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VALEDICTORY.

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BY

ALFRED AUSTIN, Jr.



HE station smokes—at least the locomotive
On air unwinnowed pants its blended fumes,
Sulphuric chiefly. Through the choking fog
The downless cheeks of students shine aglow
With yard-long smiles. While lip-bar'd ivories glint,
Forth issues laughter in a babbling stream,
And fleet feet scurry; for the hour has come
When at the end or side, of two steel rails
Long absent sons will find a welcome. There
They troop all eager to depart, and shake
The unswept dust of Ottawa from off
The burnished soles of lately purchased shoes.
The joys of mothers and fond fathers' prides
Choke full of learning—luscious Latin roots
Greek particles, and sciences galore,
With "ologies" too numerous to be named—
Crowd there, and talk of nothing learnedly,
Or cast a furtive glance on maidens coy,
With hair done up like bison of the plains
And pockets cramm'd with candy. Tearful maids
Now gaze your last upon the football giant,
Or him who scaled the fence on eagle wing