

THE OWL.

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UNBURIED LEAVES.

LE phantoms of a vanished grace
That, shrinking from the common doom,
Refused in Autumn's mellow days
To sink into a peaceful tomb;
And, clinging to the parent tree,
Grew sere and faded, withered, old;
Bore frost and tempest's misery,
While comrade leaves slept calm in mould.
A ruder blast at length has torn
You from your hold, and o'er the snow,
Of cruel winter sprites the scorn,
Buffeted, tossed, dispersed, you go;
Nor sheltering bed in kindly earth
Shall ever win. O self-wrought fate!
Swerving from destinies of birth,
Thwarting Love; bondage find in hate.

ETHAN HART MANNING.