

# THE OWL.

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## ANTICIPATION.



SLEAMS the warm sun to-day in new-born splendor,  
And thaws the frosty earth beneath his smile.  
Sweet Nature now hath forces to attend her  
To melt the snowy pile.

Yet in yon tall stone convent's shadow lengthened,  
Between the poplars and the playground wall,  
The snow lies deep ; persuasion must be strengthened  
Before those forces fall.

So selfish hearts resist the mighty powers  
Of love and help ; and blind with self, and rife  
With jealousy, they hide the soil where flowers  
Of joy might spring to life.

There is within the air a breath of Summer,  
A herald breathing from the quivering mouth  
Of bursting buds, strong streams, and that new-comer,—  
The sweet wind of the South !

And now the quilt of Winter, frayed and ragged,  
Shines 'neath the washing of the early rain ;  
And through the generous peep-holes, long and jagged,  
The glad earth smiles again.

The strident cawing of the crow hath pleasure ;  
The sparrow never twittered such a vow,  
The rooster ne'er crowed such a mellow measure,  
As in the mornings now.

What is the lesson in this glorious changing ?  
God loves us all, as the earth's loved by sun ;  
'Tis but the frost of self, the heart estranging,  
Keeps us from being won.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.