

When your college days are o'er?"
 "Tell me," still the thought persisted, "is
 this not endeavor wasted?
 Thus o'er writers of all nations four long
 years of life to pore?
 When at last you go from college what
 beside a mass of knowledge
 Have you as your labor's wage, when
 your alma mater's door
 Behind you shuts, and at your bidding to
 open nevermore?
 And your college days are o'er.

Enwapt in wonder I attended until the
 questions were all ended,
 Then my sluggish brain arousing hastily
 did I make reply:
 "Thought unworthy, quickly vanish; thou
 from out my mind I banish
 Nevermore thee there to cherish; but ere
 thou away doth soar,
 Listen and I thee will tell, all the joys
 that are in store
 When my college days are o'er.

Think of the great stores of mem'ries that
 in future years will please—
 Recollections ever present, idle hours with
 joy to fill—
 Sailing down life's busy stream, bright
 its way will ever gleam
 In the light of memory's dream; happy
 thoughts of old McGill,
 And to this refrain my heart and soul
 will ever thrill:
 My college days are with me still.

Of college life and all its glories, fond
 grandchildren shall beg for stories,
 Leaving in disorder lying on the floor
 their abandon'd toys,
 Standing in groups about one's knee, their
 bright eyes dancing with childish glee
 And filled with hope some day to see the
 place where "grandpa" and the boys
 Spent four lovely, jolly seasons; one re-
 alizes amidst the noise
 College days have lasting joys.

Many a scene of days gone by can be con-
 jured up by the pensive eye,
 Again we sat on the edge of the campus
 and join'd our voices in the roar
 Which from many throats was swelling,
 of some glorious victory telling;
 Everyone was loudly yelling, as down the
 field the ball they bore,
 And if by chance we, fumbling, lost, it,
 how our hair we madly tore,
 In the college days of yore.

How the landladies would chatter in a
 way that did not flatter,
 If we failed to find the key-hole, or put
 our feet upon the bed;
 What adepts they were in lying, one
 against the other vying,
 But united in love undying for the poor
 unfortunate "Med.,"
 And how savory were the dishes upon
 which we then were fed,
 Ere our college days were sped.

Still another recollection is the bliss "co-
 education;"
 Many, many are the mem'ries that in this
 connection rise.
 Oh! how heavenly were the dances, di-
 vinely fair the maidens' glances
 Interchanged between the waltzes; how
 our hearts they did entice,
 As we glided, swiftly flying o'er the
 smooth and sparkling ice—
 Oh, but college days were nice!

But by far the greatest pleasure is the
 one beyond all measure—
 That of meeting one another, making
 friendships true and fast,
 These old memories live forever, mem-
 ories that naught can sever
 Until Death doth loose the tether; in
 pleasant places our way is cast,
 So greater should our pleasure be in
 knowing that these joys will last,
 When our college days are past.
 F. G. C. Wood.