

THE OWL.

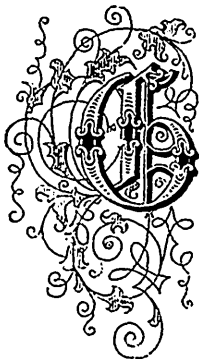
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A CARRIER DOVE.

To Mary Maiden.



O forth, thou dove of later days,
And waft my words to her, afar,
Who bathes her being in the rays
Love-quickenng of the Morning Star.
Bear olive branch and myrtle leaf,
And tell her, gentlest carrier dove,
My soul can offer still a sheaf
Of golden thoughts to her I love.

O, still, fair Maid, thy sunny smiles
Warm all my soul to ripening!
O, still my thoughts are ocean-isles,
And thou their sea encompassing!
Thou Maiden of most high degree,
Thou Daughter of a mighty King,
Bend from thine eminence to me,
Whose lips thy praises solely sing.

O freshly-fledged young fluttering words,
Launched forth so newly from the nest,
A heavenward brood of singing birds,
Go, build your bowers within her breast.
There can you only sleek the wing,
There in His very inmost shrine,
Love *must* inspire you, as ye sing,
With something of a voice divine.

O Holy Fates, keep wide the gates
Of that white Temple, free from sin!
Be still propitious, Triune Fates,
And let the little singers in.
And, ninefold choirs of Muses fair,
Train sweetly them to harmony,
That so she keep them nested there,
And, hearkening, still remember me.

FRANK WATERS.