

# THE OWL.

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## CHRISTMAS HYMN.



THOU Who hast formed me from the dust,  
And breath'd Thine own breath into me,  
Father and King, Whose Throne august  
Is based on broad Infinity,  
O lend my heart a voice, that now,  
At this sweet season, even I  
May pierce the distance with a cry  
Of song forth-reaching far as Thou.  
Cry out aloud, my heart! O hand of God,  
Sweep its dull chords to fire, kindling love's music broad.

Arise in joy, thou holy morn!  
Blush rosy-red, thou gladsome dawn!  
For lo! our Christmas King is born;  
And down the asphodel flowered lawn  
Of opening heaven the angels tread,  
With fo'ded wings, and eyes serene,  
To where the Ever-Virgin Queen  
Low o'er the Infant droops her head  
Be hushed, ye heavens! Be mute, thou earth! Her heart  
Alone may speak to His, and no discordance start.

Close, close, She bends above the Child,  
And, wrapt in wonderment, adores:  
From Heart to Heart the undefiled  
Full stream of every Godhead pours.  
From hers; for God is throbbing there:  
From His; for That is God indeed—  
Full-filled with Godhead, as the seed  
With the large growth it yet shall bear.  
Deep answers unto deep; and Earth to Heaven,  
And Heaven to Earth, speaks clear; and Eden is forgiven.