

The Early Spring Mosquito.

(Written for THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.)

IS not because he hummeth
On airy wing,
That you may know he cometh
Your flesh to sting.
He bobbeth up serenely
To take a bite,
So quietly and meanly,
With silent spite ;
And thus you furnish meat to
The early Spring mosquito.

At your vain strokes he laugheth,
So lithe and small,
And blood he freely quaffeth
In spite of all.
His sharp phlebotomizing
By day and night,
Corpuscles analyzing
With keenest sight,
Maketh existence sweet to
The early Spring mosquito.

The crime that he committeth
Is shocking, too ;
For while your blood he letteth,
He poisoneth you.
No station he respecteth,
If low or high ;
No person he neglecteth
Or passeth by—
He makes all sorts of blood to flow,
The early Spring mosquito.

NEMO.