

Impositions were more thought of—  
 More of work and less of play.  
 And Winchester did not suit him;  
 Lessons missed he every day,  
 Impositions grew upon him  
 For he could no lessons say.  
 On he toiled through spring and summer—  
 Holidays, vacations, all—  
 For he hoped to have them finished  
 When the term should close that fall.  
 But his hopes were disappoint'ed.  
 He could never get ahead,  
 And the long mid-year vacation  
 Found still more upon his head.  
 Hard he worked all night till morning,  
 Hard he worked the whole day through,  
 Till, with weary, weary writing,  
 His poor brain so dizzy grew.  
 On him he thought they'd have compassion,  
 For he was the only one  
 Who would have to stay that summer  
 To finish that which was not done.  
 So he thought he'd write a letter  
 To the principal, to ask  
 If he might not be forgiven  
 The remainder of his task:  
 Or, if not, just to allow him  
 One short week for him to see  
 That dear mother who so loved him,  
 Just her mind from care to free.  
 The next day the master got it,  
 Read it through, with looks so black,  
 Summoned up the boy that wrote it  
 And, in words his soul did rack:  
 "Did you dare to write a letter—  
 Such impertinence!—to me?  
 No! I will not your task lighten,  
 But I'll double it for thee!"  
 So the school-term now was closing:  
 All were leaving, going home,  
 And one day, in one large body,  
 They departed singing, home.  
 But, alone in that great building,  
 Silent, sad the whole day long,  
 Lingered in his ears some snatches  
 Of that sweet old Latin song:  
 "Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum."  
 How it weighed upon his heart!  
 Through the long, hot summer hours  
 Thought he heard it and would start.  
 To a hill some two miles distant,  
 Covered o'er with grass and flowers,  
 Went this little boy at recess,  
 Tramped through this long grass for hours.  
 One could see some words were forming,  
 Tramped out by his little feet,  
 These two words were "Dulce Domum"—  
 Words which to him were so sweet.  
 Slowly passed the days of summer,  
 And the holidays were o'er:

And the walls resound with voices,  
 For the school was filled once more.  
 But in one room of that schoolhouse  
 Lies, so feverish on his bed,  
 Murmuring softly, "Dulce Domum,"  
 Softly whispered, then lies dead.  
 And the boys all took their shovels,  
 Went together towards that hill  
 Where, few days before, had wandered  
 He who now in death lies still;  
 Dug out deep and large the letters  
 "Dulce Domum," large and plain,  
 In the marks traced out by footsteps,  
 Which were traced by him in vain.  
 Still is seen from that old schoolhouse  
 Flashing on that chalky hill  
 These two words; but this old legend  
 All the boys remember still:  
 "Dulce Domum, Domum, Domum,  
 Dulce Domum" is so still;  
 "Dulce Domum" in all ages,  
 As was written on that hill.

## Sports and Pastimes.

### HOCKEY.

The second hockey match of the season was played on our rink on Thursday afternoon, 21st inst., with the Trinity University seven. The visitors came up in a handsome drag and four-in-hand about three o'clock, and, from the looks of their supporters, it seemed as though College was going to be snowed under. In a short time both teams were ready and lined up on the ice, waiting for Referee Burritt's starting whistle. As soon as the puck was in motion Trinity made a grand attempt to score a goal, but the steady work of Wells and Lesslie, together with McMurrich's fine play, kept the rubber out of the way. It was now our turn, and the forwards rushed the puck up the ice, but Patterson checked and immediately dodged down the rink until he in turn was stopped by McLennan and another rush was made. This continued for a few minutes, until Gilmour, by a quick shot, put the puck past Wadsworth and scored the first goal.

By this time every available place around the rink was filled by boys, and they loudly cheered every good play, and especially when College scored. The game was soon started again, and the battle was fought over again. Rush after rush was made on the College goal, but the