

the forcefulness of its execution, and in the technical perfection of the whole. Such scenes as that of the first meeting of Launcelot and Guinevere, in the Rose Garden of Leodogrance's castle, go far to prove the dramatic power of the poet, and such characters as that of the court jester, Dagonet, go far to show his deep human insight into the heart of man. We leave the drama with a sense of loss. Mordred's vindication comforts us but little for the loss of that Arthur, who through Tennyson has become the ideal knight of chivalry.

M. H. SKINNER, '98.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

AT Christmastide we wistfully turn
Our thoughts to the years that are past,
To joys that are ashes in memory's urn,
And we grieve that they could not last.

What hopes we cherished in life's gay prime !
What castles we built in the air !
Which the iron hand of pitiless Time
Has covered with shrouds of despair.

A pictured vision breaks clear on my sight
Of faces that beamed with love and glee—
And voices that thrilled with rare delight,
And were sweetest music to me.

The dearest friends of those Christmastides
Passed away with the years that are fled :
Beautiful maidens and hopeful brides
Now are wrinkled and grey and dead.

Yet, with silent force these vanished years
Have moulded our life and thought,
And they live anew in the deeds we do
While we count them as things forgot.

Though the friends and hopes that gave joy in youth,
Now seem like a dream that is told,
We can welcome the Christ and trust His truth
As we did in the days of old

E. H. DEWART.