

# THE OWL.

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## THE BEAUTIFIER.



AIR sprites of snow,  
On downy wings from realms of light,  
You earthward sped throughout the night,  
Silent and slow.

The barren wolds,  
That frost assailed had lost their bloom,  
A fresh and seemly look assume  
Wrapped in your folds.

The branches bare,  
And ravished of their summer sheen—  
Their gelid fruits and leafage green—  
Your garlands wear.

To murky scenes,  
The secret haunts of creeping things,  
Your soft and fleecy magic brings  
Bright, spotless screens.

While Nature sleeps  
White lilies on her breast you fling,  
And to prevent her suffering,  
Rear shielding heaps.

Fair sprites of snow,  
Would I could share with dales I view  
In alabaster decked by you,  
A kindred glow.

Would that some Power,  
On human spirits earth impured  
Compassion took, and o'er them poured  
A cleansing shower.

Thus, blighted soul,  
May spotless graces come to invest  
Thy mystic shirelands blight oppress,  
And hide the foul.