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LINES

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SABLE mantle, clasped with gold,
Around the slumbering world is rolled :
A heart of music seems to beat
In the dark universe, and sweet
Its breathings of refreshing balm
Life's troubled passions soothe and calm.

*My heart is like a harp whose strings
To harmonies of thanksgiving
Resound : my life is like a rose
By zephyrs lulled to soft repose :
My soul is like a crystal glass
Filled by the elixir of grace,
Or precious vase for frankincense,
Its odor rare exhaling thence ;
For in the heavenly Sacrament
This day my soul with Christ's was blent.
O Lord of Love, at Thy dear feet
I lay that rose !—if it is sweet
Thine be the praise, as Thine the power,
To change a weed into a flower.*

E. C. M. T.