

## A DAY DREAM.

Behind the distant mountain, falls  
 The fading golden sun,  
 And to our weary heart recalls  
 Those happy days—again to come—  
 So sweetly resplendent  
 With joy, oh, transcendent!  
 Those days of our vacation.

Those days like minutes swiftly passed—  
 Yes, fleeting as a dream;  
 But still the joys that we amassed  
 Through many a varied scheme,  
 Shall live in men'ry dear,  
 And draw us ever near  
 Those days of recreation.

And now while sitting in our room,  
 Some gazing keen and sharp;  
 And some appearing as if doom  
 Would spoil a purposed lark,  
 With frightful glance we see,  
 The coming days will be  
 Those days of tribulation.

And worse than these, then next will come  
 The days that try men's souls—  
 Their knowledge, too—and oh what some  
 Will *do* as each day rolls!  
 For strong hearts sometimes weep  
 To think of what they'll reap—  
 Those days of examination.

More painful yet than each or all,  
 The days of which we spoke,  
 Are those that cause the saddened fall,  
 And blight our every hope.  
 It always gives us fear  
 To think they're drawing near  
 Those days of quittance.

Thus many a castle did we build  
 With tow'ring walls and spire;  
 As with a tale each heart was thrilled,  
 And kindled to a fire.  
 We then forgot the past,  
 And thought of now as last,  
 The day of graduation.