

A TRAVELLER.

Into the dusk and snow
 One fared on yesterday ;
 No man of us may know
 By what mysterious way.
 He had been comrade long ;
 We fain would hold him still ;
 But, though our will be strong,
 There is a stronger Will.
 Beyond the solemn night
 He will find morning-dream—
 The summer's kindling light
 Beyond the snow's chill gleam.
 The clear, unfaltering eye,
 The inalienable soul,
 The calm, high energy,—
 They will not fail the goal !
 Large will be our content
 If it be ours to go
 One day the path he went
 Into the dusk and snow !

—C. SCOLLARD.

CALENDAR.

- ALMA MATER SOCIETY
 Every Saturday evening at 7.30.
 ARTS SOCIETY
 Tuesday, Mar. 27.
 LEVANA SOCIETY
 Every alternate Wednesday at 4 p.m.
 Mar. 22—Business Meeting.
 ÆSCULAPIAN SOCIETY
 Meets Friday at 4 p.m. weekly.
 ENGINEERING SOCIETY
 Friday, Mar. 2, and every alternate
 Friday thereafter.
 Y. M. C. A.
 Every Friday at 4 p.m.
 Mar. 17—Address—Prof. Matheson.
 Mar. 23—Graduating Class.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Every Friday at 4 p.m.
 MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION
 Every Saturday morning at 11.
 Mar. 17—Home Missions.
 Mar. 24—Foreign Missions.
 GENERAL
 Mar. 23—Examinations in Medicine
 begin.
 Mar. 28—Class Work in Arts, Applied
 Science and Mining closes.
 Apr. 7—Class Work in Theology closes
 Apr. 12—Medical Convocation.

Exchanges.

THE February Xaverian comes late,
 but is none the less heartily wel-
 come to our Canadian College Ex-
 change list. This issue offers no ar-
 ticles of special merit, though the
 sketches are interesting especially
 "The Land of Penu." The Editorial
 and local columns are bright and up-
 to-date, the former devoted perhaps
 too exclusively to college affairs. The
 "Suggestions" from a well-balanced
 presentation of the Nova Scotia School
 needs, and shows that St. Francis
 Xavier College is appreciative of the
 vital connection between secondary
 and higher education. The account
 of a February 8th hockey game reach-
 ing us on March 6th, rather discounts
 the Xaverian as a news medium.

AN ANALOGY.

by L. Owen.

When the dawn's broke with her low
 young beam,
 And furzy shadows from the grove
 Across the frost-laid stubble stream,
 With my endless shade I love to rove.
 When Hesper sets his evening lamp
 And carmined burns the hectic west,
 When earth suspires all chill and damp,
 With a fainting pulse I sink to rest
 The dawn brought hope, and a heart
 full o'er
 Rushed out to meet the streaming
 moon ;
 By eve a slow tide lapped the shore,
 Where moaned the gale along the
 dune ;
 And as the sunset melted in the sky
 My pale life soothed its soul to die.
 And as the sun stole round the spheral
 world
 My soul its sails on other seas un-
 furled.—*The Varsity.*