

He bought, indeed, three pecks of barley meal,
 To knead into a pudding for his court.
 Then entered he the city all amid
 The joyful shouting of his people there.
 Guinevere, his wife, the only child
 Of Leodogran, king of Camerlaird,
 Not feeling shame to labor with her hands,
 Nor aid in crowning Arthur's victory,
 Descended to the kitchen with her maids,
 Clothed in white samite, and she kneaded there
 The ponderous pudding for her lord's delight.
 All cullinary art exhausted she
 Upon this masterpiece of matron's skill,
 And, when their fair results lay side by side,
 The queen's work was not meaner than her lord's;
 For Arthur drew all principdoms to himself,
 Their head and king, and made a realm, and ruled,
 She took the barley meal and truant plums
 And made a pie and ate. Upon that night,
 King Arthur made a feast for all his court
 And all his knights and their fair dames were there,
 Sir Bedivere and Launcelot were there,
 And all the Order sat with him at board.
 At midnight all the boistrous revelry
 Was silenced, and at Merlin's mystic word,
 A company from ont the kitchen wound
 Clothed in white samite, with the queen at head
 Blushing and beautious; just behind her came
 The Lady of the Lake, the same who gave
 Excalibur, and after her Elaine,
 The maid beloved by Sir Launcelot.
 These bore between them, on a mighty dish
 The smoking pudding with its holly crown
 Clothed in white vapor, mystic, wonderful.
 King Arthur took the pudding from their hands
 And placed it solemnly before the guests
 On the Round Table, then he raised aloft
 His sword, Excalibur and cleft the great
 Plum pudding, which is England's epic still,
 So Arthur and his knighthood for a space
 Were one in aim, united in desire,
 And after they subdued the heathen hoards
 They placed the pudding on the Table Round,
 Which in the symbol of the great, round world,
 In Arthur's hall, and drew their swords and ate.

RIDING SONG.

(Suggested by Hungarian Martial Music)

Copied from a recient issue of Mahogany Tree.

Ride! for the battle is gathering and hurrying,
 Spear-points glittering on every side,
 Fast as wolves to the blood-feast scurrying!
 Ride! to the goal of vengeance! Ride!
 Who shall hinder us! we whose thundering
 Horse-hoofs throb to the battle! Bide
 Ye that will, while the world stands wondering!
 Ride! to the goal of vengeance! Ride!
 "Freedom!" the trumpets blow, golden and glerious,
 "God is the lord of the battle? Pride
 Sinks back slain at his voice victorious.
 Ride! to the goal of vengeance! Ride!

Flank to flank, with the great pace quickening,
 Banners blazing to onset. Wide
 Stretch their ranks, and their spears are thickening.
 Ride! to the goal of vengeance! Ride!
 See! they turn:—their ranks are scattering!
 On, like the lightning! Side by side,—
 Bare blades reddening, lances shattering,—
 Ride! to the goal of vengeance! Ride!

—Herbert Bates.

AN ADDRESS.

Delivered by HON. G. M. LAMBERTSON at the opening of the Law School.

When asked to deliver a short address, with emphasis on "short," before the law school, I declined because of pressure of business; this was not satisfactory; I then asked to be excused on the ground of ill-health, but the Chancellor and Dean held this excuse insufficient. I felt like saying to the Dean of the law school, as an Arab Sheik who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbor. He declined, saying "I want the rope to tie up my milk." "Surley, said his neighbor, you don't mean to say that you can tie up milk with a rope?" "My brother," said the Sheik, "when you don't want to do a thing, one reason is as good as another." Such an excuse as that would doubtless have been held good. I failed to make it, so I am here without further apology. Indeed, a lawyer does not need to account for his appearance, for I think I may say, with the known modesty of my profession, that a lawyer is never out of place; he always fills his niche, whether in the public hall, the temple of justice or in the temple of the Most Holy. Indeed, no occasion is complete without him. Whenever a subscription is to be headed, a town meeting to be held, an enterprise to be inaugurated, a convention, local or national, to be assembled, an event or anniversary to be celebrated, or a feast enjoyed, the lawyer is in demand, and his presence seems not only appropriate, but indispensable. He shrinks or swells to meet every occasion, like the fabled tent of the oriental prince, which might be so condensed as to become a mere toy for a lady's finger, and then again so spread out that armies might repose under its