

After a fortnight's absence I return;
 The frame no longer empty stands, but now
 A pair of dark and flashing eyes confront
 The gaze; another princess has come in,
 Another queen now sways this little realm,
 The other sovereign's gone and is forgot.

—*Swarthmore Phœnix.*



THE BREATH OF THE STORM.

Oh, the storm's in the sky and the wind's in the air,
 And the breath of the night folds me round everywhere
 With a longing resistless to hide in the grass
 And catch at the spirits of night as they pass,
 To feel the soft greenness that lies all around;
 And the firmness and freshness and smell of the ground.
 The cool of the grass, with the scent of the flowers,
 Mounts up to my brain, and, like wine, overpowers
 My senses, and maddens my veins with its fire,
 And fills me and thrills me with wildest desire
 To leap in the arms of the night and away
 Where the winds and storms hold their revels, and play
 With the souls that are free; and like them I would go
 With the lightning and thunder, the rain and the snow,
 A thing of the darkness, the clouds and the rain,
 Forgetful of earth, and untouched by its pain,—
 Oh, the storm's in the sky, and the wind's in the air,
 And the breath of the night has my soul in its care.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

