

Now college honours tend in that direction; they expand the mind by encouraging the student to excel in a laudable contest, and the youth who strips himself of every incumbrance, and pushes forward toward the prize, deserves the cheer of all beholders; He who gained the garland of olive in the Olympic games was deemed a hero of whom his countrymen were proud, and while in training was, doubtless, cheered by the thought that he had the good wishes of all his fellow-citizens. So let them who in our college contests devote themselves with untiring energy to study, depriving themselves of many pleasures which they might otherwise enjoy, receive the hearty Godspeed of all their fellows.

ANLIQUIS.

THEATRE NIGHT.

[Recited at the closing concert of the Glee Club, in the Queen's Theatre, May, 1894.]

There are some sights a fellow sees, not soon to be forgot,
But like the scenes which nature spreads around some hallowed spot,

The memory fondles them as things it lovingly reverts,
And, oft recurring, magnified beyond the mists of years,
They cheer with visions of the dawn the dimming eye of age,
And gleam like little poems forth from life's prosaic page.

And we, in later years, perchance, enamored by the gleam
Of days behind, shall think of when we ferried o'er the stream
'Twixt youth's gay garden and the fields of solemn toil and strife,
And stooped and drank from out the flood a few deep draughts
of life.

Ay, comrades, then such nights as these we'll cherish every
one:

When, by a sliding thread of years, short, fragile, quickly run,
Stern manhood held the sword of life suspended o'er our joys,
We felt for one whole night at least that—hang it!—we were
boys.

And when small kids that look like us shall hang upon our
knees,

And say, "A little story tell, dear papa, if you please?"
When the misty sunlight shortens and the leaf is brown and
sere,

In the mild October weather at the waning of the year,
We'll tell with many a thrill of joy and many a look of pride,
Of how we marched in college days as students, side by side,
Down the old avenue elate, and shouting with a will,
Behind the storied banners, the banners of McGill;
Of how we thronged the theatre and filled the house with din,
Of how the city crowded out and couldn't half get in;
Such we will joy to tell them, and they will joy to hear,
In the mild October weather at the waning of the year.

And when we train their youthful minds, one lesson we'll instil,
That there is nothing in the world the matter with McGill;
One grand old song, the first of all, we'll teach them how to
sing,

And hear intisping treble tones our 'Alma Mater' ring;
One grand old word before the rest we'll teach them how to
spell,

Till loyal thousands about like us,

"M-C-G-I-I-L."

CAP'N GOON.

SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT.

O pleasant 'tis to loiter on the lawn,
When our fierce phalanx, swathed in gules and white,
Lines for the scurmage, and prepares to take
Vicarious exercise for all who watch.
One afternoon, thus loitering, I saw
A Freshman who had stayed him to observe.
I say a Freshman; there could be no doubt.
He bore the marks in gait, in guise, in mien.
Nor do they bear more sure betokening marks,
Who but a little week ago were wed.
Blazoned are both, but in a different way;
These seek in vain to hide their amorous joy,
The Freshman triumphs in his verdancy.
He had not waited long ere he espied
A maiden of transparent beauty, one
So fresh, so trim, so radiant that e'en
My wizened heart beat with a quicker pulse,
At sight of her. But not alone she moved;
Beside her was a youth on whom she smiled.
Not academic, he; his craft I ween
Was to shave drafts, and keep a ledger right.
Short time the Freshman tarried. His soft heart
Glowed with ambition to cut out that clerk.
He had some slight acquaintance with the maid,
I know not how. Perchance for him she'd poured,
At a church social, a cup of tea.
Some slight acquaintance had he, and therewith
Put forward his best foot to gain her grace.
And I who watched could not but wonder how
A Freshman, with so little to commend
Extravagant pretensions, should have dared
To meet a bank clerk upon neutral ground.
Self-knowledge should have plucked him by the sleeve;
A sense of supplementals imminent
Should have recalled to him his littleness.
Accosting her he ventured to remark
That rain is customary in the fall,
And for that matter so's fair weather, too.
He failed to score a little joke, and then
Blushed to his ears, and felt that he had failed.
She, interrupted in a colloquy
Of all-absorbing interest, was scant
In courtesy, and quickly turned to go.
I who was sorry for the Freshman, then
Would fain have gone to him, and told him not
To make himself an ass another time.
But other counsels followed; and it seemed
Better to write these lines which he should read,
And meditate with much self-questioning.

But the alluring maiden sauntered on
Out of the precincts of the college grounds,
Unmindful of the havoc she had made,
Unmindful of the youth of '98,
Unmindful of his wounded *amour propre*,
Her thoughts were fixed on her erect bank clerk,
Who walked so well, and had such pleasant ways,
And talked to her of theatres, and balls.

ENVOY.

Freshman, if you from this a moral seek,
Tuck away, and beware of cheek.

THE THREE GRACES OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

II. THE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

Baggage smasher, lithe and agile,
Who canst smash with equal skill
Light and heavy, stout and fragile,
Well pack'd trunks, and trunks pack'd ill;