

Since my father's prairie schooner left the Known
 For a port beyond the sky-line, never seen by human eye,
 Where God, and God's creation dwell alone.
 'Way back I heard men callin'; one woman's voice was fond,
 An' the rich lands toward harvest murmured "Rest."
 But a sweeter voice kept callin' from the Unexplored Beyond,
 A wild voice in the mountains callin' "West."
 I heard it in the foothills—then I climbed the Great Divide;
 In the canon—then I faced the rapid's roar;
 In the little breeze at dawning, in the dusk at eventide,
 The voice that kept a-callin' went before.
 My crooked hands are empty, my six-foot frame is bent.
 There ain't nothing but my trail to leave behind,
 An' the voice that I have followed has not told me what it meant.
 An' the eyes that sought a sign are nearly blind.
 But I hear it callin' still, as I lay me down to rest,
 An' I dream the Voice I love has never lied,
 That I hear a people comin', the Great People of the West.
 An' maybe 'twas His Voice callin' me to guide.
 —Clive Phillipps-Wolley, of Vancouver, in the "Spectator."

RUGBY.

(Crowded out of Sport Dept.)

As many of our Rugby players graduate this year, we must make a determined struggle for the cup that evaded our grasp through force of circumstances over which we had no control last year. Some person, writing to a local paper, says, "The Manitoba Rugby Association must see that their crack team, the St. John's, shall win both the Manitoba and Northwest Championships this spring." We recognize in the St. John's very formidable opponents; but we hope that after our lean, swift, hungry-looking striped demons have got through with them, that the Manitoba Cup, at least, will not rest within the walls of St John's College.

Each day the world is born anew
 For him who takes it rightly—
 Rightly? That's simply! 'tis to see
 Some substance cast these shadows
 Which we call life and history . . .
 Simply? That's nobly! 'tis to know
 That God may still be met with,—
 Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow
 These senses fine, this brain aglow,
 To grovel and forget with. —Lowell.