

POETRY.

THE RED, BLUE AND YELLOW.

WE join our hearts and hands as men,  
We join our voices strong in song  
To hold our colors to the world,  
And show that we to Queen's belong.  
Our tri-color will stand the breeze,  
When other flags are in the dust ;  
For Queen's will hold it long and well,  
And all her battles shall be just.

The red, the blue and yellow  
With song we gladly raise,  
And now let each good fellow  
Join with us in their praise.

In classic halls our banner bright  
We'll hold aloft 'gainst any foe,  
And show that we with mind can be  
Wherever mind may dare to go.  
Our sons in future years will wear  
The colors we are proud to don,  
And sing their praises in the halls,  
Or shout their glory on the lawn.

CHORUS.

On campus they will ever be  
To us and ours a cheering sight,  
And brawny limbs and daring wills  
Shall bring them victors through the fight.  
And, though we all may not have strength  
Of mind or limb to win Queen's fame,  
We all can wear her colors well,  
And keep them free from blot or blame.

CHORUS.

LOST FRIENDS.

One day as I sat thinking of the past  
Of all the joys and pains that had been mine,  
There came before my eyes in one long line  
Those who had been my childhood friends. It cast  
A sad, deep gloom o'er all my thoughts, as fast  
I saw them one by one no longer shine  
In their old places, and my heart did pine  
For one love-look, if it were but the last.

Friends of my youth, how dear you were to me !  
And dear the memories are that round me cling,  
I hear your voices with the same old ring,  
You seem the same as you were wont to be ;  
But ah ! I know too well you are not near,  
You all have left this realm of doubt and fear.

—E. R.

ATHLETICS.

QUEEN'S VS. 'VARSITY.

THE Queen's 'Varsity match of '87 is now a thing of the past. The fifteenth of October was an ideal day for football, with its fine clear sky and just enough cool ozone in the atmosphere to make it comfortable for the players, the spectators not being taken into account, and little or no wind. The match being in Toronto was played, of course, on the 'Varsity campus, where many a hard fought battle of football and cricket has taken place, while in latter days there has been degeneracy, as an occasional baseball match has also there been seen. It is to be hoped that Queen's campus will never see such a sight, but that she will in all respects continue to evolve along her own historic lines, as the Principal aptly puts it, and stick to football, be it Rugby or Association, leaving the base game to our Yankee cousins and their professional players. The match we are about to describe will long be remembered in the annals of Inter-Collegiate Football in Ontario and deservedly should as one hard, fast and well fought, and in a spirit more friendly perhaps than might be expected when Greek meets Greek.

The Queen's boys reached Toronto on Friday evening shortly after ten, and were met at the Union station by a detachment of Queen's grads, consisting of Robertson, MacLennan, Gaudier and McEwen. There were also half a dozen 'Varsity men down to see them arrive and exchange greetings. The boys were in good spirits, and though not at all boastful, plainly showed that they intended to give a good account of themselves on the morrow, and that, win or lose, 'Varsity would have to play for it. When all had disembarked and the usual salutations had been exchanged and questions put and answered as to the probable result, the number of freshmen, old friends at college, the Concursus and many other items of interest to University men, the whole party moved on to the Walker House. About half of the team put up there, the remainder being convoyed off by friends in the city. Robertson exercised a paternal supervision over the boys and ordered those at the hotel to bed with a strict injunction not to get up too early, and taking the grip of one of the center forwards, told the latter to follow him, and led the way to his boarding house. Thus the boys were received and quartered. On Saturday they again assembled early in the afternoon at the hotel, and under Robertson's guidance and direction boarded a street car and were in due time landed at the University. They were supplied with dressing rooms in residence and there prepared for the fray. At three o'clock Queen's fifteen and fourteen of the 'Varsity were on the field, and it took half an hour to find the missing 'Varsity man and get him ready. Between half-past three and four Muntz, an enthusiastic Rugby player and Captain of the Toronto town club, who had been appointed, called time. The flip-up between Rankin and Senkler was won by the for-