

with members, but when the excitement is past the interest lapses and the whole burden of executive work falls upon the few who attend regularly and who are rewarded (?) by being placed on all the important committees, either standing or special. All students want to see a good JOURNAL, a comfortable and well equipped reading room, a champion football team, a successful conversazione and thriving musical and literary organizations, but the majority are too busy to make any sacrifice in order to secure these ends. We are reminded of the story of the applemoan whose little stock had been ruthlessly overturned by a "cabby," who drove on unmindful of the distress he had occasioned. A crowd gathered round and began to express their sympathy, but a burly German stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, I am sorry two dollars; how much are you sorry?" Sympathy with student institutions, unless backed up by active support, is an unsaleable and unsavory commodity.

POETRY.

THE VIKING'S GRAVE.

HIGH over the wild sea's border, on the farthest
downs to the West,
Is the green grave-mound of the Norseman, with
the yew-tree grove on its crest;
And I heard from the winds the story, as they leaped up
salt from the wave,
And tore at the creaking branches that grew o'er the sea-
king's grave.
Some son of the old-world Vikings, those wild sea-
wandering lords,
Who sailed in a snaked-prowed galley with a terror of
twenty swords;
From the fiords of the sunless winter they came on an
icy blast,
Till over the whole world's sea-board the shadow of Odin
passed.
And they sped to the inland waters, and under the south-
land skies;
And they stared at the puny princes with their blue
victorious eyes;
And they said he was old and royal and a warrior all
his days,
But the king who had slain his brother lived yet in the
island ways.
And he came from a hundred battles, but he died on this
last wild quest,
For he said, "I will have my vengeance and then I will
take my rest."
He had passed on his homeward journey, and the king of
the isles was dead;
He had drunken the draught of vengeance and his cup
was the isle-king's head.
And he spake of the songs and the feastings and the glad-
ness of things to be,

And three days over the waters they rowed on a waveless sea,
Till a small cloud rose to the shoreward and a gust broke
out of the cloud,
And the spray beat over the rowers, and the murmur of
winds was loud
With the sound of the far-off thunder, till the shuddering
air grew warm,
And the day was as dark as ever, and the wild god rode
on the storm.
But the old man laughed at the thunder, as he placed his
casque on his brow,
And brandished his sword in the lightnings as he clung to
the painted prow.
And a shaft from the storm-god's quiver flashed out from
the flame-flushed skies,
Rang down on his war-worn harness and gleamed in his
fiery eyes;
And his mail and his crested helmet, and his hair and his
beard burned red,
And they said, "It is Odin calls;" and he fell, and they
found him dead.
So here, in his war guise armoured, they laid him down
to his rest,
In his casque with the reindeer antlers, and his long gray
beard on his breast.
His bier was the spoil of the islands, with a sail for a
shroud beneath,
With an oar of the blood red galley and his battle-brand
in its sheath.
And they buried his bow beside him, and they planted a
grove of yew
For the grave of a mighty archer, one tree for each of his
crew.
Where the flowerless cliffs are sheerest, where the sea-
birds circle and swarm,
And the rocks are at war with the waters, with their
jagged gray teeth in the storm;
And the wild Atlantic billows sweep in, and the mists
enclose
The hill with the grass-grown mound where the Norse-
man's yew tree grows.

— R. Rodd.

THE BUST OF CALIGULA.

(At the Capitol, Rome.)

Being in torment, how should he be still?
The slim neck twists; the eyes beneath the wide
Bent Claudian brows shrink proud and terrified;
Along the beardless cheek the muscles thrill
Like smitten lute-strings. Can no strength of will
Silence this presence ever at his side,
This hateful voice, that will not be denied,
That talks with him, and mutters "kill" and "kill"?
O dust and shade, O dazed and fighting brain,
O dead old world that shuddered on his nod,
Only this iron stone endures; and thence
Looks forth a soul in everlasting pain,
The ghost of Cæsar, maniac and god,
And loathes the weakness of omnipotence.

— Nichols.