

## ULULATUS.

"The spirit of strife is rife among us."

What time does your train leave?

They were talking of hockey, and one of the crowd remarked that he had a "puck" up in the study-hall. "Then," said Jimmy, "why did you not lend it to me this morning, when I asked you for something to read?" Of course, they had a big laugh on him, but he did not get rife over it.

The following notice was lately handed to us for publication: "Whereas the last snow prevents us from using the hand-ball alley any more this term, we are now willing to allow any of the other boys who may wish to do so, to play thereon. We cannot furnish hand-balls, however, and we shall require them again next spring. Yours condescendingly, The P—s Bros."

## A DAY-MARE IN CLASS.

Reflection o'er me had her mantle flung,  
The printed text could claim no thought from me,  
Suspended by my will I dangling hung  
In that obscure abyss, philosophy,  
About the chasms walls I blindly groped  
To find some precious gem,—in vain, I hoped,  
The walls seemed nothing but a thirsty clay,  
Which, when I touched, would crumbling fall  
away.

While thus I perseveringly toiled on,  
My sole support gave way, and I was gone,  
The book before me swelled to awful size,  
Then suddenly it vanished from my eyes.

Methought a form of majesty and might  
Loomed up in mystic way before my sight,  
Like to some monstrous Ethiop appeared,  
And with his blood shot eyes at me he leered.  
Set in a countenance so ghastly grim  
Were those wild eyes, I could not look at him.  
But as I dropped my gaze, in thund'rous tones,  
Which caused a very quaking of my bones,  
He bade me rise and follow him away,  
Where'er he wished to lead, without delay.  
Marked I, with awful trembling and with dread,  
Two horns projecting from his massive head;  
Clawed were his hands and cloven were his feet  
Forked was the tail suspended from his seat,  
And as he spoke to me those words so dire,  
Forth shot his breath in tongues of blasting fire.  
Sickening sulph'rous fumes then filled the air,  
And brimstone pattered round me ev'rywhere.  
From all these facts immediately I gleaned,  
My visitor was the Incarnate Fiend.  
To move a step too much o'ercome by fright  
Of that grim hideous spectre of the night,  
Shivering, I shrank before the stare  
Of those red eyes, lit up with hellish glare,  
"Come!" roared the fiend, "nor tarry longer  
here!

Let not thy heart be overcome by fear;  
Only a warning would I give to thee:  
Rise from thy seat at once and follow me!"

Faster than light'ning darting through the sky,  
Fled we along, that spectre grim and I.  
On, on, through space interminable, on,  
We sped, nor spoke my guide a word, not *one!*  
My ears refused to hear, my eyes to see!  
Where could this spirit dark be leading me?  
Suddenly we stopped, my eyes and ears  
Were opened to make true my direst fears.—  
Below me mighty flames leaped toward the skies  
Whereon we stood, dazzling my frightened eyes.  
From the unfathomable depths below,  
Borne on the leaping flames, rose cries of woe!  
Cries that would rend the stoutest heart in twain  
Cries that I hope I ne'er may hear again!  
No doubt was in my mind that this was hell  
And this the devil too, I knew full well,—  
For so had they been pictured in my youth,  
By those whose tongues knew nothing but the  
truth.

And as I gazed in wonderment and awe,  
Grasped he my shoulder with his fearful claw,  
And held me dangling o'er that awful maw!  
But as he spoke, imagine my surprise,  
Instead of fire appeared before my eyes,  
One word extending to the farthest sky,  
A word not new to me, "Philosophy."  
Again, in place of fire far down below  
"Mundus existit non a scipso."

'Twas real—a well-known hand my shoulder  
pressed,  
A well-known voice to me these words addressed,  
"Wake up,—you're called,—he left off at note  
three."

I saw the open page in front of me,  
And there the words I'd seen in depths below,  
"Mundus existit non a scipso."

It dawned upon me as these words I scanned,  
And felt the impress of that friendly hand,  
That I had been asleep, and while I slept,  
Into my dreams had all these horrors crept.

A common tippler peopled all the air  
With snakes and slimy reptiles everywhere,  
A most distasteful hideous company;  
Then hiccoughed forth this wise soliloquy.  
"When such a sight presents itself to me,  
What must a poet's hallucinations be!"

Teacher of Mathematics—Can you increase your  
quantity any?

Student—Yes, sir!

Teacher—Well; how?

Student—By getting away with this II (Pic.)

The regular holiday promenades were well  
patronized during the last few months, each parti-  
cipator therein appearing promptly, accompanied  
by his walking-stick. Now that these have ceased  
for the time being, the boys have formed a cadet  
corps and *kane* drills are all the go. Success to  
your efforts!