

Pastepot was stirred by such a thrust; but he was greatly attached to an old Amherst Lit., and he stuck fast.

"No, it is not absurd," he persisted. "I know that the Editor does not care what other exchange editors may think about it. What he wishes is to please the readers of the LANCE, and he don't care whether the 'stuff' is a month old, or a year old. Don't you think so, Inkbottle?"

"Yes, I do," answered Inkbottle, for he knew that it would be a red letter day for him.

Pen, the secretary of the association, also agreed, so Shears, realizing the uselessness of further comment, shut up and said nothing.

Paper-lance, their President, who had been watching the Critic all this time, now exclaimed,—

"Come fellows, the Critic has his coat off, and he wants our help right away."

So the meeting was adjourned, and they all begun to search for a Lancelet or two.

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Among the College undergraduate writers of verses, the Critic often notices the name of Geo. S. Hellman in the Columbia Literary Monthly. Here is a production of his pen,—both pleasing to the ear, and suggestive to the fancy of many deep sea pearls of thought.

COLERIDGE.

Thine is the mystic melody.
The far-off murmur of some dreamland sea
Lifting throughout the night,
Up to the moon's mild light,
Waves silver-lustrous, silvery white,
That beat in rhythm on the shadowy shore,
And burst in music, and are seen no more.