

20 EXTRACT FROM A POEM *
(Carl Cantab)

Twelve months with varying light and shade
On Time's swift course have rolled along,
Since we with faltering hearts and tongues
Breathed out our farewell song.

...

'Twas on a tranquil summer day,
With hearts brimful of earnest yearning,
We left behind the dusty streets
That will hem in the haunts of learning.
For we had wondered, hand in hand,
Within the shadows of the trees,
Which, rising in their stately strength,
Will stand, we trust, for centuries.
But now, alas! our ways divide, --
The mystic Future silent stands
And beckons us with outstretched hands
To cast ourselves upon the tide
That bears us -- who shall say how far?

* A quote from part of the poem - taken from *The Lost life of Horatio Alger, Jr.* by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales.
Indiana University Press, 1985. p. 27.

Sources:

True Flag, August 20, 1853.