

LITERATURE.

A SONNET.

The stars are glittering in the frosty sky,
Rank as the pebbles on a broad sea coast;
And o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host:
Alive all heaven seems! with wondrous glow
Tenfold refulgent every star appears;
As if some wide, celestial gale did blow
And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.
How awful is the night when thus it comes!
How terrible the grandeur of its gloom
When, in one visit, recklessly it suns
Glory a whole dull age could scarce consume.
Methinks in heaven there's revelry to-night,
And solemn orgies of unknown delight.

—Selected.

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AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY.

Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbled that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North, —
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name; —
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know

Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!
O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
These mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?

O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

—C. G. D. Roberts.

EXCHANGES.

WITH this number the Exchange Editor makes his bow and steps out. Looking back over his record for the past year he

feels that though in some cases he would like to modify his judgments slightly, he still agrees in the main with them all. One or two journals he would like to have noticed more fully, and one or two less; but then even an Exchange Editor is likely to err. The only thing he feels sorry for is that he did not fulfil his promise of noticing the article in the *Owl* on "Priestly Ignorance," for whether one agreed with it or not it was well worth consideration. For two or three reasons, however, of which laziness was the chief, he has not done so. And so, *Vale!*

Mount St. Joseph Collegian is excellent, being interesting and high toned.

The Stylus comes from Sioux Falls marked "please exchange." It is rather late to begin this year, but next fall we will see about it.

Weatherford Collegian, from Texas, has a very crude wild-west air about it, but it is nevertheless not uninteresting.

We recommend to the students an article in *The Theologue* for March, on "The Poet of 'Dreadful Night'." James Thomson, though one of the greatest poets of the century, is almost unknown to Queen's boys.

The *Niagara Index* exchange man is carrying on just at present a lively controversy with some contemporary, named the *Simpsonian*. We wish we saw both sides, for the *Niagara* one is decidedly spicy. The *Ex.* department of the *Index* is well run, though it occasionally makes the mistake of criticising the staff of a journal rather than the journal itself.

COLLEGE NEWS.

A. M. S.

TAKEING into consideration the fact that spring exams. are so near at hand, the attendance last Saturday night at the A. M. S. meeting was exceptionally good. The business was disposed of with the usual promptness. The latter part of the evening was very acceptably passed in listening to an impromptu programme of readings, songs, &c. Such an hour's diversion furnished a most agreeable change for those who are plodding along in the routine work of preparing for the coming ordeal.

A note was read from a student of McGill, asking for information from our Society as to