

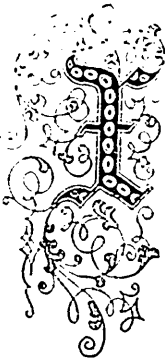
THE OWL.

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THE TRUE PROMETHEUS.



N minds that but dreamed of truth
Men fashioned a grand ideal
Of a God-like and generous youth,
Sublime in his passionate ruth
For the wrongs of humanity;
Then they pictured the agony
Requiting his frenzy of zeal.
To earth in beauty and might
The true Prometheus came;
But He came in silence and night
From the inaccessible height,
From the glory ineffable
Where He did with the Father dwell,
From the white and burning flame.
With the fire of the infinite love
Of God for the race of men
He came, but His types were a dove
And a wounded lamb, while above
His cradle the shadow lay
Of the rock, and the chain, and the day
Of His consummation of pain.
'Tis done; the victim divine
On the mountain of sacrifice
Hath poured His blood like wine,
Consecrating that awful shrine,
And the gift, to eternal years,
By the agony and the tears
Of a heart supremely benign.
Forever we see Him weep,
Son of a God most high
Fast nailed on that fateful steep,
And the vultures that 'round Him sweep
Are the sins of a world ingrate,
For His Love returning Hate,
Mocking His dying cry.

E. C. M. T.