

these laws, and it is for the common good that the students as a body have a right, and should show their disapprobation of such conduct in some pronounced way, no fair-minded student will deny. Now, since our concursus is a representative body, we cannot see that it can be much improved on as a means of "sitting on" wayward cheeky students. It is certainly preferable to "hazing," and more effectual than lighter means. The fact that some such means is, and has been, an almost universal feature of College life, proves that students in general have felt the need of having it "in organic connection with College life." Surely we cannot consider all who have ever supported such as arbitrary interferers with the liberty of fellow students. Many distinguished graduates of Queen's who have no doubt long ago lost the juvenile desire for a circus for its own sake still enquire kindly for the concursus and proudly relate their own exploits in connection with it. Now if this is not an arbitrarily constituted compact, but the outcome of a necessity in College life, we contend that the statement that "its authority cannot extend to those students who do not voluntarily submit themselves to it" requires at least qualification.

LITERATURE.

NEW FORMS OF VERSE. SELECTIONS.

BALLADE.

Love thou art sweet in the spring-time of sowing,
 Bitter in reaping and salt as the seas,
 Lovely and soft when the young buds are growing,
 Harsh when the fruitage is ripe on the trees:
 Yet who that hath plucked him thy blossom e'er flees,
 Who that hath drunk of thy sweetness can part,
 Though he find when thy chalice is drained to the lees
 Ashes and dust in the place of a heart?
 'Tis myself that I curse at, the wild thoughts flowing
 Against myself built up of the breeze
 Like mountainous waves to my own o'er-throwing
 Strike and I tremble, my shivering knees
 Sink thro' the quicksands that round them freeze,
 From their treacherous hold I am loth to start:—
 In my breast laid bare, had you only the keys,
 Ashes and dust in the place of a heart.

The world wide over young hearts are glowing
 With high held hopes we believed with ease,
 And have them still, but the saddest knowing
 Is the knowledge of how by slow degrees
 They slip from our side like a swarm of bees
 Bearing their sweetness away, and depart
 Leaving their stings in our bosom, with these
 Ashes and dust in the place of a heart.

Envoi.

Love, free on the uplands, the lawns, and the leas;
 Priced and sold in the world's base mart:
 But the same in the end; tho' at first it please,
 Ashes and dust in the place of a heart.

JOHN CAMERON GRANT.

BALLADE OF DEAD THINKERS.

Where's *Heraclitus* and his Flux
 Of sense that never maketh stay?
 Or *Thales*, with whom water sucks
 Into itself both clod and clay?
 Or He, who in an evil Day
Nomos and *physis* first employ'd;
 And of the Sum of Things doth say,
 They all are Atoms in the Void?
 Where's grave *Parmenides*? Death plucks
 His Beard; and by the *Velian Bay*
 Sleeps *Zeno*; *Plato's* Pen their Crux
 Of *One* and *Many* doth portray.
Empedocles too, well away,
 His taste for climbing, unalloy'd
 By Prudence, led him far astray:
 They all are Atoms in the Void.
 Where's *Socrates* himself, who chucks
 Up *Physics*, makes of *Sophists* hay,
 Into *Inductions* briskly tucks,
 And *Definitions* frañesç always?
 The good *Athenians* him did slay,
 His *Dialectic* them annoy'd;
 And his Disciples, where are they?
 They all are Atoms in the Void.

Envy.

Prince, tho' with these old names and grey
 Our peace of mind be half destroyed,
 Take comfort; say they what they may,
 They all are Atoms in the Void.

From "Love in Idleness."

RONDEL.

Kiss me, sweetheart; the spring is here
 And Love is Lord of you and me,
 The blue-bells beckon each passing bee;
 The wild wood laughs to the flowered year:
 There is no bird in brake or brere
 But to his little mate sings he,
 "Kiss me, sweetheart; the spring is here,
 And Love is Lord of you and me!"
 The blue sky laughs out sweet and clear,
 The missel-thrush upon the tree
 Pipes for sheer gladness loud and free;
 And I go singing to my dear,
 "Kiss me, sweetheart; the spring is here,
 And Love is Lord of you and me!"

JOHN PAYNE.