

From downy couch we early rise,
With heavy heart, but frisky eyes.
We then proceed to don our clothes,
Whilst on the bed we half repose,
One listless hand at random shoots
And clutches fast a pair of boots.
And now to fit them on we try,
But get them wrong, we know not why.
The left boot courts the dexter side,
But smoothly o'er it does not glide—
Our dander up, "Oh, blame the thing,"
And like endearments 'round we fling.
By dint of knock and heavy hit
The boots at last are made to fit.
Next come the pants and here once more,
The same's repeated as before.
One leg the wrong position takes,
Which to our temper mischief makes.
Three quarters strike, which means beware,
Or surely you'll be late for prayer.
So full of zeal we robe in haste,
No time to satisfy our taste.
Now H₂O against our face
We dash, the lingering sleep to chase,
And whilst our hair we're curling well,
We're startled by the festive bell.
We stop, and dashing for the hall,
We make it, strange, without a fall.
The prayer is said, and then, alas!
We must prepare ourselves for class.
With silent sorrow, sitting still,
We tackle logic, bitter pill.
Oh, readers all, we hope and pray
That you will pardon what we say
But if you take philosophy,
The truth of this remark you'll see.
You'll take it up, you'll put it down,
Your brow will knit, your visage frown,
And if you act no worse than this,
You're ripe, we vow, for Heaven's bliss.
But hark! that sound
So full and round!
It is the breakfast bell, hurray!
Away with books
And troubled looks,
We'll see you later in the day.

The break'ast o'er, some students walk
With classmates, then to have a talk;
But six fair youths would rather play,
Which is, I think, the better way.
The alley reached, the sides are picked,
Each bets the other he'll be "licked."

Merrily, merrily flies the ball,
Now on the alley, again on the wall,
Slipping through fingers, getting a kick,
The ball is so nimble, the players so quick.
"Go it, Rodolph! paste her high!"
"Take it, Landry; watch your eye!"
"Knock it, Foley! take it quick!"
"Solid 'Roger!' you're a brick!"
"Good one, Con! you're playing well!"
"One for ——. Moses! there's the bell."

And now once more with weary feet
We straggle to our close retreat.
We struggle hard, but gather naught
From books they say with wisdom fraught.
The mocking bell seems soon to say,
Go show what you have learnt to-day.

With prayer to God for wit to know,
The proper time for Yes and No.
The class begins in some such style,
As we shall now describe awhile.
"Da Syllogismum, Domne K."
"Utique Domne (what shall I say)?
That omnis cat has one tail more
Than nullum cat you've known before,
But nullus cat has two, you see,
Sic omnis cat of tails has three."
"Bene, bene, Domne K."
Domne McD., quaero a te
Cui homini a Deo datur
Lex quae ab eo non servatur?"
"Non totum bene intellexi"
Says D. and then becomes quite vexy.
Our learned teacher then once more
Repeats the question as before.
Thus fly the hours, the bell's loud call
Invites us to the study hall.

The dinner hour at last arrives
Which from their hall the students drives.
Down, down they go, the depths explore
And like young "Twist" all call for more,
Then recreation, study, class,
All serve to make the P. M. pass,
And evening shadows falling fast,
Give warning that the day is past.
The prayer bell rings and "Father D,"
The night prayers reads most solemnly.
Then up we climb to Morpheus' realms
Where slumber sweet and peaceful dreams
Our portion are, till morning light
Drives o'er the hills the shades of night.

S.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

THE Bible and Shakspeare! These if I mistake not were placed by John Ruskin at the head of his list of "the hundred best books." Truly from a merely literary point of view the purest "wells of English undefiled" are

to be found in the works of the master dramatist and in the King James Bible. Prose and verse, they form the two mightiest monuments of that tongue, which according to Max Müller will ere long be the most generally spoken in the world.