

"FIVE LITTLE GOSSOONS."

Five little gossoons, an' which is th' best—  
 Sure, what is that racket I hear?  
 Five little gossoons—by th' hole in me vest,  
 They 're up to some mischief I fear!  
 'Ach black curly head is tucked into bed—  
 That's Tim's voice, he's raisin' a row.  
 He's th' worst o' th' lot—"Now kape still there!  
 Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"  
 "Yis, yis," says all four,  
 Wid a snicker an' snore,  
 Save Tim, he shpakes niver at all;  
 Och, Tim is the rogue, but he bates all th' rest;  
 He's the finest gossoon o' them all.

Five little gossoons—faix, Tim is aslape,  
 'T wa' n't him, sure as I am alive;  
 I bethinks me 't was Dick—oh, he's a black shape,—  
 Yis, Dick is the worst o' th' five;  
 "Go t' slape, 'ach one 'o ye, there!"  
 "Yis, yis," says all four,  
 Wid a snicker an' snore,  
 Save Dick, he shpakes niver at all.  
 Och, Dick, is th' rogue, but he bates all th' rest;  
 He's the finest gosson o' them all.

Five little gossoons—sure Dick he is still,  
 Th' poor little lamb's not t' blame.  
 'Tis Ned—o' mischief, oh, he's got his fill,  
 He's the worst o' the lot t' me shame;  
 "Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"  
 "Yis, yis," says all four,  
 Wid a snicker an' snore,  
 Save Ned, he shpakes niver at all;  
 Och, Ned is the rogue, but he bates all th' rest;  
 He's the finest gossoon o' them all.

Five little gossoons—an' Ned I have wronged,  
 He's whisht as a mouse, th' swate child—  
 'Tis Con, mischief wid him has always belonged,  
 He's th' worst o' the lot, an, so mild;  
 "Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"  
 "Yis, yis," says all four,  
 Wid a snicker and snore,  
 Save Con, he shpakes niver at all;  
 Och, Con is th' rogue, but he bates all th' rest;  
 He's th' finest gossoon o' them all.

Five little gossoons, four little gossoons,  
 Three little gossoons, two and one,—  
 Ted, he is th' babby,—of all the gossoons,  
 If Con is th' worst, I'm undone!  
 "Go t' slape, all five o' ye, now!"  
 "Yis, yis," says all four,  
 Wid a snicker and snore,  
 Save Ted, he shpakes niver at all;  
 Whew, that babby 's th' rogue, but I love him th' first,  
 An' he's th' finest gossoon o' them all.

WINTER SONG.

Sing me a song of the dead world,  
 Of the great frost deep and still,  
 Of the sword of fire the wind hurled  
 On the iron hill.

Sing me a song of the driving snow,  
 Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift,  
 Where the sheeted wraiths like ghosts go  
 Through the gloomy rift.

Sing me a song of the ringing blade,  
 Of the snarl and shatter the light ice makes,  
 Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-shoe raid  
 Through the cedar brakes.

Sing me a song of the apple loft,  
 Of the corn and the nuts and the mounds of meal,  
 Of the sweeping whirl of the spindle soft,  
 And the spinning-wheel.

Sing me a song of the open page,  
 Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight dance,  
 Where bends my love Armitage,  
 Reading an old romance.

Sing me a song of the still nights,  
 Of the large stars steady and high,  
 The aurora darting its phosphor lights  
 In the purple sky.

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Journal :

SIR,—While agreeing in part with the able letter of your correspondent "Classicus," I cannot think with him that the appointment of a lecturer on Classical Literature would in any way remedy the defect which he points out. It is certainly highly desirable that the student of Classics should possess a "broad view of the nation's life and growth, of the influence of the author's period, associates and character on his writings," but not until, by ability to translate with some amount of facility and correctness an average passage from any standard author, he has shown a mastery over the ground-work of the languages. To such a happy state the Honor man in Greek or Latin usually does not attain until about the time that he graduates. Even then he is by no means perfect. Far from his Latin prose being "frequently Ciceronian," and his translations exact and readable, the latter are in many cases—*teste* Professor MacNaughton—execrable in the extreme, while the former would, I fear, "have made Quintilian stare and gasp." Still, he leaves college with a fair working knowledge of the languages.

Even with the Honor student of English we often go too fast. The only one I knew intimately could discourse fluently on any English author from Chaucer to Wordsworth, tell of his relation to his times, or of the influences that had formed his style, yet could not spell correctly, and in his speech was wont to commit solecisms that would have disgraced a Freshman. Much more is this lack of knowledge of essentials evident in the Classical scholar, for he comes to college without the public school training of his English *confrere*. And until, either by Departmental regulations or by a decided elevation in the Matriculation standard, such a training in essentials be ensured in our high schools, lectures to Honor men on the development of Classical Literature will be but a waste of time. The average Senior Pass-man, thanks to his lack of high school training, is unable to translate correctly ten lines of Virgil, even when assisted by notes and dic-