

## AMŒBA'S LOVER.

A neat bacillus, with rounded ends,  
Was seen, by means of a powerful lens,  
Moving with undulatory grace,  
Through a fashionable lymphatic space.

His graceful appearance would take with some  
As he picked his teeth with a flagellum,  
Tho' he flirted in a way to shock us  
With every common gonococcus.

His manuels were good—every one knew it—  
For he'd been through a fine culture-field,  
But his tailor's efforts were all in vain  
To collect a bill for this germ's membrane.

His mind was filled one might say wholly  
With thoughts of sweet Amœba Coli.  
Her mobile form 'twas his conjecture  
Languished within the sigmoid flexure.

So hurrying through an abscess rancid  
To an artery of rapid transit,  
He took, in a depôt of congestion,  
A blood disc bound for the large intestine.

In a parlour car he chanced to see  
A plasmodium malariae.  
A pretty picture she seemed to make  
As she fed her spores on ague-cake.

And then he thought of the bliss in store  
Of Amœba and a baby spore !  
And how they'd dwell in a saccule neat  
In a calm and scybalous retreat.

But just as he reached Amœba's door  
He heard a protoplasmic roar;  
And there, repulsive in his might,  
Was a hungry, savage phagocyte.

His mouth was large and his words profane  
So our hero drew his good ptomaine.  
"Swish! Snap!" went a pseudopodic jaw,  
And "gulp" went a phagocytic maw.

While his mistress saw a vacancy  
Where her loved baccillus used to be,  
Then Amœba with a doleful shiver  
Went far away to the dismal liver.