

The Owl.



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PER MORTEM AD VITAM.



THE warm, glad brightness of the summer days
Too quickly fades,
And dies the splendour of the solar rays
In evening shades.

The swallows stay with us too short a time,
And then they fly
Far to the South to some more favoured clime
And warmer sky.

The forests for a few brief months are seen
In verdure clad,
But all too soon is changed the glorious green
To colours sad.

The flowers with brilliant hues and lovely forms
Delight the eye,
But soon, alas ! beneath the autumn storms
They droop and die.

Our life is like the summer. Ere we know
That yet we live,
Our time is past ; our souls to God we owe,
To God we give.

But, as each winter promises a spring,
Each night a day,
As trees and flowers next year will beauty bring
Forth from decay.