

same year. This was the last season on the old St. Catherine street ground, since which time the club has never had the exclusive use of a ground of its own, nor exhibited the old-time vigour nor enterprise. The prosperity of the period covering the last three years of the club's domicile on the old ground was largely due to the untiring energy and valuable services of the then president, F. Stancliffe. This season the club sent an eleven west, which, however, did not meet with much success. All clubs have their periods of depression, and from such a period is the Montreal C. C. now emerging to the prosperity of an era in which it will accomplish mighty feats.

The St. George's Club was organized in 1873, and two years later played eight matches, winning six and losing one. They had first the old St. Denis grounds, and afterwards the college crease. The Grand Trunk Railway Cricket Club, whose members were employees of the railway

company, was established at Point St. Charles in 1854, and has often won good matches. The Victoria club had a fitful existence. The little village of Chambly, thanks to the efforts of the Austin family, all good cricketers, supported a club for many years.

The schools of Quebec have not done much to help cricket. Native cricketers have not been numerous; reliance has for the most part been placed on transient visitors and Englishmen coming to reside near Montreal. Bishop's College School of Lennoxville, is the only scholastic institution that has materially helped. Under the successive masters, Clinton, Petrie and Lloyd, some fine bats have been turned out. But, glorious prospect! In the last two years the schools of Montreal have taken up the game, and from them, it is hoped, the older clubs will be recruited.

G. G. S. LINDSEY.

THE GIANT.

GREAT River of the North, majestic stream,
 Titan, begot of god-wed mother, Earth!
 What awful, world-racked throes ushered thy birth?
 No weakling's cradle rocked thy infant dream;
 But, couched on Nature's breast, the Eagle's scream
 Thy lullaby, thou stretch'd'st thy brawny girth,
 While his peaks, trembling, echoed to thy mirth
 As thou did'st wake to know thy strength supreme!
 Now, to thy lair, where beasts and wilder men
 Do rage and bite, while thou dost, sodden, sleep,
 Thy Master comes, and thou'rt no longer free;
 In fretting chains, by crag and mist-wraithed fen,
 Forth leads, and bids thee cleave, full wide and deep,
 For Him, a portal to the rock-barred Sea!

SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS.