

nish the student with a solid foundation for his University course, leaving the latter to bestow the polish and liberalizing culture which is, and should be, its design.

THE season for out-door winter sports is at hand, and, although owing to the time of year in which we are attendant upon College, the oar and foot-ball must now give place to snow-shoe and skate, we see no reason why the latter should not be brought into more vigorous use than at present. If students would seek to cultivate a liking for the open air, we would hear less about the "pallid student," and seldom, or never, would such a thing as "breaking-down" from over-study be heard of. In our magnificent Canadian climate a student can easily secure with a few hours' daily exercise in the open air the physical strength needed to stand the wear and tear of college life. We favour the English University system (which is also carried out in many American colleges) of fixing the hours of recitation in the morning only, thus permitting students (and professors) to enjoy the entire afternoon in recreative amusements. Especially is this desirable at the present season of the year, when the days are almost at a minimum length, and the hours suitable for out-door sports short at the best.

Owing to the absence of much snow this winter, we expect to see skating take the lead as a favorite pastime: and in this connection we would suggest the formation of a College Skating Club. Good ice will probably be had during the season on the St. Lawrence and along the Bay of Quinte, and the Club might make Saturday trips to such places as Gananoque, Picton, &c. Perhaps the time-honored Snow-shoe Club will take up the suggestion, and adopt skating as a means of keeping life in the Club while they are waiting for snow.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying! — SHAKESPEARE.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying —
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast
 And the dark, Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast,
 Let thine arm, oh! Queen, support me,
 Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear;
 Listen to the great heart-secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
 And my wrecked and shattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
 Though no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman,
 Die the great Triumvir still

Let not Caesar's servile minions
 Mock the lion thus laid low;
 'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
 'Twas his own that struck the blow!
 Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Ere his star fales quite away,
 Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,
 Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps within her wifed home,
 Seek her — say the gods have told me,
 Altars, augurs, circling wings,
 That her blood, with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendor of thy smile;
 Give the Caesar crowns and arches,
 Let his brow the laurel twine,
 I could scorn the Senate's triumph,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
 Hark the insulting foeman's cry! —
 They are coming — quick! my falchion!
 Let me meet them ere I die.
 Ah! no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell,
 Isis and Osiris guard thee —
 Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

—MAJOR-GENERAL LITTLE.

✧ **CONTRIBUTED.** ✧

* * We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JOURNAL does not commit itself in any way to the sentiments which may be expressed in this department.

To the Editor of the Journal.

IT has been rumoured that a tobogganing club is to be formed in the College as soon as the weather becomes more suitable. There are so many dead-and-alive associations already that I, for one, would be sorry to see another added to the list. Remember, ye rash ones, the