



DAYDREAMS AND PURPOSES.

(A Poem read at the close of Session 1862-3, Queen's University, Kingston.)

PROLOGUE.

ONCE more we meet. For many a day
We have lived and loved and laboured here,
And now before we pass away,
Would spend one hour of social cheer.

The years in varying change have flown
Since first we met within this place,
And many a bud of hope has blown,
And sorrow clouded many a face.

Shall we then now these scenes recall
And trace the records of the past ?
Ah no ! The lay would heedless fall
This night in silence let them rest.

What is the Past ? 'Tis but a dream
Where Passion's voice in silence falls,
And gleams of Memory fitful stream
Like moonbeams through the empty halls