

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 youthood 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.