

DEATH AND BIRTH.

(FOR THE "OWL.")

The house is silent for the night ;
 The blinds are down ; the inmates sleep ;
 Without, the wind, with footsteps light,
 Flits softly on from deep to deep ;
 The while, within, the human breath
 Flits on, flits on, from birth to death.

From birth to death ? Ah, surely no !
 Far rather say, from death to birth :
 We die into this world of woe,—
 A breath from Heaven, just touching earth,—
 And, breathing on while Death doth sleep,
 Are borne again unto The Deep.

FRANK WATERS.

Cornwall, Ont., 15th Jan., '91.