

The magician, who was present at the time, drew near to his lord and said : "Mighty baron, what leavest thou to me in recognition of my services?"

"The fame of thy name, Hawkeye," replied the baron. "That historic contest which we witnessed on Limpid Lake some four years ago shall be known as *Hawkeye*. This is thy reward. Give me now of thy wisdom as I sink into the great beyond."

The baron lay back on his couch and closed his eyes while the magician, sitting on the floor, in the corner of of the room, intoned these words:

"A game of chance doth much enhance
The life of man below.
Add unto this a riot's bliss
And streaming blood's red flow,
A dash of fight, a show of might,
Will add unto the game.
All summed in one we have this fun
And hawkeye is its name."

The baron turned his face to the wall and yielded up the ghost. —T. A. H.

WINTER

Through all the vastness of our northern clime
The Earth, secured by winter's icy arm
Is stilled, but haply only for a time,,
To soon revive with sunshine, bright and warm.

So all the placid lakes and peaceful streams,
Which now are moulded firm in crystal clear,
Reflect the shadows in the sun's bright beams
Of all the trees that line their borders near.

While through the sleepy stillness of the woods,
The squirrel's chatter and the bluejay's call
Proclaim the happy current of their moods;
And bring a feeling of content to all.

And there a lonesome bluebird from its perch,
Left here to mourn its feathered mate, now dumb;
Seems but a bit of sky in yonder birch,
A fitting promise of the spring to come.

G. A. McD.—'28.