

POETRY.

A MODERN VERSION OF AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

FOUND AMONG SOME MSS. BELONGING TO THE
POETESS OF THE LEVANA SOCIETY.

"And gladly would *she* lerne and gladly teche."
—Chaucer (Prologue.)

ABOUT fifteen years ago this spring
Some grave and wise men met
In council, called to hear each other talking,
Of changes new they thought about promoting
Within the college halls. And tho' some did cling
To ways and customs old, and were heard remarking
In solemn tones:—This ruin to Queen's would bring!
The changes came, and no regret
Has reached our ears
Thro' all these years.
For it met with applause and was loudly cheered
Whenever, wherever, the news appeared.
And far and wide
Her good friends cried—
Hurrah for old Queen's; who has led the race
In movements new, let who will keep pace!
And may her domain
Grow with her fair fame,
And never a loss, but every success
Be hers, while the earth revolves on its axis.

Now the change that took place
Started in when the face
Of nature beamed and blushed at the earnest embrace
Of Autumn winds—the Fall,
I mean—when students all,
From near and far, the big and small, the short and tall,
With note and text-book laden arms to college hie,
To taste the sweets of knowledge; or, on the field to try
Their prowess in the art of kicking far and high.
But now, alas! they must with contemplative eye
Watch the change and its effect; be ready to defy
Encroachment on any of the privileges they enjoy.
But *helas!* no change they see, John hammers, as of old,
the gong,
But, at the sound,
They turn around
And spy—two maidens walking with downcast eyes along.
Now maiden one was tall and slim,
And maiden two was fair,
But the students thot, dear, whose afraid of them!—
'Tis not worth the bother,
Nor one nor the other
Our prizes will take, the tall or the fair.
Now some people might think it was pretty hard luck
To have two strangers—two females—with sufficient pluck
To compete with the men in subjects so deep
As botany or geology,
Chemistry or zoology,
Not to mention classics,
Or to speak of physics.
They'd surely stop, give up, when they'd peep
Within the secrets of philosophy,
Or mathematics or astronomy.
But nothing daunted these maidens fair,
No matter how deep the subjects were;
They nor faltered, nor wavered, but studied with care,
And never forgot their first intention
Of trying to win
A real sheepskin,
The goal on which they had fixed their attention.
And to find how they stood in the final exam,
Just take a look
In the calendar book;
The page! oh dear, how forgetful I am!
So I may as well tell
How one day it befell,

'Twas a day in the spring
That the identical thing
That was declared would ne'er happen just came
To pass, when the men least expected it,
For such an idea, they had scornfully rejected it.
Now, there is no doubt
They were quite put out,
Altho' to confess it they would never consent.
When the fourth year had passed,
And the exam. lists were classed,
They found to their utter astonishment
That a maiden's name
On the first list came,
And after it the words "gold medal"—the same
They'd exclusively cherished for years—in Latin and
Greek.
She had taken the prize
From under their eyes,
From under the very nose of the boys;
They looked, and looked too dumb-founded to speak!

Now the example of the maiden slim
And that of the maiden fair
Was voted good by their sisters in
The schools both near and far;
So the very next year more maidens walked
Thro' the halls with downcast eyes, and talked
In muffled tones, or whispered of some point that baulked
Their understanding. Still crept close up to the wall
As they feared that if walking in the centre of the hall
They might be jostled about, might slip, might fall.
But no such fall e'er came, and with numbers grown
Assurance grew, till to the winds were thrown
Their foolish fears.
These later years
Have shown the result of the changes made
That spring long ago,
Fifteen years or so;
And pronounced good
That intellectual food
Should be given to those who so want it—man or maid,
To whoever can pass the exam., pay the fee—
Nor ask: "What should a woman want with a degree?"
Now of all the girls
With straight hair or curls,
With blue eyes or brown,
From in or out of town,
Who have passed their exams, have taken their degree,
And carried off prizes, I've no time to tell, for you see
"Time flies" a le roet
And 'tis now we know it.
Does, with *our* final exams fast coming on,
When *our* sheepskin is to be lost or be won.
So, according to the constitution
Of this illustrious institution
Called Levana—a society formed for the benefit
Of the student girls who pay their fee and take an interest
in it,
I will, without delay, my little tale tell,
And sing the virtues of the girls who farewell.

Now be it understood
The girls are all good,
And teeming with virtues I can't begin to relate,
So numerous are they, some are grave, some sedate;
Some are real quiet, and some, in a perpetual state
Of study, to give to their brains added weight.
And some are as gay as the birds in the spring time
That carol so gaily and have a real good time,
While studies, and cares, and exams, and the rest
Sit on them lightly as down on the robin's breast.
T'would be a shame and a sin
If I did not begin
With the girls we affectionately call the post-mortems,
Which means simply this, that they so love the din
And the bustle of Queen's they can't bear to leave them