

Stout Herds were they, and steene their creed;
 But this Chiel drones a wee bit screed
 In which God's will and what Christ dreed,
 Are things to guess on;
 Yammers for our eternal need
 A bairn's schule-lesson.
 A wee schule-lesson dull and dowff
 Scribbled atween wa games at gowff;
 For at the tee he maks his bowff
 Baith syne and sune;
 But wha cares for a beadle's bowff,
 Wha's day is dune.
 My day is dune; and right or wrong,
 The thocht comes like a maefu' song;
 This book and me, we've traivelled long
 The poopit-stair,
 But that's a gate we twa shall gang
 Nae mair, nae mair!

**Thoughts Prompted by Seeing a Spider
 on a Lady's Bonnet in Church.**

(With apologies to the shade of R. B.)

What's this my lady nimbly creeping
 Advancing now and now retreating
 And acrobatic feats repeating
 With perfect ease?
 All such manoeuvres are past beating
 Except by fleas.

'Tis surely not our friend that browses,
 Where foliage is thick and towsie,
 For all your hair's as sleek's a mousie,
 And combed with care.
 The simple hint thine anger rouses,
 Oh thou most fair!

It cares not for your bangs so curly,
 Nor whether you look pleased or surly,
 And needs not whether late or early,
 You'll homeward stray.
 Its perfect independence truly
 No fears betray.

'Tis clear it never was in church,
 Or it in haste a place would search,
 Whereon in comfort it could perch,
 And there pretend.
 By many a blinking, drowsy lurch,
 Its ways to mend.

But what is this it leaves behind it?
 A line; but wherefrom did it wind it?
 Before this none could see or find it.
 Yet there it lay,
 Composed of what? Who can define it?
 I dare not say.

But now another line it stretches,
 And forms a web with dainty stitches,
 Which would do credit to the witches,
 In its perfection,

For helpless victims now it itches
 With satisfaction.

Ah now, my vicious little friend,
 What pity 'tis your skill to lend.
 To bring to an untimely end,
 Poor trusting creatures
 Whose innocence can't comprehend,
 Your fiendish nature.

You ugly, heartless, crawling spider,
 How doubly dark old Nick has dyed you,
 For oft in murder I have spied you,
 Yet still I spare,
 For conscience pleads you've nought to
 guide you
 In ways more fair.

If I a man your tricks condemn,
 While I defend my fellowmen,
 And e'en deceive that heav'nly gem,
 A trusting maid,
 In justice I with "Nickie-ben,"
 Should deep be laid.

Your nature's dark is age admitted,
 Your ways of life are aye regretted,
 Yet, though by circumstances fettered
 You still can teach
 More truth, by practice illustrated,
 Than those that preach.

M.

A PENSIVE SOLILOQUY.

Generous I am, too generous, generous to a fault,
 I'd give my body to be burned, tho' not for love:
 My head I daily give to burning, out of spite.
 Love! Should I love Queen's students? Love their
 Principal,
 And love that clergyman who lies! Never. Rather
 perish love
 Within my burnt-out heart than such a fate.
 And yet perhaps I am to blame, I the so-generous,
 The liberalest man in town except, perhaps, the Princi-
 pal
 Whom I hate, And yet he is a great man. No, he is
 not great,
 I'll not allow him great. I'm not to blame,
 I hate and heat my head with hate. I'll ever hate.
 "Out of my office, Sir, and never dare again darken my
 door,"
 And you, poor cubs of Queen's, you, barking brats, you,
 Gnawing rats, out with your poor belongings, your rag
 paper,
 You, noisy, rowdy, brawling, lying crew. Ah! the
 Cadets!!
 I once did think that they were paltry trash, but I have
 changed,
 Perhaps I may see something differently some day. My
 heat
 May then subside, and church and clergymen, students