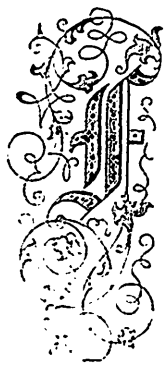


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THE OWL.

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SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.



AIR earth one morning turned a fretful face
 To her fond spouse and faithful friend, the Sun :
Who, slow to analyse her grief or trace
 Her needs, responded gracious, courtly one.

He sent ambrosial airs to fan her brow,
 A fairy bridal veil of silver mist.
Brought her a gift of fairest flowers that blow,
 Wrapped her in robes of ambient amethyst.

But disappointed and impatient yet,
 Earth pined and languished 'neath the Sun's bright
And longed to see the clouds in thunder met, [smile,
 And feel the rain floods on her parched soil.

Thus, when a friend with flatt'ring courtesies
 Will offer platitudes and compliment,
The soul whose needs and capabilities
 He fails to sound, craves richer aliment.

Not flowers of rhetoric or rhapsody,
 Not mist of fiction. Let the lightnings gleam
Let storm-clouds sweep the dust from earth and sky
 And Truth divine rain its refreshing stream.

E. C. M.