

THE OWL.

From you goes forth a virtue not your own,
That heals sick spirits : it is Christ's own love,
That burning in you, warms your brother too.

What grateful wishes flood his waking soul !
He could adore you only that instead
He Him adores in whose sweet Name you sped
So promptly borne by Mercy's winged feet.
He Him in you adores whose stores you keep,
Dispenser of his earthly charities.
O God ! how little will relieve the poor !
How little rescue from an earthly grave !
How little too, will win a heavenly crown :
A coin, a morsel, or a quickening draught.
These, to you, trifles, steeped in Mercy's dew,
Grow into boons for him who haply gets,
And into gems for him who kindly gives ;

These are thy works sweet Charity, these bind
God to the rich, and to the rich His poor.
No nobler, holier, deeds are done by man ;
No surer sweeter path leads up to heaven.
Sweet on its pillow rests at night the head
That bends in pity o'er the sick man's bed.
Not the disciple's head alone was blest,
You too may lean upon the Saviour's breast.

W. M. B.

