

THE OWL.

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Owl'd Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
By Owls who know their duty,
Who'd face the foeman's snare and shot,
For Owl'dom, Fame and Beauty?

We're brethren of the stilly night—
Men seldom see our faces—
For in the dark we wing our flight,
And haunt deserted places.

Then here's a claw my frusty friend,
And one for you my brother,
We'll bear us bravely to the end
For home and one another.

Sheila.