

Innumerable changes have come over England in the long interval since the poet wrote, but these things remain unchanged, and his use of the homely words may have helped to perpetuate them.

I may take the name "kex" as an illustration. There are several forms of the word "kex,"—"keck and kecks," "kecksy and kecksies"; it is a name given in several of the counties in England to many of the larger *umbelliferae*, sometimes confined to their dry, hollow stems, as in Suffolk and in my own county, Essex. Probably it was first applied only to the stems, but transferred afterwards to the plants themselves. In Lincolnshire anything hollow like a "kex" is called "kecky." In Cheshire when celery has a tendency to run to seed, it is spoken of as being "kecksy."

To be Continued.

POETRY.

MCGILL.

(Published through kindness McGill Song Book Committee).:

Should the reservoir break,
And its effluence take
A precipitous course down the hill,
The waters might cover,
They never could smother.

Our dear old mother M'Gill.

Should her stocks go to smash,
Should her bonds and her cash
Be purloined from the Governors' till,
There still would be plenty
Fair maidens of twenty
Less sought than old mother M'Gill.

CHO:—M'Gill, M'Gill, a mother we're proud of, she
Her true, her true, her dutiful children, we.

Should the lightning come down
On her weather-beat crown,
Should the flames batten on her at will,
'Mid sorrow we'd praise her,
From ruins we'd raise her,
We'd rally round mother M'Gill.

Even imperious Time
Has accounted it crime,
To use her, as he uses us, ill;
The years make us hoary,
But only bring glory
And homage, to mother M'Gill.

McGill, McGill, a mother, etc.
She has given us more
Than a tarnishing store

(Of treacherous, beggarly gold;
She has given us treasures
Of labors and pleasures,
And friends who will never grow old.

We will echo her fame,
And our lineage claim,
And exalt her, embellish, caress;
To her throughout years
Shall rise joyful psalms,
From voices of thousands who bless.

McGill, McGill, a mother, etc.

C. W. COLBY.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1901, by
Charles William Colby, at the Department of Agriculture.

WAIT.

Impatient youth, dost thou aspire
Achievement's hill to climb?
Deem first the strength thou wilt require;
Toil yet and bide thy time.

The morning star sheds lucent beams
Athwart the verge of night;
But linger till the dawning streams
In orient floods of light.

The glebe is plough'd, the clod crush'd fine,
The seed is 'neath the mould;
But show'rs must fall and suns must shine,
Ere turns the green to gold.

Beneath, the broad foundation grows
By slow and sure degrees,
Before the superstructure glows
With architrave and frieze.

The master architect, who built
The eighth, last hill of Rome,
Saw years of labor ere he gilt
The cross upon the dome.

The Master Teacher, though indu'd
With superhuman mind,
Spent thirty years in solitude
For three to save mankind.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

THE ARTSMAN'S WAIL.

The Medical building is stately,
The buildings for Science are grand.
There's nought that is wrong with the library,
But where does our Arts building stand?

'Tis true that we have wise professors:
To be sure we're proud of our Dean
But inches taller our grads would be
If Arts rose superb on the scene.

You may smile and think we're jesting,
But know that we write not in fun;
Even fossils and worms have a building,
And our dear ruin is outdone.

J. V. S., '97.

FOOTBALL.

THE NEW ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL CLUB.

On Monday, the 12th inst., announcements appeared upon the notice-boards in the buildings of the different Faculties and affiliated colleges, of a mass-meeting of all Students interested in Association Football, to be held on the Tuesday evening following, in the central building. Accordingly, at 8 p. m. on Tuesday, a goodly number of men, many of whom had never met before, but who all were actuated by a love for the grand, old Association game, assembled in No. 1 Class-Room.

Mr. E. E. Howard, president of the Faculty of