which he was doomed, he might have forbidden the banns altogether. The ambulance surgeon of this city has been known to climb a steeple and, upon a few shaky boards poised at vertiginous heights, minister to one too badly hurt to be moved at once from his dangerous position. He goes down the holds of great ships for men that lie there crushed and bleeding; he has been made a target for pistols in the hands of crazed ones, tremulously aiming at ophidian hallucinations. Night and day he is at the beck and call of suffering humanity; in all weathers you hear his crashing gong. We are glad that he is young and able to accomplish such things, and feel that his salary of nothing a day and clothe himself is more than earned. Surprising as a word of approval must be to him, we know that he can stand it, for he is used to emergencies and sudden shocks, and we hereby tender him the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.—*The International Journal of Surgery.*

#### COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

L. S. Cleaves represented Comparative Medicine at the Meds' Dinner. We only regret that we had not a larger man in the Faculty, but two hundred and twenty-five pounds is our limit, and with a corresponding capacity we hope showed our appreciation of the invitation.

Dr. Robert Darling, '89, has been appointed Instructor in Veterinary Science to the State University of Nevada.

Dr. C. Morin, '84, of St. Albans, Vt., spent a few days in Montreal during the past week.

We call attention to a coming scarcity in the horse market. Mr. T—r, of the First Year, has outlined a series of experiments on the horse for the Christmas holidays, covering every known and some new surgical operations. Ye fond anticipations of Ye Freshman! In our experience, eight (?) hours' sleep and three square meals per diem constitute a full programme for the holidays.

H — N — will shortly publish a work on "Dreamland,—A study in Physiology," which will no doubt be a valuable acquisition to our knowledge of the subject.

Dissection has begun, and

With salt'ring hand and shaking blade  
The Freshman plies his latest trade.  
His days among the dead are passed,  
He feels quite sure each is his last.

Aponeurosis, integument,  
Artery, vein and ligament,  
With muscle, duct and gland combined  
Have rained little Freshie's mind.

Upon his laden dinner plate,  
He looks suspiciously of late;  
He sees no more beefsteak alone,  
But muscle, cartilage and bone.

At night he tries in sleep to flee  
From his relentless enemy,  
But Anatomy pursues him there,  
In dreams he dissects a fierce nightmare.

#### SOCIETIES.

##### Y. M. C. A.

On the 25th November, Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A., gave an excellent lecture on "The Chosen Nation." The relationship of Israel to God and to the world was shown to be contained in the promise made to Abraham, viz., "I will bless thee," "and be thou a blessing." The ideas contained in these two clauses must not be dissociated. It is historically true that the Hebrew nation did receive special tokens of God's favor, but it was that they might be a means of communicating His "blessings" to other nations. He lavished special care upon the *one* nation because He loved *all* the nations. And the obligation of Israel may be said to have culminated in Jesus, and in the few disciples who established in various places the nuclei of the future Christian church.

Last Sunday Sir Wm. Dawson again lectured to a large audience. His subject was "The Miracles of the Exodus." He dwelt at length on the nature of

miracles. He said that in its widest sense the miraculous is not necessarily bound up with the supernatural nor with theism. Many miracles may be mere natural phenomena, which are not accounted for simply because of the limitations of the human mind. The Bible, he went on to say, usually regards a miracle as a superhuman exertion of divine power put forth with reference to some spiritual end. It does not abrogate natural laws, but is the result of certain combinations of these laws; and in its production it may happen that the vital power of the arm of Omnipotence overrides the mere physical power resident in the laws of the material universe, as when the vital power of the child raises a pebble in defiance of the law of gravitation.

Keeping this idea of the nature and function of miracles in mind, those connected with the Exodus were considered in detail, but want of space forbids a fuller report.

The last lecture of this term will be delivered next Sunday by Rev. E. I. Rexford, B.A., Rector of the High School. Subject: "The Purpose and Meaning of the Tabernacles."

Y. W. C. A.

FRIDAY, NOV. 16TH.

The weekly prayer meeting was held in the Second Year Class-Room. Miss Pitcher, '96, led in studying the Life of John the Baptist. This stern, grand character was brought practically before us, his unflinching bravery and deep humility being especially emphasized. None could fail to catch inspiration from the record of such a life.

Twenty-seven members were present; we would welcome many more.

FRIDAY, NOV. 23RD.

Miss Carr, of the Class of '98, was the leader of this meeting, the topic for the day being "Our Example." The responsibility which rests on each one of us in setting example was emphasized very strongly. On this occasion we had one of the largest attendances of the session, and trust that the number will not only continue to be so large, but that it will increase.

#### MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the McGill Mining Society was held in the old Science building, on Friday, Nov. 23rd. President Carlyle in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The President then read a letter from Mr. Blue, manager of the Huestis Copper Mines at Capel-

ton, in which he invited the members of this Society to visit the mines in that district. The Secretary then read a communication from the Secretary of the General Mining Association of the Province of Quebec, concerning the proposed scheme of affiliation. The discussion of this letter was left until the next meeting.

The remainder of the evening was taken up by Dr. Adams, who read a very interesting and instructive paper on "*Mineral Veins*." At the close of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the speaker, after which the meeting adjourned.

#### LITERARY SOCIETY.

The weekly meeting of the McGill Literary Society opened at 8.15 last Friday evening, with President Hanson in the chair. The minutes having been approved, the committee for nomination announced that Messrs. Craig, Dickson, Hopkins and Mitchell were the nominees to represent McGill against Toronto. Messrs. Craig (Arts) and Hopkins (Arts) were elected as orators, while Messrs. Rogers, Graham, Saxe, Sutor, Colby, Trenholme and Mitchell were the gentlemen chosen to be a committee of management. Mr. R. Childs Patterson gave an enjoyable reading, which was much appreciated by everyone present. Mr. R. Rogers then read an essay, which showed much thought had been given to his subject; it was enjoyed by all. Owing to the lateness of the hour, it was decided that the debate should be omitted, and so Mr. Mullin wound up the evening with a short and interesting critique. The meeting was adjourned until the first Friday after the holidays.

FRIDAY, NOV. 23RD.

The weekly meeting of our McGill Literary Society was held last Friday evening, with President Hanson in the chair. There was considerable business transacted, one important item of which was the resolution to challenge 'Varsity to the regular yearly debate for next January. The programme for the evening was entirely in the hands of Arts 97-8. First came an enjoyable reading by Mr. Stevenson, '97, entitled "The dog that got found," and the reporter would here like to note that with *possibly* one exception all the readings this year have been humorous. Is this as it ought to be at our Literary Society? Mr. Atkinson, '98, followed with a bass solo, which greatly delighted his hearers. Mr. J. G. Saxe then read an essay on the Sand-Dollar, showing some specimens as illustrations.

The following was the wording of the Inter-Year Debate:—

Resolved: that the Republican sentiment of the

19th Century has resulted in more amicable relations between man and man than formerly existed.

Messrs. D. W. Munn, Colby and Duff won the debate for the Freshmen, while Messrs. E. M. Campbell, A. R. MacMaster and J. G. Saxe gallantly fought against them.

Mr. Rodgers wound up a very long evening with his critique.

#### MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

A very enthusiastic and well attended meeting of the Society took place on the evening of Saturday, December 1st.

A communication was read from Mr. H. K. Wright, resigning his position as Pathologist of the Society. Mr. Wright's resignation was accepted, and Mr. Bouck elected Pathologist. A number of items of business came before the Society, and were dealt with in a prompt and business-like fashion. But the chief interest of the meeting centred around the paper of the evening, read by Mr. Wm. Oliver, B.A., on the subject of "Homœopathy."

Mr. Oliver's carefully prepared and well written paper was listened to throughout with the closest attention, and many times during the reading of the paper, as Mr. Oliver pointed out and summarily dealt with the fallacies of Homœopathy, his statements were greeted with applause.

An animated and instructive discussion followed the reading of the paper, and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Oliver.

Owing to the lateness of the hour the case report on Dermoid Cyst was postponed until a future meeting.

The next meeting of the Society will take place on Saturday evening, December 15th.

#### MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Veterinary Medical Association was held on Thursday evening, 29th Dec., in the Lecture Room of the Faculty. Dr. Adami, the President, occupied the chair. The report of the Experimental Committee was submitted, containing an outline of the experiments to be performed with various drugs upon the smaller animals during the ensuing session. Mr. C. H. Zink, jun., reported an interesting case of the removal of a myo-sarcomatous tumor from a fourteen-year old spaniel. He also described the removal of a mammary tumor, giving an account of the condition as exhibited by a microscopical examination. Dr. Adami made some instructive remarks upon the pathology of these tumors.

Mr. J. C. Hargrave read a paper on Distemper, giving an excellent historical review of the disease. He discussed fully its nature, complications and treatment. At the next meeting, which will be held Dec. 12th, Mr. Boutelle will read a paper on Enchondroma.

#### DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

On Thursday, Nov. 29th, the best Delta Sigma meeting which we have enjoyed since the beginning of this season was held. There was a large attendance, and everybody was interested.

The Debate,--Resolved: that circumstances are more potent in the formation of character than is will—was upheld on the affirmative by Miss Bourke-Wright and Miss Locke, and on the negative by Miss Radford and Miss Ross. The speakers occasionally violated the rules of oratory, but more often followed them well, and the affirmative at length succeeded in convincing the members present that their position was the stronger. Mrs. Clarke Murray kindly acted as critic, and gave very useful advice on many points, from which the Society will very certainly derive much profit. A new feature of the Delta Sigma was shown in the College Songs with which the meeting opened and closed. They were much enjoyed, and we hope we see in this little beginning the prospects of a future glee club. The next meeting of the Delta Sigma will be held Dec. 13th, in the Molson Hall, when Sir William Dawson has promised to address the Society on the subject of "An Ideal College for Women." It is hoped there will be a full attendance.

#### SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The above Society met at 6 Union Ave., on Tuesday evening, Nov. 27, with the President, Dr. Mills, in the chair.

The receipt of several new works on Psychology and Anthrophology for the Library was announced. Dr. Mills also presented to the Library some of the results of his own investigation in the field of Psychology.

Mr. E. C. Thurston read a paper on "Instinct and Intelligence," while Mr. E. H. Lehnert dealt with "The Relation of Reflex Action to Instinct."

Both papers were well written, and evoked an animated discussion.

An article from the pen of St. George Mivart, on "The Distinction between Human and Animal Mind," was read by one of the members; also an article which recently appeared in the *Fancier*, on "Animal Psychology (A Protest);" but the discus-

sion of these papers was postponed owing to the lateness of the hour.

These meetings are well attended, the members taking an enthusiastic interest in the subject.

Messrs. Jones and Inglis will contribute papers at the next meeting.

### MCGILL CLASSICAL CLUB.

The usual meeting of the McGill Classical Club was held last Wednesday evening, Mr. Ferguson Arts '96. presiding. Mr. A. C. P. Howard, '97. gave an enjoyable reading, after which an interesting and instructive essay on "*Pollice Verso*" ("Thumbs up and thumbs down") was read by Mr. Heine, Arts '98. After stating that there was a great diversity of opinion upon the subject, and that we could not fix upon any theory as absolutely correct, the writer referred to the various references in classical literature bearing upon the subject and the opinion manifestly upheld by these. Baumeister, Friedlander and Seyffert contend that the down thumb was the sign of death, while the waving of handkerchiefs was a signal of mercy.

On the other hand, Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, besides many commentators, states that turning the thumb up was the death-signal, and that mercy was indicated by the downward thumb. The lexicographers were about equally divided, and many modern scholars tell us that the spectators turned their thumbs towards their own breasts or throats to indicate that the conqueror should plunge his sword into his victim. Two passages were cited, one from Juvenal and one from Pliny, which showed conclusively that *pollicem vertere* was used as a sign of disapprobation. These passages, however, did not prove what that sign was. *Vertere* meant, in its literal sense, to turn from a normal position. Then the natural or normal position of the thumb, in the case of the outstretched hand, would be upwards. So the abnormal, signified by the literal meaning of *pollicem vertere*, must mean to turn down the thumb.

The writer claimed that this interpretation of the *pollicem vertere* was strengthened by the study of the phrase *pollex infestus*, which is proven to refer to a hostile gesture. Just as in Virgil the *infesta hasta* denoted the "levelled spear," so the *pollex infestus* must signify hostility to the fallen gladiators, which would be indicated by the downward thumb, expressing "*ad inferos!*" "death to him."

The sign of favor or mercy was *pollicem premere* as is plainly told us by Pliny. But how could this phrase mean either "to turn the thumb up," or "to turn the thumb down"? It seemed more reasonable, he thought, to take *premere* in its radical meaning,

viz., to "press" or "squeeze". As the downward thumb signified death, so the squeezing and hiling of the thumb indicated the "missio" or discharge of the vanquished gladiator. Attention was called to the expressive symbolism in both cases: the enclosing of the thumb by the fingers signifying the sheathing of the sword, and the clenched fist and downward thumb, typical of the unsheathed sword—"there he is; finish him by plunging your sword into his breast."

### EXCHANGES.

We beg to remind our College contemporaries, that exchanges should be sent to Editor-in-Chief, MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY, care McGill University Library. It is with regret that we omit to notice in this column several valued exchanges which, we are quite sure, have been sent us, but not to the foregoing address, and have therefore failed to reach us.

The *Owl*, as usual, presents a most creditable appearance, and contains well-written and thoughtful articles, relieved by others in a lighter vein.

We quote the following item from the October number, which is there credited to an *Exchange*:

"Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth a fortune—that's genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp upon it an 'eagle bird' and make it worth \$20—that's money. A mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into watch springs worth \$1000—that's skill. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1—that's business. A lady can purchase a 75 cent hat, but she prefers one that costs \$27—that's foolishness. A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for \$3—that's labor. The editor of this paper could write a check for \$80,000, but it wouldn't be worth a dime—that's rough."—*Ex.*

The *Bowdoin Orient* in its last issue calls attention to what we should imagine to be a rather unusual regulation among Universities. "At Boston University," we are told, "the Faculty has voted to permit work on the College paper to count as work in the Course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours to each of his assistants."

With the month of November, the *Canadian Magazine* enters upon its fourth year, and maintains the standard established by previous issues. Several articles on topics connected with the early discovery

and settlement of North America are of special interest to Canadians.

We have always had a particularly cordial feeling towards our brethren (trusting they may not think the word too familiar) of Edinburgh. Apart from the circumstance that their University has been, in many respects, taken as a model upon which to form our own, Sir William Dawson came so near to deciding in favor of Edinburgh, instead of accepting the call to preside over the then struggling McGill, that it seems as if our destinies were linked almost more closely with those of the Scottish University than of any other. It is with particular pleasure, therefore, that we have looked over the recent numbers of the *Student*. Although it is the organ rather of the Undergraduates in Medicine than of the Edinburgh Students as a whole, each number contains articles of general interest; thus the Magazine, which is admirably edited, makes capital reading.

We have examined with much interest the copy of the "Constitution of the Students' Representative Council," which accompanied one issue of the *Student*.

We welcome cordially also the *Droghedean*. It is not pretentious, but it is well written and interesting. Among other exchanges received are: *The Harvard Daily News*, *Varsity* (Toronto), *Albert College Times*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Sunbeam*, *Acta Victoriana*.

#### READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

#### THE "MARCH OF INTELLECT."

The "march of intellect" is becoming a threadbare figure, but it stalks across our path at intervals. A short time since, a gentleman, residing in England, told me that he had had two samples of it recently. He received a letter from his training groom, quoting Shakespeare; and one of his housemaids told his lady that she must provide another servant in her place, unless she *were allowed gloves to do her work in!*

The following lines, which appeared about 50 years ago in a humorous publication called the *Humourist*, are applicable, and worthy of reproduction:—

I asked my groom the other day,  
What made him look so badly?  
The coxcomb said, he'd had a fall,  
And hurt his *tibia* sadly.

My cook, when ask'd what made her mope,  
So like a moulting pigeon?  
Said she'd a slight derangement in  
*The epigastric region.*

Like greater folks, they've learned jokes:  
My housemaid Sarah—she  
Is ever on the giggle—they  
Call *Sal-Volati-le*.

And then, by role, strange tongues they quote:  
My groom, when some neglect I  
Had taxed him with, declared he'd got  
"*Meus sibi conscia recti.*"

The lady's maid, the spendthrift jade,  
As gifts for the New Year,  
Gave Thomas a *Forget-me-not*,  
And cook a *Souvenir*.

Our Willie passed away to-day,  
His face we'll see no more;  
What Willie thought was  $H_2O$   
Proved  $H_2SO_4$ .

*Ex.*

The Chinese orderly called the roll—  
The tourist delighted fell;  
For he felt in the depths of his Yankee soul  
'Twas his old time college yell.

*Ex.*

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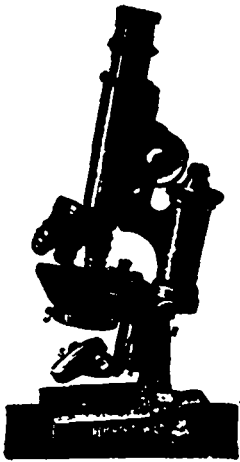
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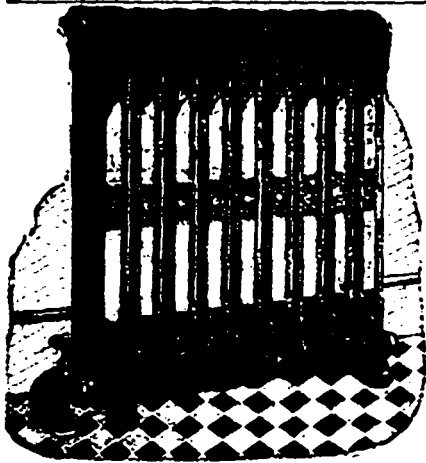
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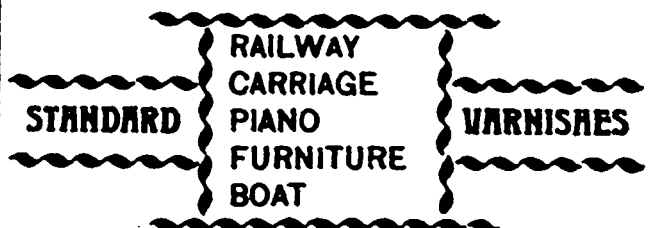
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