

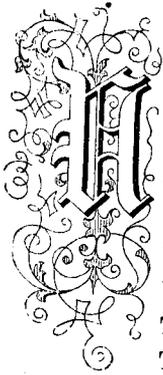
THE OWL.

Vol. VII.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, DECEMBER, 1893

No. 4.

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.



AY, my children, I am dying, thankful that my race is run :
Who would see another sunrise, after such a set of sun ?
For the Man was all He taught you — Son of God, though crucified.
Woe to Israel, at whose hands Jehovah's Son this day hath died.

I am aged now, my children—past the three score years and ten
Which the royal David counted as the harvest time of men :
Thirty years and three have parted since the prologue I beheld
To this drama.—Hearken newly ! Wisdom waits on lips of eld.

We were keeping midnight watches on the hills by Bethlehem ;
Wide and far the heaven above us flashed with many a starry gem ;
Round us lay our flocks a-slumber, closely crouching from the cold ;
For the air that night was bitter over mountainside and wold.

Somewhat distant, out before us, rose the roofs of David's town,
By the beauty of the starlight crowned as with a royal crown.
Hill, and vale, and town were silent ; but their silence to our ears
Cried aloud, and swept our heart-strings with a voice of by-gone years.

Ah ! the glory was departed from the chosen of the Lord ;
Dead the kings, and past the prophets, veiled the light, and mute the word.
O'er our necks the gentile trampled, grinding with an iron heel :
Rome, the eagle, stony-hearted, crushed our souls with grip of steel.

Where was He, the King-Messiah—He, the ages' hope and prayer ?
When, consuming all the darkness, should the Orient fire the air ?
When, relenting from His anger, would Jehovah once again
Stretch the power of His right hand abroad, and burst His people's chain ?