

THE OWL,

By the author of *Garnet and Gray*.

When the Roman warrior proud,
Vengeance on his foes had vowed,
Thoughts of danger all effaced,
Heaven-approved the plans he traced.
Yet tho' Jove oft blessed his shield,
Caudine Forks and Cannæ's field
Teach that sometimes he yield.
Did some doubt his soul perplex,
Called he on the avispeex:
Face to south he bade him stand,
Mark the heavens on either hand,
Then demanded of his skill,
Auguries of good or ill;
Paths of flying birds observed,
By whose course his own was swerved.
So, ere we 'our work begin,
Brightest omens would we win,
Task of serious import ours,
Tread we not a path of flowers,
Bird with intellectual brow!
O be our good dæmon, thou!
Thou, most taciturn of birds!
Teach us to speak "winged words."
Bird of night! auspicious be,
Many nocturn vigils, we
Spend in laboring for thee.
Bird of wisdom! may we share
All of it thou hast to spare.
Loved of Pallas! Short-eared one!
Thou, who shun'st the noon-day sun!
May we profit by thy laws,
Learn to seek not vain applause;
Truth and Right our masters be,
These we serve while serving thee.