Mid the terrible bray of the war-horns and the din of the armies engaging,
While yet neither side had the better and the issue as yet was still doubtful
Bane of the Freshmen, great Easton, the champion gigantic in stature,
While he smote with unsparing hand and fierce, in the thick of the combat,
Met front to front with O'Donnell the doughty, far-famed mid the Freshmen,
Then ceased the fray for a moment and both hosts desisted from fighting
Spellbound and awestruck they gazed at the terrible fight of the heroes.
Bitter that fight and long; alas! for the doughty O'Donnell,
Gasping he lay on the ground while his comrades gathered about him,
Spent with his mighty exertions from the field where his prowess was needed
Bore they the paladin Easton to rest and recover his balance.
Apart stood the paladin Easton and his spirit yearned for the conflict
Yearned as a lion all wounded, whose limbs are mangled and broken.
Nor can he leap on his foe and tear him with terrible talons;
Rears he his body erect and thunders with horrible roarings,
From his jaws drips the red-flecked foam and his heart is parched with the blood-thirst
Even so yearned for the battle the soul of the champion gigantic,
For he saw that the Freshmen were mighty and spent were Divinity's heroes.
Three lances length they retreated, still fighting, resisting the Freshmen,
Down went the redoubtable Daly, the young man the lover of maidens,
O'er him the combat waxed fierce and on him fell many a hero,
Soiled in the dust was the fillet embroidered by fingers of maidens.
Down went the warrior Peck and Stewart the rider of bronchos,
Gordon and Hutcheon went down and their teeth bit the dust of the campus,
Dismayed were Divinity's heroes and pale panic their knee-joints unloosened.
Hither and thither they rushed like cattle bit by the gad-fly.
In the warm time, in the spring when the days are beginning to lengthen,
Piteous that day was the rout and the fall of those heroes intrepid,
Loud was the wail in fair Queen's the domain whereof John is the tyrant. —F.P.

The Senior Year in Arts made a very happy choice when they selected Mr. H. Horsey to represent the Arts College at the Medical dinner held Dec. 21st. Mr. Horsey's effort is acknowledged by all to have been the speech of the evening. The *Whig* says: "The words of H. Horsey, representing the Arts department of the College, were well chosen. Mr. Horsey shows evidence of a training that may some day lead him into public life. His gift of speech is worth being possessed of while his delivery is quite parliamentary." Success to the star "wing" of the province.

COLLEGE NEWS.

A. M. S.

THE last meeting of the Society was in reality the annual meeting of the Foot-ball Club. After the report of the Secretary-Treasurer had been read, the details of which shall be published later, the election of officers was proceeded with, and resulted as follows:

Hon. President—Prof. Fletcher.
Hon. Vice-President—James Farrell, B.A.
President—A. E. Ross, B.A.
Vice-President—H. H. Horsey.
Secretary-Treasurer—A. B. Ford.
Captain—Guy Curtis.
Hon. Surgeon—Dr. Herald.

Very hearty votes of thanks were accorded to Prof. and Mrs. Fletcher for many kindnesses during the past foot-ball season, and to the retiring Executive for their unceasing efforts to secure the championship.

CONVERSAZIONE.

This annual event of social college life took place Friday evening, December 15th. For several weeks the various committees had been busy making the necessary arrangements, and by Friday evening everything was in readiness. The decorations throughout the building were tastily arranged, but special attention had been given to the alcove between the Mathematical and English class-rooms. On the walls were fancy combinations of lacrosse sticks, snow-shoes and bicycles draped with a variety of flags. On a stand in the centre stood the Rugby championship cup, and round about it were easy chairs, rockers and sofas.

The concert would have been more highly appreciated had Convocation hall been more comfortable, but owing to the severe storm and high wind of the evening, it was found impossible to heat the hall. Probably the severity of the storm also accounts for the absence of many elderly people and concert lovers, who have hitherto graced our Conversaziones and enjoyed the programmes, while the extra dances up stairs proved too great an attraction for those who could be thus entertained. For all these reasons the audience in Convocation hall was exceedingly small and afforded little inspiration to those who took part in the evening's programme, which was as follows:

Cello Solo { a. Chanson d'Amour..... Hollman
b. Passe-Pied.....Gillet
SIG. DINELLI.

Recitation { The Pilot's Story.....Howell
Our Christmas.....
MISS JACKSON.

Song—The Slave Chase.....Russell
MR. GALLOWAY.

Cello Solo—Chanson a Coire.....Dempler
SIG. DINELLI.