

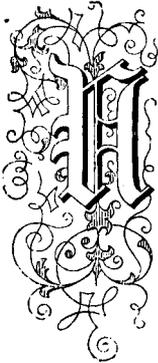
THE OWL.

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No. 2.

THE MONTH OF ANGELS.



OW do October leas look lean and faded ;
October woods are sere ;
The southward pacing sun, far retrograded,
Grows niggard of his cheer ;
And Nature, with her russet locks unbraided,
Weeps o'er the passing year.

From the chill north speed courier Winds, preparing
A way for Winter's tread :
With voice of lamentation onward faring,
And icy wings outspread,
They pass, like prophets of a woe, declaring
Earth's foison harvested.

And then a pause ; for, with the mid-October,
Cometh a golden time,
The fullness of a splendour large and sober,
A quietude sublime,
When heavenly hands do touch the Earth, and robe her
In beauty past her prime.

And she, as done with fear and lamentation,
Doth grow in peace renewed,
And faces all her coming desolation
In queenly-serious mood,
Which sees beyond her death a re-creation,
Setting similitude

To Man, her child, and yet her lord and master,
Who owns a heavenly part
Not drawn from her, and glasses thus a vaster
Conception of the heart
Of the Great Poet, Mary's Son, Arch-Pastor
Through all God's fields of art.