

TIME

As the mist of night
Falls o'er the wooded stream
A thought
Of home
And other years
And other nights
And others . . .

Hark! List! to the far-off toll
Of the cathedral bell
'Tis an echo of our sinful past . . .
Oh, woe . . .

The sound drowneth in the distance . . .
The fire-fly flits in fitful fantasies
Like a flickering funeral pyre . . .

And all is dead . . .
And we're . . .
Not feeling so
Hot
Ourselves!

—HILARITATIS AUCTORES '50

UP AT A VILLA

Are you happy tonight, Sir, up here in your palatial home overlooking the city? Your home must certainly be gay tonight; every one of its windows is brightly lighted, and I can hear the sounds of merriment very clearly from where I am standing, out here in the frosty winter's night. I know that inside the drinks are flowing freely; and through those large windows before me, I see the moving forms of your friends, dancing the happy hours away. More of your friends are here now, just getting out of that handsome limousine at the door. In a moment you will meet them at the door, bowing, smiling. Ah! there you are now, glass in hand. I do not need to hear your voice; how well I know what you are saying. "Good evening Oscar; how are things in the advertising business. And Mrs. Ridgeway, you look indeed charming tonight. You are a little late so you must make up for lost time—Oh James! cocktails please!"

Yes there you are, standing in the open doorway, looking splendid in your formal evening clothes. I am sure that you are happy tonight—tonight and every night.

Why did you close the door so quickly, Sir? Did the cold of the night make Mrs. Ridgeway feel uncomfortable, despite her magnificent furs? Perhaps you feared that the icy wind coming through the doorway might destroy the warmth that prevails in your home tonight; the warmth of friendship that is created by soft lights and cocktails, by beautiful women and tipsy businessmen. But why did you close the door so quickly? Mrs. Ridgeway could not have minded the cold air. Did you not hear, as I am hearing now, sounds from down in the city; sounds that the noise of traffic and the drone of the great mills and factories, owned by you and your friends, cannot beguile?

Did you hear the sounds from down in the city, Sir? How they assail my ears as I stand looking down on the city. The wailing of the cold and the hungry, the plaint of the homeless and the ignorant, the moaning of the neglected, sick, and dying sweep up the barren hill. I hear them as they rush past me, and as they rebound on the walls of this mansion instantly they are changed, so that I hear them reverberate over the city, "Quiet you fools and let respectable people rest."

It is time that I go now, Sir. For too long have I stood, looking down on the city, absorbed in my thoughts. When I gently open the back door so as not to disturb the guests, you will meet me, and very tolerably you will say, "A little late this evening John, I've been helping James with the drinks myself." And you would laugh good naturedly and call me a blubbering fool if I were to mumble in greeting, "But the greatest of these is charity."

—DANNY DRISCOLL, '50

THEY ARE LOST

They are lost
The ones who grope through mists
Of indecision;
Uncertain, doubtful, weary and tired.
Searching, crying,
Sighing, whining,