

And who, when his College course is done, and he has weighed his anchor, dropped down the harbor, and sailed out upon the sea, shall not, as he furls his sail among the "Isles of Rest" after battling with the storm, dream of the old, old days of laughter and of song.

AFTER BOHEMIA'S SEAS.

My sail is down. The Isles of Rest
Loom sweet upon the shadowy lea;
I've dropped my rattling anchor chain.
In the mirror tide of an idle sea.
Out of the West the even-glow
Sinks soft upon my weary soul.
I would not grasp the helm anew
Nor breast the beckoning billow's roll.
Yet sometimes when a truant breeze
Lipsps of the song of a wind-swept main,
I love to drift in memory
Back to the old, old days again.

Back to the ring of glasses,
Back to the bursts of song,
Back to the smiles of lasses,
And laughter echoing long.
Back to an endless summer
With never an autumn's haze,
Where skies were blue
And friends were true,
Back to the old, old days !

Yale Lit.

