

Babe that lies in turret dead,  
Even lost to memory's keeping.  
Rules thy mother's heart instead  
This young foundling calmly sleeping  
In her arms, as onward gliding  
O'er the snow she seeks her goal,  
Great in faith ; thy father's chiding  
She is past, and his control.

Sharply blow the icy flakes  
In her face as if to smite her ;  
Rages loud the wind that makes  
Mother's arms clasp babe the tighter,  
Cold the night, and chill and gruesome,  
As if seeking to destroy  
All her hopes ; close to her bosom  
She has pressed her baby boy.

Far more dreadful than the cold  
Scourge of wind and grip of weather,  
Yelp of wolves, grown winter bold,  
Hunting in a pack together,  
Mingling their unearthly howlings,  
Cause enough for travellers' fear,  
With mysterious under-growlings,  
Through the darkness come more near.

Prays Queen Charlotte to her God,  
Who made good all living creatures,  
And to Christ this earth that trod,  
To restore lost Eden's features,  
Be they brute or be they human,  
To restrain their nature wild,  
And protect a helpless woman  
Journeying with a little child.

Silenced are the wild beasts' cries ;  
Thanks she her Divine Protectors.  
Then the snowdrifts to her eyes  
Take the form of ghostly spectres,  
Spectres all around her hovering,  
Stretching fleshless arms to grasp  
From her form its one warm covering  
And the babe within its clasp.

Bravely still she struggles on,  
Child in mantle gripping, praying,  
Till the spectral forms are gone,  
And the darkened east is gray,  
Till gray turns to rosy morning,  
In whose light there lie displayed  
Thousand summer flowers adorning  
Grassy mead and forest glade.

Footsore, weary, strained in nerves,  
Sudden slumber overtakes her,  
On a bank that upward curves,  
And a restful pillow makes her.  
When she wakes, her charge she misses,  
Slipped from her relaxing arms ;  
See, he comes to her with kisses,  
Grown a boy of many charms.

Drinking from the running brook,  
Eating fruit grown in the wild-wood,  
From bright scene to lovelier nook,  
List'ning prattle sweet of childhood.  
Falls her warm cloak while she tarries,  
Dress to smooth and tress her hair ;  
Lo ! the child her mantle carries,  
Now a youth surpassing fair.

Palms and myrtles round them rise,  
And, from spreading limbs descending,  
Tapestry of Paradise  
Blooms in tints and scents that, blending,  
Senses link in sweet amazement ;  
Then, while birds sing " Welcome Home !"  
Thinks the Queen of far-off casement,  
Knows that Christmas Day has come.

By her stands a man, the King  
Of apocalyptic story,  
White-robed, gold-girt, glistening  
With sweet majesty and glory.  
Charlotte bows the knee before Him,  
Prays Him for her little son ;  
" Bearing Thee, methought I bore him,  
Babe, boy, youth, King, Thou art One."

To a garden fair He went,  
Sunlight 'mid its shadows glancing ;  
Little ones in heart's content  
Round their Christmas Tree were dancing.  
One of them He saw new gazing,  
Rapture in his heavenly face,  
Stooped the King, and gently raising,  
Set him in the queen's embrace.

Infant dead and mother mad  
Have lain in their grave for ages,  
And Queen Charlotte's story sad

You may read in history's pages.  
But there's nothing in them speaking  
Truth-torn hearts would fain believe ;  
How the queen, her lost babe seeking,  
Christ-child found on Christmas Eve.

Mothers, weeping for your dead,  
Longing, longing to behold them,  
As they were ere life had fled,  
And in loving arms enfold them,  
Take into your hearts of sorrow  
Bethlehem's Babe, and tread the way  
He has trod ; when comes the morrow,  
You shall have your own for aye.

J. CAWDORE BELL.

## The Rugby Foot-Ball Season.

THE annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Union is a sign that the year's football is over and a brief review of the season of 1894 is, therefore, in order.

The results of the year's play will be fresh in the minds of those interested in the game. In the first round of the Senior O. R. U. series 'Varsity, Toronto and the Royal Military College went under. Then followed a hard struggle between Osgoode and Hamilton, in which the latter was victorious. In the third round Hamilton fought a plucky and uphill fight against Queen's, finally succumbed and gave Queen's a second year's lease of the Ontario championship. The games of the Intermediate and Junior series were equally well contested, notably those between St. Catharines and Hamilton II. and the final between the Granites and Lornes II. for the junior cup. London remained as champion of the Intermediate and Lornes II. of the Junior series. Trinity although not in the ties, played plenty of football and showed good form in her games at Kingston, where she met R. M. C. and the Ontario champions on their own grounds, and in Toronto until the inter-University match, when her poor showing was probably due to attempting to play three heavy matches within a week. It is to be regretted that so little inter-school football was played. Upper Canada College met Trinity College School in a close and interesting match, but neither met Bishop Ridley College, which could have given each of them a good game. It only remains to mention the inter-year games which are doing so much for football at 'Varsity and Trinity and which Principal Grant advocates for Queen's. The Homeric struggle at Rosedale, between the Ontario and Quebec champions for the Canadian cup, formed the season's climax and conclusion.

Fortune favoured Queen's, who was practically unopposed in the early ties, and was thus enabled to arrange practice games as she wished and to reserve her strength for the final round. Many connoisseurs of football thought that if 'Varsity had had similar advantages the results of the year would have been materially different. 'Varsity certainly had developed a strong team by the end of the season. The combination work showed in the match against Trinity was, perhaps, the prettiest seen on a football field this year. It is a pity that she did not have the opportunity of trying conclusions with Queens, Hamilton or Ottawa College. A match with any one of these clubs would have been a boon for non-military Toronto on Thanksgiving Day.

The increase of junior clubs, the closeness of the season's contests, and the increase of interest in the game, especially in cities outside of Toronto, are all matters for congratulation among lovers of sport. But lovers of true sport will also find much to deplore in the football of the past season. There has been a falling off in that brilliant, scientific play that used to give the spectators so much delight, and there has been a corresponding increase in intentional rough play and interference. The latter state of things is, perhaps, the cause of the former, and both may be traced to the culpable leniency of this year's umpires and referees. It was a shame that the Queen's team were allowed to continue their bullying tactics against Ottawa College. Ottawa College has, in the past, had a reputation for rough play, but they are to be congratulated upon the good, clean and hard football they exhibited at Rosedale. Only the inexperienced will condemn football because of the accidents that occur. But injuries resulting from intentional rough play are not accidents and such rough play cannot be too strongly condemned. Canadians, with an inherited love for British fair play, will not countenance a game in which the team that plays the unfairer football stands the best chance of winning. In