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A May Evening.



THE violet-mists across the hill
Come rising—rising—up and up—
The lilac trees their sweetness spill
Upon the tulips streaked cup,
A hush o'er all the earth is spread,
The light is fading from the skies,
A drooping pansy lifts its head,
With purple shadows in its eyes.
Now in the west, a cloud-land slips
Comes passing through a sullen sea,
I watch it float and sail and dip
Its royal banners flying free,
When, like a golden, flashing sword,
The lightning cuts its mast in twain,
And every purple cloud is scored
With silver lines of falling rain.

H. F. B.,
d'Youville Circle.