

## Poetry.

## THE EAGLE AND THE KINGS.

(From Victor Hugo.)

An eagle sought the desert's spring beside  
A lion's cave;  
Meanwhile, two Kings, (God willed it so), espied  
The sparkling wave.

Beneath tall palms, where pilgrims quench their drought  
Fresh strength to gain,  
These Kings, sworn loemen, fought their duel out  
Till both were slain.

The eagle hovered o'er each lifeless brow,  
And, mocking, said:  
"Ye found the universe too small, and now  
Your souls have fled!"

O Princes, lately jubilant! your bones  
To-morrow must  
Be mixed with indistinguishable stones  
Amid the dust!

Ye fools! what gained ye by your savage feud?  
Behold, the end!  
I, the proud eagle, haunt this solitude—  
The lion's friend.

From the same spring we drink, each morn and eve—  
Kings, he and I;  
Hill, dale, and forest depths to him I leave,  
And keep the sky."

GEO. MURRAY.

## Contributions.

## UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN THE WILLIAM  
MOLSON HALL, DEC. 3RD, 1887.

(CONTINUED.)

The second type of courtship, if such it may be termed at all, was of the reckless and desperate type as contrasted with the obsequious mode of Hercules. It is exemplified in the manner in which Pluto paid his addresses to Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres. While she was gathering flowers on the Nysian Plain he literally "carried her by storm" to his dark regions below. You know the sequel. She spent only half the year with her husband, and the remaining half away from him with his mother-in-law. It is questionable whether even such a course as Pluto pursued be not more nearly worthy of respect than the effeminacy of Hercules, but I commend the result as a warning against undue haste.

The third and last type I shall notice you find portrayed in the charming little story of Hippomenes and Atalanta. This young lady was surpassingly fair, but, having been brought up by a she-bear, she was not the most convenient young lady to woo. Her father wished her to wed, and she consented upon one condition, viz.: that each of her suitors should, in turn, compete with her in a foot-race, and the one who should outrun her should become her spouse, while those who failed should forfeit their lives. Even upon these terms, numerous competitors were found. The stakes were high and the races exciting beyond measure. Well did the fleet-footed,

but cruel, beauty know that she could distance all the runners. One after another entered the race only to see her fly like a vision before them, laughing contemptuously at their untoward fate. Probably, Hippomenes had never betrayed his passion at all, but warily he went to the altar of Venus, and laid his sorry case before that goddess. Equally mistress of the intrigues of love and of the foibles of feminine nature, Aphrodite gave to the suitor three golden apples, bidding him cast one at a time upon the race-course during the contest. All was ready. The fable does not say that a pistol was fired, but somehow or other the competitors were started—she running for freedom, he for life and love. As she was distancing him despite his frantic exertions, he cast one of the golden apples upon the track. Its glitter was too much for Atalanta. She stooped to pick it up, and Hippomenes passed her. Thrice was this repeated, and the breathless suitor finally reached the goal, won the race, saved his neck, and, no doubt, with what measure of serenity his agitated frame was capable of, gazed out upon the elysian prospect of married life. But, alas for his hopes! He gained his bride, but they were both changed into lions. Of course, this story will not be confounded with the modern Atalanta race. You remember, four years ago, we sent a yacht called "Atalanta" to race at New York, but the American yacht both won the race and gathered in the gold. The Canadian may, in a sense, have been lionized, but the whole thing has, of course, an entirely different moral. But what am I to say of Hippomenes and Atalanta? We have had examples of obsequious effeminacy, and then of desperation and rashness, and now we have deceit. Hippomenes could not win her by fair competition, and so he resorted to device. The moral requires no elaboration. Let the youth beware how he dispense with candour. Hippomenes and Atalanta were united through deceit, and they were doubtless changed into lions in order that they might fight the rest of their journey through with very appropriate ferocity.

Having thus, at least as far as good intentions are concerned, discharged my paternal duties in enlightening our younger members upon so delicate a subject, I might pass on to other themes, were it not that the consideration of the fabled young ladies I have been speaking about recalls another poetic little myth, which I will mention. You remember there was a youth, named Narcissus, who was so beautiful that when he saw his reflection in the water he was so transported that he could not withdraw his eyes from the sight, and so was changed into the pretty flower that still bears his name. There was a young lady, named Echo, who very deeply loved the vain youth, but he was too much absorbed in admiration of his own comeliness to treat her with more than callous indifference. She was so much distressed that she faded away until nothing but her voice remained. Now, I must approach this pretty story in an enquiring rather than an expository frame of mind, and merely suggest possible interpretations of it. The one which will, of course, naturally suggest itself to all minds is, whether the fact of the voice remaining