

A dreamy, shifting, boundless haze
 Of filmy, fleeting forms possessed,
 Rayless, but for aimless rays
 That are, and when we seek, are lost.
 Elusive lights that fade and pale
 In the drift of life beyond the veil.

—*The Bowdoin Quill.*

CONFESSION

“ Pin them over my heart,” she said,
 When he asked where to place
 A tiny bunch of violets blue
 To smile in her fair face.
 But, sore perplexed, he asked of her,
 “ Ah, where is your heart, I pray? ”
 And lower she bowed her dear, fair head—
 She bowed and turned away.

—*Exchange.*

ONE SUMMER

Beside the surging moon-lit sea
 We built of sand full solemnly
 The strangest castles, I and she—
 The saucy maid with laughing eyes,
 Whose sudden speech
 And low sweet insolent replies
 Brought many a subtle vague surmise
 Upon the beach.
 Till midst the castles that we planned
 So earnestly, my straying hand
 Had found another in the sand,
 And quite forgot to let it fall
 By some mistake,
 Until the old oaths musical
 And meaningless were sworn that all
 Shall swear and break.
 Ah, 'twas a dainty game we played
 Upon the beach, my bright-eyed maid,
 And pleasant, too, when all is said,
 Through you, perchance, upon that shore
 And 'neath that sky
 Had watched the sea with many more,
 In fact, had played the game before . . .
 Well, so had I.

—*William and Mary College Monthly.*