

THE OWL.

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FROST-WORK.



FAIRY—not of Erin's sunny vale,
Fond of mild airs, bright flowers and music soft—
Stole from the invisible world when moonlight pale
Showed the snow-shrouded Earth, while stars aloft
Like death-lights burned above her lifeless corse—
The frost-elf looked upon her with remorse.

And whispering, "Restitution!" lightly crept
To dwellings of Earth's dearest children, men,
And on their windows with a hand adept
Restored in monochrome the ferny glen,
Gardens in flower, and groves in fullest leaf,
With many a quaint conceit of fruit and sheaf.

Incessantly he wrought the long night thro',
Fash'ning frail, feathery sprays in every nook,
And when at length morn flushed with rose the blue,
A bride with blossoms crown'd fair Earth forsook
Her gloom and smiled in beauty. All the woods
Were thronged with silv'ry leaves in jewelled hoods.

E. C. M.