

" SOUVENIR DE JEUNE AGE."

(A reminiscence of the Nurses Ball of the Graduating Class of 1892,
Montreal General Hospital, held in the Victoria Armoury Hall,
Cathcart Street).

I slept; and as I slept I dreamed—a curious dream to me it seemed,
—(A scene from long-ago redeemed), a spaceous hall, where in there
gleamed
Faces bright which fairly beamed with joy and gladness; nor yet deemed
It wrong, that from their labours weaned, with light fantastic toe careened
With ardent youth; or on them leaned
with tender glances,

While sparkling eye and rosy cheek, and heaving bosom all bespeak
The pleasure they enjoy who seek the sensuous waltz's measure sweet
With a congenial partner—neat, yet manly; one whose feet
Scarce touch the floor, they are so fleet; one who is told, and withall
meek,
A strong protector of the weak—

Such fair maid fancies,

.....

But while I stood and pondered there, on scene so brilliant, face so fair,
On flasting teeth and wondrous hair, I suddenly became aware
That I was not alone, for there, beside me where I stood, the air
Was redolent with perfume rare.

Faint yet so sweet

A lovely voice, surpassing kind (like sighing of the summer wind,
Such voices may true lovers find, as walking with their arms entwined
Their oft repeated vows they bind—) "Tell me" it said "what do you find
"In me so strange you seem inclined to be afraid, are you so blind?
"You cannot see the mask behind?" I gave my card—, as I opened
In the blank space was "MEMORY" signed.

faithful but fleet!

Then she told in accents clear
How it came that I was here.

.....

"This is the room in the Armoury Hall, where the nurses (bless 'em one
and all)

"From the General Hospital, Montreal, thought they'd like to give a ball.
"(For eight of them graduate this fall). So what did they do but a
meeting call,

"At which those nurses short and tall, decided they *should* have a ball
"But alack! alas!! the question rose "What would Miss L. say d'you
suppose?"

"When of our little plot she knows?" "She seldom opposition shews,
"Or counter to our wishes goes" says one, whose face is like a rose
With smiles alike for friends and foes—"I'll tell you, girls, what I propose—
"Let's all draw lots to see who goes to tell that Miss (of portly pose)."
Then there was excitement great, among that class of nurses eight
To see on whose unlucky pate should fall the heavy hand of fate—
The papers torn in pieces straight, each took one with a heart elate
Hoping that *she* at anyrate, wouldn't have to face that maid sedate,
Fearing that what she'd to relate, might make her just a bit irate.