

THE OWL.

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SONNET TO HOPE.



HEAVENLY Hope, a song-thrush of the morn
Art thou, up-perchéd high 'mid ruins gray,
And bidding echo their old walls forlorn
With thy heart's matins to the dawning day.
Thou art the glory of the orient ray,
Filling with light their shadowy solitude,
As sunny billows pave some rocky bay
With the sheen level of the luminous flood.
Thou art that strong and philosophic flower
Which taketh root amid the stones of care,
And draweth beauty, fragrance, life, and power,
From wrecks o'erseamed with many a season's wear.
And thou art constant ivy, most of all,
Propping life's rugged walls, slow crumbling to their fall.

FRANK WATERS.