

THE OWL.

Is't the cicada's drone,—
 The insect music leader,—
In tensive monotone,
Or bumble bee's soft moan,
Or Zephyrus alone
 In harp-strings of the cedar.

The birds, our fellow guests,
 Loquacious and merry,
Feast with us on the best,
On prunus, nector-drest,
Wild honey adds its zest,
 With many a luscious berry.

Nor is the palace void
 Of an imperial presence;
For lo! God walks beside,—
Adam such bliss enjoyed
In Paradise, allied
 To a celestial essence.

Far from the world's disquiet,
 Its passions and self seeking,
Those halls of peace invite,
As ancient eremite,
To infinite delight
 Of spirit to spirit speaking.

E. C. M. T

