

seems to have lost the lower portion of its pantaloons. Hit it with an Indian club and see if it will holler. It is calling for the nurse girl. Shove it into long trousers, place it tenderly in a basket, and send the remains home to dear papa."

The recent elevation of Professor Maurice Hutton to the position of Principal of University College brings prominently before us a remarkable career of brilliant scholarly attainment and wide academic usefulness. His splendid abilities, strengthened by an extensive and sympathetic study of student characteristics, and combined with an innate tact and aggressiveness are the happy auguries that in his wider field he will prove a mighty power in building up within our provincial university a nobler, a more sympathetic, a more completely harmonious student character whose influence will be national and cosmopolitan.—*The Varsity*.

It is hoped that before long the students of Queen's University will have an opportunity of seeing and hearing the distinguished gentleman mentioned in the foregoing extract.

#### LIFE—A GAME OF FOOTBALL.

To-day he makes a great end-run,  
The deafening cheers go forth from all,  
Another plunge, the game is won—  
The best man on the field this fall.  
To-morrow the goal is near; he stumbles;  
The game depends upon that score;  
The crowded bleacher roars and rumbles—  
He's on the scrubs for evermore.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

#### NIGHT IN HELLAS.

Come now as once you came, O night,  
Mantled in darkness, wonderful with stars,  
Over dim headlands by the Aegean Sea.

Bid them awaken, all the sounds of Night—

The lapping of the water on the strand,  
The wind across the uplands, and beyond,  
The low-voiced murmur of the distant hills.

O merciful Night,

Come with your many dreams and bear me back  
To the lost wonder of a former time.  
The air is heavy with the drifting scent

Of nameless flowers. Among the aged pines  
The shadows are alive, and eastward, hark!

The crashing of a terror-stricken stag,  
Nymph-hunted down the vales of Thessaly.

Pan is afoot—and out across the hills,

From glen and upland, faintly echoing comes

The wild elusive music of his pipes.  
Nearer, the sedge upon the river bank  
Sighs to itself—the stream is dumb with mist.

Now all the western slope breaks into flame,

The flaring light of torches blinds the sky,

And fast and hurried sounds the tumultuous chant

Of Maenads, wild Bacchantes, Bassarids—

Then all is hushed again, save for a cry,

Like the cry of a lost soul, far out at sea.

*Lauriston Ward,  
in The Harvard Monthly.*