

Addendum.

The following bit of fun, flung by one Scotch Professor at another last spring, may not be considered out of place in our columns.

PROFESSOR IN EXCELSIS.

Hurrah! the Winter Session's done,
 My last "exam" is over:
 My load is gone,—I skip as free
 As ever mare in clover.

No Senate meeting haunts me now
 With hours of dull debating;
 Committees, Council, one and all
 I leave them and their prating.

Three cheers for the merry month of May;
 Well may I call it merry,
 Although its chill east wind do tint
 My nose-tip like a cherry.

We call it summer, though it spread
 No leaf on bush or tree;
 But never does it fail to bring
 A holiday to me.

Go, wife, dear partner of my lot;
 Rouse from their winter slumber
 My wallet, hobnails, flask and stick,
 And all my travelling lumber.

Bid Mary look my linen out,
 The stockings I'm to put on;
 And, darling, if you love me, see
 To every absent button.

Myself I'll pack my hammers up
 (Such gear my wife denounces),
 From "Puffing Bill" that weighs two stones,
 To "Trim Tom" of eight ounces.

My pocket compass, chisels, map—
 (Field map with colours slurred on);
 Of packing paper half a ream,
 And bag for daily burden.

I'm sure I've thought of everything,
 My wife and I together,
 For day and night, inside and out,
 For warm or wintry weather.

Nay, stop! my wife, of course, will look
 For news and kind regards;
 So put into my wallet still
 A pack of postal cards.

And now I'm off, go fetch a cab,
 A kiss to all at home;
 Hurrah! hurrah! for the next four weeks,
 O'er hill and dale I roam.

Hard work and mountain air will chase
 All worry from my head;
 And in the little Inns at night,
 Two "tums," and then to bed.