

A Hundred Years From Now.

A hundred years from now, old pal,
The earth shall still spin on;
The U. of O will greater grow,
While you and I are gone.
Others will then look up to it,
Others to it will bow,
And through its halls our ghosts will fit,
A hundred years from now.

A hundred years ago, old pal,
These walls did not exist;
The present seemed but then a dream,
A shadow in the mist.
The one who laid the corner stone,—
A goodly man I vow,—
We will have joined him in the dust,
A hundred years from now.

A hundred years from now, old pal,
New faces will be here;
The books we hate, then out of date.
Our teachers gone, I fear.
And will these students be like us?
Will their heads to us bow?
I wonder if they'll know of us,
A hundred years from now.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.