

THE OWL.

O, Now God walks with man once more ;
 But not as in the Eden-time :
 He cometh from His far-off shore,
 He leaveth all His golden clime,
 He empties heaven of all His might,
 And bides within a little span :
 The infant God is infant Man,
Seed and full bourgeon of delight.
 Nay, infant Man is full-grown God in Him,
 And Mary's Son is King of the throned seraphim.

It is no dream ! From east to west,
 Around the courses of the sun,
 Men's millioned hearts shall have confest
 The Presence, ere this day is done.
 In every holy Host unpraised
 Above God's myriad altars, glows
 His full-orbed heaven through softened shows
 Of sense to eyes that else were dazed.
 God on our alters ! Heaven around Him bending !
 And, o'er Him bowed, that Heart all else save His transcending !

It faints, it fails, it dies away,
 The song that swelled within my breast :
 This heart of mine is only clay,
 And here its silence speaketh best.
 Then clasp with holy silences,
 Ye holy heavens, our hearts around,
 Thas we may hear your voices sound,
 And *think* sweet echoes unto these ;
 Compassing heaven's full scale, howe'er it vary,
 In two brief human Names—Christ JESUS, Mother MARY.

FRANK WATERS.

