

FORMOSA MAGGIE LAUDER.

Numquis est qui non amet.
 Formosam Maggie Lauder?
 Nomen euntis in Fifam,
 Rogavit fistulator;
 Contemptim ei respondit Mag,
 "Panis penique raptor,
 Abi, Loquax, abi, nomen
 Est mihi Maggie Lauder."

"Mag," inquit ille, "per utres,
 Juvat me te videre,
 Ab me sede, pulcherrima,
 Nil est causae timere!
 Nam ego fistulator sum!
 Nomen Robertus Ranter,
 Saltant puellae fatuae
 Quum tibiae sufflantur."

"Habesne utres" inquit Mag,
 "Bombi tubas paratas?
 Si tu sis Rob, notus mihi,
 Regnine colis oras?
 Omnes puellae hinc illinc
 Noscunt Robertum Ranter;
 Nunc pede terram quatiam,
 Si tu flas ibinstanter,"

Utres cito corripuit,
 Bombi tubas versavit;
 Mag salut per cespitem
 Et erbene saltavit
 "Bene est" ille, "suffla" illa
 "Perbelle est" inquit Ranter
 "Multum juvat cantare, quum
 Saltas tam eleganter."

"Pulchre fecisti" inquit Mag,
 "Genae colore rubro,
 Nemo tam bene nunc cantat,
 Amisso Hab Simpsono.
 Innupta vixi ac nupta,
 Bis quinque annos in Fifa;
 Quum Austri festum advenis,
 De Maggie Lauder roga.

—ALEXANDER WHAMOND.

THE DIVINITIES' DOWNFALL.

Attend me, ye Nine, while I sing of the glorious feats of
 the Freshmen;
 Sing how they warred with and humbled Divinity's
 doughtiest heroes.
 Strong in the strength of their cause and led by a veteran
 fighter,
 Who in brave days of old had marched with Guiderius
 Curtius,
 What time he smote hip and thigh the valiant hosts of
 the alien,
 Smote them from Rosedale's fair land even unto the
 mountain called Royal.
 Brave were Divinity's heroes, and long in the land had
 they sojourned,
 Dwelt and waxed fat in fair Queen's, the domain whereof
 John is the tyrant.
 Long had the thoughts of their hearts to the things of the
 book been directed,
 Long laid aside all their love for the sport most delightful
 to Ares,
 Even the glorious battle, the strife and delight in the con-
 test.
 Late had there come to fair Queen's, the domain whereof
 John is the tyrant,
 A hungry race and a fierce, of wild and terrible aspect.
 Hungry and fierce were they and their look was as that of
 the grizzly,
 What time he comes forth in the Spring when the snows
 of Winter are melting

Strongly upon him the sun its comforting rays is direct-
 ing,
 Big swells his spirit within him, but exceedingly lank is
 his body,
 And Fate, that consulteth not the wishes of men or of
 Freshmen,
 Willed that a grievous strife should arise and a deadly de-
 batement,
 Such as could only be quelled by the terrible shock of the
 battle.
 Then war that day was the lot of the men of the book and
 the sermon,
 In that they had forgotten their love for the strife and the
 battle,
 Had given offence unto Ares who ord'reth disaster and
 triumph.
 Be with me, ye Nine, and assist while I tell of Divinity's
 heroes,
 Who first and who last that day came boldly forth to the
 battle.
 The first was a warrior famed, who in days of old had
 won glory,
 What time the hosts of fair Queen's had pared the claws
 of the tiger,
 Cool and determined was he, and his heart was like that
 of a Viking,
 Colin the warrior was named, the captain, Divinity's bul-
 work.
 Next the redoubtable Daly, the young man, the lover of
 maidens;
 Fair were his locks and long, and a fillet encircled his
 temples,
 'Broidered with thread of gold by deft fingers skilled with
 the needle.
 Towering o'er all by a head strode Easton, a warrior
 gigantic,
 "Huge as Goliath of Gath or the terrible Og, king of
 Bashan."
 Close by his side was Peck, like a war-horse scenting the
 battle,
 Small of stature but fierce and swift as Oilean Ajax.
 Warrior in name and in deed was Grant, the redoubted in
 council.
 Laird good at need in the van with his friend the orator
 Mowat,
 Claxton and Stewart and Turnbull and that Nestor the
 patriarch Hutcheon.
 Hunter, to whom the battle was dear as the breath of his
 nostrils,
 Once he had warred in the host that fell 'neath the on-
 slaught of Osgoode,
 Howbeit he fought like a man and carried his shield from
 the battle.
 Miller, too, bred as a scholar, unused to the shock of the
 battle
 But prompt at the call of his people to gird himself for
 the combat.
 'Twere long to tell of the host who in that fierce conflict
 opposed them,
 Late had they come to the land and their fame had not
 yet been established.
 Their chief was he of the host of Maulus Guiderius
 Curtius,
 Rough was he as the lion and fond of commotion and
 combat.
 Loud was the din and long when met the two armies
 together,
 Impetuous rage fired their bosoms and urged them on to
 the combat
 Even as two torrents all swollen with thundering roar
 clash together,
 High flies the foam to the stars and the water is terribly
 troubled.
 So clashed the armies together and their shouting re-
 sounded to heaven.
 Now it befell mid the strife, the jangle and shock of the
 battle,