

A VISION

In a shady grot, 'neath the high sea wall,
I sat one day, 'twas hot July,
And the sun beat down on a drowsy land,
From high in a hot and cloudless sky.
The quiet, the heat, and the shimmering sand,
And the indolent murmur of the sea,
And sympathy with a drowsy land,
Dulled the sensations of life in me.
The mermen danced on the shimmering sand,
The sea-beach seemed a college hall,
And the mermen changed to men I knew
At Old McGill in Montreal.
In quick review there glided by,
Scenes of our happy college days,
Dissecting-room and studious hour,
The campus, and the bloodless frays.
Our natal day in Medicine,
"Bob," with his heart-uplifting "chin,"—
Cook and the Dean had pined for years
For each of us to enter in.
The Seniors canvassing for votes,
That sent their friends to banquets far,
The polling-place, the gathered crowd,
The glamour of the wordy war.
And on our course we kept with Time,
And "pari passu" knowledge grew,
But our strong hold was modesty,
We ne'er could tell the half we knew.
In annual games we played a part,
Old Rut. and Wiley—they were there,
Our little Trophy home returned,
Whence it had wandered for a year.
The scenes passed on with lightning speed

To music played by a portly sprite,
It changed at times to a minor key
When Molson Hall appeared in sight.
Molson Hall—and memory turns
To sorrow and the dread exam.
Hidden crib and whispered knowledge,
Midnight oil and dreary cram.
Begun in light fantastic tune,
The music changed to a grander time,
Scenes, that before were those I knew,
Changed to prophetic pantomime.
First graduates in a cycle new
That ushers in more glorious times,
I saw them scattered far and near,
In colder and in warmer climes,
Keeping the rank of solid men,
Healing the maimed and deathly ill,
Bearing in every well-poised act
The sterling mark of Old McGill.
A microbe held in leading strings
Against his kind waged deadly war,
Elixirs strange played well their part,
And baffled death was flying far—
A sea-breeze sprang from the ocean wide,
And fanned my heated drowsy brow,
The mermen plunged to their deep blue home,
The breakers splashed on the rocks below.
The breakers' beat and the sounding sand.
The rising thunder of the sea,
And sounds of life from a waking land,
Roused the sensations of life in me.

E. N. M. H.