

THE OWL.

The small clouds are racing
 Like chased sheep o'er the sky ;
 New brightness is gracing
 All the hours that fly by :
 Soon to earth Spring shall wend
 With her wand of white light,
 And her brilliance expand
 To efface Winter's blight.

O'er the hills may she stalk
 'Till they glow 'neath her tread,
 Through the vales may she walk
 'Till their lilies outspread ;
 The soft streams let her free
 From their shackles of ice,
 Man and bird, beast and tree,
 Shall be glad and rejoice.

Thus, fair one, resplendent
 Glisten down on our clime,
 Then glamour transcendent
 O'er the world in its prime.
 Full of hand freely bring
 What the husbandmen will,
 And the promise of Spring
 May the Summer fulfil.

M.

