



Vol. XV.

OTTAWA, ONT., MARCH, 1913.

No. 6

Entered at the Post Office at Ottawa, Ont., as Second-Class Matter.

Elve Maria!

O aureoled Maid with the heaven-lit face,—
With the sapphire eyes and the exquisite grace.
Small wonder it is that thy God,
When He sought upon earth for an unsullied shrine
Should have chosen thy heart for His temple divine.
Since none but the Angels e'n trod

In the lily-white courts of thy crystalline soul.
Tho' loud round about thee, sin's thunder-clouds roll,
And nigh deafen the world with their din!
Wast thou startled. O maid, by the whirl of the wings?
Or did thy strength fail at the thought of the things
Thou must bear for the sake of our sins?

Else, why didst thou clasp thy pure hands on thy breast?
Else why didst let fall that deep sigh of unrest
When the Archangel stood at thy side?
Didst thou see with the light of thy mystical eyes,
All the malice of men? didst thou hear their fierce cries
As they mocked at their God crucified?

Did those treacherous lips seem to touch thy pure brow?
What thy Christ shall then suffer?—Oh dost thou suffer now?
Is thy heart rent a'twain with His woe?