

TO PR-F-SS-R CH PM-N.

You need not worry o'er a speech
When College boys do you invite
To Dinners; you can always spout
So *a propos*, on *Apatite*!

TO PR-F-SS-R H-TT-N.

[*Preadmonish th the shade of Flaccus, of his pleasant, dainty poems, that they be not made grievous and distressing, an offence to Freshmen and a cause of stumbling to their feet.*]

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget, Maurice, jaculis neque arcu.

TO PR-F-SS-R J-M-S L-D-N.

Now that you're across the sea,
We hope you'll get your Ph. D.

TO PR-F-SS-R R. R-MS-Y WR-G.T.

Your "frog's leg" hath its duty done
In Methodist Conventions,
To make the tongues of Christians wag
'Gainst Science's pretensions.

TO P-R-F-SS-R W. H. P-KE.

The Yankees they are after fish
That should belong to us;
Whate'er may hap, we'll keep our P-ke,
Or else there'll be a fuss.

TO A C-RT-N CL-SS-CL L-CT-R-R.

(Roun-dale.)

Pr-f-ss-r D-le, thou sittest in thy chair,
As sits the county judge, and hears the tale
Of wordy litigants and judgment fair,

Pr-f-ss-r D-le
Pronounces upon all. Beneath thy care
The classics flourish; ever of avail
Is all thy scholarship and culture rare.

Thou never art a critic flat and stale,
Thou never hast a learned ponderous air,
But none the less art learned. To thee all hail,
Pr-f-ss-r D-le!

TO DR. W. H. ELL-S.

You surely have, if signs are true,
An excellent digestion;
So many "insides" you turn out,
At the Coroner's suggestion.

TO PR-F-SS-R J-HN G-LB TH.

The "breaking strain" of girders, and
Of bridges' other parts
You tell with ease; but can you tell
The "breaking strain" of hearts!

TO MR. B-K-R.

Let Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru,
And then let Observation, if she can,
Kindly point out to us a better man
Than meets her gaze when with respectful mien
She looks upon his reverence, the Dean.

TO THE L-CT-R-R IN ENGL SH.

I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That he who hears you lecture owns
You lecture on all sorts of things.
But then I hold it petty spite
In him who sings to one clear harp,
That he should pause, and merely carp,
"You find no favour in his sight."

Since you yourself, the more to please
The ears of all the years that come
And seat them at your feet, do strum
Your good guitar in many keys.

TO THE L-RD H-GH EX-C-T-N-R.

Now what's the matter, O my festive Muse,
With granting sterling worth its tuneful dues?
Honours avail man naught when life is done;
But worth invariably takes the bun.
Arouse thee, then, and set thyself to hymn
The glories and the praises of MCK-M!

TO MR. J-HN SQ-A-R.

Est ce que vrai, ce que j'entend, mon ami,
Que vous êtes marié, Monsieur Jean?
Vous avez fait beaucoup de bon,
En ce cas, vous avez fait très bien!

TO MR. W. J. L -D-N.

Down in the vaults, where no beam
Lightens the gloom,
Through a long pipe comes the steam
From a small room.
Into the quad the steam gets,
(Skilful the plumber,)
Where they rig lawn tennis nets,
When June's a new-comer.—
In the small room all can see,—
That's all who care to—
The new "School of Technology,"
Quite an affair, too.
The faculty's you, they say,
You do the schoolin'
Down where no sunbeams play;
The students are B-II-n.

TO THE OR-NT-L L-CT-R R.

"You read the book, my pretty Vivien!
O ay, it is but twenty pages long,
But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of fleas;
And every square of text an awful charm,
Writ in a language that has long gone by.
So long that mountains have arisen since,
With cities on their flanks—you read the book!
And every margin scribbled, crost and crammed
With comment, densest condensation."

Merlin spoke in the far, lone land—
In the wild woods of Broceliande;

With her slim, lithe grace, gentle and sweet,
The wily Vivien lay at his feet;

Hiding her purposes by her smiles,
Pleasing his mood with her playful wiles—

The maiden and the mighty mage,
Golden youth and bearded age!

"Dotard!" she thought in her own false heart,
"Read it, indeed—," still playing her part.

"Ay," she thought, "how the old fool is wordy!
Read it? I'll carry it to MCC-RDY!"

FOR THE L-DY UND-RGR-D--T-S.

When the wintry day has fled,
With one sudden gleam of red,
And the cold grey night is nigher,
Elsie, sitting by the fire,
How the firelight ripples in
And out the dimples of your chin;
How your pale, sweet face now seems
To snare the flickering ruddy gleams!
Your smiling lips—all careless they
Where little shadows stir and play—
What answers are they fancying,
To all the busy chattering
Of the small voices in the fire?
With what shy, half-told desire,
Elsie, in the pleasant gloom
Of the shadows in the room,
Do you weave your twilight dreams,
Snaring all the flickering gleams,
Till upon your cheek, my sweet,
Blush and happy firelight meet?

NOS MORITURI.

When gold-lined crocus-cups are brimmed with dew,
When tulips blow, and when the sky is blue
Over the fields where wild flowers mark the way,
Trodden by Spring's sweet feet, in the month of May;
When eke the lark's glad heart bursts out in song—
When all the world, not knowing any wrong,
Bares its broad breast to heaven: then we hear
Sad undertones of woe, grieving the ear,
Borne to us through the sunshine, on the breeze,
Yearning through all the whisperings of the trees,
"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which sweeps us all into the Hall again."