

Literary and Political.

TENNYSON.

A. W. C., '95.

Old England bows in dust at loss of thee,
 And mourns thy death, as earth the setting sun,
 For now her third poetic day has gone
 With thee, the last of her great trinity;
 She now resigns her pen reluctantly,
 Her lamp is now burned out, her course is run,
 The writings of thy mystic three are done,
 But reached is thine own immortality.

Henceforth thou shalt with all the great of earth,
 Behold that Beauty thou didst dearly love,
 And which thy pen so nobly shadowed forth,
 And from the vantage ground of heaven will prove
 That what we here call death is but a birth
 To nobler life, and Beauty's realms above.

A SUMMER IN NORTHERN CANADA.

E. M. B. '93.

Less than three weeks after the festivities (?) incident to graduation, the writer found himself encamped on the Kippewa Lakes, nine miles by flat car and twenty-one by canoe from the outlet of Lake Temiscamingue. Our company was a survey party connected with the Geological Survey of Canada, and consisted of a surveyor, two assistants and three canoemen, one of whom also acted as cook. Of the work of the survey, as such, it is not our intention to speak, except incidentally; such details being of interest to the professional or scientific, rather than to the general, reader.

The Kippewa is a somewhat extensive body of water lying to the east of Lake Temiscamingue, and consists of a tangle of channels, bays and islands, about thirty miles in length by twenty in width, with some three hundred odd miles of shore line, and over five hundred islands. It was here, over a century ago, the small remnant of the once powerful Algonquin nation made its last stand against the hostile Iroquois, whose war party was entrapped into a narrow gorge