

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XL.

JANUARY, 1914.

No. 3

Night.

The day,— the bitter, sordid day — is past;
Its toil and weariness are o'er at last.

Come, tender Night around me, weary, cold,
Thy starry mantle lovingly enfold.

Drop thy cool kisses on my tired eyes,
And soothe me with thy crooned lullabies.

Too soon, O gentle one, thou'lt flit away,
Pale at the harsh steps of the returning day.

But I, through morning's chill, and noonday's heat,
And evening's calm, will listen for thy feet;

And when my last long weary day is o'er,
Shall sleep upon thy breast forevermore.

M. K. I. '15