

THE TROUBLES OF THE EDITORS.

Though I've never been a soldier,
Or a sailor of the sea ;
Never felt the flying bullets,
Or a vessel heave a-lee ;
Never been a prairie hunter,
Or a pirate of the main ;
Never faced the fabled niggers
Born in Rider Haggard's brain.

I have been in ugly places,
Though no shocking scars you see—
(As for medals, they're not given,
Though, I think, they ought to be).
I have groaned 'neath Christmas puddings,—
One small planet 's in my eye,
But, ah ! then 't was in my—(you know) ;
I have eaten college pie.

Twice was I in Arctic winter,
Though the season was the fall ;
Once was at an evening party,
Once an after-dinner call.
I have listened to a sermon,
Preached, I think, on Babel tower,
And 't was strictly about nothing,
'Cept. alas ! about an hour.

I have passed examinations,
Rather, I should say, have writ ;
Reader, you perhaps have been there—
(Groans.) The subject I will quit.
Not to speak of divers meetings,—
Dread compulsory interviews,—
Meetings that have oft suggested
Hurried packing and adieus.