Shells.
Tipped by the light of a silver moon,
Three little shells in a casket lie;
Dearer are they than the richest boon,
Hid from the sight of the friendliest eye.
Fair are the visions they bring to view,
Memories sweet in a feverish flow,
Dreams of a girl by the tossing blue,
Down by the sea when the sun was low.
Far in the realms of gold and white,
Tinting the clouds with the rose’s hue,
Peacefully floating in silent might,
The sun went down ’neath the silvery blue.
There on the sands where the billow rolls,
Singing its anthems to skies above,
Sweet was the music that filled our souls,
Our love foretold an eternal love.
Down by the shores that the sea waves lave,
Gently I forced her to gladly bestow
These little shells that the sea nymphs gave:
Flushed was her face in the sunset glow.
Fair are the visions they bring to view,
Memories sweet in a feverish flow,
Dreams of a girl by the tossing blue,
Down by the sea when the sun was low.
A. W. C.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

Next year a neat black coat I’ll wear,
And comb my hair each day,
I’ll sit bolt upright in my chair,
And slave to get my pay.
I’ll pass the plate around the church,
And maybe teach a class,
For dimes and dollars I will search,—
And long for Boston, Mass.
I’ll wish I were at Billy Park’s,
And drinking down his ale;
Again grow careless of my marks,
While desiccating quail;
On Beacon Street I’ll wish to flit,
Chrysanthemum on my chest;
To hear once more the merry wit
Of Thatcher, Primrose, West.
And though I know the foaming cup
Deserves Clarinda’s frown,
You have to put your gold watch up
While putting liquor down;
But wait until I see your face
In half a dozen years,
We’ll strike again the old-time pace,—
Here, Jimmy! bring two beers.
—Harvard Lampoon.