

THE OWL.

Cold was the morn, and chill the blast,
 On o'er the stubble fields I pass'd,
 At times I'd pause—my tune I'd stop ;—
 I'd scan the trees, from root to top ;
 I'd scan the field in search of game—
 No sound I'd hear, but still the same :
 The same sharp *caw* from yon pine tree ;
 Naught in the woods or fields I see.
 Still on and on with hope I go—
 Yet not a sound, save from that crow.
 'Till from a wavy beechen bough
 Another *caw* comes louder now.
 The morning wind still colder blows ;
 The second *caw* each person knows
 Is eke for the gathering of the crows !
 Caw ! caw ! the duet goes !
 Caw caw ! collect the crows !

Still on I march ; at times I sing ;
 The forest's hollow echoes ring—
 From tree, from branch, from field, from fence,
 From wooded hill, from forest dense,
 From air, from earth, from very skies,
 The crows, with gathering anthem, rise !
 'Till every *caw* an echo finds ;
 Yet stronger blow October winds !
 To right, to left, behind, before,
 I turn and count them by the score
 What is the matter ! each one knows :
 Behold them on the fence in rows,—
 This regiment black "falls in," and goes.
 Such was the gathering of the crows !
 Caw ! caw ! still fainter grows !
 Caw ! caw ! Good-bye, poor crows !

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