

eight inch square. After the water had been running for about fifteen minutes it refused to flow through the screen but wended its way over the top. The screen was removed and the sight that was presented recalled vividly the description by Coleridge, "Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs upon a slimy sea." The whole surface was covered with organic life, both animal and vegetable—the animal predominating—and other matter which is better left undescribed. The sizes of the animals varied from one fourth to three-fourths of an inch in length.

In the report of our annual dinner no mention was made of the solo given by Mr. Fiddler Boyd. We apologize for the omission, and with the apology would make the following explanation:—Mr. Boyd's solo, "Way down upon de Swane Ribber," was down on the programme to be sung on the way home. Mr. Boyd, however, could not restrain his effervescing spirits for such length of time, and so decided to give it in instalments at intervals during the official programme. This method of rendition was very agreeable and entertaining, but rather awkward to one acting in the capacity of reporter, for were Mr. Boyd's name to appear in the report as often as his selections occurred at the dinner, this would have given him a prominence which would certainly have been a terrible shock to his well-known modesty.

"Shorty" under pressure of approaching exams. has settled down to work.

LAST ROLL CALL.

The last muster of "K" as a university company was held on Thursday evening last at Webb's parlours. It has, as everyone knows, been decided by the authorities to sever the connection of the company with the university, and, as there was nearly \$200 in the treasury, it was resolved to hold a farewell banquet. Promptly at eight o'clock the company fell in at the dinner table, mustering sixty-five strong. After full justice had been done to the excellent menu provided by the committee, the presiding officer, Captain Rennie, gave the command: "Attention." He then proposed the health of "The Queen and Canada." This was responded to with hearty good-will. The other toasts were: "The Canadian Militia," "Our Regiment," "Our Alma Mater," and "Ourselves." Lieutenant Barker, in replying to the toast of "Our Regiment," stated that, though "K" was separated from the university, it was the intention to reserve it as much as possible for university men. In the past, when the Queen's Own had ten companies and the other city regiments only eight, it did not matter so much if "K" did not always parade in full strength; but, now that the rival corps had been greatly increased, a full parade was always necessary. The examinations, he thought, were harder than formerly, and this, together with the apathy of the college dons, had made the grand old parades of 120 strong, for which "K" was famous, a thing of the past. A large number of the old members, he continued, had promised to remain, and these, with the Osgoode men who had intimated their intention of joining, would soon make "K" what she had been of yore, the banner company of the regiment. Other speeches, songs and stories followed. When these were finished, the doors opened and a corporal's guard entered having in custody a private accused of charging swords in the rear rank. The culprit was at once court-martialed. The evidence in the case proved somewhat contradictory. After due consideration a verdict was reached, the prisoner being honourably acquitted and given five days in the cells. This ended a most enjoyable evening. After singing "God Save the Queen," the command "Dismiss" was given and the members dispersed.

PRIVATE.

The new Cabinet, with Mr. Hellems as Premier, has been completed, and the speech from the throne prepared. While the speech contains nothing revolutionary, the presence of several avowed annexationists in the cabinet is ominous.

THE OLD PIER.

On the old pier mid the stones sea-beaten
I stand while the evening shadows fall,
And the sadden'd waters around me sighing
Fond by-gone memories recall.

The full June moon shines down as of olden,
Thro' the twilight mists which dissolve away,
And her rays are limning in black and in golden
The wooded shores of the cliff-crowned bay.

The same old church on the dreary upland
Stands stately alone, as in days gone by,
And her towering turrets like hands celestial
Point to the depths of the cloudless sky.

I love thee, old pier, for 'twas here in the gloaming,
To the flow'r-odored breeze and the wild wand'ring wave,
I whispered my hopes for the mystic-bound future
Which lay betwixt me and the far-seeming grave.

Bright gilded dreams, the dreams of childhood,
Flooded my hot expectant brain
As I basked in the sunshine of airy-built visions,
Visions which never can come again.

I saw my life as a path bestrewn
With fair roses kissed by the dews of the morn,
I saw and longed for the opening blossoms,
I saw not, nor thought of the hidden thorn.

Ah! the childhood days are the days the brightest,
And the most divine are the childhood dreams.
To the youthful mind e'en the heavens are lowly
And Fame's highest height but a mole-hill seems.

Yet Fancy is ever a halo shedding
Round the seasons past, and its mellow glow
Makes brighter the days that were dark, while the glad ones
To a beauty akin to celestial grow.

And whenever I visit the old pier at even,
And gaze on the scenes so familiar to me,
The old days come back with a strange, sad sweetness,
Sad, that they never again can be.

A. L. McNAB.

AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

The street was crowded, and the people hurrying to the homes which only they and Providence could locate, paid but scant attention to the right of way. They jostled and blockaded one another at every step, and continually interrupted the progress of an urchin, of whom we have reason to know. The sidewalk had been cleaned in such fashion that short patches of snow alternated with long stretches of dry board, and across these latter distances, he was propelling himself on a hand-sleigh, by the determined strength of one stout little leg, in order to draw it up gladly upon reaching the snow and slide for one sweet minute. Each time he toiled, and panted, and suffered, and froze, he reached his icy oasis, and he slid his brief joy out. We mention him not because he is the child of whom we have reason to know, but because he is the pleasure-seeker of all ages, and the sidewalk is the course of life.

* * * * *

The practical value of devotion seems to consist of the benefit we gain from constantly recognizing, and expressing audibly enough for ourselves to hear, the ideal we cherish, and the hope we hear. The various mannerisms which are developed in this process cannot change the