

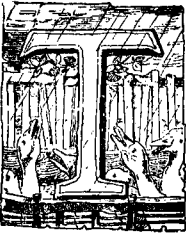
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OCTOBER WOODS.



THE tragic beauty painted by the hand of death
Is on the woods, and sadly thro' them sobs the south wind's
breath ;

“Why hast thou died, O maple sweet, and merry poplars all,
And dainty birch—'neath careless feet thy tender beauties fall.”

Like denizens of Eastern lands arrayed in many a fold
Of orange, rose and crimson, maroon and mauve and gold,
Seagreen and olive, rank on rank, in perfect order set,
Sylvania's gorgeous citizens in harmony are met.

But when the light of day is fled, their splendors blended seem
In beautiful confusion, like a picture in a dream ;
When in the violet valleys of the sky's unfading clime,
The moon's white glory blossoms in perpetual summer's prime.

E. C. M. T.