

## A Poem.

The wind is howling madly, but these walls,  
Cannot be shaken with its fitful blasts,  
No sound of life is heard within the halls,  
The hour is late—the mid-night almost past.

But where am I? I look around and see  
A place where many hundreds oft have slept;  
I'll rest tonight—'tis strange—in S. D. C.  
Where many a studious mind its vigil kept.

There's lots of room, for now it is the time,  
When students are away with friends at home,  
Then since its quiet, I can write a line—  
Silence and darkness for the midnight gnome.

My friend and I stepped off the train this eve,  
To make a call—and now we're here till morn,  
They used us well—and so we did not leave  
Nor am I willing now to soon be gone

We had good cheer, and at the festive board  
Regained the strength the journey took away,  
What matter if the wind outside it roared  
Our company's good—our spirits light and gay.

Well pleased we were to meet friend Father C.,  
And Father Croken too and Father Joe,  
The Organist, and the priest they call J. B.  
Whose singing is so sweet and soft and low.

I'm getting cold. I long to spend a night  
Where many noted men have lain in dreams;  
I'm not just in the proper mood to write  
I'll go to rest and sleep till morning beams.

CLEMENT FLOOD

The Old Dormitory  
S. D. C. Jan. 8th, 1910.