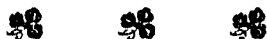


goodness' sake, my dear friends, cheer up!'"

"Now Ye Postman is all right as far as he goes. But it strikes his humble friend, The Critic, that there is a third class of verse writers. Those who haul out the skelton of some old joke from the closet of the ages, and try to dress it up in new clothes. I say 'try' because they usually give it such a misfit that the skelton is left half bare, and the effect is far from pleasing. Such writers seem to think that anything that has no sense is a joke; while the readers think that anybody who has no sense is a fool.

"Why not let the dead rest in peace? Perhaps the editor's of school and small college magazines can be partly excused on the plea that it is all they can get. But when they quote nothing but nonsense in their exchange department, their leg of reason is surely lame."

"But 'tis enough. The battle is fought, the victory gained. And now for the spoils of war."



Here is a translation from the German of Gustave Falke, in the *Amherst Lil.* A very pleasing description of the breaking of day.

TAGESANBRUCH.

The stream, forever fleeting,
Rests not the whole night long,
The earliest bird-voice greeting
That wakens into song.

A little bark is crawling
Across the harbor-bar.
A gold-red glory falling
On every mast and spar.

But now a breeze, up-springing,
Stretches all canvas tight,
And the craft goes swiftly winging
On, outward, into light