

## INSTRUCTIVE POEMS FOR THE YOUNG.

## BALLAD OF NAUGHTY MARY GREY.

"I will not learn to bake, the bread,"  
Cried naughty Mary Grey;  
"But I will go to Varsity,  
And culture seek away.

"I will not learn to sweep the floor;  
I will not hem a seam;  
But I will learn philosophy,  
And live a poet's dream."

"O, Mary Grey, you wicked child!"  
Did her fond mother cry;  
"You will regret these words you've spoke,  
When you are come to die."

But Mary proudly tossed her head,  
And pulled a saucy face;  
"Unlettered ignorance," she cried,  
"No more shall me disgrace."

"To sew! To darn!" She stamped her foot.  
"And sweep!—Shall I, who feel  
The loftiness of woman's sphere?  
And iron?—I'd rather steal!"

"Well, have your way," her mother said,  
And used her handkerchief;  
And Mary G. resolved to be  
Another Bashkirtseff.

Six courses she designed to take,  
But was confined to three;  
And so, to pass the time, she sought  
"Co-ed." society.

Now fair to see was Mary Gray,  
(She never drank much tea)  
Not "bad-complected" nor shrill-voiced;  
*Distinguée* Mary G.!

Her silky hair she never banded;  
It waved luxuriously,  
Madonna bands—a perfect dream—  
A coiffure for to see!

The little boys to elevate  
Was all her aim. Perchance  
There came a promenade "At Home,"  
Then in the halls she'd dance.

She did orate in Women's Lits,  
And honors crowned her brow;  
No hat worn in a theatre  
Was e'er so great, I trow!

No more she blushed a shy freshette,  
Nor frisked flirtatiously;  
Her shoulders bore a weight of lore,  
And stately dignity.

But when before Minerva's throne  
She knelt for her degree,  
Her heart was gone, her promise given,  
— An S. P. S. C. E.

And now her mother's warning words  
She weeping did recall;  
Oh hear the dreadful state of things  
Which Mary did befall!

To sweep and dust, to wash and scrub,  
A housemaid was called in.  
Had Sappho been Sapolio,  
How different 'twould have been!

"To boil and bake," said that C. E.,  
"I think I'll have a cook."  
Heart-broken Mary sought for help.  
(Among the ads. did look.)

Then spoke that cruel hubby man:  
"My housemaid you can't be,  
Nor yet my cook—nought but a chum!"  
— They kissed indecorously.

And so the awful tale is told;  
You've heard my dismal lay.  
Take warning, every little girl,  
By naughty Mary Grey.

FESTE.

## OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

If the hungry student of History—supposing there be one not yet fed, even by our multitude of courses, into an indifferent self-satisfaction—if the hungry student of History, I say, wishes any information concerning the men and manners of old England under the early Stuarts, he will find in John Earle's "Micro-Cosmographie or a Peece of the World discovered," a "fair feast of reason" plentifully larded with a fat wit. But even for those others who take no interest in the follies of the past (deeming the present a sufficiency of foolishness), Mr. Earle, though he died in 1665, has written some things not unprofitable. His little volume of essays—or characters, as they were called—contains some shrewd observations upon the nature and habits of the *genus homo*, and, among the rest, divers criticisms and appreciations of the "meere young gentlemen of the Universitie," the "downe-right Scholler," the "Pretender to Learning," the "old College Butler" and the "plodding Student," or as we should say "The Plug."

Mr. Earle—being himself bookish, a "theolog," and, at the time he wrote his *Cosmographie*, a fellow of Merton College, Oxford—had so quick a contempt for the first of these University types that he experienced some evident difficulty in restraining his wrath within the limits of a thirty line character. "The meere young gentleman of the Universitie," he begins, "is one that comes there to weare a gowne." (Alack the day! He could not say that of Toronto)—"to weare a gowne, and to say hereafter, hee has beene at the Universitie. His Father sent him thither, because hee heard there were the best Fencing and Dancing Schooles." (Tempora mutantur—and we hear no "Ladies change.") "From these he has his Education, from his Tutor the oversight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewne the Colledges, and initiated in a Taverne by the way, which hereafter hee will learne of himselfe."

Mr. Earle is as yet shooting wide of Toronto; but let our meere young Gentlemen ponder over this:

"The two marks of his Senioritie. is the bare Velvet of his gowne, and his proficiencie at Tennis, where when hee can once play a Set, he is a Fresh-man no more."—We might rather say "his proficiency at football;" or is that too sturdy a game for the meere young Gentlemen? At any rate, the Senior will not cavil at the bareness of the gown, remembering how he secretly abused the tell-tale freshness of his first year's silk, and how proud he has since been of it, when, worn and torn to a tattered antiquity, it fluttered about his venerable shoulders, like a Zulu's necklace of molars—the insignia of his rank; remembering, above all, how the immortal "Curly" stirred "laughter unquenchable among the blessed gods" by flitting about the platform of a Public Debate, gowned in a pair of pinion sleeves (and the connecting band of canvas), as if he expected shortly to graduate into a bodiless cherubim, all head and wings.

But Mr. Earle has the floor. "His Studie," he con-