

## TWO POEMS ON THE IRONY OF NATURE.

A Toronto Professor, visiting Queen's College some months ago, was so unfortunate as to lose a new pair of overshoes among his hosts. They were at first supposed to be traceable to a distinguished Queen's Professor who is an efficient "drummer" for Queen's in this district, and consumes many overshoes in the course of his missionary work. Hence the first poem. They were ultimately traced to the absent-minded energy of an equally active Theologian. Hence the paraphrase of Aristophanes.

## THE IRONY OF NATURE.

A poor Professor once their lived  
In great Toronto town,  
To meet a rival college staff  
This gentle man went down.

Not much was his: a little Greek,  
Less Latin, Science rank;  
Slight balance in his head or feet,  
No balance at his bank.

One thing alone, a brand-new pair  
Of overshoes had he;  
His careful wife had saved their price  
By watering his tea.

And when he reached the rival town  
A rival teacher straight  
Abstracting those good overshoes,  
Left others out of date.

Both out of date and out of sole;  
And straight through fields and farms  
This rival claimed his school was best  
And vaunted all her charms.

He'd always had a rubber neck,  
Now he had rubber toes;  
With every squeak those rubbers squeaked  
A whoop for Queen's arose.

With every mile those rubbers made,  
The millions grew for Queen's,  
And every house those rubbers left  
Increased her ways and means.

"How beautiful upon the hills,"  
Men cried, "his rubber shines,  
Who brings us tidings glad of Queen's,  
Her Arts, her Grants, her mines."

So through that snow-bound country side  
Did Queen's cause boom and fizz.  
Toronto's man went lamely home,  
Was ever grief like his?

Sans credit for his college won,  
Sans future, sans recall,  
Sans entries for his Freshman class,  
Sans overshoes, sans all.

## ARISTOPHANES' FROGS—1206-1247.

ληκύθιον ἀπώλεσεν.

Euripides, Aeschylus and Dionysos are the interlocutors.

Euripides—"One from Toronto" says a modern muse  
"With bag and lecture from the railway cars  
Landing at Kingston,"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoes.

Dion.—What overshoes were those, confound his stars!  
Read him another prologue; this one jars!

Eurip.—"A poor professor, resolution's hues  
O'ersickled with pale thought, in winter raw  
Visiting Kingston,"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoes,

Dion.—God bless those shoes, they have been lost before.

Eurip.—It nothing boots, or rather, nothing shoes  
Can do, shall bring this prologue to misuse.  
"No man professing Greek gets all his due.  
This man in Kingston does not draw much screw  
That from Toronto"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoe.

Dion.—These shoes are too elastic, let them stew  
In their own rubber; give us something new.

Eurip.—"Leaving Toronto's schools, whose grants are few,  
For Kingston with the greatest Grant on Earth,  
A Greek Professor"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoe.

Dion.—My dear chap, sell those shoes below their worth.

Eurip.—Not much; I have a score of tragic scenes,  
With whose feet rubbers will not fit or fuse.  
"One from Toronto Lecturing at Queen's  
On 'Oxford Types' once"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoes.

Dion.—You see those shoes are on the carpet still;  
Sell 'em, my good sir, for a dollar bill,  
And buy a cheaper pair; a dollar lost  
Is nothing when they let in such a frost.

Eurip.—I tell you I've still poems old and new.  
"One going to Kingston"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoe.

Eurip.—Now stop and let me finish out the verse.  
"One going to Queen's to speak of what he knew  
Of Jowett, Cotton, Pattison and worse,  
Among the preachers"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoe.

Dion.—Among the preachers! Surely not through them?

Eurip.—Now just one moment, and I'll say amen.  
"One sitting in the circle of th' elect  
And hearing how St. John with passion swept,  
Found in the Logos the unerring clue  
To this world's mystery"

Aesch.— Lost his overshoe.

Dion.—Once more he has you with the same old cue.  
As a stye gathers and depraves the seat  
Of vision, so his rubbers draw the feet.  
Of all your verses till their breath's unsweet.

—Maurice Hutton. *OT*