

THE OWL.

Two nations weep the sudden, cruel fate
 That quenched the small, thin flame none can recall,
 And, clasping hands, in silence watch and wait
 Beside his pall.

Not all are mortal who above his shroud,
 Bow, stifling moan and checking gathered tear ;
 For "glimmering incarnations" front the crowd
 Around his bier.

Religion there, in dulcet accent, claims
 The untimely victim Death forced to the grave,
 As faithful servitor, him proudly names
 Her champion brave.

Sighs Canada : His foresight at the helm
 Was Wisdom's own, however waves might run.
 His sufferance bathed entire my breadth of realm
 Like generous sun.

And Friendship then : He made his hearth my home,
 My sacred vows subscribed, denying naught,
 My sway made sovereign 'neath his modest dome,
 And me there sought.

Last Charity : Voiced he no sordid boast
 Of service rendered, yet I scarce can tell
 Of one among the flower of all my host
 Has served so well.

Faith, country, friendship, charity ! Oh, leave
 His eulogy to them, nor interpose
 A worthless word, but, prayerful, kneel and grieve
 Our worst of woes.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

Shelley.