

THE OWL.

VOL. VII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JUNE, 1894.

NO. 10.

EARTH'S GLORY.



HE glory of the earth is but a vision,
The unsubstantial beauty of a dream,
A shadow from the light of things elysian,
A broken image in a troubled stream.
A moonlight 'tis, whose cold reflected gleam
Not warms, though it enlightens till that waking
When lidded souls, unto the living beam
Eye-opening, sigh—"At last the day is breaking!"
O Father God, I sicken for the morrow,
I yearn to see Thine Orient slay the night.
Yet would I not, meanwhile, this earth should borrow
One grace of mien, one feature of delight;
Lest, finding the reflection all too fair,
I should forget Thou art but mirrored there

FRANK WATERS.