

The following poem of one of our associate editors has received recognition in the great press of the Republic:—

## THE TUNEFUL LYRE.

A beggar I am, and I constantly tramp  
From town unto town, in the dry and the damp;  
And often at close of the wearisome day  
I sleep in a fence corner out of the way;  
And seldom, if ever, I sleep in a house  
But often in barns, where the rat and the mouse  
Watch closely, with greedy, hankering eye,  
And hope that ere morning the beggar may die.  
For I am old and ragged and poor,  
And am driven away from the door.

I once had a home; it was ages ago;  
After labor how sweet it was thither to go!  
A wife and a child came to welcome me in,  
For truly not always a beggar I've been.  
But I trusted a man who was pitiless, bad;  
He cheated me out of all that I had;  
A lawyer got fame for his winning the case;  
And I was left homeless with famine to face.  
Thus I am old and ragged and poor,  
And am driven away from the door.

The struggle was short for my wife and my boy,  
I laid them to rest where no troubles annoy;  
And alone I was left in this wide world of pain,  
With nothing in life more to lose or to gain.  
I left all my pride in the graves of the dead,  
And became a mere beggar asking for bread!  
And many, hard-hearted, believe not my tale,  
Arrest me as vagrant and send me to jail.  
For I am old and ragged and poor,  
And am driven away from the door.

For years I have been just a beggar, a tramp,  
And keep on my way in the dry and the damp,  
A-begging for bread where I'm scoffed at and jeered,  
A-begging for bread where I'm hated and feared,  
And no one will know a heart throbb'd in the breast  
Of the beggar before it was crushed into rest.  
And no one will care when he draws the last breath,  
And passes unnoted the portal of death.  
And yet, though I'm old and ragged and poor,  
He'll not drive me away from His door.

—New York World.

—R. S. Jenkins, in Toronto Globe.

## PHILOSOPHIC LUCUBRATIONS.

I was sitting at work the other evening when suddenly an idea struck me. It is so seldom that a blow of this kind is inflicted on me that I was quite staggered at first. Recovering my mental composure, however, within the time allowed before a halt is usually called (five minutes, per Marquis of Queensbury rules), I advanced to the attack, resolved to see what this strange assailant was, and whether I could master it. Truly enough it was a genuine idea. I was overjoyed at the discovery, and boldly resolved to make it my own if possible. I had foreseen the chance that such a task might one day devolve upon me, and, therefore, was forearmed, as it were, trained in all the ins and outs of the manly arts of logic and dialectic. After a desperate struggle of 115 rounds I succeeded in conquering the foe, and was purposing to myself to exhibit it, duly wrapped up in choice mysticism of expression, to the thinking world of Varsity. Here is the beginning of my exposition:—

If ever in the advance of the intellectual functions towards the hallucinatory adaptation of homogeneous acts to heterogeneous ends, that peculiar mental process whereby the individual becomes utterly and entirely convinced of

his own nonentity and nonsense; if ever, we say, in the progress of that stupendous evolutionary process, a contrary current of development sets in, and the thinker becomes impressed with the all-importance of the self and the utter nothingness compared therewith of the outer and external world, then, in such case, we would warn him with all due solemnity that he is suffering from rapid degeneration of the cerebellum, and that before many annular revolutions have sped their fleeting course on this mundane and sublunary sphere he will be a fit and proper candidate for . . .

Thus far I had succeeded in the elucidation of my brilliant idea when I felt a rough hand laid on my shoulder, and, with a rude shake, a policeman bade me follow him. My landlady, as I afterwards learned, had heard the sound of my battle with the idea, and, thinking I was not right in my head, had just called in the "cop" to see me. It took me some time to convince him that I was neither drunk nor crazy, but had only been in a philosophic mood; but at last he was persuaded, and left me to myself again. Then, O ye gods, what grief was mine! This rude interruption had quite lost me my idea. It was in vain that I searched the room carefully with tears, even tearing up the carpet in my anxiety; 'twas gone, irrevocably gone. My heart was saddened at the thought of the irreparable loss to myself and to humanity. O wretched "cop"! thy brazen cheek and tough bull-hide makes thee unsusceptible to the mischief thou hast wrought thy fellows and the misery thou hast brought on me! As Rachel, weeping for her children, would not be comforted, even so am I comfortless, having lost the sole child of my brain, its one tiny offspring.

But hence, unmanly grief, I must brace up. Dear readers, I submit the shattered remnant of my idea to you, in the hope that some kindred soul among you may seize the conception that was begun to be outlined but destined never to be finished. If any of you should chance to find it, kindly leave it with the Editor-in-chief, with whom I have deposited, as reward, my own ticket of admission to the asylum, which I always keep by me in case of emergency, but which I will gladly surrender to that worthier idiot who can fathom the depths of this abysmal idea.

The following is from a near kinsman of Touchstone, and his language naturally savors of that immortal fool. After some kind words of compliment for the article under discussion, he takes the large charter of the winds and blows as follows:

" . . . But who is Meander? Did he interchange Hero and Leander for a joke (if so, it was a poor one) or in ignorance (if so, it was damnable)? Whichever it was, maybe this will fit him:

Did Leander, the meekest and mildest of maids,  
In the town of Abydos abide  
So? So!

And did Hero, the wickedest, wildest of blades,  
Try to swim from the Sestos side,  
So? So!

Go and take a walk, Meander."

X.

The following are the members of the Glee Club who have been chosen for the annual tour: 1st tenor, Messrs. Taylor, L. Boyd, Bigelow, J. McIntosh, A. E. McLaughlin, F. Crosby; spare men, Campbell, Marr and Grant. Second tenor, Faircloth, K. D. McMillan, F. W. Langley, Little, Pease, McConnel; spare men, Fielding, Davies and McCallum. First bass, L. A. Moore, Barker, N. M. Lash, D. G. Boyd, Eby Knox Carroll; spare men, N. Lash, Dunbar and Lashingier. Second bass, H. A. Moore, A. S. McKay, McAllister Blythe, Roxborough, McCrae, Wilson; spare men, Fry, Speller and Wood.

There was keen competition amongst the members, and the committee found it a hard task to make the selections. The Club will leave on Tuesday, the 20th, and the tour<sup>th</sup> will include London, Woodstock, Berlin and St. Thomas.