

THE OWL.

Eve lowers : in barn-yards, flanked by ricks of hay,
 The bleating flocks and lowing kine convene,
 The drowsy hens mount roosts, spry horses neigh,
 And doves tread minuets with stately mien
 Foreenst their cote ; a house completes the scene
 Whose shuttered depths hot, ruddy hearths make clear
 When the day-flush deserts the fading year.

Night reigns : the white, cold moon comes forth to seize
 Her silver heritage of spangled sky,
 And soft star-dawn unruffled by a breeze ;
 While weary forms in balmy slumbers lie
 She spends her saffron wealth, still hours roll by
 Till in the dawning East a rentage sheer
 Heralds a fresh flush for the waning year.

Soft is the sadness of the passing gleam
 When Autumn lowly sighs her last farewells
 To groves and mist-clad meads wherein the streams
 While falling tinkle like sweet chiming bells.
 The treasured vision of those leaf-strewn dells
 Will rise, to make our winter dreams appear
 Bright as the last flush of the fading year.

—M. W. CASEY.

