

A MOSAIC.

" In tempus old a hero lived
 Qui loved puellas deux ;
 He ne pouvait pas quite to say
 Which une amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-même un beau matin,
 ' Non possun both avoir ;
 Sed si address Amanda Ann,
 Then Kate and I have war.

' Amanda habet argent coin,
 Sed Kate has aureas curls ;
 Et both sunt very agathai,
 Et quite formosæ girls !"

Enfin, the youthful anthropos,
 Philoun the duas maids,
 Resolved proponere' to Kate
 Avant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then ad Kate's domum,
 Il trouve Amanda there,
 Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
 Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed, smiling on the new tapis,
 Between puellas twain,
 Cœpit to tell his flame to Kate
 Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever and anon
 At fair Amanda's eyes,
 Illæ non possunt dicere
 Pro which he means his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi-vow,
 With cheeks as rouge as wine ;
 And offering each a milk-white hand,
 Both whispered—' Ich bin dein.'

—*University Gazette, Montreal.*

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

They do neither plight nor wed
 In that city of the dead,
 In the city where they sleep away the hours ;
 But they lie, while o'er them range
 Winter's blight and summer's change,
 And a hundred happy whispering of flowers.
 No : they neither wed nor plight
 And the day is like the night,
 For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
 In that burgh of by and by,
 Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long ;
 But they rest within their bed,
 Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
 Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
 No : they neither sigh nor sing
 Though the robin be a-wing,
 Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
 In the city of surcease,
 From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun ;

And the wings of swift years beat gently o'er their biers,
 Making music to the sleepers everyone.
 There is only peace and rest
 But to them it seemeth best
 For they be at ease and know that work is done.

—*The Cadet, Denver.*

ILL-OMENED.

His arms, with strong and firm embrace,
 Her dainty form enfold,
 And she had blushed her sweet consent,
 When he his story told.

" And do you swear to keep your troth ?"
 She asked with loving air ;
 He gazed into her upturned face,
 " Yes, by yon elm I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,
 Of h's heart she'd lost the helm ;
 She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—
 The tree was slippery elm.

—*Yale Record.*

DANTE'S FAREWELL.

As I rise from out the darkness,
 Out of darkness into light,
 Bice, I can see thee waiting
 To receive me ; blessed sight !

I am coming, dearest lady !
 None but thee will I obey,
 In the morning, in the evening ;
 Be it night, or be it day.

I have seen this realm infernal,
 I have crossed the Stygian stream ;
 I now see thee, lovely creature,
 Floating onward like a dream—

And my life is very different
 From the happy life once led.
 Since we first met, Beatrice,
 Fifteen summers have now sped.

Time flows onward still, sweet angel,
 Death must come—the passing bell ;
 In the past we read the future ;
 Beatrice, love, farewell !

—*Hamilton Literary Monthly.*

THE THIRD YEAR'S MAN.

It is grind, grind, grind,
 Till he's wearied in body and mind.
 At meals he grinds with his teeth,
 And between he grinds with his brain ;
 And when he has had just as much as should serve,
 He's up and at it again,
 With his notes on muscle on bone, on bone and muscle
 and nerve,

For its grind, grind, from morning till night ;
 Till appetite's feeble and sleep put to flight,
 And his temper ne'er good grows decidedly bad.
 So his mother can't think what's come over the lad,
 And his sisters declare that their brother's gone mad.