

THE OWL.

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PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

I



HE fabled frog still apes the ox,
While the world ridicules ;
For nature's simple science mocks
The sophistry of fools.
The hills with white eternal crown
Are founded deep and low,
Whether on base or precious stone
No man shall ever know.

II

The blue sky barr'd with golden cloud
Glow's splendidly above ;
The violet under, meekly bow'd,
Reflects its hues in *love* ;
The lofty sky we may admire,
But vast distances part ;
We raise the humble violet higher,
And wear it near our heart.

CAMEO.

