

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

ST. NICHOLAS' NIGHT.

'Tis the sixth of December—St. Nicholas' Night—
And while mem'ry dictates, I am going to write
Of how it was spent in the dear, happy past,
In the halcyon days all too lovely to last,
When bright, rose-tinted dreamings, great castles
 in air,
And a dear, happy home with friends faithful and
 fair,
Unclouded by sorrow, unruffled by strife,
Formed the pure, placid source of the river of
 life.

'Twas the rule, and we followed it closely this eve,
That at seven we all our amusements should leave
And each take her place morrow's lessons to con;
But, alas! 'twas not books that our minds dwelt
 upon,
For we noticed that out of all danger were placed
The more breakable things which the study-hall
 graced;
And sundry such incidents all seemed to tell
There was something expected, and what, we
 knew well.