

Nor with unkindness mar their fleeting day.
 Who waits for age for gentle deeds and kind,
 Awaits a pleasure he will never find.

'Tis written everywhere on leaf and flower,
 To day is thine, to-morrow is God's hour;
 And from the past loud voices seem to say,
 Wait not for time, but O! do good to day.
 Do good to day;—the words came low to me,
 One idle hour in peaceful reverie.
 One summer when soft music filled the air,
 From scented leaves—that lightly whispered near.
 When crimson clover, nodded half asleep,
 As o'er our campus green the hushed winds creep;
 'Neath bending boughs our Alma Mater round,
 Where many a brother loves the tranquil sound.

Thus dreaming, I one idle hour in June,
 When low, our minstrel river sings its tune;
 Beneath a tree in sheltered, calm retreat,
 With its soft gliding murmur at my feet
 Held converse long with Time in dreams of glory,
 Old Time—the chronicler of many a story.
 Who in these Academic halls has seen,
 As noble minds as ever yet have been.
 Whose purpose high with good resolve was made,
 Here in the quiet of this classic shade.
 Who loved in summer 'mid these scenes to rove,
 O'er hill and stream and through the pleasant grove.
 As runners in the stadium of old,