My King.

My love is dead, but lives again,
For, like the king, it never dies;
"The King is dead," the herald cries,
"Long live the king," his next refrain.
The old love joins the ghostly train
That to the Past in silence flies,
But, like the king, it never dies.
My love is dead! but lives again.

Oh!
The place of places for a rest
(Escaped from earthly woes)
Can but be found, when found at best,
Here right beneath your nose!
Not even Paradise can give
Of loafing such a store,
Less could annihilation’s self
Of resting give us more!
Good reader, take a friend’s advice,
You’d better read this rhyme through twice!
P. S.

Not guessing where this "Rest" may be,
Initial letters read and see
That you must quite agree with me!

AS IT ONCE WAS.
I will sing you a song of a wonderful land,
Far over the deep rolling sea;
Where the girls have no fads, but are sweet and shy,
Just as folks say they used to be.
Oh! to be in that land of joy, and serene
Far athwart the bounding main;
I would choose me a girl with never a fad,
And I’d never come back again.
Of the bicycle craze they know nothing at all,
In that distant delectable land;
Of the new woman fad they have not even heard—
May the light we have never expand.
Oh! to be in that land for a single hour,
A land of delight it must be;
Where once a woman, always a woman,
And a girl is a girl, don’t you see?

—Exeter Monthly.

GERMAN II.
In the German, oh, Professor,
When our wits are dim and low,
And the shadows on our mem’ries
Seem so dense they ne’er will go;
When our understandings fail us,
Causing us such untold woe,
Will you think of us as being
Where you were long years ago?

In the German, oh, Professor,
Think of us not bitterly,
Though our papers “pass” so poorly,
And from markings ne’er are free.
Oh, our hearts are filled with longings
For success that cannot be!
Can we master Deutsch constructions
In the dim Eternity?
—University Chronicle.

ODE TO AN OLD CHAFING DISH.
Old chafing dish I’ll ne’er forget
The evenings we’ve together spent,
When you had all your newness yet
And were not tarnished, cracked or bent.
A party of, perhaps, three or four,
To work each one most quickly got,
And cooking’s secrets did explore,
To make a rabbit piping hot.
But now old chafing dish I see
That you and I must say good-by;
I grieve your ending thus should be,
But you are broke and so am I.

—Yale Record.

TO ONE I LOVE.
"To One I Love,"—ah, that would be
A title fit for an epic grand,
A song of a maid who is dear to me,
Whose slightest wish can my will command.
I’d sing of her eyes and flowing hair,
Dilate on the beauties of her face,
Rave o’er her figure of mould so fair
And her every motion of perfect grace.
All this I’d do—and I think I could—
Counting the time spent on it blest,
But—"To One I Love," don’t you think it would
Tend to queer me a little with the rest?
—The Yale Record.

Said A to B, "ICUR
Inclined to BAJ."
Said B, "Your wit my worthy friend
Shows signs of sad DK."
—Yale Courant.