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How strange and mysterious the power of thought!
What wonderful visions by fancy are wrought!
How soon is all excellence left far behind,
When compared with the beauties shut up in the mind!
In fancy I stood by the broad water's strand,
Where stretching afar was the beach made of sand;
And, as by Old Ocean's sea breezes fanned,
I heard its dull roar so sublime and so grand,
I saw its long billows in marshall array
Roll up to the beach, and break forth into spray.
I saw the bright rays of the sun's mellow glow,
Glance down on the billows playing below.
Beside the sea beach, upon Old Ocean's strand
I beheld all these sights so surpassingly grand,
And wondered if any one ever could find
A power to compare with the power of the mind.
In the quickness of lightning in fancy I stood
In the shadow of forest and gigantic wood;
And the wind in the trees shrieked out hideous alarms,
As it bended their branches like long spectral arms,
And their tops like the plumes of a fierce savage foe,
Were fitfully waiving backward and fro.
I heard the loud noise of the wind's awful roar,
And it seemed as if each tree were then toppling o'er.
But although bending far, they still kept their ground;
And I wondered if ever a power could be found,
In all this broad earth, by sea or by land,
Which, affected by sights so surpassingly grand,
Would be able to know them and them understand.