

very disagreeable, and Tom's revenge on the old miser was appropriate.

*Mcm.* I wish they would not give the cats fish all the time, I get so sick of it. The old cat scratched my paw. Tom put a bread poultice on it, I ate the bread poultice. I always sleep in the back yard, in the country. I like it.

R. BROPHY, *Matric.*, '15.

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"THE ROSE."

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,  
The glory of April and May!  
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field;  
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,  
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield.

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;  
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,  
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and fade;  
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;  
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

DR. ISAAC WATTS.