

The aged priests in order go;
 They go the holy rites to pay,
 The Deity for peace to pray.
 The reverent crowd in haste withdraws;
 Their sports they cease, from uproar pause;
 And then the holy Hierarchy
 Uplifts his voice, and bids them mark
 How all the omens too well show
 That ills, like joys, the gods bestow.

Whence comes that sound? Tush! it was nought!
 Again! A moaning ghastly blast;
 The sky is overcast, the trees bend down,
 The wind rustles shrilly, the day grows dark,
 The storm's in the air.
 To shelter! beware!
 Or all is lost.

The waves they roar, while the rocks they lash,
 The forest bows down with many a crash,
 The lightning shivers, the thunder rolls,
 The earth is shaken, the death-bell tolls;
 The storm has burst,
 The day is curst,
 And all is lost.

The vision changes. Ah! woe is there.
 I hear the anthem of deep despair.
 I seem to stand in cathedral dim;
 The monks are chanting the funeral hymn;
 Their voices sound in cadence slow,
 The echo answers in murmurs low;
 The long aisles stretch in darkling shade!
 The dim lights into darkness fade.
 The tombs of ancient warriors bold
 Strike terror by their aspect cold—
 And round the pillars and out of the gloom
 Gibbering shapes and phantoms loom.
 All is dark and drear and sad,
 Nought to me seems left,
 But into the grave to sink,
 Unpitied and unwept.

But hark! a martial blast comes echoing strong and fast;
 It rings in cadence strong like some old warlike song,
 And clattering on the street the rushing tread of feet,
 With scabbards clanking loud and weapons jingling proud.
 With tumbrils muffled roll and bells deep far off toll;
 With trumpets sounding far and drum beats rolling war;
 Such sounds do show full clear that mighty hosts are near,
 And soon the battle's strife will give them Death or Life.

Oh! mighty God of the human soul,
 We pray for the brave who fall:
 May their faults be forgot
 And their virtues writ
 Where they may be read by all.

EUREKA.

SKATING: A STUDY ON ICE.

In a recent number of this paper an article appeared on skating; but the writer more than fulfilled his promise, and treated us to some very pretty metaphysical reflexions, occasionally interspersed with expressions of languid interest for those who go to the rink. In the first place, I wish to state clearly that I am an authority on skating, as I am the champion of our village pond. When I left last fall, I whispered to my Samantha that when I came to college I would let some of the Toronto skaters see a little of the 'genuine thing.' Last Saturday evening I sallied forth for the first and I hope the last time to the G— Rink. I entered, reflecting how different would be my triumphant

exit on the top of a bench, amid Chinese lanterns and 'colored lites.' I felt a little faint as I entered the dressing room, and it was with some difficulty that I got my skates secured firmly. Once outside, however, the smell of the ice brought back to my memory Samantha's blooming face. I now began rapidly to throw out feelers, and finally abruptly sat down to see if my skates were both there. A sympathetic friend asked me if I was looking for five cents, but I crushed him by saying that money was no object to me, and arose with becoming dignity. Suddenly the band struck up a familiar tune that reminded me of the little organ Samantha plays in the Sunday School at home. While thus musing I found myself carried swiftly along by the moving crowd half way round the rink and laid gently beside a stone wall with my head propped up by the sharp end of half a brick. I crawled up into a window sill and began to compose a threatening letter to the Rink Secretary, at the same time thinking that perhaps the gallery might suit others besides metaphysicians. Yet, I was not to be conquered; I thought of the story of Bruce and the spider, and it brought comfort. From my perch of observation I had for a time noticed the peculiar antics of some individuals in the centre of the rink; their contortions were the most wonderful I had witnessed since the circus had visited my native place. One young man hung his leg over his shoulder and went round like a threshing machine; I resolved I should do that or die in the effort. I was just about to dismount, when my attention was arrested by another, who would suddenly start with a great spread, and quickly curl up and come down on his ear to the ice, spinning all the time. On inquiry, I learned that this was 'the angle of 45.' I felt I knew more mathematics than any one present, and such a feat would therefore be to me an easy triumph. I darted out; I am positive I did the preliminary spread perfectly. The second part began immediately, sooner than I had intended. I recollect beginning to gravitate towards the ice. After that comes a great blank. I hear confused cries of "Get a bench," "He's made it," "Give him room," and other irreverent remarks. I have stated how I expected to leave that rink. I did it literally. I left it on a bench; I saw 'colored lites,' far more brilliant than I had ever hoped to gaze upon, and a second sight of which I do not think I could survive.

TIMOTHY TOMKINS.

NOTICE.—FOR SALE.—A pair of all clamp combination skates, only have been used once. Satisfactory reasons for giving up the business. Apply to T. T., University College.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Spring, gentle spring, with its flowers and sunshine, and freshets and floods and all-pervading mud, is approaching; and this being the case, perhaps a few words on the subject of lacrosse may not be considered unseasonable, especially as the Torontos and Shamrocks have kept the matter before us all through the winter by means of declarations and counter-declarations concerning the fifth game in their last championship match; the Shamrocks averring that on one occasion they put the ball through the Torontos' goal then, and the umpire gave them the game, but was thereupon threatened by the Torontos' cover point, and reversed his first decision. This statement the Torontos declare upon oath to be untrue.

The Committee of the National Lacrosse Association have decided by a vote of nine to two against the Shamrocks' claim; so the title to the championship being thus set at rest, it is to be hoped that there will be no more grumbling. It is a pity that such a dispute should mar what was a very fine and well-contested match, and a still greater pity that men such as compose the rival teams should have seen the course of the ball, on the critical occasion, just as it was to the interest of their club to see it. Their statements are so directly contradictory, that the only deduction is either that the wish was father to the thought with the players who were near the goal, or else that some of them were not suited to play a fair honest game. It is an unfortunate circumstance, however it may be decided by the Council. May a meeting take place between the rivals early in the coming season as possible, and, both being in good trim, may the best men win.

YE OLDEN TIME.

Dropping modern lacrosse for the time being, let us go back into the past and take a glance at the game as played by the Indians. McNaught in his "Lacrosse, and How to Play It," says: "The present game of lacrosse differs very materially from the old game as practised by the red man of the forest primeval. Their game had no fixed or definite rules by which it was governed; each tribe laid down laws of its own, but in each case it was mind which was made subservient to matter, and not vice versa."

Here is a description of the original *crosse* from the same source: