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## .. Kings of Men..



As hills seem Alps, when veiled in misty shroud,  
Some men seem kings, through mists of ignorance.  
Must we have darkness, then, and cloud on cloud,  
To give our hills and pigmy kings a chance?  
Must we conspire to curse the humbling light,  
Lest some one, at whose feet our fathers bowed,  
Should suddenly appear, full length, in sight,  
Scaring to laughter the adoring crowd?  
Oh, no! God send us light! — who loses then?  
The king of slaves, and not the king of men.  
True kings are kings for ever, crowned of God,  
The King of Kings,—we need not fear for them.  
'Tis only the usurper's diadem  
That shakes at touch of light, revealing fraud.

*J. READE, L.L.D. '06.*