SUNSET.
The golden glory quivers on the lake;
A robin's vester note sounds clear and true;
Beyond the far hill line, one long, pale cloud
Lies like a thought of God across the blue.

—Wellesley Magazine.

ONE THING LACKING.
He was versed in all Philosophy,
He understood Theosophy;
Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Sanscrit,
To him were merely play.
In Conchology, Philology,
And else in Egyptology,
Biology, Psychology,
You'd find he was au fait.
He never used profanity,
Was noted for urbanity,
Could play a game of billiards
Or pitch a ton of hay.
He could sing like Campanini,
He could act like great Salvini,
And was often called upon
To lead Y. M. C. A.
But celebral capacity
And unexcelled sagacity
Cannot protect the victim
Of fickle Fortune's frown.
And when the girls, both great and small,
Learned that he couldn't play football,
They gently then, each one and all,
But firmly, turned him down.

—The Lafayette.

INDIAN SUMMER.
As frosty age renews the early fire,
Whose eager flame in hazy warmth appears,
And brings once more across the shadowy years
The vanished dreams that kindle and inspire;
As time repeats the hour of young desire
In smoother laughter and more tranquil tears,
Stir through the pulse of the withered sire—
So when November, sharp with frost and sleet
And moaning winds about the rocky height,
Has reaped the shining forest to his hand,
The charm of spring returns in mellower heat
To veil the leafless hills in mellower light,
And broods in peace above the naked land.

—Lehigh Burr.

“FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF.”
“Shall we ever get through?” sighed a Freshman,
With the thought of the flunk notes galore,
“Shall we ever get safe to that haven
Of rest—the year Sophomore?”
A comforting classmate made answer,
“Of course we are safe. Don't repine.
Take courage. Go quick, read your Bible,
We belong to the ninety and nine.”

—The Vassar Miscellany.

LOVE'S LOGIC.
“Out of sight is out of mind,”
Yet “Absence makes the heart grow fonder;”
How can this paradox be true?
Does Dolly love me still, I wonder?
If absence makes the one forget,
And makes the other's love grow stronger,
And I to Dolly still am true,
Then Dolly's true to me no longer!
But both, I'm sure, cannot be true,
Or else were Reason naught but Folly:
And I'll believe her heart is mine
As much as mine belongs to Dolly!

—Harvard Advocate.

AN ALL-AROUND MAN.
In the class room while students
More brilliant are known,
He finds no great hardship
In holding his own.
On the gridiron and diamond
With victories sown,
There too he is in it,
And holding his own.
And now in the evening,
When daylight has flown,—
But words are too feeble,
He's holding his Own.

—The Lafayette.

KNIGHTED.
All night within the dim cathedral choir
He watched beside his armor; vigil kept
With prayer and fasting, while his fellows slept;
And as the gray dawn touched the cross-capped spire
There came to him a vision. Holy fire
Of pure devotion up within him leapt,
The song of service through his spirit swept,—
God's accolade bestowed on lowly squire.
When the sun shone across the world's new day
They found him at the altar. Not a trace
Of struggle on the fair uplifted face;
And as they bore him home they softly trod,
With reverent feet, as those who go to pray.
He died a squire. Asise, O knight of God!

—Wellesley Magazine.