

your path with the innocent prattle of youthful voices, it will become your duty to train them up to love and reverence McGill and to send them to our Alma Mater for intellectual nourishment.

Yet, why speak of duties? Two youthful hearts are about to be joined together, having long already been united by the tender bond of affection. Let us speak of love; of Hymen the god of marriage, who has now appeared among us in visible form. In dealing with this part of the subject I have found prose utterly unable to sustain those higher flights of the imagination which are naturally created by its contemplation. Having, therefore, invoked each of the nine muses, particularly *Erato*, goddess of amatory song, I have essayed in verse that which the capabilities of English prose utterly refused to undertake. Permit me before entering upon my adventurous flight, from which a safe return is somewhat doubtful, to wish you and your bride, on behalf of the students, all that joy and felicity which springs from a happy union, good health, and abundance of worldly goods.

(And here the writer, discarding the clumsy vehicle of prose, and spreading forth his poetic wings, breaks forth into song in this wise:)

Hymen, the god who serves when lovers wed,
Had long been missed, and some had thought him dead.
In vain our Jerseyed youth, upon the field
Wore spotless pants, with yellow buskin beeled,
In vain the manly runner's strength of limb
Along the track like Hermes seemed to skim.
Though Cupid oft had wandered up the row,
Shot darts at maids, and twanged his silver bow,
Though Venus every grace had deigned to fling
Around the nymphs that haunt the Eastern Wing;
Whose heavenly charms with mortal beauty blent
Had many a Fresh and Sophomore's bosom rent.
Hymen, coy god, had rarely been invoked
Though love held sway his votaries shunned the yoke,
And long delay hath tenfold fires provoked.
—But late the god in flowing robe was seen
With lighted taper gliding on the green.
It was the hour at which, from learning's door,
Donakla's charms in sweet confusion pour;
When all the college ground and classic shade
A living bower of paradise is made.
The silent god was greeted with a smile
(Such favors 'oft the sterner sex beguile),
But shame-faced Hymen seeing turned aside
And in the deepest thickets sought to hide,
And seemed as with some latter grief oppressed.
Thus urged his eye, thus spake his heaving breast.
But when along the walk the maidens passed,
A pensive glance among their ranks he cast.
"Five score," he said, "of maids my lawful prey
McGill hath snared and held for many a day.
In vain my minister with barbed steel
Strikes hearts which only love for learning feel;
His fiery shaft just grazes on the heart,
And flirts, not wiles, are products of his art."
Thus spake the lying god; though sure, in vain
Are Cupid's wiles, where learning's precepts reign.
—The god advanced, and crimson more than wont
Was mantling on his cheeks and open front;

His clustering locks about his forehead hung,
Around his breast a spotless robe was flung.
So light his step upon the yielding sod,
The flowers arose and hailed the nuptial god.
He scaled the steps, immediate the porch
Was rosy with the matrimonial torch;
The ruddy light in all the halls was seen,
It flushed the brow and visage of the Dean;
Yet, longest in the hall of classics stayed—
E'en Hymen knows, and loves, a choice old blade.
Before the door he paused, and gently blew
A silver horn; abroad the echoes flew.
The mellow tones divide the gathered gloom,
And penetrate McGill's remotest room.
Up from the Stygian shades and depths below
To meet his fate advanced the victim Joe,
About his mouth a brace of dimples played
Where once the scorching gas such havoc made.
But now, where then the fiery deluge seared,
A new grown mop, a glossy beard appeared.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice essayed in vain,
His faltering tongue confessed a new-born shame
Before the glittering god subdued and meek,
Mild was his voice and tamed his wonted cheek;
Then spake the god: "My well-beloved son,
I know thy heart, and know the mischief done.
Yet thin'st not shame, but honor to you due,
Thousands have wed, and thousands live to rue.
Let half-starved youths seek wasteful learning's side,
My favorite sons shall lead the blushing bride.
Collect thy soul to act the bridegroom's part,
Deep is the wound, yet Hymen heals the smart."
His word pronounced, he ended with a nod.
The trembling building testified the god,
And all the air was filled with rich perfume;
Upon the breeze was heard a wedding tune;
The matrimonial taper glowed so bright,
The mountain's brow was flushed with rosy light.

HOBBIES.

"Blessed is the man that hath a hobby."

Lord Brougham.

"He hath no leisure, who useth it not."

George Herbert.

A man without a hobby is but half a man. Many might feel tempted to controvert this proposition, but it would not be difficult to make out a very strong case in its favor. An old adage hath it, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Unlike a good many old adages, this maxim has more than its age to commend it. The truth of the statement rests on a sound basis of physiology. Nevertheless, there are many in this sordid world who never realize its significance until it is too late. While the heart is young and the spirits elastic, one is apt to think that all the world is his, and so he rushes with all the strength of his young manhood into the battle of life, eager in the struggle for knowledge, fame, or the "almighty dollar." A rude awakening comes sooner or later—a weakened physique, a shattered nervous system, and an enfeebled brain hurry him into a premature old age. Especially is this picture true of this Nineteenth Century of ours, with all its culture and wisdom. The struggle for existence has become so