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DREAM SYMPHONIES.

'Tis when the mind is weary,
And the heart is sad and lone,
That some sweet strain of music
Creeps in through memory's portals
To soothe and heal our every wound,
To chase the shades of care away
And leave instead the sunset glow,
When storms are past and clouds are rent
With tinted edges, gold on blue;
And peerless sunlight shining through
Proclaims that peace from heaven is sent;
And the peace creeps into the heart's high shrine
'Till we lose ourselves in the memory
Of the song that seems divine.

F. T. C., '00.



THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF POE.

ON the 7th of October of this year there was unveiled amid appropriate ceremonies at the University of Virginia the Zolnay bust of Edgar Allan Poe. It was more than a mere college gathering to honor a distinguished son; it was a national event. Men of every walk of life through the whole