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# THE OWL.

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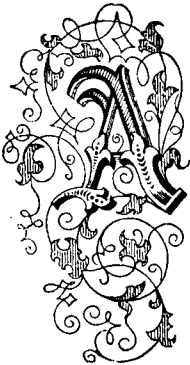
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## *A SEPTEMBER NIGHT.*



QUIET sky, and shadowy—but its shade  
Falls softly on the earth ; for though young Night  
Has veiled her face in vapour, and with braid  
Of silver mist her hyacinth hair bedight,  
Yet shine her eyes with gentleness and might  
Through silver vapour and the braiding mist,  
As though, wide-lidded, all her deeps of sight,  
Embracing God, to holy joy were kissed.  
And in the grass the merry crickets sing ;  
And, 'mid the trees, some bird within the nest,  
More closely cowering, warm, with sleekèd wing,  
Just lets the throbbing pleasure of his breast  
O'erbubble in a few chance notes, half heard,  
Yet lending God's wide love articulate word.

FRANK WATERS.