

# THE OWL.

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## *THE HIDDEN BROOK.*



HAPPY stream that sparkled flowers among,  
Kissed by enamoured sunbeams, blest by smiles  
Of summer skies, amid its pleasant toils  
Rejoicing, sang with a melodious tongue;  
But anon, banks precipitous o'erhung,  
And tangled trees obscured its course for miles;  
Yet in its dark retreat the brook beguiles  
The way with song, cheerful as erst it sung.

Thus, one I have known, born to love and light,  
Sang on out of the fullness of her joy;  
Yet when adversity's cold shades drew nigh,  
Still sweetly harmonized, and infinite  
In benediction, passed, a being bright,  
Blessing and blest, thro' her dark destiny.

ETHAN HART MANNING.