

tives from every Faculty but Law, at each of the tramps, and the Snow-Shoe Club can justly claim that it has done more to increase fellow-feeling among the students at large than any club that has hitherto existed here. Although this winter has been particularly unsuited for snow-shoeing, there has been a large attendance at all the meetings that have been held, and the hot coffee at the end of the journey over the mountain, was not only a sufficient reward for all the toil that was undergone in getting there, but also an inducement to go there again. If there was not always "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," there was at least a feast of something more substantial, and a flow of harmony such as might make the Glee Club turn green from envy. On the whole, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances in which the club has been placed, on account of snow and such inconveniences, it can be safely prophesied that another year will see the S. S. Club one of the most successful institutions in the University. Let each student get out his snow-shoes next year, and join in the first Saturday-night tramp (which it is to be hoped will be held long before Christmas), and if he does not have a good, jolly time for that evening, it will be his own fault. As the worthy Vice-President of the Club said the other night: "Thank Heaven we're Canucks, for they don't have snow-shoe tramps anywhere but in Canada."

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ANNUAL MEETING OF THE U. F. B. C.

The annual meeting of the University Foot-Ball Club was held in the Students' Reading-Room on Friday evening, March 1st, at 8 o'clock, quite a number of members being present. The President, Mr. R. D. McGibbon, B. A., in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting, and the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and adopted.

The constitution was then considered. Moved by Mr. L. Campbell, seconded by Mr. P. D. Ross, that graduates be admitted to the club, but not to hold any office therein. After a lengthy and spirited discussion the following was moved in amendment by Mr. C. Lane, seconded by J. F. Scriver, that graduates be admitted to practice, but not to play in matches, or be officers of said club. The latter was carried almost unanimously.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows: Captain, H. H. Wood, '79; President, F. L. Brown, '79; Treasurer, H. J. Bull, '80; Secretary, Chas. Scriver, '80; Committee, J. E. Austin, '80, C. Lane, '79, R. B. Howard, '79, C. E. Pillsbury, '80 and W. R. Sutherland, '79.

THE DYING MONK.

The vesper bell proclaimed the hour of prayer,
And woke the echoes of the evening air,
The cowl'd monks had sought the sacred pile,
And clouds of incense filled the dusky aisle.

Within a chamber rudely built of stone
A monk lay dying helpless and alone;
The fading sunlight played about his bed,
And formed a golden halo round his head.

But when the music of the vesper bell
Reached the pale sufferer in his cheerless cell,
He seized his beads and vainly strove to pray,
For thus he raved, through weakness as he lay:

"Within the gloom of the rotting tomb
The hungry worm is waiting,
And ravens' cries are filling the skies
Above its dismal grating.

Through the living day the verdant clay
Longs to embrace its brother,
For 'twas the earth that gave us birth,
And we must return to our mother.

Not long, O Tomb, hast thou to wait
For time is o'er us sweeping,
And Death alive with invincible scythe
A terrible harvest is reaping.

I see him there with his matted hair
Over his skeleton falling,
And his hollow eyes swell with the fires of hell
As he hears the Devil calling.

I smell the smell of the blasts of hell,
And the choirs in heaven are singing,
And goblins tread around my bed,
But angels hither winging.

The heavenly things they shake their wings
And fill my cell with glory,
The stones are old, but they shine with gold,
And jewels, and marbles hoary.

I fear not the gloom of the rotting tomb,
For my soul from my body shall sever,
And Death's control rules not the soul,
Which lives above forever."

He ceased, and down the passage swept along
The dying accents of the vesper song;
The old man heard, a salt tear filled his eye,
He softly smiled and calmly sank to die.

And when the moonlight stole into the room
And drove away the fast-retreating gloom,
Still as a block of stone the old monk lay,
The living soul had left the mortal clay,
The lines of care had vanished from his brow,
The strife was o'er, the monk victorious now.

FRESHMAN.