

AD MAIAM NOSTRAM.

Nata cara, Maia mea,
Mihi carior quam dea
Jovi magno Atlantea,

Dudum me rogasti, qui, pro
Pudor ! nondum scripsi, libro
Autographico ; en ! scribo.

Album est volumen, quare
Nolo nigro, quod precare,
Atramento violare.

Adhuc habet nil scribendum
Musa senex, nil vel flendum
Vel virginibus ridendum.

Quodsi placeat, et quia
Tu vis, cara mea Maia,
Hic inscribam vota pia :

Quicquid est in terræ solo,
Super astra, subter polo,
Boni esse tuum, volo ;

Longam vitam et salutem,
Et felicem juventutem,
Et apricam senectutem ;

Quantum sufficit nummorum,
Dies plenos gaudiorum,
Turbas fidas amicorum ;

Nomen carum, locum clarum
In choreis puellarum
Virginumque dilectarum ;

Mox matronam, anne dicam ?
Viro unico amicam,
Pulcram, garrulam, pudicam.

Viden' nescio quam sedentem
Aviam, speculis splendentem,
Inter parvulos ridentem ?

At humani nil securum,
Multum triste, multum durum,
Nec fas scire quid futurum.

Quod Fortuna dextra dedit,
Id sinistra extorquebit ;
Felix, illi qui nil credit !

Quod videtur tutum, pulcrum,
Ruiturum habet fulcrum,
Certum solum est sepulcrum.

Hinc in solis his precatis,
Non invenies tu satis
Sine Dis felicitatis.

Vos, cœlestes, hanc donate
Fide, spe, et caritate :
Gratiarum trinitate ;

Cui, post multos annos rite
Actos, tandem redimite
Tempora coronâ vitæ.

W. H. C. KERR.

Kal. Novemb.

SUMMER IN NOVEMBER.

On this bleak evening, pacing to and fro
The empty rooms beneath this lonely roof,
Listening the echo of a distant hoof,
Or the November winds that wildly blow,
One thought pursues me whereso'er I go,
As close entwined with me as warp to woof—
Dear one, no power can hold our hearts aloof,
Because—I love you so ! I love you so !
To-night your shadowy form to me is real
As when your visible presence made more blue
The August skies, and turned to song its rain ;
Gone is the storm—the solitude—I feel
You near to me ! What can November do ?
For us midsummer days have come again !

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

V

Comme dit Servius—*Nullus enim locus sine genio est*—vous savez.
Notre Dame de Paris.

It was five o'clock on a rainy afternoon that seemed dismally out of place in the third week of May, when Wiley threw down a book he had been reading for more than an hour, as he sprawled lazily in his red arm-chair, with the tobacco canister at his elbow. He went to the window and looked down upon the deserted quad ; letting his eye follow listlessly the lines of the wet, shining roofs, from Convocation Hall to the tower, which stood massive and cold and gray in the dreary light of the late afternoon. Since morning the rain had not ceased.

What with the rain and the examinations, Residence, he was thinking, had become intolerably dull ; and were it not for his own pleasant company, he should feel bored. He turned cheerfully to put his thought into words as Evans entered and threw himself into the arm-chair, remarking after a pause, " I didn't tell you, Wiley, that I gave those little stone heads to Miss Fraine, and she lost them the same day. I'm sure I don't know how."

Wiley gave expression to what he judged to be the proper degree of surprise.

" I don't think she was greatly pleased with them," Evans went on meditatively. " Of course I told her I got them from you, and perhaps that was the reason—maybe she doesn't like you, Jack."

" That's quite impossible, you know," modestly announced Jack, adjusting his neck-tie.

After another silence, Evans said, without looking up, " Well, it's all over now."

" Hello !" cried Wiley, " what's the row ?"

Evans continued, mournfully, " I'll not forget the way she drew herself up and said, ' You are forgetting yourself,'—there was such a cold look in her eyes, and she was so handsome, standing there ! Why, she doesn't care anything for me !" He paused, and went on despondently, " I thought that she saw,—why, I adore her, Jack. I don't love as others do !" he exclaimed, passionately.

" Nobody ever does" said Wiley, laughing. " But that's nothing. You'll be friendly again in a few days."

" No ; I met her on the Avenue this afternoon, and she looked at me as though she had never known me. She was with that pup Gus Dekker,—he was holding her umbrella, and you should have seen the way he grinned at me."

At this climax Wiley burst into laughter, " Why, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," said he, " you should have gone