

# THE OWL.

Vol. XI.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY, JANUARY, 1898.

No. 5.

## CONFIDENCE.



EAR little bird that winter braves,  
Wee Chickadee with wistful eye,  
Earth is a land of shrouded graves,  
But thou, undaunted, lingerest nigh;  
Nor fearest when white with frosts the sky  
Thy puny spark of life be quenched;  
Nor failest to sing thy song of joy,  
Tho' all the trees in snow be drenched.

Come nearer, nearer, helpless mite,  
Who'd harm thy winsome, black-capp'd head?  
Tho' storm winds be abroad to-night  
Thou shalt be warmly housed and fed;  
Deep in the woods there is a bed  
Of summer verdure kept for thee;  
By Providence thy board is spread,  
Careless, confiding Chickadee.

M. R.