

**Ladies.**

## LEVANA POEM.

The year poem of the Levana—'Tis  
 no easy matter to start it,  
 And harder, still harder the struggle,  
 before we have come to its ending.  
 Tiny bards, lofty themes, is the moan  
 of a poet renowned in the classics.  
 Tiny bards, lofty themes, still the  
 moan of a poet unknown to the  
 moderns.  
 In the Canadian land, on the shores of  
 the river St. Lawrence,  
 Quiet, secluded, still, the quaint little  
 city of Kingston,  
 Lies through the summer deserted,  
 until at a stated season,  
 Open its portals are flung; and the  
 halls of our dear Alma Mater  
 Ring with the greetings of friends,  
 and welcoming words to the  
 strangers.  
 Of all whom the goddess Levana in-  
 vited to seek her protection  
 Few of these strangers responded;  
 ignored by the others her greeting.  
 Only the veterans came; and all  
 through the meetings that fol-  
 lowed,  
 More than for many years, the  
 strangers are marked by their  
 absence.  
 This was not true of all—a few of the  
 strangers were faithful,  
 Which rendered more glaring the fact  
 that most of their number were  
 absent.  
 Yet we rejoice in the knowledge that  
 still years are left for the freshette,  
 Three years, in which to learn of the  
 joys which the goddess Levana  
 Grants to those of her daughters who  
 labor to follow her pleasure.  
 (And speaking of work be it known  
 that the task of the poet's no light  
 one.

All other toil is but play when com-  
 pared with composing a poem.)  
 Yet to go back once again—soon after  
 the opening of college,  
 In the good reign of Queen Flo, the  
 maidens assembled together.  
 Seniors were their in their midst,  
 wondering to find themselves  
 seniors,  
 Juniors and sophmores too, and even  
 a number of freshettes  
 Talking over the teacups, delighted to  
 gaze on each other.  
 A fortnight later, once more did the  
 maidens assemble together  
 To find out whether 'tis true that  
 artistic, good sense and hygiene  
 Are shown in the manner of dress,  
 which the modern woman ap-  
 proves of,  
 As opposed to that worn, long ago, by  
 her sisters of earlier decades.  
 Sharp and fierce was the struggle from  
 which '08 came victorious,  
 Proving that we of to-day have some-  
 thing to learn from past ages.  
 Two more weeks slip away—we are  
 back in the land of Dickens,  
 Back to the Squeers and the Kenwigs,  
 to Nicholas, Fannie and Tilda.  
 Oh joy, oh rapture, to see Mrs. Nick,  
 leby nodding and smiling,  
 And talking. Ye gods! and talking,  
 resembling our friend the brooklet,  
 Which goes on forever and ever, re-  
 gardless of comings and goings.  
 Some little while after this, the final  
 year wishing to welcome  
 The freshettes and show that they  
 really belonged to Levana, invited  
 Them all to appear at a meeting, for  
 which was provided a programme.  
 Patiently and with toil the seniors  
 worked at this programme;  
 Worked with efforts unceasing, work-  
 ed to bring joy to the freshettes.