

on the breast. We would urge too, that the cup won this session be secured as soon as possible.

During the coming summer let the men keep in form so that matches may be played off earlier than they were this season and the college work not so seriously interfered with. Many matters will claim attention during the summer, but these can be left with safety to the energetic Captain, Mr. E. J. McArdle, who was elected at a late meeting to fill the vacancy caused by the lamented death of John C. McLeod. McArdle who is a second year man in medicine, is from Dundas, has all the enthusiasm of a Westerner, and has proved his playing qualities in last summer's matches. The Royal has put in some good kicks for the clubs, and Queen's did a graceful act in making this appointment. We refrain from giving his previous reputation, good though it be, because we are sure no one more than that gentleman himself wishes that he be judged by what he does next session, rather than by what he has done in the past.

POETRY.

THE LAST GREETING.

THOU'RT come at last, and loving time is over,
 When all is gone that made my life a joy ;
 Yes, to atone, and if thou can'st recover,
 The heart that came to me, the peasant boy.

Thou'rt come in silks and glittering jewels flashing,
 Pale as a goddess in a Grecian crypt ;
 While at my feet the shoreless sea is plashing,
 And fancy fails me, and my wings are clipped

You should have stayed, when you and I together,
 Beneath the moonlight, in another clime,
 Deemed all the seasons fairest summer weather,
 And all that life held, like its love, sublime.

Alas, it fades that mystic, maiden, morning,
 When love eternal smote the heart of youth,
 When, seeing thee, my sad soul scorned its scorning,
 And staked its holiest on thy taintless truth.

But now the spirit shudders in the mortal,
 The future's crowding shadows closer creep ;
 The boy is gliding downward through the portal,
 To rest from sorrow, and in silence sleep

But though the day star of my life is setting,
 The clouds are parting with the evening's close ;
 And hope speaks softly of an unforgetting
 In the unborn To-Be. Perhaps.—Who knows ?

February 28th, '84. CHAS. J. CAMERON,

THE "WEEK" VS. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I.

THEY sneer at *him* who ever wrought—
 Disdaining any earthier aim,—
 To keep whatever God begot
 As something—something worthy name !
 A man whose breath was fan and flame
 To blight and blast a bitter wrong,
 Who held it as his fairest fame
 To cheer the weak and curb the strong ?

II.

They sneer at *him* who was a foe
 To every man that menaced man !
 Who went as brave hearts always go
 To cannon lip and battle van ;—
 Who never owned a rout, nor ran :—
 Who till the final field was won
 Up from the day the fight began
 Still bared his breast to wind and sun !

III.

They sneer at *him* who dropped and died,—
 The harness on him—in the way ;—
 Who ever taugt and ever tried
 To date a good from every day ;
 Who spoke when Freedom went astray
 And waked and warned and won her too
 With words that die not, nor decay ;—
 Still to be *Freedom*, and be true !

IV.

They raise their voice and rail at *him*
 Who was as high above their ken
 As stars that in the zenith swim
 Are high above the heads of men !
 Back to forgetfulness again
 When they, and theirs, alike are fled
 This Phillips' work of lip and pen
 Shall ride on earth high-charioted !

GEO. F. CAMERON.

HORATIUS PARKER, M.A., Professor of Elocution in Trinity College, Toronto, has been elected Watkins' lecturer in Elocution in Queen's. Some such announcement as this we have long been wishing to make. If Mr Parker's theory of Elocution is as good as his practice, this class should be appreciated. As a suggestion we would say, why not let some of the work done be chosen and used for a public entertainment, to be given at the close of the session by the Alma Mater Society, or Campus Improvement Committee ?

We would ask what is to be done with a certain Soph, hailing from Peterboro, who was actually seen, not long ago, to fall on his knees before a young lady three times in one evening, with the most imploringly anxious expression upon his his face? A few nights afterwards he left the same house in such a confused state of mind that he did not notice he was not wearing his own hat.