

With beauty saturate. Never color blazed
 Or any mortal palette that could fling,
 Such golden glamor over everything.
 As flushed from Autumn's prison; till all was hazed,
 With opal, amber, sapphire, amethyst,
 That shimmered, mingled, dusked to steely blue.
 Ruptured I mused: Salvator never drew
 Its faintest semblance; Turner's pencil missed
 Such culmination; yet we count them true
 Masters. Behold what God's one touch can do!

QUEVIDO REDIVIVUS.

1759.

No song of strife or vision dear to fame
 Hath aught more beautiful and bright
 Than rings from that September night
 When down the stream Wolfe's little army came.

And he sat in the midst, all weak and pale,
 A knot of officers around
 Hushed as autumn air—no sound
 Save whispers faint—so reads the tale.

I cannot tell what dark imaginings
 Were sweeping through the hero's soul;
 Perchance he heard the battle-roll
 Of morn, the rush of the Destroyer's wings.

His heart, perchance, leapt weary leagues of sea,
 And breathed farewells to plighted bride,
 And prayed once more the ebbing tide
 Might bear him there unseen and silently.

Yet turning, eyes and cheek aglow, he spake
 The words of an immortal strain,
 Revealing the secretest vein
 Of mood heroic no euprise could shake.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—
 And wreath the poet's brow entwine
 Shall live beyond the droop of mine,
 Though triumph mark me bravest of the brave.

"Yea, though ere dawning come I scale the height,
 Ere eve, you crowning citadel,
 To me less dear the pulse and swell
 Of Empire's vast acclaim, so might I write."

His shaft of stone looks silent to the stars,
 And near it, scarce a mile away,
 The midnight heaves a dim, low mound of gray,
 That oft beat back the surging wave of wars.

Beneath the hill the belt of river runs;
 Its flood with bars of radiance set
 Is gleaming like a jewelled coronet,
 Encircling his fair name through all the suns.

His shaft of stone looks silent to the stars,
 And near it, scarce a mile away,
 Beyond the moat, beyond the mound of gray,
 His splendid foe lies dead with glory's scars.

CHAS. E. MOYSE.

MONTREAL.

The Students at the Academy.

"Of course they were noisy and wouldn't keep still,
 And oft interrupted the play
 With a 'What's the matter with Old McGill?'
 And a deafening 'Hip! hip! hurrah!'"

Of course they were scarcely quite up to the mark,
 But what, in good faith, was the odds?
 We knew they were students and out on a lark,
 And we bore with the boys in the gods.

"And the music was—well, I'll admit that the
 score

Wasn't writ for a classical ear,
 And the words were 'We'll Never Get Drunk Any
 More,'

And 'The Son of a Gambolier';
 But we listened with manly delight to each song,
 And we answered with hearty applauses,
 For their voices in unison true were and strong
 As the hearts of the boys in the gods."

That was written for a former Students' Night. But it applies very well to last Friday, with one exception: the play was not interrupted, and there was not noise except at the proper time. The order was exemplary. It seemed to be understood that such a splendid turnout and such a delightful opera were not to be marred by bad conduct. While the play was in progress we were content to enjoy it. In place of college studies and contact with the topics of the day, we were introduced for a while to a time when nature and men were young, to the light-hearted mirth of merry England and the glades of Sherwood Forest, to

"The life that is free from strife,
 Where friends are staunch and true."

We joined Robin Hood and his band,
 "Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
 Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet and Mutch and Little John."

The whole affair was an unprecedented success, thanks to the Committee, which was composed of the following gentlemen: R. B. Hutchinson, H. M. Smith, F. M. Becket, R. A. Gunn, E. E. Howard, and O. Smith.

At seven o'clock the men were marshalled in ranks according to classes, and moved in order from the College, headed by a corps of buglers from the Royal Scots. Small boys scampered and yelled in the rear, stout men stood upon front door-steps, and ladies looked out from upper windows. One professor was seen to draw aside the curtain and look forth with complaisance upon men who could speak both languages and appreciate the plays of Molière.

We entered the theatre without a crush, and the gallery, which seats eight hundred, was fairly filled before the door was opened to the public. At 7:30 there was not standing room, and when the play commenced there was not a vacant seat in the whole house. After we were seated, the first few minutes were occupied with reiterations of the college yell, the blowing of horns, and the saluting of banners. Then commenced the programme, which was continued between the acts. After "The Son of a Gambolier," which aroused the student temper and made us all feel at home, we were favored with a harmonica solo by Mr. Wm. Robertson of the Scots, followed by some spirited selections from the bugle band. At another stage of