The Library.

Address to a Bookworm.

*[Found in a copy of "Bartholomeus de Rerum Naturalibus," bound
in vellum.]*

MAGGOT! much I wonder why
Thou so pale and frail and shy
Can'st be so almighty spry
At tucking in!

Here's rare old Bartholomew,
Very dry and dusty too,
Yet you've grubbed him through and through
From skin to skin.

How learned, you rascal, you must be
Since you've sapped so studiously
On all this lore—and inwardly
Have much digested!

There's many a dry-as-dust I wot,
Who thinks he knows a precious lot,
Hasn't so "letter-perfect" got
Were he but tested.

That tiny, shiny head of thine
Can through the toughest knowledge mine,
And pick a hole in every line
Of closest reason.

Figures and facts, and even dates,
Law, science, poetry, debates;
Naught on thy tolerant palate grates
That thou can'st seize on.

And yet you *know* whene'er you've hit
Upon some dainty, tasty bit,
For so at least the story's writ
In dear old Bury—

But is it true I'd like to know
You stand upon your tail and crow
To call your mates to taste that flow
Of soul so merry?

If so, thou art a naughty wag,
Irreverent—without a rag
Of decency on which to tag
For liberty—one plea!

Foul grub! My wrath I'll not assuage,
But stretch thee on this ancient page,
And in a calm and righteous rage,
Stereotype thee!

W. R. CREDLAND.