

And that is how we now have him with us, and those who knew him will be able to say whether or no his youthful promise has been fulfilled—the "M" on his sweater will enlighten all others.

He has on more than one occasion helped the team to victory both by physical prowess and also by the craft of a past master in the game.

Nor are his triumphs limited only to the pursuit of the pigskin, for on the green cloth he is an opponent whom it is best not to treat too lightly, as the ivory spheres manipulated by his hand have an uncomfortable way of filling the pockets, and, incidentally, emptying those of his opponents.

We cannot have him with us always, but we hope that this, his last year, he will have the satisfaction of playing on a championship football team. Good-luck to our Mr. Mills.

MORITURI.

'Tis we, who toil and strive upon the field,
That men may honour Her to whom we owe
So much—our Alma Mater—now in straits,
Made desperate by time and apathy.
'Tis we, who while we aid her in her need,
She turns upon, and spurns our proffered aid.
"What do I reckon of games or won or lost,
Of teams triumphant or with shame overcome?
These rude and brutal sports disturb my thoughts,
And how then will ye get for what ye pay?"
Methinks the very essence of our life,
Is that we yearly throw upon the world
A horde of youths with hard-crammed knowledge full;
But knowledge undigested bears not fruit,
And healthy mind a healthy body needs.
And so, O Mother! this our prayer: to thee:
"That we who spend our utmost for thy sake,
Not always in the race for honours gained
From lore of books, may find a worthy place
In thy regard, and by thy helping grace
Give to MCGILL a name that through the years
Whene'er men speak of deeds of valour wrought,
Will take first place upon the roll of Fame."