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ALL-HALLOWS.

YE holy ones, methinks your habitation
Is not a distant dwelling in the spheres,
Leaving a gulf between ; but that creation,
With all the orbs thereof and all the years,
To you is open. God within our tears
Abideth ; in our sighs His heart is sheathed ;
And in our laughters moveth He Who hears
Therein a music or a discord breathed.
For God is infinite, and fills all places ;
And it may be that heaven and hell are so
Coterminous—a dwelling in His graces
Or in His wrath. Yea, surely we do grow
In touch with either—hell, a habitude
Of perverse will in God, and heaven of good.

Therefore you hear us, when we cry unto you :
God dwells with us, and you with Him do dwell.
You stand around, and we move blindly through you :
You touch our hands—O, touch our hearts as well !
Teach them to move with yours in modulation
Of pulses singing clear the Holy Will,
Till, love-attuned unto the wide pulsation
Of Godhead's human heart, its every thrill
Find ours at sweet according ; that each motion
Of all our being, every breath of ours,
Circle, a music of sublime devotion,
Made one with Godhead, through His orbs and hours.
So may our lives on earth grow part of heaven,
Ere God do seat us by Him, crowned, forgiven.

FRANK WATERS