

THE OWL.

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THE DEATH OF MARY.



HEAR His Voice! I must away!
My soul doth burn! I *cannot* stay!
The path was dim, and the way was long,
But my soul within me Love kept strong,
And feathered upon shall her shoulders be
At the kiss of the breath of Deity—
The breath of Love and Its quickening kiss,
Which men call death, and I call bliss.
Hark to the sweet Voice! It calls me away!
Loose me, thou earth, for I *cannot* delay!
Out of the body I yearn on high,
Into the Life Which doth not die.
Upward and onward, high and higher,
I am borne on plumes of strong desire,
Away, away, to the Realm of Rest,
Where, with pinions folded upon my breast,
Brood I shall, like the nested dove,
Lapped and lulled on the heart of LOVE.

FRANK WATERS.