

I hear the clink of many keys,
The portal opens soon, he
Who stands within, thank heaven ! is not
The ghost of Brother Cooney.*

I wander down the corridors,
Each step a memory waking,
But no one knows the stranger wight,
No friendly hand I'am shaking.
What matter ? Not the alien crowds
Of passing students I view,
My mind has conjured up a host
Of dear old boys whom I knew.

Ah, I could paint them, one and all,
The solemn and the merry,—
Could tell their foibles and their tricks,
The last were numerous—very !
But peace ! I pass into the Yard,
Where mid the glad I mourn,
Their schoolboy days are all sunshine
But *mine* can ne'er return.

Good bye, old girl, I'm out of place
Among your youthhood keeping ;
Tho' Wandering Jew they think I am—
They must not catch me weeping.
Good bye ! one prayer I'll breathe through life :
Whatever tests await her,
May my old school down adverse fate
And flourish Alma Mater !

TREIS.

*The porter of the ante-diluvian days when I was a student.