

contributions of students and for the recording of the everyday life of the college. The "Talks about Books" by the Rev. Prof. Campbell are always interesting. In many respects we regard the *Presbyterian College Journal* as an ideal college magazine.

ROMANCE.

My love dwelt in a Northern land,
 A dim tower in a forest green
 Was his, and far away the sand
 And grey wash of the waves was seen
 The woven forest-boughs between.

And through the Northern summer night
 The sunset slowly died away,
 And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
 Came gleaming through the forest grey,
 And fled like ghosts before the day.

And oft, that month, we watched the moon
 Wax great and white o'er wood and lawn.
 And wane, with waning of the June,
 Till, like a brand for battle drawn,
 She fell, and flamed in a wild dawn.

I know not if the forest green
 Still girdles round that castle grey,
 I know not if, the boughs between,
 The white deer vanish ere the day.
 The grass above my love is green ;
 His heart is colder than the clay.

—ANDREW LANG.