

Verse and Rhyme.

SCIENCE FACULTY SONG.

As sung at Engineering Society Dinner.

Tune—"Mandalay."

We are told in Holy Scripture
Of a Nathan, Man of God,
Who denounced the sportive David
When in ways of sin he trod.
But we have a better Nathan,
And his last name is Dupuis,
If he's with the boys this evening,
Why, God bless you! so are we!

CHORUS.

We're the men of Science Hall,
We're the choicest of them all—
Mining, civil and electric, also, too, mechanical—
Cotton smock and overall,
Piston red and gov'nor ball,
Drills and hammers, compass, level—we're the
men of Science Hall.

Doctor Goodwin, Doctor Goodwin,
We rejoice to see you here,
And we hope that you're enjoying
"Extra dry" and "bottled beer."
Can you write us an equation
For a Freshman plus a jag?
Did you ever give a lecture
When you didn't spring a gag?

Up, far up on top the building,
Where the noon sun looketh thro',
Broods the man who found Corundum
All without the aid of Blue,
And his name is Willet Millar,
And his legs are long as—
He's a scholar and a student,
And a dead game sport as well.

Fumes of sulphur! fumes of sulphur!
Smoke and dust and noxious smell,
Grime and dirt and perspiration,
Crucibles and HCL.
This is not a sketch of Hades,
But a Nicol-assay sight,
Let us thank our kindly fortune,
"Lunch is not required" to-night.

Who is this that comes and coming,
We can hear him gently say,
"Poor extraction! poor extraction!"
Sure's my name is Court-e-ney.
Then he talks of cam and tappet,
Slimes and tails and concentrates,
Till we pray the Lord to hand him
To the fury of the Fates.

Now we sing of Willie Mason,
Mason is our drawing card,
Very reverend is his aspect,
He is bearded like a Bard.
With politeness he requests us
To attend his drawing class,
And he warns us that attendance
Is essential to a pass.

But good old Professor Harris
Is the jewel of them all,
With his startling tales of "throwbacks,"
Every soul he doth appal.
And his fairness and his squareness,
And his beatific smile,
Mark him for a child of nature,
For an infant free from guile.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

PART II.

Then I slept again; but now my dream
Was resumed in a happier vein,
For I thought that the voice that doomed us to
death
Had summoned us back again.

For, just as Saint Peter was closing the gate,
With an unrelenting frown,
She sprang to his side with a woful cry,
Seizing him by the gown—

"Don't close it yet, one moment yet!"
She shrieked, with looks askance,—
"I have often been told in the days of old
Of the doctrine of one more chance!"

"These boys were good; all virtuous!
Scarcely a fault had they,
'Tis a pity that so much beauty and worth
Should be wantonly thrown away!"

"So send your herald angel forth
To undo this horrible wrong,
To lead them back to the pearly gates,
Where they of right belong!"

Then spoke Saint Peter,—"Inasmuch
As you have mercy craved
For others, mercy has been shown to you;
Both they and you are saved."

Then through old Chaos echoed a shout,
Startling the reign of Night;
For we were called from the gates of death
Back to the realms of light!

And one of us there, the sinewy one—
"Let's fight for it, boys!" he said,
And with one fell sweep of his hockey-stick
Shattered a demon's head.

Round him they throng, a thousand strong!
Ten fiends hung on each arm!
They writhed about his stalwart legs,
A hissing, hellish swarm!

But he beat them off, and trampled them down,
And burst through the adamant door.
Then out we swarm, a smoky crew,
But happy and free once more.

Up! up! we soar, with victorious shout,
Till those pearly gates we find,
But pause in dismay, for one of our band
Has been lost in the gulf behind.

There is one troubled eddy in Chaos' depths,
One whirlpool in old Night,
Where, round our friend of the haughty mien
Still thunders the doubtful fight.

Ten angels drag him by the head,
Ten demons by the heels,
Now up, now downward sways the strife,
With shouts and thunder peals!

But lo! Here comes the angel host
Bearing him high on their wings,
And now through the City a mighty shout
Of joy and triumph rings!

There together we dwelt in one boarding-house,
Each to other grown daily more dear,
One octave of hearts that is always in tune,
No thought of a discord here.