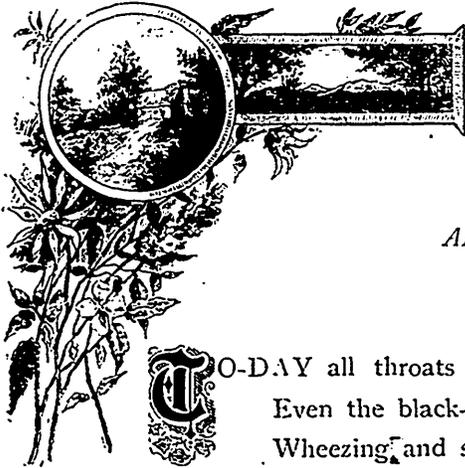


THE OWL.

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APRIL VOICES.

TO-DAY all throats are touched with life's full treasure,
Even the black-birds in yon leafless tree,
Wheezing and squeaking in discordant glee,
Make shift to sing, and full of pensive pleasure
Here the bold robin sits, and at his leisure
Whistles and warbles disconnectedly,
As if he were too happy and too free
To tune his notes and sing a perfect measure.

Across the steaming meadows all day long
I hear the murmur of the frogs. In schools
Shy harping lizards pipe about the pools.
From hedge, and roof, and many a garden gate,
The cheery sparrow still repeats his song
So clear, so silver-sweet and delicate.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.