

Poetry.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Since childhood's charm thou dost not know,
 Child! envy not our age of woe;
 Our hearts are slaves to hopes and fears,
 Our smiles are sadder than thy tears.

Thy youth, insensible to care,
 Is transient as a breath of air,
 Or echo dying: it will flee
 Swift as a halcyon o'er the sea.

Let ripper years reflection bring,
 Enjoy the morning of thy spring,
 Time's hand is harvesting the hours,
 Now intertwined like sunny flowers.

Thy fate, like ours, may doom thee yet
 To faithless friendships and regret;
 To hopeless grief, concealed by pride,
 Or joy with sorrow at her side.

Laugh on! thy golden age is now:
 Laugh! while r's shadow clouds thy brow.
 Mirrors of innocence, thine eyes
 Reveal thy soul, reflect the skies.

GEO. MURRAY.

Contributions.

A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

CHAP. VIII.

"O lord! methought what pain it was to drown;
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!"

—*Shakespeare*

"Woeful shepherds, weep no more
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead."—*Milton.*

There was a long account of the encounter between the police and the students in the papers next day, which did not add to Clooney's peace of mind, since it gave the particulars of our own escapade, even to the assuming of the characters of coachman and footman.

How the papers got their information we never learnt, but I know I had a terrible time with Clooney for a few days. I think he sent an explanation to Miss Mayflower, though I did not, as I resented her imperiousness. She may have had a right to carry it with a high hand over her lover, but not over me. If Clooney wrote, she was still obstinate, for he did not go out visiting now at all.

As for me, I was preparing for my finals, and had to sit up night after night studying back work. Clooney would stick to nothing, and came very low in his class at the examinations, which did not tend to better his humor. I well remember my last day at McGill, the oath that few of us understood, the capping, attended by clapping in the back benches, the long lecture to the graduates, who had to stand during its delivery, and the torture of wondering

whether the hood was on right—these were some of the inconveniences and incidents of Convocation Day.

Clooney was mopey when he went away, although I did my best to cheer him up, and promised to receive him next year in Montreal, in one of whose private schools I had obtained a good position. I got several letters from him, each a little jollier than the last, until at last I knew he had moulted his sorrows, and was bursting into song again in the plumage of happiness.*

Before going to work in my school, I had several months of leisure, some weeks of which I spent at home. I returned to the city, however, in June, and settled down in my old chambers. Charley Smithson, whom I had not seen for some time, hunted me up, and began scolding me for not coming to see him oftener. Old Mrs. Mayflower, he said, was also angry at Blake and myself for not bidding her good-bye after College closed. "Edith," he continued, "does not say a word, but goes around the house like a little whirlwind. Of course she's riled, and no wonder. I suppose you know they were spoony?"

"Well," I replied, "they have had a lover's quarrel, and Miss Edith undertook to scold him, and refused explanations from him or me about our share in a little incident that took place some time ago, so we did not dare go near the house."

"What was it?" Charley asked.

I told him, and was not quite pleased to see the way in which he acted. He began by smiling, then laughed, and finally threw himself down on the lounge and rolled around in convulsive spasms.

"Oh! come along! come along! Don't tell me any more or I shall die! I'll get you through all right, if that's all!"

So, after some hesitation, I went with Charley to the Mayflowers.

Mrs. Mayflower, from whom I now saw that her daughter had kept her discovery concealed, received me kindly, with an assumption of anger at my absence. I apologised for Clooney, saying that he had been unavoidably prevented, by examinations, from getting time to pay calls. Miss Mayflower received me with some coolness, and as I only wanted to do Clooney good, I began to lay the blame upon myself. I soon saw that that was the wrong tack, and so turned right round and went for him for all I was worth. Charley understood what I was after, and never let a chance pass to run Clooney down also. Both of us took care, however, to belittle his really good qualities, so that Miss Edith could not help comparing our statements with facts, and thus realizing his value. We passed over any of Clooney's weak points. Charley, with a grimace, swore Clooney did not know a hockey stick from a puck. I incidentally remarked that his voice was worse than that of a screech owl, and so on. I also touched very gently upon the jolly times Clooney was having down home with the girls there. On the whole, Charley and I did more to reinstate Clooney into Miss Mayflower's good graces than was ever done for us. And we succeeded. After my

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