

THE OWL.

Rob'd in her verdant vesture comes she forth,
 Regardless of the stern and threat'ning north,
 Strong in her youthful vigor, fresh and bright,
 As rosy morn
 That, newly born,
 Bounds from the arms of night.

Crown'd with an olive-wreath of brightest green,
 She issues forth, a bold, triumphant queen,
 Trips o'er the lifeless hills and vales along,
 Quick'ning the dead
 With magic tread,
 Chanting her fav'rite song :

Awake, ye slumb'ring founts, ye streams, awake !
 Ye silent woods, your solemn stillness break !
 Ye caves and forests dark, behold, I bring
 You life and light
 To end your night—
 Behold, I bring you Spring !

Enrich'd with life and strength, she gathers more,
 Increasing her already ample store,
 And treasures up her youth's exuberance,
 That rich fruits may,
 On harvest day,
 Her godlike charms enhance.

Thus should we, too, who glory in our youth,
 Acquire new virtues, richer grow in truth,
 Expand our minds, strive perseveringly,
 That life's ripe field,
 In death, may yield
 Rare fruits of immortality.

C. C. D., '91.