

minutes, every man having a turn at catching and kicking. While this practice is going on at one end of the field, the line men at the other end are doing some very useful work. Two forward lines are chosen and line up as for a game. The centre man on one side rolls out the ball, the other side try to break through and fall on it. After one side has had the ball for some time it is given to the other and the first try breaking through. It can easily be seen that this is splendid practice in blocking and in breaking through.

Full teams are now formed and a regular game started, two halves of fifteen and ten minutes are played. The whole squad remain on the field during the practice and men are put on and off

the team frequently, as the captain tries first one then another for any one position. At about a quarter to six the practice is finished.

What strikes one from McGill most forcibly is the friendly rivalry for positions on the team. There may be as many as half a dozen men trying for one position, and no one thinks he has a claim on it merely because he played well in it the year before. If a man lets up at all, even in a practice, he is promptly sent off and another called from the waiting squad to take his place; and the man sent off takes his fate cheerfully and tries to do better next day.

R. O. KING.

Cambridge.

HIER.

(Écrit au bas d'un portrait.)

C'était un jour de jum, n'est-ce pas ? un dimanche ?

Belle amoureuse, il t'en souvient ?

Tu portais ce jour-là toilette rose ou blanche,

Et sourire qui t'allait bien.

Allons ! il te faut être franche :

En ce vivant minois, j'ai reconnu le tien ;

Ta brune tête qui se penche

Comme pour nous cacher un petit air mutin.

Derrière ta bouche rieuse,

J'entrevois la bande joyeuse

Des Ris à tes dents se heurtant.

Mignonne, allons, ouvre la porte

A cette bruyante cohorte,

Et souviens-toi,—tout en riant.

Montréal. 14 octobre, 1896.

E. B.

HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

CONNECTED WITH THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

I.

Happy is the man who can

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything:—"

TO whom the daisy is as redolent of beauty
and pathos as it was to the poet Burns,
when he unwittingly passed his ploughshare over

it ; who is never utterly at a loss or quite alone,
but finds the most unmeaning things, as they are
frequently deemed, full of significance ; who,
without books, is gaining more knowledge than
many who have access to the largest libraries,
and for whom even a stray sheet of an old al-
manac may furnish matter of instruction, and
afford lessons of wisdom.

I like that line that is filled up by the almanac-