

The Sybil contains the following prose sketch—a description of morning and evening—very nicely done.



Soft gray, amber, rose, then blue. Softly day creeps to the edge of the hills. A peep, then a twitter, a flutter of wings. Brighter day grows, now crimson, now gold. The wee feathered throats half burst with their song, "Day has come! Day has come!"

But, it stays not long. Again it creeps to the edge of the hills. Again it grows purple, rosy, gray. Again the twitter, the peep-a-by song, with the whip-poor-will far in the distance who sings, "Day is done! Day is done."



Come read this song with me, in the *Williams Literary Monthly*. Then let us hie away to the lake and join in the merry sport.

SONG OF ICE-BOATING.

You have heard the mighty roaring of the wind
 among the trees,
 You have seen its might tossing of the deep;
 Have you ever heard it coming when you crouched
 on bended knees,
 And an ice-boat had you fast within its keep?
 Have you ever heard the wind,
 The chilling, driving wind,
 As it hastens from behind and never gains?
 Then it's go, go, go,
 Like an arrow from the bow,
 While the wild wind shrieks its icy note;
 With a broad, white field before you,
 And the driving snow blown o'er you,
 There is nothing now can head the wind-winged boat.