

2.

Some, other meetings, most we,
Of a miscellaneous kind,
Put the next immense foundation
Was from J. B. Williams' mind.
His subject was "Philosophy"
And though some, some think,
He gave a famous paper --
As good as we could wish.

Then came our given meeting,
Which Andrews did direct,
So as to highly merit
Both credit, and respect.
He furnished ample programme
Of music, and of song,
And of all the crowd that listened,
None thought the evening long.
Succeeding this, a fortnight,
Gave J. G. Thompson's turn
To give a splendid paper:
Poetry, which we all could learn.
It was about the "Poets"

And delighted all, I ween,
As he dwelt on Moore of Brim
"Where the grass grows green!"

A change for the next meeting
Was the second great debate
When we met at Northwell,
And Joselyn and Speight
Declared the "Church of England"
As at present, should not stand;
While Watts and Batching said it was
A blessing to the land.

The critics, summing up the case
And complimenting all,
Thought, as the arguments were strong
The Church could have to fall;
And rendered his decisions

In favor of B. J.
So look for disestablishment
At no far distant day.

The next of all the season
Was an intellectual feast
For in the fields of science,
Our knowledge was increased;
And Wals' high reputation
Was thoroughly sustained,
By depth and force of thought expressed,
And good his hearers gained.

Last night we had a paper
From the younger of our crowd,
Whose efforts gained, as they deserved
(Upholder, both long and loud,
Punch, Bentley too, and Alfred)
All did exceedingly well;
And little Jim recited one
The oyster and his shell.

And now, although your weary,
I must another mention,
And the name of H. L. Thompson
Commands your best attention:
"The 19th Century Novelists"
Was his subject, by request,
And from the varied list, he chose
The authors he liked best.
Of course it could not be else than good,
From his fruitful brain,
But, within the summer week, there was
A sentimental strain.
He told how people "fall in love,"
In language most affecting;
Which showed, he'd had experience wide,
When he was one selecting.

About the programme of tonight,
No word is called from me; --
And yet I'd like to say one word:
It's pleasing thus to see
Young men discuss this question wide
From which much talk has grown,
And I presume each soon will frame
A measure of his own;
Not just the same as Gladstone's Bill,
That's threatening the Corn Law,
But measures that could be discussed
Around a parlour fire.
Such "no-me-rule" ones would have support
From Watt, and loyal Dick;
For those who push, push! Irish rule
May favor "domestic."

Now friends this ends our meetings
Until another season,
And all our members say with me
If at we indeed have reason
Ourselves to now congratulate,
Upon the season past,
And benefits derived, that will
For years, in memory last.