

two sections, one of which will be comprised of University Clubs alone, and let these sections have distinct sets of ties, the final winner in each to play for the championship. Then the ties for the University section can be delayed without effecting the interest of the other clubs. The only objection which can be raised to this scheme is not a very important one. It will cause a certain amount of inconvenience in bringing together the competing clubs, and consequently more travelling expenses, but this is a very small matter compared with the benefits to be gained.

If something of the kind is not done shortly, the inevitable consequence must be a secession of the University Clubs from the main body of the Association. This we would be sorry to see, though we must admit that it would be preferable to the present state of affairs. We trust our representatives will bring the matter before the notice of the Association at its annual meeting, which takes place before long.

### →\*POETRY.\*←

#### MEDITATION OF A HINDU SCEPTIC.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,  
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God?

Westward across the ocean, and northward ayont the snow,  
Do they stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm  
Like the wild bees heard in the tree tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,

Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open and over the censer swings,  
As they to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings;

And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry  
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills,

Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that kills;

Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,  
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,  
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;  
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,  
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?  
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side,  
For ever the shot strikes surely, and over the wasted breath  
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name,  
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame;  
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our race—  
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,  
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!  
What have they wrung from the silence? hath even a whisper come  
Of the secret—Whence and whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?  
"The secret hath been told to you and what is your message to me?"  
It is nought but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began,  
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,  
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,  
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main—"  
Sadly turn from the venture, and find that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and when shall the dreamer awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?

Shall it pass, as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,

But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep

With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep.