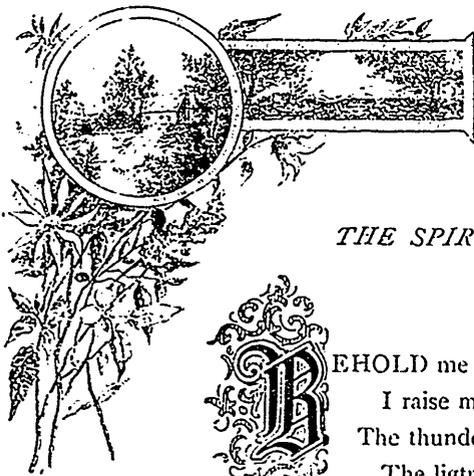


THE OWL.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.



BEHOLD me! Spirit of the Storm!
I raise my hand, the waves dash high,
The thunder crashes loud and free,
The lightning cleaves the lurid sky,
The ships upon the ocean's breast,
At my command, are torn and tost,
And no one sees each ship go down,
Nor hears the awful cry of "*Lost!*"

But sometimes all my strength departs,
Bound down as with an iron chain
My strong will seems, and all my words
Are truly fruitless and in vain ;
I feel my savage power decrease,
The winds and waves another voice obey,
Which whispers calmy, softly : "*Peace!*"

L. T.