

SPRING WINDS

The swirling sleet comes thrashing
Against my window pane;
The wind, repulsed by storm doors,
Wheels to attack again.

The puny trees turn, wisely,
Their backs against the gale;
And scream, in agony, to hold
Themselves in limbs so frail.

The wind has lifted up the latch
And smashed the storm door wide,—
—Invited all the snow and sleet
To come with it inside.

The tree, the fight surrendered,
Its battle brave in vain;
Strewn o'er the ground, dismembered,
To be as cordwood lain.

—J. E. GREEN '47.

EDINBURGH

There is a touch of royalty about certain cities; no matter how quiet and natural they are, there is some peculiar air about them that seems to differ from that of all other cities. Such a city is Edinburgh. The majestic castle, Arthur's Seat, and numerous national shrines give to Edinburgh an atmosphere all its own.

Princess Street has been called the finest in the Empire. There are places of business on one side only; the other runs along a deep ravine, planted with gardens, and over which stands the cold massive castle. If you were not aware that there are stores along the north side of the street only, you might think that during the night the whole south side had fallen into a deep abyss. On a calm morning this ravine is filled with mist. Old Edinburgh stands against this grey wall, which is as dense as the fog on the North Atlantic, and waits for New Edinburgh to take form.

Vague shapes begin to appear; the mist thins in patches and you become aware that there is something mysterious behind that screen. Soon you can distinguish a phantom castle in the air; this is Edinburgh castle, seen while the mists still envelop the rock and the streets below. Later