CASTLES IN SPAIN.

When the purple flush of the sunset haze
Broods over the pathless fields of foam,
While To-day is joining the Yesterdays,
I tarry, and watch the ships come home.

And that one, far in the eastern sea,
Whose sails in the sunlight are cloth of gold,
Is mine, is mine, and coming to me,
Bringing me joy and wealth untold.

Those gilded crests on the crimson plain,
That flushes the eastern sky with light,
I know they are towers of my castle in Spain,
And my ship is coming, is coming to-night.

But the sails grow white in the gathering gloom.
The wineland dulls to sodden clouds,
The day lies dead in its white mist shrouds;
"To-morrow," I whisper, "my ship will come."
—Tale Courant

"SOMETHING."

When you tell me there is "something"
That makes one glad at heart,
That makes one try to get you
This "something" to impart;
When you tell me that this "something"
Just fills your soul with bliss,
I know this "something" must be
From your lips, a dainty kiss.
—Polytechnic.

MEETING.

With many a sigh and locked embrace
They met though some strange wonder
Ne'er had they met this way before—
Now scarcely torn asunder.
They rose to part; she shed a tear.
Though varied were the rumors,
His wheel had struck that of the girl,
Who was trying her new bloomers.
—University Courier.

IN THE FIREPLACE.

The red flame dances with ghoulish glee
Over the embers of what has been
The majestic king of the forest green,
And gnaws at the heart of the great oak tree.
—The Lotus.

MY VALENTINE.

I sent to her a valentine
With love expressed in every line,
For, as I wrote, her darling face
Arose from that most sacred place
Where it, from worldly thing apart,
Is kept concealed within my heart.

And now, with throbbing heart, she takes
And reads the words her lover makes
Describe his wound from Cupid's shot—
While I must mourn and wail my lot;
For, oh! alas! the valentine
That she doth read—it is not mine!
—Columbia Spectator

A SKATING SONG.

Swinging I glide down the frozen tide,
Where the wild north winds are blowing;
The ice flakes reel
From my flying steel,
Swiftly I bound o'er the cracking sound,
In the starlight distant glowing.
Surges the blood in a merry flood,
To the rush my heart is bending;
My skate-points rip
In the Frost King's nip;
Oh, that the earth had an ice-bound girth,
And old Winter knew no ending!
—Harvard Advocate.

THE REPORTORIAL PUFF.

Daughter dear, now how is this;
You shocked me by the sight;
Why did you that reporter kiss
Who wrote the ball last night?
Mamma dear, my reason's this:
You told me long ago
To always give a smile and kiss
When I received a "blow."
—Bowdoin Orient.

THE PASSING OF THE WIND.

In harvest-time, with gentle crooning
Amid the pines and beechwood trees,
Like some ethereal harp a-tuning,
Gently filters the summer breeze.
It tells the brook of the sea beyond,
And whispers low to the daffodil;
It rustles in the reeds by the pond,
Then hurries away up the wooded hill.
And when the year is slowly dying,
The geese o'erhead in honking haste,
Hear the wild wind in their southward flying,
Sweeping o'er valley and mountain waste.
—Harvard Advocate.