

Well, as for the Indian, he was returned to his old master, and within a few hours had picked up the broken thread of his old-time life and had regained his original standing in the eyes of men. It may be safe to conjecture, however, that his short, enforced residence in the shadow of the classic portals of the college at Saranac had not the slightest influence in making him either a wiser or a better man.

R. T. STROHM, '98.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

MURILLO'S MAGDALENE.

Grief unutterable lies
 In thy upturned, anguish'd eyes,—
 Thou hast sinned, O Magdalene.
 Still, a pleading word half slips
 From those parted, quiv'ring lips,—
 Thy repentance, Magdalene.
 He hath heard thee ere 'twas spoken,
 Hope hath claimed thee, sin is broken,—
 He forgiveth, Magdalene.

—*The Mt. Holyoke.*

REVERIE.

Through the twilight's low-voiced silence
 Comes the nesting song of birds;
 Sweet and clear beyond the meadow
 Sounds the lowing of the herds.
 And the gentle mood that holds one,
 Like the memory of a song,
 At the threshold halts, but finding
 Kindly welcome, lingers long.

—*The Gettysburg Mercury.*

THE MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe was hanging high,
 The hallway lamp was burning low,
 Together we were standing nigh
 The mistletoe.