

THE OWL.

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MARY, THE SPRINGTIDE.



AY that my soul is as a winter wood.
O, then be thou its springtide, loveliest maid :
The budding green of its bleak solitude ;
Its brake of roses, and its ferny glade ;
The golden moss around its rugged roots,
Sprinkled with violets fair ;
The murmurous song from all its spray that bruits
When Night is kneeling there.
Be thou a starlight to its silent hours
Of dew-distilling sky,
And a white moonlight piercing all its bowers
Aslant and tremblingly ;
A soul of fragrance breathing from its flowers,
And at their hearts the golden nectary.

FRANK WATERS.