

## THE OWL.

Ah, this were heaven on earth, and earth were solely  
 Another name for heaven, but that within  
 Our closest commune with the Heart All Holy  
 Dwells the disintegrating power of sin.

It shakes our being back into the mortal,  
 And thralls anew the spirit well-nigh freed,  
 E'en while the Heart of God from heaven's own portal  
 Doth stoop and clasp us round with heaven indeed.

It weighs us down from all our freest soarings ;  
 It makes our gladdest pulses slack with fear ;  
 It turns our alleluias to implorings,  
 And substitutes " Hereafter " for heaven's " Here."

But, be it so. Not vainly doth embrace us  
 The heart of Godhead in a fruitless hope.  
 Who from that fixed Heart-hold shall displace us,  
 Save we ourselves with our own weal would cope ?

Let us be true to our predestination—  
 Since all alike to Love predestinate :  
 Not earth nor hell, not trial nor temptation,  
 Shall shake the soul where Love doth arbitrate.

Sin shall be purged from out our nobler nature  
 By love, as dross by fire from gold refined ;  
 And holy Fear, transforming every feature,  
 Shall stand confest as Love in mortal kind.

And earth, the dream, shall in the waking Vision  
 Of God's essential beauty melt apart :  
 And all our being, tuned to pitch Elysian,  
 Throb one self music with The Sacred Heart.

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