

THE OWL.

VOL. X.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1897.

No. 5.

OUR DEAD.

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,

So we, relinquishing this mortal strife,
Like all that dies,
May hope, by dying, to a higher life
From this to rise.

But our new summer life will have no end,
No death, no night ;
Its joy, its brightness ever will extend
In God's own light.

Then, like the seed, which, by it's seeming death,
More fruitful grows,
Let us in resignation yield our breath,
Our eyelids close,

Knowing this is the entrance to the life to come,
The blest abode,
Where we shall see, in our eternal Home,
The Face of God.