

PEOPLE WE MEET, XXI.

*A student stood before the throne,
Exams were drawing near,
The student pointed to the stack
And wiped away a tear.
“Do you suppose,” he humbly asked,
“That I could get in there!”
A shiver ran thro’ Mr. Gould,
There came a muttered—prayer,
He looked the student up and down,
He gasped, “What! you in THERE?”
Then called the ambulance, and said
“The General, with care.”*