

When the sun has set and the moon comes up
And the stars peep through the blue,
We'll walk by the side of the crystal tide,
And I'll tell love's tale to you,
I'll tell of the time when I knew you first,
Of those golden, boyhood days,
And of how I loved with a pure, first love
Your gentle winning ways.

How I waited—

Just here I heard something whizzing by
My ear, and a most unearthly cry
Awoke the echoes about the place.
I looked up, and my eyes met the night-bird's face,
And truly he was a most hideous sight,
With his beak wide oped and his eyes so bright ;
And every feather was standing straight
Like a warrior on his stern old pate.
"No evil"—he gasped ; he could say no more ;
And I made a break for the sanctum door.
The ink-bottle flew as I ducked my head,
And the ink o'er the floor of the sanctum spread.
That was long ago, but e'en to this day
No scrubbing or cleansing can wash it away ;
And they say that there ever shall there remain
On the floor of the sanctum that big black stain,
As a warning rare to the poet race,
To ne'er again desecrate the place
By singing of love or of maidens fair,
For they'll run the risk of being buried there.

J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.

