One of the most poetical of the recent productions of the college muse is this from the Harvard Advocate: —

**THE CARDINAL FLOWER.**

Upon the bank the deep-red flower shone
Amid the autumn grass, embrowned and sere,
A tiny dewdrop sparkled thereupon
In semblance of a tear.

Above, a flock of tardy birds took flight
Unto the meadows of a sunnier clime;
And in the west gathered the gloomy night,—
The night of autumn time.

Beside, the river, flowing to the sea,
Made low lament, blown over by the breeze,
For summer's death; and the same threnody
Sang the wind-shaken trees.

I did not pluck the flower that bloomed so fair,
But left it, bannerwise, to swing and wave,—
To fade, and mingle with the wave-grass there,
Over September's grave.

**UPON THE SHORE.**

Down on the shore the maiden stands,
Stretching her gleaming, pallid hands
Out to the hungry, foaming sea,
Where the wild winds sweep in their horrid gleam.

Breakers are kissing her naked feet,
Her hair is covered with snow and sleet,
Still she stands like a tortured ghost,
Asking the sea for what is lost.

"O ravenous sea, O cruel sea!
Why hast thou taken my all from me,
So fair and so bright, and now, alack!—
Will those you have taken ever come back?"

"O terrible sea, O hungry sea!
List to the prayer I raise to thee."
But the sea still laughs as it sweeps away,
And the winds with her tangled tresses play.

Still through the night the maiden stands,
Down on the icy-coated sands,
While from her eyes the tear-drops flow;
She has lost her shoes in the undertow!

_Athenæum._