

For the larger life
With its greater strife,
With its lack of sympathy and keen competition
For a living, no matter how small the position,
No matter how trying should be every condition.

So first on my programme
Our Vice-President I am
Going to put, Meek as the flower which gives her her
name,

And which owes to its modest appearance its fame;
The *Violet* blue
And purple too,

I've gathered them oft, so know I speak true.
There are two kinds—the English grow tall,
While the American ones are wondrously small.
Then come two girls with the very same name—
Edna and Agnes—the like name is the surname;
But how different are they—the one is a lover
Of mathematics, and with physics a rover,

The other Albani,
Or Nilsson, or Patti
We call her, just as she happens to strike the hearer,
And the oft'ner we listen the oft'ner we would hear her.

Then comes bonny Kate,
Filling with moderns her pate.
I wonder, now, could she be any relation
To the man who discovered the blood's circulation,
Or is it only a trifling coincidence,
That their names should be like, of knowing I make no
pretence.

And of the post-mortems, on my list she's the last one,
That is, I think so, I do hope that I've missed none.

And now for the others who hope to be
Called up to the platform and given a degree.
There are, but no matter, I'll take them by rote,
And to each one a number of lines I'll devote,
For I couldn't pass by
Such virtues, not I,

Like some bodies do, with never a glance
To see how some virtue other virtues enhance,
And on my list a dignified demoiselle
Appears first of all, and with her the spell
Of her indomitable will, which thro' great provocation
Has carried her on to gain her chosen vocation,
Which she fondly imagines is that of a teacher,
But which, *they say*, is an aid to a preacher;

But we'll wait and see
What the finale will be
When *Sue* takes her degree.

And pass to the name that follows next
And which furnishes our tale with a very good text;
But unlike Martha of old,
Who worried, so 'tis told,
Over many a thing.

Just to pass in the spring
Is the only question to cause any worrying,
And *our* Martha never goes trouble a-borrowing.
And now comes her *Grace*
With leisurely pace

And a dignified air, but who wears in her face
The warm spirit and smile of the McIntosh race.
Then another maiden of highland extraction,
Who hockies and studies, does both to distraction;
And who, the school of pedagogy passed,
Is making physics, sweet physics, her last

And final examination
Previous to her decoration
With the degree
Of capital A.B.
To be writ after the name.

Of Miss Katie McLean.
The next one, looks wise

Thro' spectacled eyes,
Nor like the man in the story, are the rims tortoise-shell,
But plain gold,—nothing else would become her so well;
In the study of Biology,
Or any other ology,
She is the only
Girl from our Society.

Ah! here comes one from a far eastern town,
And dear! how she's grown since she first donned her
gown;

But her eyes are unchanged—and brighter by far,
As they sparkle and dance
With every glance,

Than the beautiful, the much lauded evening star.
And if Renfrew can show
More eyes with the glow

Of our Jennie's—we should just like to know.
And next is a girl who in Polycon and Philosophy
Is doing her best, sure to win—so the girls prophecy,—
And her name, I believe it is due to the fact,
That her forefathers showed the very good tact
To build them a domicile at the head of a lake—
To build at the foot is always a mistake.—

And as names in those days,
Either of blame or of praise,
Stuck forever,
Changing never,
They called him the man at the head of the lake;
But too long they found it,
So wandered around it,

And called him the man at the lake head,
Or *loch*, as the Scotch say, making it Loch-head.

And next comes another Kate,
And if I calculate
Correctly, that makes three
Kates going up for a degree.
From far Orillia

She wandered down to
Queen's College, in the fair City of Kingston,
And declares by no college can Queen's ere be beaten.
And on my list-her's is the last name to rhyme,
And brings to a close my tale for this time.

Now while under the spell,
And before you farewell,
To each one we'll drink a very good health—
We wish you all happiness, husbands and wealth.
But in single blessedness should you prefer to live free,
Our good wishes still follow—where'er you may be,
Or whatever your sphere,
Good luck and good cheer,
God bless you hereafter and God bless you here!

H. S. D.

MELANAGOGUE.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year
And Convocation Hall is thronged with Medicals so
'queer'

Heaped on the matting and the floor the wasted quids
lie spread,

And every hope that rests on cribs is haunted with a
dread.

And through the halls a stillness reigns, a silence deep
as death

The guilty loafer dreads his fate and walks with 'bated
breath,

Or to his studious classmate runs and frees himself from
blame.

Then borrows Essay, Lectures, Notes without a trace of
shame.