

*Poet Loquitur.*—The leaves are a dyin', dyin',  
And the terrible winds are a flyin',  
Surely, surely.

*Echo.*—An' we are a kinder thinkin',  
Our poet has been a drinkin',  
Spirits, purely.

*Poet.*—The leaves are a fallin', fallin',  
And the voice of the past is a callin',  
Callin', vainly.

*Echo.*—He's a curus kind of a bein',  
But yu'll excuse as he's been a sprecin',  
Cock-tales, mainly.

HURON.

## PERSONAL.

E. P. DAVIS, B.A., '82, whom Goldwin Smith so aptly called 'a hemisphere of knowledge,' is studying law in the wicked city of Chicago. Frank Nelson, B.A., and Virgil Lee, B.A., have pitched their tents in the same city, so that 'E. P.' is but one of a college trio. Mr. Davis is troubled about the unromantic name of his landlady, but if he should ever be more seriously troubled, we can make a good suggestion: Should your trunk and walk down-stairs backwards; the landlady will be sure to think you are going up. We have lost our E. P. D—, and must console ourselves with the P. E. D. S.

W. H. BLAKE, B.A., '82, when last heard from, was 'visiting Rome. He reports with disgust the tearing up of the Via Sacra to make room for gas pipes. Venice and Florence had special charms for him. The ruins of Rome were a field for thought and enthusiastic imagination. He was to sail for home on the 19th inst, so that we may soon expect to see him loom up.

J. C. ELLIOT, B.A., '82, *alias* 'John Collins,' is in the 'booming' precincts of Winnipeg. He fulfils at the same time the somewhat incongruous duties of classical tutor of St. John's College, and real estate agent on Main Street.

D. B. KERR, teaching at Richmond Hill, takes long walks through secluded lanes, and over purple hills. We will always be grateful for the 'Song at Evening by the River.'

H. W. MICKLE, law, Blake, Kerr, Lash & Cassels.  
J. MCGILLIVRAY, fallen into the whole panoply of a 'Professor-ship' in Modern Languages at Albert College, Belleville.

D. MCGILLIVRAY, late hard student and gold medallist in classics, teaching classics in Brantford Collegiate Institute.

W. A. SHORTT, denizen of Wall Street, N.Y., studies law. Who says we are being over educated? H. Wissler, farming in Salem, another graduate, is superintending a hennery.

C. A. MAYBERRY, teaching, Stratford.  
J. McCABE, teaching, Durham.

S. E. ROBERTSON, 'Emp.,' private bank, Mount Forest.  
A. H. GROSS, left Residence, studying law with McMichael, Hoskin & Ogden.

D. J. G. WISHART, studying medicine at McGill.  
A. E. O'MEARA has become a limb of the law. At present engaged in copying in Blake, Kerr, Lash & Cassels' office.

COLIN G. CAMPBELL, sawbones at Trinity Medical School. He thinks there is less work to do at Trinity. Some of the 'subjects' are in a fair way to being smoke-cured.

W. F. W. CREELMAN, up to his eyes in mortgages, services, bills of cost, &c., at the office of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin, Plumb & Creelman.

LARRY CLARKE, law, in Winnipeg.  
HERB. L. DUNN, teaching classics in Lindsay.

ARMAND TEEFY, teaching in Bay City, Michigan.  
W. L. ROWAND, divinity, Knox.

O. L. SCHMIDT, Picton, classics.  
A. Y. SCOTT, Upper Canada College, English.

T. W. SIMPSON, medico, Toronto School.  
W. K. GEORGE, banking, Winnipeg.

E. F. LANGSTAFF, medicine, Trinity Medical School.  
J. H. SHORTT, C. E., *en route* for New York.

R. J. LESLIE, "Bob," teaching, Kincardine.  
J. M. PALMER, teaching, Fergus.

J. CAVEN, sojourning in the country, connected with a grist mill.  
W. CAVEN, medicine, Trinity School.

A. F. AMES, mathematics, Whitby.  
J. BAIRD, law, City.

J. M. CLARKE, mathematics, St. Mary's. The press called him a 'distinguished rhetorician' this summer.  
E. G. GRAHAM, Guelph, law.

R. HADDOW, divinity, Knox.

## POET'S CORNER.

## QUEBEC.

PRIZE POEM, 1882.

Thou sittest on thy rocky throne, a queen,  
And we bow down before thy ramparts, where,  
As piercing the blue sky, thy mount is seen;  
Up to the clouds it soars, to purer air.

And at thy feet the river sweeps along;  
No tiny stream, with flowers and rushes lined,  
But mighty, deep, impetuous and strong;  
Stern e'en when winds are low—in storms unkind.

Nor nature's beauty falls alone to thee.  
To thee another beauty doth belong;  
With thee hath dwelt the muse of history;  
Thy past is present by the right of song.

Though blue thy skies, and though thy grass is green,  
With blood of noble men erstwhile bestained,  
When in fierce battle man with man was seen  
Contending for fit prize, so nobly gained.

There fought our Wolfe, the noblest of them all,  
Duty his watchword—word through which he won  
As faithful still to duty did he fall,  
When solaced with the cry, 'They run, they run.'

Who run? And eager lips make haste to tell:  
The foe is conquered—England wins the day.  
The foe is conquered! Ah! then all is well!  
The last words ere his spirit fled away.

And yet not altogether; for it seems  
To haunt the spot, and not alone in name  
We think of him, as morn's first sunshine gleams  
Along the peaceful plains of Abraham.

We think of him when Britain's flag is spread  
To the free winds from tower and citadel,  
And when the stately warder's martial tread  
Stops while he gives the password—All is well!

He saved us for his England—patriot!  
And thou, O sovereign city of the west,  
By thee his name shall never be forgot,  
But thou shalt guard his grave—his bed of rest.

France's imperial eagle would have flown  
O'er thy proud cliffs, and growing wild and free,  
A tiny flower in our cold northern zone,  
Emblem of 'La belle France,' the *fleur-de-lis*.

Not so, it proves. Yet France and England meet  
With clasped hands—in peace and not in war;  
In citadel, in church, and field and street,  
In peace forgetting what has gone before.

And here, on an auspicious April day,  
There passed before our eyes a pleasant scene,  
Welcomed beneath the olden Kentish way,  
One whom we love—the daughter of our Queen.

Imperial city—not in rank nor power,  
But throned in glory, high above the rest,  
Thy walls of granite, like a mighty tower,  
Thy very feet by mighty streams caress'd.

Lovely when dawn first blushes on the scene,  
And paints the waters in her liquid light;  
Still lovely in the sunset's farewell beam,  
When all is still, and nature sleeps in night.

A flag waves from thy lofty battle-crag,  
The flag of England—floating o'er the free.  
The day may come when floats another flag—  
Flag of the nation that is yet to be.

J. H. BOWEN.