

IN MEMORIAM.

The Notus weeping in the woodland sear,
 The flaming hue of Indian summer gone,
 The golden autumn o'er, November near,
 The flowers departed, fragrance mourns alone.

Glad summer slung profuse within the glade
 Her gorgeous gifts, a thousand wilding flowers
 Breathed a frail fragrance on the quivering shade,
 And lit with varied tints the leafy bowers.

Merry the children wandered in the vale,
 The brooklet to the peaceful angler sung,
 And feathered warblers filled the woody dale,
 Whose netted naves with trilling echoes rung.

But now the sky hangs low and chill and grey,
 The wizened leaves wind slowly to the ground,
 Bleak autumn sunbeams' flickering feeble ray
 Betoken winter gathering gloomy round.

Our tiny world a peaceful orbit swung,
 With him to counsel and command the helm ;
 With merry shouts the college arches rung,
 And busy peace controlled our little realm.

As o'er the dismal woods fell Borcas' breath
 Enshrouds the violet beds with soulless snow,
 So sweeps wild sorrow at his early death,
 And weep our stricken hearts with cheerless woe.

Deep swollen stream, thy onward rolling tide,
 Ere on the ocean bosom thou art tossed,
 Tell us of hope! Do not thy secret hide!
 The cruel waters gurgie :—Lost—Lost.

We sorrow not that he is here no more,
 Our hope upon a steadfast rock is built,
 We'll see him yonder on that pearly shore,
 With those for whom "His precious blood was spilt."

My heart impelling me, my puny powers
 Would lay a student's tribute on his bier ;
 And tell to all what bitter grief is ours,
 And drop upon his grave a scalding tear.

Woodstock College,
 Feb., 1892.

C. A. SEAGER.