

THE OWL.

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SAINT JOSEPH.

PATRON OF THE MONTH OF MARCH.



HEY paint thee, lilies in thy hand,
Chaste spouse of Heaven's fair lily Queen ;
Thus teaching us to understand
Thy purity of spirit-mien.

And, surely, well our hearts are bold
That, in the lordly ranks which bow
At the Queen's feet, her eyes behold
None of more princely port than thou.

For these be all "the sons of God,"
But thou His foster-father art :
He went and came upon thy nod,
And thou didst rule His Sacred Heart.

Ah, in that little far-off town
Of mountain-nestling Na areth,
Where from the hills it looketh down
O'er all the loveliness beneath,

How many a holy, happy day,
Flushing the east, arose on thee,
And grew to noon, and passed away
In glory o'er the western sea.

At orison, with love and fear
How deeply was thy spirit stirred,
On hearing, low, and sweet, and clear,
The answer of the bodied Word.