

THE OWL.

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MARY, MIRROR OF JUSTICE.



Mary, mirror clear as Alpine lake

Cradled by mountains, in whose placid breast
Alone reflections of their white crowns rest,
Of sapphire skies, of dazzling suns that 'wake
Responsive radiance, of bright stars that slake
Their lofty fires in its tide's lustrous crest ;
The dawn's white lily finds it pure and blest,
The sunset's rose it fain would not forsake.

Mirror of Justice ! as the angel stirred
The pool of Bethsaida, and its sweet
Life-giving waters the plague-ridden cured,
So let compassion's angel thy heart's beat
Move, that our stricken souls submerged therein
May be renewed in grace and glory win.

E. C. M. T.