

THE OWL.

VOL. IV.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, APRIL, 1891.

No. 8

BEFORE THE SHEEN.



Y eyes have grown weary
Of gazing on the snow,
And I loathe the glary
Corpse reflect of its glow,
I long for the crocus
Through the soft soil to break,
Where golden rays focus
And the birds music make.

Oh, the Spring looks askance
Through a rent in the sky,
Patient waiting perchance
For old Winter to die !
While the gusts of her ire
On the willing winds roll,
Her hot glance filled with fire,
Thrills the earth to the soul.

The dormant seeds hidden
In their dark cells of mould,
Her touches have bidden
To arise and unfold
Their lush scrolls of leafage
And bright banners of bloom,
Which promise sweet fruitage
When the Autumn shall loom.