

Mid beauty's blinding brightness, and air
 Sweet palpitates with many a 'trancing note,
 From soulful harps by angel fingers smote,
 But Oh! the dreamer wakes; the world is there.

Even so it fares with me who lately trod
 Entrancedly along the daedal ways
 Of th' honied paradise of fairy clime.
 Toils were forgot; at rest was sorrow's rod
 And lost all sadness in that rainbow maize;
 But Oh! earth comes again and human time!

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SHELLEY.

A sorrow dims my spirit when I gaze
 On ocean wakened, echoing the roar
 Of rage-winged whirlwinds in their stormy war,
 Smiting his form thorough its winding ways.
 For the stern scenes within my mind upraise
 Thoughts of his doom who sang Prometheus free
 In strains of more than heaven-wrought harmony.
 For thus the billows crossed in angry maze.

In Spezzia's Bay, that hour when not afar
 From shore and friends, the faithless craft went down;
 And in dim caverns deep, below the jar
 Of surface thunders, cold and pale was thrown
 The grandest treasure that the ocean's floor
 Upon its full-gemmed bosom ever wore.

E. B., '94.

