

So into the room the demon came ;—
Bobbie, in fact, was his other name ;—
And gleefully he surveyed his game,
And prepared to annihilate the same.
I say it with proper sense of shame.

(The enemy enters.)

Plato, you see, had reached that state
Which grows in warmth as the hour grows late ;
And all unconscious of their fate,
And the fierce revenge which the boy would sate,
The lovers sat. Said he : “ It’s great ! ”
“ I’m glad you like it,” said she to Plate.
But she said to herself : “ At the present rate,
I shall not have a very long time to wait,
For in college slang he has ‘ struck his gait ; ’
Though I’m bound to explain that slang I hate.”

(The lovers commune more closely.)

Crawling slowly to Plato’s chair,
Bobbie grinned at the luckless pair.
You have not a moment, young man, to spare,
Fly for your life ! go anywhere !
Vain my entreaty and vain my prayer ;
Who thinks of danger in love’s affair ?

(The enemy cautiously advances.)

Under the chair he placed a pail,
And in it his weapon ;—pray heaven he fail !
Though such result would have spoiled my tale,
And also a very good rhyme in “ ail.”
’Tis Nick against Cupid ;—now which will quail ?

(The enemy gets his batteries in position.)