

and serene. Not, like Milton, shut out from gazing upon the beauties of nature, as he still preserves his sight almost unimpaired. And he has "realized that which more than two thousand years ago, the latin Poet Horace declared to be the highest bliss for the declining years of the Muses—the boon of passing his days in a world peopled by the images of his fancy and made musical by the notes of his lyre."—*Marjorie*.

Literature: Examination.

449 -1350.

"With eyes that are aching from light,
And exams. coming the next day,
A student sat burning the midnight oil,
Who groans at each step of the way.

"Alfred—Beowulf—Brut.

In the Norman and Saxon reign,
And Manning and Bacon and Peter Lombard,
All muddle my scholarly brain."

1350 -1450.

"Work—Work—Work.

Here's the earliest English time,
And Wycliffe who did such great work for the kirk:
And Chaucer the "Father of Rhyme."
The barbarous works of old Gower,
Are weighing like lead on my breast:
His Latin works written with power,
And I don't care a fig for the rest."

1450 -1550.

"Work! work! work!

The Revival of Learning, I see
The invention of printing, the founding of schools.
Oh, what are such matters to me!
Hawes and Ascham and More,
More and Ascham and Hawes,
'Til over their writings I fall asleep,
And not without adequate cause."

1558 -1625.

Oh, men of Elizabeth's reign!

Oh, men of a frivolous age!

Who spent your lives in the lifting up
Of the then degraded stage.
You wrote with an elegant pen,
Of thoughts and themes of knowledge,
To spoil and torture the innocent minds,
In the Hamilton Ladies' College.

"But why should I talk of plays
Of the Spenser-Shakespearian time,
When novels and books of most thrilling romance,
Can truly be bought for a dime.
The saying of Bacon is true, —
That all of our "Knowledge is Power;"
But what does it profit a school girl to know
What Bacon could teach in an hour."

1623 -1700

"Work—Work—Work.

We will leave the Augustan Age.
The "Civil War Era" now comes to our hand,
The Fantastical School seems the rage;
The wisdom of Usher; the Essays of Locke.
On man and his riches and pelf;
And Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost,"
And I doubt if he'll find it himself."

1700 -1800

"Work—Work—Work.

From weary nine to nine,
I must learn up the "Eighteenth Century,"
'Til I know it line by line.
Now what shall be said of the rest—
"De mortuis nil nisi bonum?"
We'll try to pass over the errors they made,
For fear all the world should disown 'em."

1800.

"The craze for spontaneous verse,
That the "Modern Times" environ;
The poets who climbed to the height una voce,
Were Shelly and Southey and Byron
Among the prosaical works,
It seems we have Ruskin and Hall,
Then Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens and Scott—
Its the easiest era of all."

FINALE—

"With intellect cloudy and dull,
With faculties shaken and dumb,
A senior sat in a senior's garb,
Chewing a fragment of gum.
Play—Play—Play.
For to study I make no endeavor;
And I laugh as I fling the old volume away,
"I've done with Tom Arnold forever."

THOU ART THE TRUTH.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so,
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.

I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.