

THE KING'S CONSORT

By E. Pauline Johnson—(*Tekahionwake*)

I.

Love, was it yesternoon, or years ago
 You took in yours my hands,
 And placed me close beside you on the throne
 Of Oriental lands?

The truant hour came back at dawn to-day
 Across the hemispheres,
 And bade my sleeping soul retrace its way
 These many hundred years.

And all my wild young life returned, and ceased
 The years that lie between,
 When you were King of Egypt, and The East,
 And I was Egypt's queen.

II.

I feel again the lengths of silken gossamer enfold
 My body and my limbs in robes of emerald and
 gold.

I feel the heavy sunshine, and the weight of lan-
 guid heat
 That crowned the day you laid the royal jewels
 at my feet.

You wound my throat with jacinths, green and
 glist'ning serpent-wise
 My hot, dark throat that pulsed beneath the
 ardor of your eyes
 And centuries have failed to cool the memory of
 your hands
 That bound about my arms those massive, pliant
 golden bands.

You wreathed around my wrists long ropes of
 coral and of jade,
 And beaten gold that clung like coils of kisses
 love-inlaid;
 About my naked ankles tawny topaz chains you
 wound,
 With clasps of carven onyx, ruby-rimmed and
 golden bound.

But not for me the Royal Pearls to bind about
 my hair,
 "Pearls were too passionless," you said, for one
 like me to wear,
 I must have all the splendor, all the jewels warm
 as wine,
 But pearls so pale and cold were meant for
 other flesh than mine.

But all the blood-warm beauty of the gems you
 thought my due
 Were pallid as a pearl, beside the love I gave to
 you,
 O! Love of mine come back across the years that
 lie between,
 When you were King of Egypt—Dear, and I was
 Egypt's Queen.



By organization the students of Johns Hopkins
 are putting themselves on their honor to prevent
 all subterfuge at examinations.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOWN

Another towering column has been broken off.
 By the death of William Ernest Bristol Moore,
 B.A., at the early age of twenty-five a life of
 brilliant promise has come to an untimely end.
 There have been in these latter years hundreds of
 men graduated from University College; but if
 there has been one who graduated with the as-
 sured prospect of a more brilliant future than W.
 E. B. Moore, The Stroller has not known him.

* * *

He was the product of our public schools. At
 Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto,
 where he prepared himself for the University, he
 displayed the same amazing and restless execu-
 tive ability which he displayed later. When only
 in his second year, he won the prize for oratory
 offered for competition in the whole school; and
 it was only a severe illness that prevented him
 from distinguishing himself at matriculation. At
 the University, few will ever know what a multi-
 farious variety of interests was his. In spite of
 physical deformity, he was a splendid tennis
 player, and was President and Hon. President of
 the Tennis Club; other games he was debarred
 from. He was a champion inter-University de-
 bater; and it was mainly owing to his initiative
 that the Unionist party in the Literary Society
 was revived three years ago. In his final year he
 was Secretary-Treasurer of the Thirteen Club,
 an honor which was peculiarly grateful to him.
 And yet in spite of his many interests, he man-
 aged, mostly by the burning of the candle at
 both ends, to maintain his position as scholar-
 ship man in Political Science. In scholarship,
 athletics, public speaking, college politics, and in
 our modest college society, he was almost always
 to be found at the top of the ladder, no matter
 what obstacles opposed him. He was one of
 those rare men with whom one associates the
 idea of Destiny. He was poor, he was lame—but
 the genius of his indomitable spirit knew no
 barriers—no barriers but death.

* * *

He was not popular during his college course.
 His nature was aloof and reserved. He shrank
 from anything like promiscuous bonhomie; and
 though he might have made a great statesman,
 he would never have shone as a politician. To
 his friends he appeared as he was, unassuming,
 upright, with a nobility of character that atoned
 for his apparent coldness of demeanor. It is not
 too much to say that he dazzled the men of his
 day at college. Had he lived, there was no tell-
 ing where he might have stopped. Lesser men
 than he have sat in the front benches of great
 Governments, or have donned the judicial ermine.
 He had the ability to become a notable writer;
 and it is only the absence of any published liter-
 ary remains that obscures this fact. But where
 the lamp of his spirit shone brightest was in his
 executive ability, in his foresight and power of
 initiative, and in the grasp and poise of his
 mind. This University—and for that matter al-
 so, this whole country of Canada—is poorer to-
 day for his death.

Stroller.