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The Thrush.



CROSS the field and through the grass,
Where the sweet west wind loves to pass—
Loves to pass and pause and linger,
Lifting up a dainty finger
To the clovers with a—"Hush"!
Wait—and you shall hear the thrush
Singing, singing
Through the shadows;
Winging, flinging on the meadows
Such a gladness, such a sadness,
That the soul, in very madness,
Beats her breast against the bars
Spreads her wings to greet the stars,
Drenched with music through and through
Rushes, gushes—
Stops and then—
Hush! the world is made again
Made again and very good!

H. F. B.,
d'Youville Circle.