

## THE OWL.

So we, relinquishing this mortal strife,  
 Like all that dies  
 May hope, by dying, to a higher life  
 From this to rise.

The coming summer, with its birds, its sun,  
 Its trees and flowers,  
 Will be no longer than the passing one,  
 As short its hours.

But our new summer life will have no end,  
 No death, no night ;  
 Its joy, its brightness ever will extend  
 In God's own light.

Eye hath not seen, nor can the heart conceive  
 The bliss designed  
 For those who, for God's love, would gladly leave  
 All else behind.

Then, like the seed, which, by its seeming death,  
 More fruitful grows,  
 Let us in resignation yield our breath,  
 Our eyelids close,

Knowing this is the entrance to the life to come,  
 The blest abode,  
 Where we shall see, in our eternal Home,  
 The Face of God,

T. J. R.

