BUSINESS.

"Your account's overdrawn," the bank clerk replied,
To the maiden, with stern and searching look.
"Oh, you're surely mistaken! It can't be," she cried,
"There are lots of checks left in my book."

—Vassar Miscellany.

GREAT SCOTT.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,"
And staggered some, as often will
A stag who's had a horn too much,
And, like the far-famed, fabled Dutch,
Has taken Holland gin. To pull
This story short, the stag was full.

—The Lafayette.

THE LOVERS.

He pressed her gently to his breast,
Her deepest love to stir;
She vowed that she'd loved none but him,
He swore he'd loved but her.

"But, sir," she said, "your fond embrace
Shows forth right royally
That you've had practice; yet you say
That you have loved but me."

"My dear," said he,—his dark eyes laughed,—
"I can't exactly see
From what you judge my actions,
Since you have loved but me!"

—Unit.

THE IDEYS OF THE KING.

A mystic spell upon my spirit lies
Since first I heard the sweet-voiced singer sing
Of magic-built Camelot and the King
Before whose gentle gaze sin faints or flies,
And noble hearts are spurred to high emprise.

When now I sit before my dying fire
I see sun-painted turret, dome and spire
To the low music of the wind arise
From the white ashes, sheen of golden mail,
The flash of spear points high in air, and hark!
The shock of jousting knights upon the field
As falls the charring log. The Holy Grail
Adown a ray of light glides through the dark;
The andirons' lions gleam from Launcelot's shield.

—Wesleyan Lit.

RONDEAU.

When one tries, he succeeds,—
Or so say the creeds
That pretend with some show
Of wisdom to know
How to do mighty deeds.
But for him who succeeds
Some skill, too, he needs
To construct a rondeau
When he tries.

E'en though this he heeds
And the poets long reads,
'Tis in vain,—for no
Inspiration will flow;
He can't do such deeds
When he tries.

—Unit.

THE MARSHES.

Stretching far to southward,
In the sunset's glow,
Lie the yellow marshlands,
Where tall rushes grow.

Here and there the dark pools,
'Mid the bending grass,
Where the ebb-tide left them,
Shine like molten glass.

White gulls, circling landward,
Fly on drooping wing;
Loud their mournful crying
Hitherward they bring.

As the darkness deepens,
Night winds rise and moan,
Sweeping wild and boisterous
O'er the marshlands lone.

—Brunonian.

SUNSET ON THE MARSHES.

There's a call on the marsh at sunset,
From the long grass, swiftly stirred
Into spaceless waves by the seaward wind,
And far off, faintly heard,
From the deeps of air to the deeps of sea,
The voice of the homing bird.

There's a glow on the marsh at sunset,
Where the salt creeks glide away,
Blushing with limpid crimson
At the last smile of the day.
And the flush sweeps on to the paling east,
And dies in the ocean's gray.

There is peace on the marsh at sunset,
From the strength of the boundless sweep
Of sea and sky. Then the ear may hear
The throbs of the world's heart keep
In pulse with man's; for the ocean's voice
Has sung the earth asleep.

—Wellesley Magazine.