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THE OWL.

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IN CANADA.

HAT do they here in our freeborn land
 Poisoning the virgin air,
 Legends of old-world tyrannies,
 Of ancient crimes and despair?
 The feuds of the Celt and Saxon,
 The wars of the Frank and Hun,
 Transplanted to Canada's generous soil,
 Are fated to wither soon.

The Crescent's light with the gleam of blood
 Is fierce and red,
 The Wolf is pacing the Asian plains
 With a stealthy tread,
 The Lion stalks in search of his prey
 From the frozen North
 To Afric's sultry and teeming plains,
 The Eagle swoops forth
 From his haunt by the shores of the craggy Rhine
 With talons outspread,
 And the eyes of the giant Bear savagely gloat
 O'er dying and dead.

But they meet in Canada's welcoming arms
 Like sons at a mother's knee,
 And like dreams of a nightmare-ridden sleep
 Are their strife's dark memory ;
 The lamb with the friendly tiger lies,
 The wilderness blooms as a rose,
 And over all approving Heaven
 Sheds its divine repose.

ETHAN HART MANNING.