

THE OWL.

Vol. X.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JUNE, 1897.

No. 10.



A SPRING IDYL.

HEE bee refused to suck when sun and dews
Conspired a fragrant honey to distil.
When busy feathered folks sang sweet and shrill,
Nesting; the bird said: "I will but amuse
Myself, and my fond friend must me excuse—
A mate I will not take, or nest, until
Of nature's vernal joys I drink my fill;
Summer is rich and long, if spring I lose."

Cold was that nest by autumn winds embraced;
For summer birds fare ill in snow and frost:
Nor could the squandered sunshine be replaced
Of June, with all her tender promise lost.
Scanty and bitter was that honey's taste,
When time of youth and spring had gone to waste.

E. C. M. T.

