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## THE HERMIT.

With melancholy sound  
The dead leaves trailed along the ground ;  
The wind swept sorrowfully by,  
Chafing the restless trees on every hill ;  
Pale lightnings rent betimes the midnight sky ;  
Deep, distant thunders groaned—then all was still.  
The aged hermit who for eighty years  
Had dwelt in those dark solitudes alone—  
No mortal shared his hopes, or joys, or fears—  
Looked to the gloomy heavens while rapture shone  
Making his withered cheeks like roses bloom ;  
“Come, my beloved, come !”  
His fond prayer pierced the clouds— the stars beyond  
Grew brighter as it passed— it echoed sweet  
As angel music where the seraphs thronged  
The king of love upon their pinions fleet.  
The storm bursts forth anew  
And doth the earth with ruins strew  
The thunders crash and whirlwinds roar resounds ;  
Smote by the livid lightning’s deadly power  
The noblest trees lie shapeless on the ground  
City destroying floods rage in this hour