

## Our Poet's Corner.

## THE ENCHANTED CITY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE NORMAL LIGHT)

'Tis midnight in the city, hark !  
 The clock strikes loud the hour  
 Its hands, the fleeting moments mark,  
 As moved by magic power

The strokes, as they come booming  
 down,  
 Upon the calm air fell,  
 And for one moment, o'er the town,  
 Broke fair Enchantment's spell.

Then all again was still ; and soon  
 From 'neath her fleecy screen  
 Peeps timidly the virgin moon,  
 Askance upon the scene.

Reassured, she glides with splendor  
 bright,  
 Along her sapphire path,  
 And sheds a flood of weird light  
 O'er the fairy scene beneath.

For deep and crisp, the pure white  
 snow  
 Lay on the frozen ground ;  
 While the frost-work made each sprig  
 and bough  
 With countless gems abound.

The sentinel stars were at their posts,  
 A sacred guard to keep,  
 And warn off all molesting hosts  
 From the city, wrapped in sleep.

There, all were by its charm decoyed,  
 No creature met the sight,  
 When forth upon the trackless void,  
 Came the Spirits of the Night.

Like shadows dim, they flit about,  
 Now in, now out again ;  
 Weave silken nets, and spread them out  
 To trap the sons of men.

Here, Genius works both swift and neat,  
 There, floating past, is Pride ;  
 While Friendship staunch, and frail  
 Deceit  
 Go sailing side by side.

See Cupid, weave his subtle net,  
 As fine as gossamer thread ;  
 And Jealousy, with purpose set,  
 Keeps hovering overhead.

Thus, work the spirits through the night,  
 While ne'er a word is spoken --  
 But yonder comes the King of Light !  
 Enchantment's spell is broken !

A STUDENT, Class of '83.

## A FIRESIDE FANCY.

A ruddy light is filling all the room,  
 Weird, ghostly shadows wave o'er  
 the wall ;  
 But golden gleams dispel the tran-  
 sient gloom,  
 And chase the shadows forth into  
 the hall.

But back they flit and cluster round  
 my chair,  
 Assuming forms familiar once to me,  
 Scenes of my youth recall some  
 dark, some fair.  
 Some passion-fraught with love, or  
 misery.

No more my room, instead an orchard  
 bright  
 With apple blooms of pearl, pink,  
 pale and rare.  
 The grass starred o'er with daisies  
 snowy-white,  
 And sweet with tender ferns and  
 maiden hair.

Beneath the boughs a girlish figure  
 stands,  
 In quaintly-fashioned gown of  
 creamy hue.  
 A mass of blossoms in the close-clasped  
 hands  
 Still glittering with sunlit drops of  
 dew.

I see the sweet face glow with strange  
 surmise,  
 As whispered words of love fall  
 tenderly ;  
 I see a world of hope light up the  
 eyes,—  
 How fair she is, my bride that is to  
 be !

And now 'tis autumn, and the mowers  
 pass  
 With glittering scythes to cut the  
 aftermath ;  
 The corn waves golden, poppies burn  
 the grass,  
 Here and there, a dead leaf mars the  
 path.

Within a closely-shrouded room she  
 lies,  
 With loose-strewn blossoms at her  
 feet and head ;  
 For me the autumn glory fades and  
 dies,—  
 My bride, my bride that was to be,  
 is dead.

MISS N. POWER.

## Contributed.

## THE BEAUTIES OF POETRY.

Whoever read poetry without feeling  
 an inward throb of emotion for every  
 measure? A throb which stirs the  
 soul to ecstasy. I speak of poems,  
 not rhymes. Anyone can write rhymes  
 few can write poems.

A poem is the concentrated essence  
 of thought, expressed in words whose  
 numbers touch the heart and stir the  
 imagination to activity, until, as if en-  
 tranced, we live through the whole  
 sentiment of the poem, unconscious of  
 our present being.

How beautifully do broken lines of  
 few beats depict an action! So  
 beautifully and so expressively indeed  
 that it is impossible to read them  
 without feeling the heart within bound  
 in sympathy with their every beat.  
 And how expressive are long lines of  
 quiet, peaceful scenes! How the soul  
 expands into perfect tranquility when  
 reading the smooth numbers of the  
 long lines of a poem.

What a charm there is in some  
 poetry. What a volume of thought is  
 often found in a few words. Take for  
 instance "Greys' Elegy." What a field  
 for the imagination in those refined  
 and highly polished figurative ex-  
 pressions. It is upon this underlying  
 meaning that the quality of a poem  
 depends. The best poem is the one  
 which is slowest in yielding up its  
 beauty upon the most minute examina-  
 tion. The shallow poem, which yields  
 up its meaning at first sight, is deficient  
 in that it has no hidden foundation to  
 support its outward show. C. H. A.

## THE EXCURSION.

"In the following year he (Words-  
 worth) published his noblest poem,  
*The Excursion*, which brought him  
 little or no money, and drew down  
 upon him the wrath of the critics.  
 Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh" leading the  
 hostile van. "This will never do,"  
 wrote the great Athenian lawyer; but  
 alas for his prophecy! *this* (i. e., "The  
 Excursion") has been *doing* ever since,  
 making its way steadily upwards, like a  
 star that climbs into the clear sky  
 above masses of cloud hung upon the  
 horizon, and sheds its mild yet pene-  
 trating light with growing power as it