

Sunrise.

The night shadows pass like a phantom;
The peacefully slumbering earth,
Released from the fetters of darkness,
Awakes in a glorified birth.

How gently the whispering breezes
The advent of morning proclaim;
They drive away sleep from the eyelids,
Dispelling the mists of the brain.

Through thick-spreading maples, the sunbeams,
Like forms from a far-distant world
Are peeping in radiant glory
At flowers in dreaminess curled.

The twittering birds from the branches
Rejoice at the coming of day;
And memories crowd in upon me
Of scenes where I once used to play.

In silence I linger and listen
And feel in my bosom a thrill,
An awakening of answering music
No longer will let me be still.

Away from the regions of worry
Away from all sorrow and strife
It bears me on pinions of pleasure
Far off from the troubles of life.

J. R. G., '10

The Vampire City.

I.

Come with me into Babylon! Here to my woodland seat
Over the miles she lures and smiles—the smile of the bitter-sweet;
I hear the distant cadence, the siren song she sings;
I smell the incense burning where her great red censer swings.

II.

Out of the night she calls me, the night that is her day;
I see the gleam of her million lights a thousand miles away;
As the roar of a mighty army I hear her pulses beat
With the tramp of the restless vandals, the rush of the wearied feet.