

THE OWL.

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A NORTHERN NIGHT.



HE painted clouds of evening lie
In beauty 'round the western sky.
Chiaroscuro more divine
Than artist's pencil may design.
The moon peeps thro' her veil of mist,
The drooping, white-rob'd firs are whist,
The chaste snows blush beneath the gleam
Of day's last glance ; as in a dream
He lies amid the rose and gold
Of couching clouds ; the drap'ries fold
Him closer. All is gray and cold.

A moment nature mutely brooks
Her loss with pale and darkening looks,
Then casts the moon her veil aside,
And glow the snows with ghostly pride,
As hearts, when their best prize is gone,
Will mask the loss and struggle on.
A troubled spirit, void of rest,
The wind goes on its hopeless quest,
Like a complaining mortal, rife
With the unhappiness of life ;
Evoking answer similar
In sigh and moan, in clash and jar,
And changing e'en a melodist
To discord-maker harsh, for list !
The silvery sleighbell's torn time
Is one with Euroclydon's rime.
Two confused forms of darkness rush
The steeds past spectral brake and bush ;
The muffled driver's furry shape
Might be of bear or wolf or ape.
For all these have been known to drive
By night along the way of life.