A Fireside Dream
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BY SUMNER T. BOHÉE, '15.

Come, fading light and dusky eve,
To soothe this heart of mine,
With peace and quiet night deceiving,
If stillness be the sign.

My soul 'gainst heaviness is sealed
When toiling thru the day;
For labor is a trusty shield
To hold despair at bay.

But toil is done, and I at last,
May sit me down at home;
My thoughts to present and to past
And then to future roam.

The fire-light glimmers, soft and low,
All thru the dark'ning room;
I watch the shadows as they grow
From out the dusky gloom.

And fancy comes a welcome friend
And helps me castles build;
They rise like smoke that chimneys send
Until the room is filled.

High in one castle window sits
A lady wondrous fair;
Across her face a moonbeam flits
And nestles in her hair:

The lady looks and smiles at me,
It stirs my very soul;
Close at her side I fain would be,
Tho Hell itself be toll,

But I must scale the height between
Me and this lady fair;
No ladder on the wall is seen,
Barred is the winding stair.

While in despair there comes a hope,
As on the wall I spy
An ancient vine, which as a rope,
Climbs up the window nigh.

The moon sends down its silv'ry beams
And glorifies the place;
My breath comes fast, as in its gleams
I mount toward that fair face.

And I am bold beyond degree,
Below far lies the lawn;
For beauty still smiles down at me,
And seems to urge me on.

Exhausted then, I reach the spot,
That I had sought to gain;
Reward is near, pain is forgot
But lo! I reach in vain.

For she is rudely snatched away
By one that's gaunt and tall,
His graybeard shakes; his dark eyes play
On me, on her, on all.

No words are spent, he gives no grace,
But pins me to the wall,
Then thrusts me outward into space,
And curses as I fall.
Ye gods! no meteor earthward bound,
As fast did ever drop;
But still I cannot reach the ground
And yet I do not stop.

At last I see a chasm deep,
Black is that yawning pit;
My soul cannot the body keep,
Ere I shall come to it.

I close my eyes; a prayer is said.
And peace with Him I make;
And then, behold, I am not dead
I find I am awake.

The fire is low, the shadows dim
Awake, I sit and think
The Beauty fair—the Gray-beard grim,
And then that yawning brink.

My dream is o'er, I heave a sigh,
Yet glad it did not last,
The hour is late, my bed is nigh
Another day has passed.

The Question.
By A Senior.
It is not what we were,
But what we might have been,
Not what we are
That in the nature of things is paramount.
For "what we are," is "what we will have been",
The present is the future's ripened fruit,
Which, soon as mellow'd, drops into the past,
Shrunken and shapeless, spectre-like and vague.
Anonymous.