THE TECH.

SUNSET.

A pearly sky,
Dimpled with the snowy bloom
Of cream-white roses
Floating by,
Each soft rolling, till it loses
Lustre in the twilight gloom.

A crimson sky,
Flashing out resplendent gold,
Silver mountains
Piling high,
Sparkling forth celestial fountains
'Gainst the darkness onward rolled.

A dusky sky,
Fringed with slowly dying light,—
Sombre massing
Driving nigh,
Over eve's last footprint passing;—
Peeps a starbeam from the night.

DECEPTION.

Among her curls with wanton glee
The breezes play caressingly,
Catch up stray locks with cunning grace,
And as she turns aside her face,
Blow them about provokingly.

Then with a smile that's fair to see
She tries, and most coquetishly
To stop the breeze's merry race
Among her curls.

But all in vain, for now one wee,
Small lock escapes, and is still free.
And as I peer beneath the lace
I see, stowed snugly in its place,
A tiny switch put secretly
Among her curls.

DREADFUL.

"Oh, Jack!" the maiden eager cried,
"I'm learning billiard-law,
For pa has just been teaching me
The 'follow,' 'English,' 'draw.'"

"Dost know what 'kissing' is?" I asked,
In accents calm and slow,
And heard the blushing maid reply,
"Well—not in billiards, no!"

DESTRUCTION.

His fingers fly o'er harps unstrung,
His dreams are dreamed, his life is spent;
Another voice is heard among
The paths he loved, the ways he went.

Some other wanderer on the earth,
Singing the songs he loved to tell,
Yet draw their notes not half so well.

What story of a life had he;
Or who among the stranger throng,
Had heard the harpist strike the key,
And sing his own romantic song?

Perchance if one had known the strain,
Or read the cadence of the chords,
A future day might render plain
A story never told in words.

For him, now mute, his faithful lyre
The comrade of his earthly strife,
Once held on every trembling wire,
The story of the minstrel's life.

Along the shoreless sea of time,
For him there lay another course;
That might have led to ends sublime,
And turned his weakness into force.

The harp is mute, the minstrel dead,
Apart from every earthly pride;
The sorrows of his song have fled,
The love-notes of his harp have died.