

My Lost Song.

I TALKED with the stars at midnight
And heard their whispered tale ;
Their voice afar in the distance,
Swelled out, then seemed to fail.

It seemed like some tale of the fairies,
Some sea-nymph's story told
To tickle the ears of the little ones
Gathered ahome from the cold.

Anon, as I listened, their story
Seemed blending into a song,
Which, caught by the harps of the heavens,
Was borne through the spheres along.

In symphony god-like, eternal,
The anthem rose and fell,
Striking the ear in harmony
Sweeter than tongue can tell.

My soul seemed to join the music,
And, aided by love divine,
I sang till I caught its meaning
And thought the song was mine.

I sang it by day and by twilight,
I sang in the light of the moon,
And on into midnight still singing
Rejoiced that my soul was atune.

But one night as I tried to sing it,
Alas, I had lost the song !
And a whisper came with the singing,
" I have done wrong—done wrong."

Since that though I've tried to re-learn it,
Yet seemeth it all in vain ;
But I listen, and hope in the future
Sometime I shall sing it again.

A. J. JOHNSTON, '01.