

it impossible to enter the league if home and home matches were played. McGill's team, which really was a strong aggregation, considered that Queen's would be "easy" and agreed to let the issue of one game decide the question. They came to Kingston prepared to conquer, but Queen's survived the match. *Hinc illae lacrimae*. We will not express an opinion as to whether the confidence of the McGill team that they could "retrieve themselves on Montreal ice" was well founded or not. But we claim that McGill knew before coming to Kingston that no such game would be played, and it is mean and childish on the part of the *Fortnightly* to attempt to account for their defeat by slandering the team of a sister university.

The efforts of McGill's team "since that time" to get on a match with Queen's date from the return of our team from their American tour in January. When the standing of Queen's in the Ontario Hockey League is decided, McGill will doubtless be afforded an opportunity to try conclusions with our men. We are not modest enough to claim to have "treble as much good hockey material as any university in Canada or the United States," for we are in no better position to pronounce judgment on such a matter than is the writer in the *Fortnightly*. Our team is not invincible; we have been defeated and we know how to take defeat, and if the McGill team succeed in winning from us this year the inter-collegiate championship we will not try after a lapse of two years to snatch from them the credit of their victory.

POETRY.

SONNET.

ALONE I viewed the stars, a summers night,
 All luminous, as if aglow with light,
 That knew our kinship and our common goal,
 And had a heart to love me in the whole
 With childlike love, so simply wise and sweet,
 As upward drew my spirit on to meet
 In close communion in the arms of truth.
 In that half hour my soul outgrew its youth,
 And needing wings for fellowship afar
 Grew dutiful to man's devoted star,
 And felt the fulness of a destiny
 To crown our longings for divinity;
 And meekly calm with holy hope inspired
 From vastness all sublime to simple life retired.

—A. D. MACNEILL.

MAN'S WAY AND NATURE'S.

The King of the North had slumbered long
 In his realm, which lies beyond the pole;
 His henchmen remorselessly levied toll,
 For the rain and the fog and the thaw were they;
 And men cursed the King for his long delay.

But the King awakened from sleep e'er long,
 And dressed him in robes of fleecy snow;
 Then shouted his eerie battle-song
 And commanded the northern winds to blow.

A poor little urchin in search of rest
 Found only an alleyway, damp and cold;
 But the King about him his mantle cast,
 A wonderful vision before him unrolled,
 And tenderly bore him away on the blast.

The King re-doubled his eerie song,
 But *men* cursed the King for his cruel wrong.

THE ARTSMEN'S FEAST.

Upon a wintry Friday eve
 When snow was fallin' fast,
 And Boreas its flakes did weave
 In wreaths in hollows cast,
 But o'er the bare and open moors
 It swept wi' angry sough,
 And raibed winnocks and the doors
 Wi' mony a straik and rough,
 Fu' fierce that night.

Thro' gatherin' drifts I took my road
 Wi' mony a grane an' struggle,
 For weel I kenn'd there'd be abroad
 Nae warlock, deil, nor bogle,
 Nor ony o' the beldam crowd
 Wha press'd puir Tam sae sair,
 Wi' eldritch screech and hollow loud
 That night he rode frae Ayr,
 On sic a night.

But when I reach'd oor college ha'
 It was ableeze wi' light,
 And ev'ry skurryin' carl I saw
 Was dress'd in claes o' white;
 And tables groanin' wi' a load
 For eatin' and for drinkin',
 And ilka student o' a mode
 O' gettin' maist was thinkin'
 Fu' hard that night.

But now the time to start has come,
 And G—rdie asks a blessin',
 While ilka lad just fresh frae home
 What the dishes are is guessin'.
 But some pit on a knowin' smile
 As if they kenn'd it a';
 The lave fu' brawlie ken the while
 They're the greenest i' the ha';
 'Twas plain that night.

Upon a bunker i' the north
 Were carls i' black an' red,
 Wha, whiles we ate, were gieing forth
 A noise would wak the dead.
 Meanwhiles the olives, oysters, turtles,
 The salmon, cod, and roast,
 The leg of mutton, turkeys, pickles,
 O' ither things a host,
 Went fast that night.