

participant is called in to preparation. It takes but a moment to don those symbols of modern coat-of-mail, and the youth is ready for his enterprise. Follow him not to the field of operation, for his duty is too arduous, his requirements too numerous to relate any of the joys of the noble game. Press not upon him when the game is ended, for then he is so busy with congratulations, so engrossed with the intricacies of the maze—to the beholder—and so generally surrounded by himself that words are not adequate to relate the glories of the exciting contest. But come, survey our noble soldier when the shades of night are past, and sleep has been almost banished. He turns his head from side to side. He asks :—“Where are the barbarians? Have they fled, have they fled?” Has he been in his dream’s warfare or are, as sages sing, his wanderings but continuations of his encounters? He attempts to raise his head, but in vain. Another attempt is more futile, but at the third he gains some ascent. He pulls a hand out, he groans, his amazement is unbounded. “My fingers used to point the same way,” he cries, “but now, a compass with but one hand, a wonderful discovery.” He rubs his would-be intellectual-orb, for woe, it look the wrong way and hinges not. “Never mind my friends,” he naively said, “such are the joys of our noble game.” He then attempts to lift his limbs, but no, he must first remove the pumpkin that was bandaged between his knees to keep them in proper position for the morrow. This small inconvenience being straightway removed, with a determination proper in his circumstances he surveys his person, and a smile of happy recognition lights his visage as he enthusiastically says :—“Yes, there are bumps, yes, there are wounds, but they are the accompaniments of glory.”

Listen while I tell a story,
 Tell a sad pathetic story
 Of an astronomic junior,
 Who, pursuing with a fierce zeal
 Fleeting phantasies and shadows,
 Struggling onward, toiling bravely,
 Following the beck of Science,
 Has encountered much reverses ;
 Had his ardour somewhat dampened
 By the obstacles encountered ;
 Had his faith in observations
 Dashed to earth by frequent changes
 In the relative positions
 Of himself and heavenly bodies.

Listen while I tell the story,
 How the mischief-loving young men
 From the country of the Sophs,
 On a dark and dreary midnight,
 While the scientist was absent,
 Moved his instruments and chattels,
 All his household goods and chattels,
 Out upon the lofty house-top
 Out beneath the open heavens ;