

And thou must assist at a sacrament  
Where the life of the dying is well-nigh spent."

King Philip followed, for then in the land  
A monarch obeyed a priest's command.

Besmirched with his blood Bartolomé  
Struck down by a brand of Toledo lay.

A silver lamp threw a ghostly glow,  
The oil in the silver lamp was low.

Bartolomé gazed at the King as one  
Whose eyes are dimmed at the noontide sun.

For once he had plotted an evil thing,  
Castile to be free by death of the King.

Then gat he pardon, but plotted still  
And hid himself from the alguacil.

Well Philip knew of the murder plan,  
But his face turned not from the sinful man.

"Once more I pardon, for who am I  
To dwell on vengeance when death is nigh?"

The Latin froze on the lips of the priest,  
The oil in the silver lamp had ceased.

And Philip homeward gat him again,  
A King of himself and a King of men.

—*The Oxford Magazine.*

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Konsider the Postage Stamp, my son, its usefulness konsists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.—*Josh Billings.*

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The following seems to be about the latest edition of "Mary had a Little Lamb." After all, as someone has said, the world does not require to be informed so much as to be reminded.

"There was to a youthful virgin Maria a parvile agnusian animal of whom the pellesian adornment was nivian-albid and to whatsoever localities Maria elected to direct her viatorial purpose, no doubt there was but that this specimen of a gre-garious genus would assume of its proper volition an obsequious attendance. It fell that on a certain solar day Maria had occasion to present herself corporeally at a scholastic institution (which action, it is apparent, was not a cotidian office of Maria), and the amicable animal, as was his wont, sequiled the peregrinatory movemenst of its inscient mistress, even unto the seat of learning, which deed, for a fact, was in patent opposition to the codified regulations on the subject. The