

The second effort marks the extraordinary mental power of author:—

And the bloomin' sun came out  
 And dried the bloomin' rain  
 And then that bloomin' sparrow  
 Went up that spout again.

I thought I saw "Tommy" the other day and he thought he saw me. But when we went up to each other, we found it was neither of us.

Teacher—Please translate, "Si sic omnes."

Brilliant pupil—All *seasick*.

JR. ED.



## Dead Summer.

O radiance that can never more return!

Thou art quenched out of life, and distant flown,  
 The close - pruned bough may heal, and sprout anew,

And some frivolous hearts may quickly learn  
 To praise frore Winter's verdure - searing dew.

But as the painter that long seeks in vain  
 A novel tint to charm his hungry eye,  
 Dreams it will woven be on Morning's loom,  
 And, waiking, finds grey Dawn bears no such gain,  
 So have I lost a glory to the tomb.

C.