

THE OWL.

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TO MARY, QUEEN OF MAY.



LOWERS bloom in beauty, glowing with the light
Of life where late cold winter's pallid shroud
Wrapped a dead world ; like phantoms every cloud
Of snow hath vanished, while the blossoms bright
Write, Resurrexit ! on the mountain's height,
And valley's depth ; the hawthorne, sweetly proud,
Waves its white flag of peace ; a radiant crowd
Of witnesses in varied robes bedight,
Trilliums in royal purple, rhodora
In scarlet, dandelion in cloth of gold,
The bloodroot, silver-crowned, and manifold
Blooms vested in all vernal colors gay,
Attest 'fore heaven and earth, It is the May
That burst our bonds,—our gracious Queen behold.

And thou, O Mary, the long, wintry maze
That wrapped humanity in Arctic gloom,
Didst with the splendor of thy light illumine,
'Til man, enfranchised, in the glorious rays
Of his redemption saw the darkened days
Evanish, spectral memories of doom ;
Saw hope and joy, like vernal blossoms bloom,
When blest thy son, the Prince of Peace, his gaze.

Fitly to thee fair May is consecrate !
Earth and her children joyfully may sing
Anthems of all the promise of the Spring ;
The while they weave, with hearts and hopes elate,
Wreaths fragrant for thee, Queen Immaculate
Of Heaven. of May. Bless thou our aspiring.

E. C. M. T.