

THE OWL.

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TO OUR QUEEN.



MOTHER, whose bright eyes ever softly beam
On me, thy erring child, when, glad, I steal
From thought and touch of earth, absorbed to kneel
At thy May-shrine ; conduct me down life's stream,
And, starlike, o'er my perilous pathway gleam
When worldly lights wax dim ; oh, let me feel
Thy luminous love till angels shall reveal
Thy skyey home whose glories crown my dream.

Loved Queen, while yet I wander, crave for me
The golden treasure of a guileless heart ;
Sweet Mother, in thy peerless purity
A share I pray ; make ire and pride depart
From out my breast, the founts of virtue start,
That tranquil I may live and chaste like thee.

—M. W. CASEY.