

The Owl.

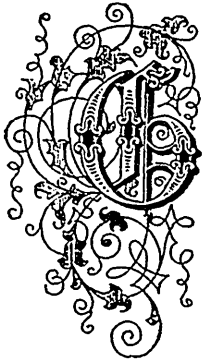


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TO THE OWL.



BIRD bird of the night time, you cannot remain,
But forth from the shade you must come ;
Just sing, if you can, in a tender refrain,
Of our College, our dear, good old home !

You look through the darkness of night on the past,
You pause o'er each sacred shrine,
Preserving the rays that are constantly cast
'Round names that are truly sublime.

Three years have you winged your strange flight in the world,
Three years have you lived as you are ;
You've seen how the mighty from places were hurl'd,
And the humble arise, like a star.

You've seen how the priest is most truly the same,
In time and eternity too ;
You've learned—e'en despite your own name,
How his children should ever be true.

'Dear bird, I admire your most glorious stand :
As you bend o'er our Canada's sod,
You teach us a love for our dear native land,
And you teach us a true love for God !

12th Sept., 1890.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.