"A knight of chivalry," she said,
   Her voice in soft attune,
"Is very fine, but I prefer
   A moonlight night in June."  —Ex.

A NIGHTMARE.
I saw it, a vision as fearful
   As ever a Dorc has drawn,
As ever a novice of beer full
   Saw rise in the glimmering dawn.
There grinned from a ghastly round something,
   All covered with gruesome long hair,
A head, to inspire a dumb thing
   To yell in a frenzied despair.
I saw it, nor sank into faintness;
And what was the reason for that?
'Twas merely a milliner's quaintness;
The thing was a Co-ed's new hat.

—Wrinkle.

THE TWILIGHT.
Glowing clouds of pink and gold,
   Tinkling bells from the distant fold,
And the katydids are crying.
   Drowsy birds in the tree-top nest,
Lilies asleep on the water's breast,
   Plashing waves on the silvery pond,
Softening hues in the woods beyond,
   And the sun in the west is dying.

—Wellesley Magazine.

PROMETHEUS CHAINED.
Self-doomed to gyve and talon! Hour by hour
   The crawling days drag out their torturous train;
The sun smites on him, and the freezing rain;
And though each thrill of anguish he has power
   To make the last, and step into a bower
Of ease profounder than his present pain,
He will not yield, though beak and claw that strain
To its last shred that faithful heart devour.
So fared he long ago who brought men light;
   So fared the light-bringer of latter days;
And we, who owe his gift our warmth and light,
   Forget the heaven he leaves to bring its rays,—
Forget the piercing crags, the vulture-spite,
   And all the pain whereby that blessing stays.

—Brown Magazine.

EN TRAIN.
"Excuse me, Cholly-boy," she said,
"I hope you will not care,
But you would please me very much
   If you would ring the fair."  —Wrinkle.

THE POET AT THE CLUB.
O that the world were upside down,
   And all things wrong side up,
Then would we merry little men
   Fill each his flowing cup.
And, in the happy, mellow wine,
   We merry little men
Would turn the poor old twisted world
   All right side up again.

—Wellesley Magazine.

A REVERIE.
As in the densest darkness of the night,
   In forests creaking 'gainst the heavy blasts,
When beating snows are sighing through the oaks,
   The homeward wanderer struggles up the slope
To find at once across his vision thrown
The glinting rays of distant village lights;
So in the deep gloom of our unbelief,
   In the nightly tempest of our doubts and fears,
We rise by virtue's hand to higher ground,
   And hope again across our pathway shines.

—Dartmouth Lit.

FOUR-O'CLOCKS.
It was that they loved the children,
The children used to say,
   For there was no doubt
That when school was out,
At the same time every day,
   Down by the wall,
Where the grass grew tall,
   Under the hedge of the hollyhocks,
One by one,
   At the touch of the sun,
There opened the four-o'clocks.

It was that they loved the children;
   But the children have gone away;
   When nobody knows,
At the same time every day,
   To see by the wall,
Where the grass grows tall,
   Under the hedge of the hollyhocks,
How, one by one,
   At the touch of the sun,
Still open the four-o'clocks.

—Wellesley Magazine.