



IN WHILES

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ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, O. S. G.

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BETWEEN WHILES

A COLLECTION
...OF VERSES...

BY

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C.S.C.



AKRON, O.

CHICAGO NEW YORK

D. H. MCBRIDE & COMPANY

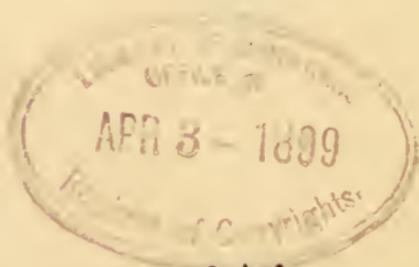
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Nunquam sis ex toto otiosus; sed aut legens aut scribens.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Be never wholly idle,
Than which there's nothing worse;
But read some goodly volume,
Or even—scribble verse.

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MARIAN SONGS AND SONNETS

MY QUEEN

VICTORS in tourney for love and duty,
Chivalrous knights in their golden prime
Knelt at the throne of the Queen of Beauty,
Ages ago, in the olden time.
Kneeling they proffered, and deemed it honor,
Guerdons of valor, the tourney's prize;
More than repaid just to gaze upon her,
Reading their bliss in her lovelit eyes.

Lances no longer we tilt for glory,
Gone is the pomp of the tourney now;
Still, like the knights of the olden story,
Lovers the queens of their hearts avow.
Peerless is mine: with her grace none other
E'er may compete, here below or above,—
Queen all unrivaled, O Mary Mother,
Grant for my guerdon one smile of love.

A MADONNA

JUST where the silvery moonbeams fall,
Above the desk, on my study wall
There gleams a visage more sweet than all
I have fancied of nymph or fairy;
E'en when the shadows enfold the room,
I see it still through the shrouding gloom —
No night so dark as to hide the bloom
Of that pictured face of Mary.

Madonna fair of an artist's dream,
To me as to him dost thou living seem;
Full oft from thine eyes benedictions gleam
That incite me to fresh endeavor.
O Mother mine, may the tender grace
That hath won my love for thy pictured face,
Still guard my heart from affections base
Till I gaze on thyself forever.

A PARAPHRASE

WHO cometh forth as the morning rising,
Fair as the moon, bright as the sun?
Ah, who but that gem of our God's devising,
Of all earth's daughters the spotless one.

Lily she, midst the thorns of ages,
Peerless in bloom and for aye to reign,
Sung of old by the Prince of Sages:
"Thou art all fair,—in thee no stain."

Let whosoe'er her grandeur measures,
Heed well the words from on high that fall:
"Full many daughters have gathered treasures,
Thou, my love, hast surpassed them all."

QUEEN OF THE MAY

HARK to the hymns that are heavenward swelling

Morning and eve all around the wide world,
See from each shrine, blossom-decked for her dwelling,

Incense-clouds floating like banners unfurled.

Fragrance and song to her

Bring all who throng to her,

Children of Mary, their homage to pay,

While from each heart to her,

Love-arrows dart to her,

Peerlessly beautiful Queen of the May.

Virginal Queen, with their myriad voices,

Earth, sea, and sky swell the chorus of men ;

All thy Son's universe blithely rejoices,

Welcoming fondly thine own month again,—

Month the most dear to us,

Fullest of cheer to us,

Blest by thy graces illuming our way :

Mother, above to thee

Send we our love to thee ;

Deign to accept it, sweet Queen of the May.

THE MEMORARE

NOT for his age alone was Bernard speaking,
O Virgin Mother, 'mongst all women blest,
When thy assistance in his sore need seeking,
The Memorare voiced his soul's request.

He echoed but a prayer that long resounded
In fainting hearts o'er all the woful earth,
The cry for help of those whom sin hath wounded
In every age since Christ the Savior's birth.

The echoes of an echo, we repeat it
With all of Bernard's confidence and love;
And now as ever dost thou kindly greet it,
And grant it, Mother, in thy home above.

QUEEN OF THE WORLD

SUNBEAMS o'er woodland and dell are dancing,
Starry-eyed blossoms from meads are
glancing,

Full-throated songsters their notes entrancing
Carol the livelong day ;

Whisper the breezes of new-born pleasures,
Murmur the streamlets in blithest measures,—
Nature hath lavished her choicest treasures,
Greeting the Queen of the May.

Fairest of sovereigns sung in story,
Peerless in mercy and power and glory,
Promised to earth from the ages hoary,
Destined to reign for aye ;
Mary, our Mother, from Heaven's splendor
Beams on us all with a love-glance tender,—
Who but shall hail and at need defend her,
Queen of the world and of May.

TO A CHILD OF MARY



WHAT though the shadows crowd thick and
fast

On the road thou fain wouldst follow?
What though the storm-wind's furious blast
Sweeps fiercely o'er hill and hollow?
Be faith and hopeful courage thine,
Nor let thy purpose vary:
Through gloom and tempest the stars still shine
For the fervent child of Mary.

The shadows that gather the long night through
Are scattered when dawns the morning,
The tempest sweeps by, and the heavens blue
Are aglow with the sun's adorning.
Though lowering doubts obscure thy way,
Fear not that woe shall betide thee:
In darkest gloom as in lightsome day,
Thy Mother blest will guide thee.

TO THE IMMACULATE



STAR of the Morning, whose splendor illumined
Shadows that dark o'er the primal world
lay,

Still doth thy glory redeem the sad story
Angels record of mankind day by day;
Still art thou shining bright,
Piercing the mists of night,
Steadfastly gleaming o'er life's troubled sea;
Gladly we hail thy ray,
Hopeful the while we pray,
"Virgin Immaculate, guide us to thee."

Lily of Israel! Nature's ideal,
Type the most perfect of woman most fair,
Poets have hymned thee and painters have limned
thee,
Art knows no beauty with thine to compare.
Lily all free from stain,
Soul in whom Grace's reign
Ne'er was disturbed by the shadow of sin;
Virgin Immaculate,
Teach us like thee to bate
Aught save the glory that lies all within.

AT LOURDES



BEFORE thy shrine I knelt, O gracious Mother,—
Thy far-famed shrine amid the Pyrenees,—
And vainly sought the rising sobs to smother,
The while I murmured low my fervid pleas.
The Gave's swift waters ceased their noisy brawling,
Soft breezes crooned a melody divine,
One almost heard the benedictions falling
With ceaseless rustling there before thy shrine.

Before thy shrine where myriad tapers gleaming
Around thy statue shone as mimic suns,
I knelt and gazed upon thy features beaming
With sweet compassion on earth's stricken ones.
The blind, the halt, the palsied there were kneeling,
All confident that thou wouldst ne'er decline
To grant their prayers, their sore afflictions healing,
As others thou hast healed before thy shrine.

Before thy shrine, O tender-hearted Virgin,
The soul's perceptions take a wider scope;
There, all the heart's emotions blend and merge in
One fervent act of mingled love and hope.
There, earth becomes as nowhere else the portal,
The very threshold of thy Home divine;
And earth's poor children taste of bliss immortal,
The while they weeping kneel before thy shrine.

IN MAY

IN ARBORS airy to Mother Mary
The sweet birds vary their songs of praise ;
Though skies be dreary they never weary,
But bright and cheery their carols raise.
Her feasts of sorrow they know, and borrow
Sad notes the morrow will change to gay,
And earth rejoices to hear their voices
With raptures greeting the Queen of May.

O Mother tender, our blest defender
We too would render thee homage meet :
The birds' excelling beyond all telling,
Our praise goes welling e'en to thy feet.
No words can measure the peace and pleasure
Our souls now treasure from day to day,
Nor sweetest story express the glory
We give thee, Mary, thou Queen of May.

MADONNA MIA



WEAK though my praise of thee,
Feeble my lays of thee,
Tender Madonna whose mercies I sing,
Favors besought of thee
Render the thought of thee
Sweet as the rose-blooms that perfume the spring.

Mother, in dreams of thee
Come there faint gleams of thee,
Lustrous in beauty and lovely as light:
Never did fairies' land
Match with the Mary's land
Where roams my soul in the watches of night.

Mother, whose prayers for me
Lighten life's cares for me,
Still flood my soul with the sunshine of peace;
And as no other love
Equals thy mother-love,
Ne'er shall my praise of thee suffer surcease.

TO THE VIRGIN-MOTHER OF
SORROWS*

SWEET spirit of Poesy, mystical maiden,
Thou solace and joy of my lengthening years,
To Mary, my Mother, with sorrow o'erladen,
Bear swiftly this tribute of love and of tears.

Though feeble the note of her age-stricken servant,
'Twill not shame thee his song-gift to lay at
her shrine;
And she who ne'er frowns on petitioners fervent,
Will grant to the singer forgiveness benign.

Near that shrine of my Mother, O would I were
kneeling,
To lull and to lessen her sevenfold pain;
By sighs and by tears my compassion revealing,
Her robe the while kissing again and again.

Her name I first lisped when in life's sunny morning
I gazed with delight on her fair sculptured face,
And, won by the sweetness her visage adorning,
Pressed my young lips to hers in caressing em-
brace.

* From the Latin of Rev. J. A. Alizeri, C. M.

How blissful my heart in that springtime of glad-
ness,

When Heaven's bright Queen was its first, only
love!

Now, freighted with sin and o'erburdened with sad-
ness,

It scarcely dares look to her fair throne above.

So, spirit of Song, in my stead, go deliver
My gift to the Mother whose dolours I rue;
But should she inquire the name of the giver,
Conceal it: 'twould only her sorrow renew.

Yet say that my heart its affection discloses
By culling each day in the garden of prayer
Choice blossoms to weave a coronal of roses,
Fit wreath for the brow of the Virgin all fair.

Ah, surely my Queen, not less gracious than holy,
Prompt pardon will grant me, and banish my
fears;

Sweet mercy she'll show to her suppliant lowly,
And perchance stem the tide of his heart-riven
tears.

THE MAGNIFICAT



MY GRATEFUL soul doth magnify the Lord,
In God my Savior hath my spirit joyed,
Because His humble handmaid, all devoid
Of worth, He deigns to favor and reward:
For lo! He wills that all who Him adore
Shall henceforth call me blessed evermore.

For He that mighty is, great things hath done
To me, His servant: holy is His name.
From age to age His mercy shall they claim
Who fear Him, the supreme eternal One:
His arm a power exceeding great hath showed,
Dispersed He those whose hearts gave pride
abode.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat;
To raise instead the humble hath He willed:
The hungered ones with good things He hath
filled,
And, empty-handed, bid the rich retreat.
All mindful of His mercy unconceived,
His servant Israel He hath received:
As spake He to our fathers in their day,
To Abraham and all his seed for aye.

SALVE REGINA

HAIL, O thou holiest Queen of creation,
Mother of mercy, life's comfort and hope,
List to our pleading for grace and salvation,
Children of Eve who in exile still grope.
Trust we our souls to thy merciful keeping,
Thee do we supplicate, owning our fears,
Sighing for succor the while we are weeping,
Mourning our woes in this valley of tears.

Come, then, our advocate kind and forbearing,
Turn on us wistful thy pitying eyes,
Potent thy glance to console the despairing,
Soothing our sorrows and stilling our sighs,
Grant that our love for thee never may vary,
And, when dispelled is our banishment's
gloom,
Merciful, gracious, and sweet Virgin Mary,
Show to us Jesus, blest fruit of thy womb.

BERNARD'S PRAYER



REMEMBER, Mary, Virgin tender-hearted,
How from of old the ear hath never heard
That he who to thine arms for refuge darted,
 Implored thy help with many an earnest word,
Besought thy prayers and on thy interceding
 With loving confidence and trust relied,—
Did ever futile find his fervent pleading,
 Or see thy grace and favor e'er denied.

O Virgin-Mother, 'mongst all mothers tender,
 With equal confidence to thee I fly,
To thee I come as to a sure defender,
 A weeping sinner, unto thee I cry.
Sweet Mother of the Word Incarnate, hear me—
 May e'en my halting words efficient prove—
Cast not away my prayer, but deign to cheer me,
 And let my sore distress thy pity move.

A MAY-SHRINE



AS HARBOR lights on darksome nights
Gleam lustrous through the ocean's gloom-
ing,

In many a row the tapers glow,
Our Lady's altar soft illuming.
Shy blossoms fair are clustered there,
The perfumes of the May exhaling,
And quaint wreaths twine about the shrine
Where fragrant incense-clouds are trailing.

O Mother sweet, still at thy feet
My harbor let me find forever,
That haven blest my constant quest,
To reach it, all my life's endeavor ;
And heart of mine, be thou a shrine
Where all fair blooms disclose their beauty,
Where vows and sighs like incense rise,
And grateful love is one with duty.

OUR LADY'S FAVORITES



THEY know thee but in part, sweet Mother
Mary,

Whose lives untroubled flow adown the years,
Whose placid currents storm-winds never vary,
Nor cloud-bursts quicken with a flood of tears.

They know thee but in part, O gracious Virgin,
Who have not sunk beneath the weight of care,
Nor seen hope's glowing sunshine fade and merge
in
The cheerless gloom of life's dread night, de-
spair.

Not joy the tutor, Martyr-Queen of sorrows,
That aids us best to see thee as thou art;
'Tis grief, the semblance of thine own that borrows,
Gains clearest vision of thy loving heart.

We know thee best, and love thee most, dear
Mother,
Whose anguished souls, in thy compassion
sweet,
Thou oft hast guided to our Elder Brother,
To leave us, solaced, at His blessed feet.

IN AFFLICTION

UP FROM a heart oppressed with pain,
On whose riven wreck the bitter rain
Of remorseful tears doth fall in vain,
Comes a cry no grief can smother;
The world is deaf to my soul's lament,
My friends proclaim their compassion spent,
But thou, to whom my appeal is sent,
Memorare, O gracious Mother.

Remember thy child, though fallen low,
Sustain, while he drinks his cup of woe,
And aid him so firm of will to grow
That he ne'er need drink such another;
In sore distress he beseeches thee
For the grace and strength all sin to flee;
Ah, Refuge of Sinners, pray for me,
Memorare, O gracious Mother.

THE COLORS OF CARMEL

COURSING to battle with armor gleaming,
Heroes of chivalry long ago
Caught from their lady-loves' colors, streaming
Bright from their lances, a martial glow ;
Potent incentive to knightly valor,
Fair shone those colors mid darkest strife,
Robbing e'en Death of his spectral pallor,
Flooding the victors with fuller life.

Lady of Carmel, a brighter glory
Gleams from the colors thy true knights wear,
Prompts them to prowess untold in story,
Nerves them the battle's reverse to bear.
Scapular Brown, o'er my heart reposing,
Badge during life of my faith and love,
Dark when around me death's gloom is closing,
Light me to Mary, my Queen above.

THE MAYTIME

—

JOYOUS Maytime,
Nature's playtime,
Free from faintest tinge of sorrow,
Mirth and pleasure
Fill thy measure,
Grief therein no place may borrow.

Skies all tearless,
Sunshine peerless,
Breezes crooning wooing burdens,
Green-robed bowers,
Birds and flowers,—
These to men thy welcome guerdons.

So, with reason,
Fairest season,
Mary's month we call thee ever ;
In thy graces
Finding traces
Of her beauty, cloying never.

"TOTA PULCHRA ES"

THOU art all fair, O Mother blest,
In thee is found no stain ;
Thou'rt purer far than whitest crest
That decks the troubled main.

Thy soul no taint did ever bear
Of imperfection's shade ;
And Satan never counted there
The blots his wiles had made.

First creature formed since Adam's fall
Who shared not Adam's sin,
Thy life was spent that mortals all
Celestial life might win.

Glad sight to Heaven's highest court,
To view their peerless Queen ;
And feeble man's most firm support
In that fair maid is seen.

O thou, fond Mother, guard me well,
I trust my soul to thee ;
Defeat the serried ranks of hell,
Safe guide me o'er life's sea,

And when, all spent my mortal days,
I kiss Death's fatal rod,
Be "Tota pulchra es" the phrase
My soul shall hear from God.

THE TREASURE OF THE AUTUMNTIDE

MONTH of the maple-leaf's changing hue,
Of the hoar-frost gleaming where late
the dew

Shone bright 'neath a firmament deeply blue,
'Neath a sky now gray and sober ;
Month of the meadows all bare and brown,
Of the clover and aftermath stricken down,
Though thy smile be sterner than August's frown,
We welcome thee still, October !

Month of our chaplets entwined each day,
Rich wreaths of bloom at her feet to lay
Whose love o'er our hearts holds sovereign sway,
Whose largess exceeds all measure,—
Swiftly our welcome goes out to thee,
Hail we thine advent full joyously,
Fair month of the Holy Rosary,
The autumntide's richest treasure !

AN INVOCATION

VIRGIN so pure and bright,
 Robed in celestial light,
 Blest be thy name in this desert below.
 Guardian of trusting souls,
 Who e'er like thee condoles
 Hearts that are bursting with sorrow and woe?

Mother whom Jesus gave,
 Fondly thine aid we crave;
 Help thy weak children obtain their reward.
 Queen of fair purity,
 Aid us like thee to flee
 Aught that displeases thy Son and thy Lord.

Star of the Morning, fair,
 Shine through the mists of care,
 Banish the gloom that lies dark o'er our way;
 Send us, oppressed with grief,—
 Send to our quick relief,
 Joyous and soothing, one luminous ray.

Beam o'er life's turbid sea,
 Guide those who trust in thee,
 Lest in the vortex of sin we go down.
 Mary, our Mother mild,
 Grant to each loving child
 Strength for the cross that will merit the crown.

AN ANGEL'S PART

(FROM THE LATIN OF THE REV. J. A. ALIZERI, C. M.)

AS WHEN a cautious mother deems her boy
In peril of a fall, she loudly chides ;
Yet when he falls, full quickly lifts him up,
Prompt pardon grants unto the weeping child,
And fondly kisses all his tears away ;
So let the priest rebuke each erring one,
Yet kindly lift the sinner fallen low.
To fall but human is ; to rise, divine :
Who stretches forth in love a helping hand
To raise the prostrate, doth an angel's part.
So wish, so order I, the clergy's Queen,
That pastors ever greet with kindly yearning,
Each truant member to the fold returning.

IN RANSOM



WITH the plaintive tones of a mourner's moans,
Sigh the winds of bleak November,
And each ashen cloud is the trailing shroud
Of some loved one we remember ;
Through the mist of years, through a veil of tears,
We recall friends tender-hearted,
And renew the woe felt long ago
For the loss of our dear departed.

Though no sterile grief gives them blest relief,
Though no tears from their pains can deliver
Those friends of yore on that farther shore
Of death's darkly-coursing river,
Rich treasures we may as their ransom pay
While life's sunlight still streams o'er us :
Tell Our Lady's beads for the urgent needs
Of those dear ones gone before us.

INADEQUATE

VIRGIN and Mother, thy matchless graces
Artists may limn in their dreams alone ;
Crude and unworthy, their fairest faces
 Pictured on canvas or carved in stone.
Ne'er but in visions to saints accorded
 Gloweth thy loveliness here below,
Nor till thy Son hath our trust rewarded
 May we the spell of thy beauty know.

So, of the scope of thy mercy, Mother,
 Vainly we strive in weak words to tell ;
Pleading thy cause with each tepid brother,
 Urging him fondly to serve thee well.
Not upon earth shall we gauge that ocean,
 Fathomless deep of thy tender love,
Not till as crown of our life's devotion,
 Share we thy bliss in our Home above.

OUR LADY'S MIRACLES



THEY tell me, dear Mother, that far o'er the
ocean,

'Mid peoples whose hearts are enamored of
thee,

Are shrines where thy clients behold their devotion
Rewarded by marvels right wondrous to see.

They tell how to victims all worn by the rigor
Of ailments no power of art can arrest,

Thou givest, sweet Mother of Jesus, new vigor :
Death staying his hand at thy simple behest.

By thousands the sufferers throng to thy altars,
By thousands they lave in thy waters at
 Lourdes ;

Thy help they implore with a faith that ne'er fal-
ters :

Thou hearest them, Mother, and lo ! they are
cured

Ah, well may I credit these tales of thy glory,
Though never thy world-renowned shrines
bless my sight.

Thou hast writ in my heart a more wonderful story ;
Of death changed to life, and of darkness to light.

TO OUR LADY OF LIGHT



WHEN the bright star of morning, the heavens
adorning,
Gleams lustrous and fair over valley and sea,
All its radiance and splendor but prompt me to
render
The heart's truest homage, sweet Mother, to
thee.

When the Day-god, uprisen from night's gloomy
prison,
Floods earth, sky, and water with glory and
flame,
All his golden rays beaming but write, to my
seeming,
The homage and praise that is due to thy
name.

When the Night-queen, unveiling her beauty, goes
sailing
Majestic through cloud-billows silvery white,
My soul loves to wander above and beyond her,
And bask in thy glory, Our Lady of Light.

STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

STABAT Mater speciosa,
Juxta fœnum gaudiosa,
Dum jacebat parvulus.
Cujus animam gaudentem,
Lætabundam et ferventem,
Pertransivit jubilus.

O quam læta et beata
Fuit illa immaculata
Mater unigeniti.
Quæ gaudebat, et ridebat,
Exsultabat, cum videbat
Nati partum inclyti.

Quis jam est qui non gauderet
Christi Matrem si videret
In tanto solatio?
Quis non posset collætari
Christi Matrem contemplari
Ludentem cum Filio?

STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

(TRANSLATION)

STOOD the Mother sweet and holy,
Joyous by the manger lowly
Where she loving vigil kept;
O'er her soul, its measure filling
With a glad, ecstatic thrilling,
Floods of purest rapture swept.

Oh, how blest, how transport-laden,
Was that fair, unsullied Maiden,
Mother of the Holy One.
How she joyed, her vigil whiling,
All entranced by that beguiling
Vision of her new-born Son.

Who hath soul so steeped in sadness
As to share not Mary's gladness,
Bliss that words can ne'er define?
Who but views with heart dilating
Christ's sweet mother jubilating,
Fondling now her Babe Divine?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Christum vidit cum jumentis,
 Et algori subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Vagientem, adoratum
 Vili diversorio.

Nato Christo in præsepe,
Cœli cives canunt læte
 Cum immenso gaudio.
Stabat senex cum puella,
Non cum verbo nec loquela,
 Stupescentes cordibus.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim ardoris
 Fac ut tecum sentiam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum
 Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas :
Prone introducas plagas
 Cordi fixas valide.
Tui Nati cœlo lapsi,
Jam dignati fœno nasci
 Pœnas mecum divide.

True, she sees that Babe fulfilling
Man's redemption, victim willing,
 Housed with cattle—cold the while;
Yet, above His cries deploring,
Hears she myriad hosts adoring
 Jesus in that stable vile.

O'er the Christ in manger lying,
Angel-choristers are vying
 Worthily to hymn their joy;
While all mute and heart-astounded,
Stand the Maid and Spouse confounded,
 Worshipping the wondrous Boy.

Fount of love, O Mother fervent,
Quicken me, thy sluggard servant,
 Let me thine emotions share;
Make my heart a furnace showing
Naught but love of Jesus glowing
 Ever bright and brighter there.

Mother, hear my sore beseeching:
Deign to stamp His wisdom-teaching
 Love-wounds fast upon my mind;
Let our smiles and tears be blended
O'er thy Son, the Heaven-descended,
 Manger-born for humankind.

Fac me vere congaudere
Jesulino cohærere,

 Donec ego vixero.

In me sistat ardor tui,

Puorino fac me frui,

 Dum sum in exilio.

Hunc ardorem fac communem,

Ne facias me immunem

 Ab hoc desiderio.

Virgo virginum præclara,

Mihi jam non sis amara :

 Fac me parvum rapere.

Fac ut pulchrum Fantem portem,

Qui nascendo vicit mortem

 Volens vitam tradere.

Fac me tecum satiari

Nato tuo inebriari

 Stans inter tripudia.

Inflammatum et accensus,

Obstupescit omnis sensus

 Tali de commercio.

Fac me Nato custodiri,

Verbo Dei præmuniri,

 Conservari gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,

Fac ut animæ donetur

 Tui Nati gloria.

Of thy joy partaking ever,
Till life's close let nothing sever
 Me from Christ's communion blest ;
Strengthen thou my weak volition,
Grant me of thy Babe fruition
 Whilst in exile still I rest.

With thine ardor set me burning,
Satisfy this eager yearning,
 In my heart thy Son enthrone ;
Virgin, 'mid all virgins peerless,
Heed my prayers, nor leave me cheerless,—
 Grant me Jesus for mine own.

Let me clasp that Infant charming,
In whose birth was Death's disarming,
 By whose advent life was won :
With such union fully sated,
All its longings sublimated,
Let my heart, like thine elated,
Henceforth be inebriated
 With the beauty of thy Son.

To my prayer benignly yielding,
Grant me, Mother, through His shielding,
 Ne'er to lose thy Jesu's grace ;
Grant, when ended life's brief story,
Safe for aye with thee in glory,
 I may see Him face to face.

TO OUR LADY IN NOVEMBER



PRONE at thine altar, O Queen tender-hearted,
Fount of exhaustless compassion and peace,
Plead we the cause of our faithful departed,
Destitute captives whom thou canst release.
Borne on the wild-sobbing winds of November,
Plaintive their cries for sweet Charity's doles;
Deign thou in pity their woes to remember,
Ransom them, Queen of the suffering souls.

Shorten, dear Mother, our loved ones' probation,
Lighten their torments, their grieving allay,
Change thou their woe into glad jubilation,
Lead them from night to the full perfect day.
Victors on earth, and yet exiles from Heaven,
Surely thy heart with their anguish condoles;
Grant, we implore, that their shackles be riven,
Ransom them, Queen of the suffering souls.

THE LITANY OF OUR LADY

MOTHER of God, 'mongst all creatures
 holy,
Virgin of Virgins most meek and lowly,
Mother of Christ whom we follow slowly,
 Smooth thou the wearisome way for us ;
Mother of grace from the Godhead welling,
Mother most pure and most chaste, excelling
Fairest of angels in Heaven dwelling,
 Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

Mother alone undefiled and peerless,
Mother inviolate, sinless, fearless,
Mother most lovable,— life is cheerless ;
 Be thou a comfort and stay for us :
Mother most wondrous, to grandeur fated,
Mother of Him who the world created,
Mother of Jesus, the Passion-sated,
 Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

Virgin most prudent enshrined in story,
Virgin revered since the ages hoary,
Virgin renowned, of thy dazzling glory
 Spare but a glimmering ray for us ;
Virgin most potent, whose foes surrender,
Virgin most merciful, kind, and tender,
Virgin most faithful, our sure defender,
 Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

Mirror of Justice and all perfection,
Seat of true wisdom by Christ's election,
Cause of our joy and of hell's dejection,
 Passion's wild tumult allay for us ;
Spirit-like vessel with grace abounding,
Vessel of honor to God redounding,
Vase of devotion unique, astounding,
 Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

Mystical rose with a bloom eternal,
Tower of David 'gainst foes infernal,
Tower of ivory, fair, supernal,
 Symbol of hope in the fray for us ;
Mansion of gold that delights our vision,
Ark where the law suffers no misprision,
Gate of our beautiful Home elysian,
 Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

Star of the morning through deserts guiding,
 Health of the weak and their hope abiding,
 Refuge of sinners in thee confiding,

Still thy compassion display for us ;
 Comforter blest of the sorrow-stricken,
 Help of all Christians when perils thicken,
 Grant that our hearts with thy love may
 quicken,—

Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

Queen of the angels, creation olden,
 Prior to thee but to thee beholden,
 Queen of the patriarchs, swift to bolden

Souls that solicit thy sway for us ;
 Queen of the prophets, the wisdom-gifted,
 Queen of apostles by thee uplifted,
 Queen of all martyrs with hearts woe-rifted,
 Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

Queen of confessors for Christ outspoken,
 Queen of fair virgins with vows unbroken,
 Queen of all saints, may our love betoken
 Triumph like theirs, not dismay for us ;
 Queen most immaculate, sullied never,
 Queen of the Rosary blest forever,
 Union with thee not e'en death can sever,
 Mary, sweet Mother, O pray for us.

AVE MARIA

"I HAVE known one word hang starlike,
 O'er a dreary waste of years,
 And it only shone the brighter
 Looked at through a mist of tears."

ETERNAL AVE, dwelling long unspoke,
 For age on age within the Father's mind,
 E'er voice angelic, like caressing wind,
 Low whispered thee to Mary; then there broke
 O'er sin-dark earth a gladsome dawn that woke
 Responsive thrills of joy in all mankind,—
 Of joy in Him who came earth's wounds to
 bind,
 And save a race enthralled 'neath Satan's yoke.

O starlike word, whose beauty pure, serene,
 Hath blest the world for twice a thousand
 years,
 Undimmed by time, thy fair celestial sheen
 Still glows o'er darkened minds, and glowing,
 cheers,—
 Eternal word, thine echoes ne'er shall cease
 To soothe the sad and bring the slave release

"SPES NOSTRA"



NO DAY is ended till its sun hath set,
Nor life completed till death's sombre
gloom

Steals o'er its twilight, and the yawning
tomb

Engulfs its sin and sorrow, toil and fret.

Who most has cause to mourn with vain regret

A guilty past and dread eternal doom

May, if he will, his future course illumine,

And reap the saints' rich, golden harvest yet.

For she, the Mother blest, whom Jesus gave,

All-potent advocate at Mercy's throne,

Lends willing ear when contrite sinners crave

The sweet compassion she has ever shown

To bruised reeds. Ah, who would not be brave

When Heaven's Queen doth make his cause

her own?

ON OUR LADY'S VISITATION

TO JUDAH, country of the hills, one day
There came a dust-stained maid from Galilee;
Her soul intent on wondrous things to be,
No man had she saluted by the way,
No city entered, made no brief delay;
But, moved by sweet and eager charity,
Sought her whose old-age son, from sin made free,
E'en from his mother's womb did homage pay.

Ah, Virgin fair, thy visitation blest
Extend to us, grown old in sin and woe.
Perchance when next we greet thee as our guest,
Our sterile hearts, grace-touched, may fruitful grow;
And, tuned to thine in full and sweet accord,
Like thine, our souls may "magnify the Lord."

A THOUGHT ON THE PRESENTATION



WHAT strange new fragrance this that scents
the air

Of Sion's temple with aroma sweet?

What gracious marvel do the angels greet,
As, poised on silver wings, they cluster there?

Earth's choicest blossom, Sharon's Rose all-fair,
To-day is laid at great Jehovah's feet,

A peerless flower with beauty's grace replete,
Its bloom, oblation; and its odor, prayer.

A life, the type and model of our own,

Who heeds its lesson may its guerdon claim;
The Mystic Rose to full perfection grown,

Herself the Temple of the Word became.
Hast given all to God? It hath sufficed;
Thy heart a temple is, wherein dwells Christ.

THE ROSE-GARDEN



I N OLDEN days, as German legends tell,
Upon the castled banks of storied Rhine,
There bloomed a garden fair, a floral shrine
Wherein the Princess Criemhilde loved to dwell;
All knights avowed her beauty's potent spell,
And rapture thrilled his pulse like bodied
wine,
The victor round whose brows her hands
would twine
A rose-wreath — token that he jousted well.

A fairer garden blooms for us to-day,
A fairer Queen of Beauty dwelleth there;
And oft as we our pleading *Aves* say,
Those mystic roses form a wreath of prayer,—
A love-twined wreath we humbly offer thee,
Sweet Lady of the Holy Rosary.

THE FIRST WITNESS



WHAT visit paid He first, that glowing morn,
When, all refulgent, burst He from the
tomb

And flashed His glory through the sullen
gloom

Which, pall-like, hung o'er earth and men forlorn?

What dearest one did prescient raptures warn

That He was near whose features, all abloom

With life supernal, mocked Death's boasted
doom

And told a tale of victory new-born?

Not she whose penitential tears sufficed

To wash the scarlet of her sins away;

The second, she, to view the Risen Christ

When morning broke, that primal Easter day.

Ere yet 'twas dawn, the Man-God first had pressed

His Mother Mary to His loving breast.

OUR LADY'S MONTH

NOT for thy grace alone, fair Month, of old
Belauded in each blithesome singer's lay,
Not for the jocund buds that 'neath thy sway
Their tiny petals stir, then swift unfold
Their wealth of beauty, to bedeck the mold
And woo the wanton winds that round them
play,—
Not for thy sunny mien or wind-songs gay
We bid thee hail and welcome manifold.

But chiefly that thou art Our Lady's time,
Her gala month of homage, praise, and prayer,
When myriad soul-harps sing in every clime
Fond hymns of love to Heaven's Queen all-
fair,
Though May-day's rites of yore lie buried deep,
Three decades now of Mary's days we keep.

THE IMMACULATE



WHENE'ER the poet's soul doth wander wide
O'er all the boundless universe of dreams,
Upon his vision clear at times there gleams
A peerless form that, fleeting, will not bide,
A beauteous face, lost even as descried —
A form and face would serve as fitting themes
For pen inspired or brush dipped in the beams
Of gold wherewith the summer clouds are dyed.

Yet can no poet sing, no artist paint
The grace ideal of his vision bright,
Or show, save in a copy blurred and faint,
The dreamland Queen who thus has blest his
sight:
'Tis She, God's masterpiece of beauty rare,
The Spouse to whom He said: "Thou art all
fair."

IN MID-ATLANTIC

'TIS midnight, and across the lowering sky
Black cloud-battalions, tempest-driven, sweep,
The storm-king wreaks his fury on the deep,
The huge waves toss their foamy crests on high,
Gigantic monsters that with hurtling cry
Rush fiercely down the liquid cavern-steep;
While swift the trembling ship with plunge and
leap,
Evades the peril she may not defy.

Firm-braced I stand upon the reeling deck,
By turns a prey to dread and strange delight;
Though raging billows threaten speedy wreck,
The soul acclaims their grandeur, power, and
might:
Yet, thus acclaiming, turns in prayer to thee,
Sweet Mary, Mother mine, Star of the Sea.

A TREASURE GAINED

THE miser joys to count his treasures o'er,
Nor deems that earth can purer bliss afford
Than still to gloat upon his hidden hoard,
And day by day increase his garnered store
Of sterile wealth. At length unto his door
The summons comes that may not be ignored.
What boots him now the gold thro' life adored?
His treasure's lost to him forevermore.

All otherwise we hoard who day by day
Tell o'er our blessed beads, and still entreat
Our Mother's prayers both now and when Death's
sway
O'er life shall rule supreme. "Hail Marys"
sweet
We garner up, each hour more and more,
And find our treasure on the eternal shore.

ASSUMPTA EST

THE weary exile since her Jesus died—
Slow-dragging years of yearning-haunted
peace—

Is spent at last, and Mary's glad release
From sin-dark earth hath come. Life's ebbing
tidé

Drains out; and, fleshly raiment cast aside,
The fairest soul created wins surcease
Of hope deferred, the while His joys increase
Whose choirs exult through all the azure wide.

Her comely body's fate? No slow decay
Its loveliness supreme shall soil or mar;
No dissolution claims as lawful prey
That temple perfect, free from blot or scar.
Corruption reigns but where foul sin was guest,—
All sinless She, and so, *assumpta est*.

OTHER DEVOTIONAL VERSES

A REFUGE BLEST

KNOW ye the spot where the passions cease
raging,

Where anger decreases and enmity dies,
Where pride sees its baseness, where nature quits
waging

Its warfare with grace, and the spirit grows wise?
Know ye the nook where all burdens grow lighter,
All trials less grievous, all anguish less keen,
Where the dark shadows lift and hope's sunshine
grows brighter,

While Peace stills the tumult of tempests ter-
rene?

Wouldst find it? 'Tis near: see that deathless
light burning

Before the veiled cell where thy Savior for aye
All silently waits with an infinite yearning

Thy sorrow to comfort, thy woe to allay.

No friend like to Him can the whole wide world
proffer,

No spot with such benisons dowered, I ween,
As there at His feet, if thou only wilt offer
Him sovereign sway o'er thy spirit's demesne.

AN AUTUMN ASPIRATION

ARE the autumn winds mournfully sighing
With regret for the summer time fled?
Do they grieve for the maple-leaves dying,
Or lament the sweet jessamines dead?
Ah, no; but each breeze tender-hearted
Chants a prayer for our loved ones' release:
"May the souls of the faithful departed
Through the mercy of God rest in peace!"

Of the merciful winds of November
May our hearts learn the touching refrain:
'Tis the Month of the Dead — ah, remember,
Our petitions will lessen their pain.
Let our prayers like blest arrows be darted
Till we win, for their sorrows, surcease,—
Till the souls of the faithful departed
Through the mercy of God rest in peace.

PEACE

(EGO TE ABSOLVO)

YES, go in peace, poor mourner, go ;
Thy crimes are all forgiven,
The chains that bound thee fast to woe,
God's minister has riven.

Thy soul was black, and foul, and clad
With the leprosy of sinning,
And Heaven wept, and Hell grew glad,
For Hell in the strife was winning.

But thou heardst the Father's loving call :
"Go, seek the waters saving."
Repentant tears have washed out all,
The leper comes clean from the laving.

Yes, go in peace, poor contrite heart,
God's love thy soul indwelling ;
But henceforth choose the better part,
Obedient, not rebelling.

Go forth in peace, and learn at length
What this last fall hath taught thee —
In God alone lies all thy strength,
Pride leads — where it hath brought thee.

Remember that to conquer sin,
The warrior must be humble ;
Humility shall stand and win
Where pride to dust will crumble.

Go forth to battle for thy crown,
To meet thy foes and fight them ;
But know, to strike thy foemen down,
God's strength, not thine, must smite them.

Yet go in peace, in Him confide,
He'll make thy combat glorious ;
For who has God upon his side,
Forever proves victorious.

ECHOES IN AUTUMNTIDE

OF T as the desolate winds of November
Wail out their dirge o'er the age-stricken
year,

Echoes of voices I loved and remember,
Plaintively resonant, strike on my ear.
Pleading, they come from beyond the dark river,
Cries wherein patience with agony blends ;
Moaning, the breezes their message deliver :
“ Pity, have pity, at least you, my friends ! ”

Loved ones, who still in God's prison-house lan-
guish,
Mine the sweet duty your ransom to pay,—
Mine, through Christ's merits, to lessen your an-
guish,
Washing all stains of your trespass away.
Soon shall I, too, in that place of probation,
Sigh for the Home where all suffering ends ;
Then, in your turn, hear my soul's lamentation :
“ Pity, have pity, at least you, my friends ! ”

EXILES



TOILSOME is our journey through this stranger-
land so dreary,
Countless o'er our pathway still the mountain-
peaks arise ;
Father, dear, have mercy, for our feet are very
weary,
Call thine exiled children to their home be-
yond the skies.

Hungry is our vision for that land wherein our
Mother
Beams her loving glances on her children safe
at rest,
Hungry for the sight of Him, our gracious Elder
Brother,
Longing to repose at length our heads upon
His breast.

Sick at heart, and weary of a world whose change-
less story
Tells of souls redeemed by Christ that Pride
and Mammon win,

Weary of the worldlings who forget the Father's
glory,
Marching o'er life's highway 'neath the ban-
ners foul of sin.

Daily, on our pilgrimage, a thousand foes assail us,
Urging us to wander from the one appointed
road ;
Fearful are we, Father, lest our courage some day
fail us,
Lest with these, thine enemies, we take up our
abode.

Tired, too, so tired of the endless combat waging
'Tween the spirit's promptings and the crav-
ings base of sense,
Mindful of the passions still so often fiercely rag-
ing,—
Eager to escape the risk of possible offense.

Long our eyes have thirsted for the fair supernal
mountains,
Long our ears have waited the ecstatic bursts
of song,
Long our hearts have panted for a draft from
Love's pure fountains—
Oh, we pine to dwell with them, that bright
celestial throng.

Courage, weary exiles; though as yet without the
portal

Of the Father's City, all disconsolate ye roam,
Soon the gates will open, and the joys of life im-
mortal

Burst upon your vision in that longed-for,
happy Home.

THE FOURTH STATION

COMES at length the sad procession, moving
onward to the hill,

Comes the weary Man of Sorrows, bowed beneath
earth's weight of ill:

Burden sore the Cross He carries on His shoulders
drooping low,

Sorer far the sin it symbols to His soul oppressed
with woe.

Few of all who throng about Him in that mocking
train there be

Moved to tender Him compassion, few to proffer
sympathy;

Yet not friendless reels He onward. See! where
 turns the lengthy street,
Mary, stricken dumb with anguish, waits her Son,
 her God, to meet.

Who shall sound her sorrow's ocean, who conceive
 her awful grief
When His pain-shot eyes uplifted hold hers for a
 moment brief?
Jesu's Mother views His torments, notes each sin-
 gle pang and throe—
Notes, aye, feels them: all His passion doth her
 spirit undergo.

Son all perfect! Spotless Mother! By the anguish
 of that hour,
Help me shun whate'er may grieve you, arm my
 soul 'gainst Satan's power;
Grave the picture of Your meeting deep my mem-
 ory within,
That the sight may fill my being with a steadfast
 hate of sin.

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS



THE shepherds who watched on the starlit slopes,
That night in the long ago,
Were but simple men, of whose fears or hopes
The world cared not to know;
But only the shepherds heard the song
That rolled through the purple skies,
And only the lowly may join the throng
'Round the Crib where the Man-God lies.



LIFE'S PASSION



ALL lives have their Passion-tide, tardy or
fleeting,
Up some Calvary's steep must we each stagger
on;
Thrice blest who the while lists to Faith, still
repeating:
"Beyond thy Good Friday lies Easter's fair
dawn."

“SACERDOS ALTER CHRISTUS”

SACERDOS ALTER CHRISTUS. Thought sublime,
That leads to heights no human thought may
climb,—

A thought to treasure in thy inmost heart,
“Another Christ,” anointed priest, thou art.
In rank above all men, so near divine,
Archangels claim a lower throne than thine.
In power, greater than the king who sways
Earth’s greatest realms; for THEE e’en God obeys.
He quits high Heaven’s court at thy command,
Descending swift unto thine out-stretched hand.
A Christ in rank and power — friend, ’tis meet
That thou the fair resemblance shouldst complete.
Be thine His patient pity, love, and zeal;
Be thine the wounds of aching hearts to heal;
Be thine to follow whither lost sheep roam;
And bear them kindly on thy shoulders home.
Be thine the Master’s Cross with love to bear,
And thine in endless life His Crown to wear.

AN ENVIED LOT

WHO with envy hath not murmured
Simon of Cyrene's name?
Who but in his heart hath whispered,
"Would my office were the same."
What were trials, woes, or anguish,
What were any pain or loss,
Could we help, as did blest Simon,
Christ our Lord to bear His Cross?

May we not thus aid our Savior,
Help Him on His doleful way?
Surely yes; and not once only
But with each recurring day.
Simon's lot one need not envy
Unto whom this truth is known:
That the Cross of Christ we carry
When for Him we bear our own.

WHEN EVA DIED

WHEN Eva died, our hearts in anguish
shrouded

Wailed out the burden of their bitter woe,
Life's skies, once fair, all sombre grew and
clouded,

And Joy's bright fountain ceased its sparkling
flow.

"God's will be done!" we sobbed in accents
broken

Above her lifeless form, Death's maiden bride;
And God alone knew all the rue unspoken

That pierced our souls the day when Eva died.

When Eva died, rich gleams of sunshine faded
From out the brightness of our household
cheer,

And Grief's pale form our happy home invaded
To temper all our joys for many a year.

And yet God's will be done! Our tender flower,
Whose budding grace we watched with loving
pride,

Was but transplanted to a fairer bower,—

A lily bloomed in Heaven when Eva died.

“VENI, SEQUERE ME”

(TO A RELIGIOUS, ON HIS PROFESSION, FEBRUARY 2, 1878)

PRAISE to the wisdom, true happiness prizing,
 That seeks in its labors eternal reward!
 Hail to the hero, life's pleasures despising,
 Who fears not to follow the steps of his Lord!

Ages have flown since the counsel was given
 To him who in happiness sought the true way:
 “Wouldst thou ensure thy enjoyment of Heaven,
 Take up thy cross, *Veni, sequere me.*”

Oft since thy boyhood, dear friend, now so lowly,
 While lost in thy musings or kneeling to pray,
 Flooded o'er thee the light of the Spirit most holy,
 Who spoke to thy heart: *Veni, sequere me.*

Softly it called thee, that voice low and tender,
 The world and its passions in prudence to
 flee,
 Lest wild winds and angry thy frail bark might
 render
 A rudderless wreck on a pitiless sea.

Nobly responding to God's invitation,
 Thou choos'est as gain what the worldly call
 loss;
 Nature o'erpowering, in glad jubilation
 Thou cling'st with fond hope to the wood of
 the Cross.

Blest be thy choice during time, swiftly fleeting,
 Thrice happy thy lot on the last awful day;
 For sweet beyond measure is Christ's gentle greet-
 ing
 To those who have answered His *Sequere me*.

STRIFE, OR REST?

IN THE long ago when I knelt to pray,
 These words to my lips would come alway:
 "O Father of might, grant me strength to fight,
 And to conquer all foes that assail me."
 But now from my heart comes another prayer—
 'Twas taught me by sorrow and sin and care:
 "O Father of peace, let mine exile cease,
 Call me home ere my courage fail me."

'Tis not that with merit my days are filled—
Ah! me, at the thought how my heart grows
chilled:

Thy talents misused, thy graces abused,
Show my past to be barren and dreary;
And I fain would atone for each misspent year,
And I strive and fail, and, oppressed with fear,
“O Father,” I cry, “let me speedily die,
For of striving and failing I'm weary.”

Yet why should I falter, why doubt and repine?
“My grace doth suffice.” Is the promise not
thine?

To cower were base with the foe face to face;
No; to vanquish them still I'll endeavor.
The future shall ransom the years that are gone;
Though I fall, I shall rise, and fight valiantly on:
O Father and Lord, guide Thou my sword,
Grant me victory now and forever!

PURITY OF INTENTION

WHEN the sunbeams kiss the snowdrifts,
Myriad diamonds sparkle bright,
Where, while cloud-banks hid the day-god,
Naught was seen but changeless white:
So when love of God doth guide us
Through life's tedious, dull routine,
Slightest acts are changed to jewels
Sparkling with celestial sheen.

"MISEREMINI MEI"

"MISEREMINI MEI!" Whence comes this wail
That is freighting the night-wind's wings?
"Have pity, have pity!" It thrills the soul
Like no song that the world e'er sings.
And the heart throbs quick and the pulse beats
fast,
While we list to its mournful strain;
For the tone of the voice is a plaintive tone,
Full of sorrow and trouble and pain.

“*Miseremini mei!*” The wail floats up
From an unseen world below,
Where departed saints their deliverance wait
In a dungeon of silent woe ;
From a wide, wide ocean of billowy flame,
Where endurance no merit can win,—
God’s crucible fierce where the gold of love
Is cleansed from the dross of sin.

“*Miseremini mei!*” Hark ! listen well.
Hear ye not some familiar voice
That in years agoone hath oft blended with thine,
And with thine would weep or rejoice?
By the love he once bore thee in days of yore,
Let thy friend call not vainly on thee ;
In thy charity’s might, grant him endless delight,
Strike off all his chains, set him free.

“*Miseremini mei!*” Ah, Christian soul,
One day from that joyless clime,
Thy wail shall float back ’cross the gulf of death
To thy friends on the shores of time.
Be generous now to those holy souls,
And then shalt thou reap thy reward ;
For the measure of mercy thou dealest to them
Will be dealt unto thee by thy Lord.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

WINTRY Night has spread her mantle
O'er a fair Judean town,
On deserted streets and highways
Moon and stars look calmly down.
Wealthy nobles, poor plebeians,
Merry youths and grandsires old,—
All repose in peaceful slumber,
Sheltered from the bitter cold.

All, except some lowly shepherds,
Men of simple moods and wills,
Who, inured to cold and hardships,
Watch their flocks upon the hills.
Only these, and in a stable,
Bleak and lonely, rude and bare,
Two expectant, humble strangers,
Both absorbed in silent prayer.

Midnight steals upon the mountain,
Lo, the shepherds start with fear.
What betides this radiant vision?
What, this song divine they hear?

Yes; these *must* be forms angelic
Winging downward from the sky,
And a thousand hosts are singing:
“Glory be to God on high.”

Midnight lingers o'er the stable —
Spouse mature and maiden mild
Gaze with speechless admiration
On a lowly, new-born Child.
Myriad spirits hover round them,
Eager all that Babe to scan;
For 'tis He whom God has promised,
Christ the Savior born to man.

Sing, ye Stars, a song of gladness;
Echo, Earth, the blest refrain;
Banish, fallen man, thy sadness,
Let each heart repeat the strain.
“Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ever joyous be this morn.
God hath sent our blest Redeemer,
Christ is here — Our Savior's born!”

A TRUSTY PILOT

ONCE when furious blasts were lashing ocean
waves to mighty strife,
And the billows, wildly raging, seemed like de-
mons cursed with life,
Stood I on a lofty headland where was dashed the
blinding spray,
Watching how a gallant vessel through the tem-
pest fought her way.

Tossed about like some frail plaything in the hand
of sportive child,
Now, far down 'neath towering mountains, hid
from sight by surges wild ;
Now, flung up by angry billows, far aloft on
crested wave,—
Ruin hovers all around her: surely naught that
ship can save.

But through all that shrieking tempest one brave
seaman held his post,
Guiding well the troubled helm, shunning still the
rocky coast:

Safely through the storm he bore her, till when
waves were lulled to sleep,
Weaker hands than his could guide her o'er the
bosom of the deep.

Thus it is on life's broad ocean, when Tempta-
tion's fierce winds rise,
When, before the waves of passion, swift our bark
at random flies :
It behooves us watch our helm, place a trusty pilot
there,—
Safe to come to smoother waters, if the pilot's
name be Prayer.

ON A FEAST-DAY

'TWAS hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in
a land that is far away,
That two pilgrims threaded the thronging crowds
of a city's streets one day,—
A Mother fairer with beauty rarer than earth had
hitherto seen ;
And close by her side, her protector and guide, of
placid and gentle mien.

To the holy Temple they came at length, and entering sought the priest ;
No wealth was theirs, so the offering made for the Babe was of the least :
And yet had Jerusalem's Temple grand ne'er witnessed so glorious a sight
As Our Lady presenting the Father with her Son,
the world's true light.

Still keep we this Presentation of Our Lord as the years roll on,
And the Light of the world is shining still as of old in Judea it shone ;
With vision clearer as we draw nearer and follow its thrice-blest ray,
Life's quicksands dread we securely tread, for our Light is the Truth and the Way.

There's a presentation for each of us who love our Mother well,—
A feast that the future holds in store, though its date no man can tell ;
Our souls will o'erflow on that gladsome day with a joy to the world unknown,
When the Virgin Queen presents us at the foot of the great White Throne.

PREMONITIONS



I DREAMT last night — nay, was it only dreaming,
Or true prevision of a coming day? —
That through my chamber fitful lights were gleam-
ing,
The while upon my couch I, dying, lay.

The solemn rites were o'er; the sacred Unction
God's priest had ministered, and grave and low
His voice essayed to rouse me to compunction
Ere yet life's feeble tide should cease to flow.

Ah, me! He little knew how wholly needless
His exhortation to repent of sin;
My looks belied me if they showed me heedless,
Or hid the wild remorse that raged within.

Another voice than his broke on my hearing,
And all earth's sights and sounds grew dim
and faint:
With awesome dread I saw the Christ appearing,
And, quaking, heard His Sacred Heart's com-
plaint: —

“For thee I underwent My cruel passion,
For thy redemption died upon the Cross,
Used every means that Love divine could fashion
To win thy soul. Hast compassed gain or
loss?

“Review thy vanished past and con its story ;
Judge thou thyself its purport and its worth :
How few thy years devoted to My glory,
How many squandered on the things of earth !

“Recall thy sins innumerable and ponder
How each a dagger was to pierce My Heart ;
Afar from Me in life thou loved'st to wander,—
'Twere meet that now from thee I stand apart.”

He ceased ; and demons, in the distance throng-
ing,
With fiendish triumph jeered and mocked the
prayer
I murmured still, lest Hope's supremest longing
Should turn for aye to infinite despair.

“Help, Mary, help !” I cried ; and scarce had
spoken
When near the Savior stood His Mother blest ;
His visage softened—surely 'twas a token
Christ still would listen to her least behest.

Then, stretching forth her potent hands above me,
 As if to shield me by her tender care,
 "He loved me, Son," she said, "nay, won to love me
 Full many others: judge him not, but spare."

Perchance 'twas but a dream, a scene ideal
 By Fancy painted in her hours of play;
 But on my wakened soul its impress real
 Is stamped, a lesson to endure for aye.

Dear Lord, henceforth Thy will shall be my pleasure,
 Thy Sacred Heart my sins shall grieve no more;
 And thou, sweet Mother, wilt in fullest measure
 My grateful love receive as ne'er before.

A SNOWFALL ON ALL SOULS'

'T WAS the day of the Dead and the earth shared
 their sorrow,
 The brown fields were sodden, all cheerless the
 skies,
 And a new tone of grief did the autumn winds
 borrow,
 In mournful accord with the souls' plaintive
 cries.

'Twas the Feast of the Dead, and alight with the
morning,
The tapers gleamed faintly adown the broad
nave,
While at sombre-draped altars the bells tinkled
warning
Of Precious Blood flowing there, wave upon
wave.

All the day flowed that Blood o'er the faithful de-
parted,
Each drop blotting out aught of tarnish and
stain,
All the day ransomed souls from their prison-home
darted,
Blest realms of sunlight eternal to gain.

Came the night of the Feast—and the winds
hushed their moaning,
From the skies fell in benison, crystals of light:
Through the still air they hovered till brown fields
were covered,
And earth, like the souls, lay all spotless and
white.

A CLIENT OF THE ROSARY

UPON the white-draped table the blessed candle's flame
Gleams fitful through the sick-room, as life through
the wasted frame ;
The sacred unctions given, the priest in his surplice and stole
Kneels by the bedside reciting the prayers for the
dying soul.

'Tis only a poor old woman bidding adieu to life,
Yet faith sees a soul heroic waging the crowning
strife :
Faith sees a client of Mary—her every breath a
prayer,
Awaiting the angel whose pinions already darken
the air.

The eyes grow fixed and glassy ; the lips are
parted now,
And gelid drops of death-sweat exude from the
furrowed brow ;
The heart throbs slowly, faintly ; the pulse has
ceased to thrill,
But the poor worn hands, all shrunken, are rest-
lessly moving still.

Her love for her life's devotion disputes Death's
trenching hold,
And one by one through the fingers the blessed
beads are told :
From the lips come no faint whispers, comes only
a labored breath,—
But the eyes gleam conscious ever at each "hour
of our death."

Through threescore years of combat, the toiling
life of the poor,
The beads have been her comfort, have nerved
her to endure ;
Her liturgy and prayer-book, she read them o'er
and o'er,—
What wonder she still clasps them as she nears
the other shore ?

What mysteries does she ponder? Ah, surely
those of glory ;
For, see, as she ends the decades, her features tell
the story ;
The reflected light of a vision illumines the pallid
face,
And all joyous rings her greeting: "Hail Mary,
full of grace!"

LOVE IN DISGUISE

HOW often we mourn as a grievous misfortune,
An event that in time proves a benison
true,
How often forget that behind the black cloudbanks
The sun is still shining, the skies are still blue.
Short-sighted and hasty, we judge swift and rashly
Whatso'er in God's plans for the moment
brings pain;
All unmindful that sorrow may die with the morrow,
And gladness succeed it, as sunshine the rain.

No blow that e'er fell on our hopes and destroyed
them,
No tempest that shattered our fair ships at sea,
Wrought its havoc unknown or unwilled of Our
Father,
And surely none love us more truly than He;
The blow was a kindness, the tempest a blessing,
Though it seemed at the time other features to
wear,
No ill comes unbidden but in it lie hidden
The mercy and love of God's provident care.

ROSES AND THORNS



“THE world is a garden; let’s gather its roses,”
Sing the crowd in the freshness of life’s
dewy morn;
They pluck the rich blooms, but each culling
discloses
That the fairest of blossoms still covers a
thorn.

“The cloister’s a thorn-brake; ah, Lord, all the
nigher
To Thee,” say the few in whose hearts true
love glows;
They enter; and lo! from each rough prickly
brier
There blooms out in beauty a fair, fragrant
rose.

A YEAR AGO

(IN MEMORIAM M. B.)

A YEAR ago, when autumn leaves were falling,
And woodland paths were strewn with
colors bright,

When wailing winds, like spirits intercalling,
Sobbed out their sorrow o'er the song-birds'
flight,

When Holy Church, a mother tender-hearted,
On last All Souls' bemoaned her children's
woe,—

We two conversed of death and the departed
And Purgatory's pains, a year ago.

A year ago, the tide of life was leaping
Along thy veins like flood of sparkling wine;
We spoke of Death, but dreamt not He was
creeping

With stealthy tread athwart my path or thine.
We breathed a prayer, it cheers me to remember,
For dear ones gone, and wondered did they
know,—

“Our turn may come,” said one, “ere next No-
vember,”—

But neither believed it would, a year ago.

A year ago, Hope bade thee look before thee
To lengthened days all free from care and dole ;
Yet even then death's shadow darkened o'er thee,
And now — with tears we pray, "God rest thy
soul !"

Ah, me ! Perchance *my* days are almost ended,
And, next All Souls', kind tears for me may
flow,

As faithful friends with love and sorrow blended,
Exclaim : "He still was here a year ago !"

TWO STARS

WHEN the Wise Men sought for the new-born
King

Who had come to rule o'er the earth,
They followed a star from their home afar
To the place of Our Savior's birth.

And the wise man still who would seek Our Lord
From a star his true course learns,
'Tis the tiny light that by day and night
Near the tabernacle burns.

A FRIEND THE LESS



A NEWSPAPER item, brief and cold,
A two-line story tersely told;
"Died at his home quite suddenly,"—
My lifelong friend, aged thirty-three.

I saw him only a month ago;
On his face there shone the ruddy glow
Of perfect health, robust and strong,—
The tide of his life seemed to flow along
So full and deep that never a fear
Came to him or me that its ebb was near.

We chatted and laughed o'er the days gone by,
Youth's sunny years that so swiftly fly;
Contrasted the dreams of that younger time
With our real careers in this our prime;
And, glancing beyond the present, planned
A coming trip to a Southern land,
A holiday long 'neath the purple skies
Where the flush of the summer time never dies,
Where the blue waves lap gently fair Italy's shore,
And the spirit of Beauty holds court evermore.

Only a month since we planned it all,—
And now, from my sight Death's sombre pall
Has hidden my comrade that was to be
On that holiday journey across the sea.
Only a month—and his sun that shone
Noon-high has rushed to its setting, gone
Down where the darkness and silence are rife,
Down 'neath the western horizon of life.

“God rest his soul!” I murmur low,
“In that other clime whither all must go.
May Our Lady's prayers win him swift release
From all purging flames! May he rest in peace!”
And, Mother of Mercy, grant to me
Thy protection and care through the years to be;
Through the years? Nay, months, for aught I
know,
That still remain of my lifetime's flow.
Be thou my guide, my strength, my stay;
Direct my steps from day to day
That when for me the death-bells ring,
And mourning friends my requiem sing,
My soul may fly to God and thee,
At rest for all eternity!

THE DE PROFUNDIS

OUT of the depths of my woe have I cried to
Thee,
Lord God compassionate, hear thou my voice ;
Lend me Thine ear who for mercy have sighed to
Thee,
Pardon me suppliant, bid me rejoice.

Lord, if iniquities Thou wilt mark heedfully,
Who 'mongst Thy servants Thy wrath may
sustain?

Clemency bides in Thy heart for us needfully :
Thine, on account of Thy law, I remain.

Resteth my soul on His word all confidingly,
Hopeful for aye of His mercy's award :
E'en from the morn unto night, and abidingly,
Israel, child of Him, hope in the Lord.

For with the Lord there is mercy and gracious-
ness,
Plentiful flows His redemption's deep stream,—
Broader than ocean its infinite spaciousness :
Israel's sins will He also redeem.

WHERE WE LAID HIM

(IN MEMORIAM FATHER PATRICK BRADLEY)

“WHERE have you laid him?” — “Lord, come
and see.”

“And Jesus wept,” so the Scriptures tell:
Yea, groaned in spirit full bitterly
O'er the death of His friend loved long and well.
No need, then, to blush, be we never so brave,
For the sorrow that whelms us wave on wave,
No shame in the grief that seeks for relief
In our tears that fall on a new-made grave.

Where laid we him? First, in a shrouded room
Of the home he ennobled for many a year.
(Ah, me; that an aspect of deepest gloom
Should succeed to its old-time welcome cheer!)
Three well-filled decades he dwelt therein,
A peaceful haven from strife and din,
The bank of the poor, and a refuge sure
For the wayworn outcast weary of sin.

We laid him next in his other home,
That parish church which he served so well:
('Twas echoing still from pavement to dome
- With his virile preaching's entrancing spell.)

What thousands of Masses therein he said,
What myriads of souls to their Maker led,
 What labors of love for His Father above
That he wrought there while living, now plead for
 him dead !

In his mother-earth we laid him at last,
 Beneath the shade of the churchyard Cross,
While the dirge of the bleak November blast
 Made moan with his flock who bewailed their
 loss.

'Mid the scores of the dead he had buried there,
We lowered him down with reverent care—
 His life-course run, and his lifework done—
Requiescat in pace, our parting prayer.

Not a common man was this friend to whose tomb
 A multitude thronged from anear and afar,
All creeds and all classes oppressed with gloom :
 He differed from others as star from star.
How brilliant his glory, how great our debt,
Though we loved him well, we had scarce guessed
 yet,
 Till his death spread around a night so pro-
 found,
We knew that our *brightest* of stars had set.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE

REQUIESCANT IN PACE! 'Tis ever
 November's compassionate dirge,
 'Tis the undertone of the forest's moan,
 The sob of the ocean's surge;
 It runs through the night-wind's threnode,
 A sad and a haunting refrain,—
 May they rest in peace! May they win release
 From their exile and grief and pain!

Requiescant in pace! We echo
 The chant of the forest and sea,
 And peace anon o'er our loved ones gone
 Will break in response to our plea.
 We can, if we will, pay their ransom,
 Can open their prison-door,
 And proffer them joy that knows no alloy,
 Nor will know it forevermore.

Requiescant in pace! Ah, Mother,
 Thine too is November's prayer;
 For thy heart condoles with those stricken souls
 Who fain would thy glory share.
 Then plead, we entreat, for our dear ones,
 Plead on till the moment when
 To thy fond request: "Lord, grant them rest,"
 Thy Son gives the answer, "Amen!"

DEATH'S ADVENT



WILL it come at close of an illness long,
A lingering twilight of pain,
When the gathering gloom will foretell my doom,
Proving hope of recovery vain?
Will life's brimming tide sink steadily down
Like a river that ebbs to the sea,
With a gradual fall till 'tis emptied all—
Is it thus Death will come unto me?

Will it come like bolt from the cloudless blue,
Like white squall on the summer main,—
Just a sudden dart to arrest the heart,
And palsy the teeming brain?
Will the earth-lights fade and the darkness come
With never a warning sign?
In life's noontide glow to be stricken low,—
Is a fate such as this to be mine?

Ah, it naught avails to conjecture now
What the mode of Death's coming may be;
Whether slow or swift I am set adrift
On eternity's boundless sea:
Let me live each day as it were my last,
Let my love for my God ne'er abate;
And Death at the end I shall welcome as friend,
Come his summons or soon or late.

THE MOTHER OF MERCY

LATE my soul with dread and doubting grown
unquiet,
Grieved all hopeless at the thought of squandered days,
At the waste of life through passion's frenzied riot,
At the sin and shame and folly of my ways.
For I summoned all my guilty years before me,
And reviewed their baleful records one by one,—
Ah, what wonder black Despair then hovered o'er
me,
Shrieking fiercely: "Thou art lost to Mary's
Son."

How I trembled in that bleak hour
At the words of the demon dark.
How I longed for, but lacked, the power
To rekindle hope's dying spark.
As a deer o'ertaken by hounds,
I quaked at those direful sounds:
"Too late hast thou counted the cost—
Too late. Thou art lost, thou art lost!"
Then burst from my soul terror-stricken
A prayer that in youth I had prayed:
"O Mary, the clouds round me thicken:
Sweet Mother of Mercy, give aid!"

Swift as calm swept o'er each billow and subdued it,

When the Man-God told the tempest: "Peace be still."

Mary roused my waning courage and renewed it,
Kindled hope again and nerved my weakened will.

"Not too late, my child," her gracious voice assured me,

"If thy penance be but earnest and sincere;
Through the ages none have perished who adjured me,
In thine every strait and peril I am near."

And Despair fled wrathful away

Ere my Mother's voice had done.

He had counted full sure on his prey,

Had deemed that the battle was won;

But with Mary, our Lady of Hope,

No fiend of them all can cope,

And my soul had escaped his snare

With the help of that Lady fair.

So my heart with her love will quicken,

I shall ransom my past, undismayed,

Safe to call, when the storm-clouds thicken,

On the Mother of Mercy for aid.

THE DEAD HAND OF FOLIGNO



I STOOD within a grey old convent's walls
In Umbria, and heard the wondrous tale,
How once therein God drew aside the veil
That screens from mortal view the prison-halls
Where languish those whose agonizing calls,
Upborne to earth with many a sobbing wail,
Are echoed shrill in each autumnal gale,—
Poor captive souls whom mystic fire enthralls.

I saw the imprint of the flame-shot hand
Traced clear and deep in charred and black-
ened wood,
And felt the shadowed forms of spirit-land
Troop lightly by and brush me where I stood,
The while my soul exhaled a fervent prayer:
“God grant them rest, my friends who suffer
there!”

LOVE'S TOUCHSTONE

(IN MEMORIAM VERY REV. E. SORIN, C. S. C.)

EARTH'S saints, how pure soe'er to mortal eyes,
So wholly free from blemish, soil, or stain,
And fitted, as we deem, at once to gain
Beyond death's portal life's supernal prize,
Will stand, it may be, robed in other guise
Before their Judge; still may some debts re-
main,
To cancel which fierce ecstasies of pain
Enthrall our dead, and force their doleful sighs.

So, Father dear, to thine own counsels true,
Our hearts to Mary's tender heart lay siege,
Still begging her to free thy soul of rue,
And rest eternal grant her subject liege:
E'en thus we best requite thy gentle care,
The touchstone of our love not praise, but prayer.

NOVEMBER FEASTS

O MOTHER Church, an artist thou whose skill
Awakes the soul's most latent harmonies:
With touch unfailing dost thou sweep its keys,
And myriad vibrant chords responsive thrill
In pæans jubilant as laughing rill,
Or dirges sad as ocean's threnodies:
'Tis thus November feasts, by thy decrees,
With bliss and woe our hearts successive fill.

All Saints' in joy, All Souls' in grief, we spend,
Yet grieving, aid our dear ones gone before:
Their ransom blest in orisons we send,
And bid Our Lady ope their prison-door:
For love, faith-shot, of death itself is free,
And prayer outstretches to eternity.

TO SISTERS IN RELIGION

(ON THE DEATH OF THEIR FATHER)

I ASK no better fate, when life at last
 With all its toil and fret and strife is o'er,
 When I have trembling reached the farther
 shore
 Of death's dread gulf, and my poor soul is cast
 God's crucible within, where fierce and fast
 The purging flames of justice leap and roar,
 Than this to know: that through my prison-
 door
 Pierce Sisters' prayers to lull the fiery blast.

And so I hold your father's portion blest:
 If still, perchance, of prayer he knows the need,
 He feels his dear ones' hearts will stand the test
 Of truest love, and for him daily plead.
 Swift pardon his as mercy e'er allows
 Whose Judge is but his daughters' chosen Spouse.

REPENTANCE

FULL oft the traitor's loathsome part I've played
To Thee, dear Lord, whose service long ago
I chose with all a youthful soldier's glow,
Protesting true allegiance, undismayed
By thought of ceaseless war with hell's brigade,—
Yet, passion-blinded, I have joined the foe
Who constant strive to lay Thy standard low,
Have crimsoned in Thy blood my dastard blade.

And dare I still, red-handed rebel, hope
For aught more merciful than traitor's doom?
Or beg that once again Thy ranks will ope
To give my sorrow and my penance room?
None other, Lord, than Thou would e'er forgive;
Yet grant me that, converted, I may live.

AN ANNIVERSARY

—

A YEAR ago to-day around her bier,
All sorrowful we clustered, doubting still
That ne'er again the merry laugh would trill
From out those hueless lips with jocund cheer,—
That only in some other, farther sphere,
Those eyes, so wont with pity's drops to fill,
Would ope,—that verily the boundless ill
Of death had smitten her whom all held dear.

Twelve months have sped, and o'er her peaceful
tomb

A granite shaft upbears the saving Cross,
The grasses bow and sway, the flowers bloom,—
Yet in our hearts still aches the sense of loss.
What can we say, the while the seasons roll,
But, as a year ago, "God rest her soul!"

HUMAN RESPECT



WOULDST understand his folly stark who fears
To shape his course aright and hold his
way

Along the line of duty plain as day,
Because, forsooth, of neighbors' gibes and sneers,
Of shrugging shoulders, scornful smiles, sharp
jeers—

Who weakly yields himself a willing prey
To anxious thoughts of "what the world will
say,"

And so the course he knows the wrong one steers?

Go, watch him when at length that course is run:
Of what avail the world's approval now?

Think you 'tis strong as thoughts of duty done
To still the throbbing of that anguished brow?

Ah, friend, e'en let the world say good or ill,—

'Tis what God says should be our standard still.

QUEEN AND NUN

(IN MEMORIAM MOTHER AUGUSTINE)

AN HOUR ago of coming pomps I read,
Of many a splendid show and brilliant scene
Will grace the Jubilee of England's Queen,—
When suddenly they told me, "Mother's dead."
And swift my startled thought took wings and sped
Beyond the boundaries of things terrene,
Across the mystic gulf that lies between
This world and that whereto her soul has fled.

With faith's clear vision scanned I then the worth—
The gulf once crossed—of regal pomp, of fame,
Of honors lofty as are known to earth,
Of glory bright as decks Victoria's name;
And mused: "Ah, me, when life's brief course is
run,
No queen so royal as the lowly nun."

THE WAY OF THE CROSS



TEACH me, dear Lord, to tread Thy doleful way
With spirit all in unison with Thine,
With soul amazed that even love divine
At such a cruel cost could thus defray
Our debt of heinous sin, with heart a prey
To contrite grief and penitence, that mine
Have been the hands Thy crown of thorns to
twine,
And wield the scourge Thy sacred flesh to flay.

Ah, Lord! 'Tis I that heavy Cross should bear;
But since my burden Thou hast made Thine
own,

Let me at least in spirit with Thee share
Each day the grievous load; let me atone,
By tracing oft the journey Thou hast trod,
For all my countless crimes 'gainst Thee, my God.

TO FRIENDS

(ON THE DEATH OF THEIR FATHER)

WHY mourn the ripened ear of tasseled wheat
That in the fullness of the harvest-day
Sinks low beneath the sickle's ruthless
sway

And prostrate lies? Its life hath been complete
From seed to blade, from blade to kernel sweet;
And sterner fate it were should slow decay
Sap stealthily its full-grown grace away,—
The reaper's timely stroke brings ending meet.

Like ripened ear, in God's own harvest-time,
Your father's mortal husk doth stricken lie;
Yet know you well (who live by faith sublime)
His soul, the body's kernel, ne'er can die;
Grieve not but bless; the Hand divine hath given
To each of you one friend the more in heaven.

IN THANKSGIVING



I THANK Thee, Lord, for blessings manifold —
For countless gifts of nature and of grace,
For life and health, for courage to embrace
In youth the calling of Thy choice, and hold
Thereto through years when pristine love grew
cold,
For all Thy patience while I ran apace
Down Folly's path, for warnings to retrace
My wayward steps ere Death's dread knell be
tolled.

Not least I thank Thee for each holy friend
Whom Thou hast taught to tender me a love
Unearned as sweet, whose daily prayers ascend
More potent than mine own could ever prove,
Whose face Thou wilt accept as Job's of old,
And, guilt condoned, my weakness still uphold.

IN VARIOUS KEYS



THE NEW YEAR'S GUERDON

WHAT does this New Year hold for me,
What is its largess like to be,
What shall mine eyes ere its waning see,
As morrow succeeds the morrow?
Shall peace or strife fill each passing day,
Life's sky be sunlit or sober grey,
Will flowers or thorns strew my future way,—
Does the New Year bring joy or sorrow?

Ah, the New Year holds whatsoe'er I list
And my way will be dark with the shrouding mist,
Or bright, by the golden sunshine kissed,
Just as I choose to make it.
We fill as we please all the years that run,
Cloud them with rain or gild them with sun;
Life's truest joy dwells in duty done,
Its grief burdens those who forsake it.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND



THOU hast parted from those who e'er found
thee

A friend in their joys and their tears,
Thou hast broken the bright chains that bound
thee

To hearts that have loved thee for years;
As the torrents that rush down the mountain
With ruin flood valleys below,
So the wellsprings of sorrow's deep fountain
Flood my soul with the waters of woe.

Thou art gone, and in mournfulest measure
The night-wind is chanting my pain,
Yet it whispers one note of sweet pleasure—
'Tis of days when we'll meet once again;
For all dark clouds have sure a fair lining
Of beauteous and silvery light,
And the sun of our union is shining
Through the shadows of absence's night.

LIFE'S GOLDEN BOWL



ONCE on a time, in the ages olden,
The heyday of chivalry, faith, and love,
The dwellers on earth owned themselves beholden
For all good gifts to their Maker above.
Then the lord and the vassal, patrician, peasant,
Each knew the worth of his deathless soul,
Nor dreamt of escaping e'en ills incessant
By laying rash hands on life's golden bowl.

But the world has grown older ; misguided science
Has shattered full many an ancient belief ;
And men at their Maker now hurl defiance
Whom once they blessed for their woes' relief.
Religion's a sham and faith is treason,
Death ends all, for there is no soul ;
So the slightest of ills is deemed good reason
For wantonly breaking life's golden bowl.

Poor pitiful dupes of a spreading madness,
Most woful of sights in a woful world !
Self-sentenced thus to eternal sadness,
Down to the bottomless pit self-hurled.

Too late have ye learned that the God who made you
Holds high domain o'er each living soul,
Too late discovered that fools betrayed you
When they counseled your breaking life's
golden bowl!

GENEROSITY

HAST thou sometimes wished for unbounded
wealth,
For riches beyond all dreaming,
And planned the good thou wouldst do by stealth
With the gold in thy coffers teeming?
Has thy heart ached sore for the stricken throng
Crushed down by stern Poverty's forces,
And thy spirit yearned to help them along,
If only thou hadst the resources?

Muse not on the bounty that *would* be thine,
Wert thou master of golden treasure;
Rather lavish the wealth of that richer mine
Which each may own at his pleasure.
Give freely of kindness from day to day,
Let gentleness fail thee never:
Mere gold and silver soon pass away;
- Kindly words will endure forever.

DECEITFUL CALMS

OUT upon the ocean when the skies are clearest,
When no gladsome ripples o'er the waters
sweep,
Cautious grows the sailor, for the storm is nearest
When in perfect calmness rests the mighty
deep.

Down amid the valleys when the air is heavy,
When no breeze is tossing leaflets to and fro,
Nature's warring powers soon their troops will
levy,
Soon will crash the thunder, soon the torrents
flow.

In the darksome jungle when in perfect quiet
Crouches low the tiger, watching close his
prey,
Soon the bound is taken, soon ferocious riot
Bursts upon the silence that o'er the forest lay.

On the broad Niagara, smoothest of the river
Glides the mighty volume just above the fall;
There the fated boatman feels no warning quiver,—
Yet, one moment later, death has ended all.

Like the perfect stillness of river, vale, or ocean,
Like the breathless silence of the jungle's king,
Oft the soul seems calmest, freest from commotion,
When its dormant passions to life and vigor
spring.

GIANTS

OUT on the hillside over the way,
A dozen of merry lads at play
With noisy shouts and laughter gay,
A huge white giant are making;
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Are rolled about the balls of snow
Which soon so great and heavy grow
That the rollers' backs are aching.

Ever and ever, day by day,
When skies are cloudless or sober gray,
In joy or grief, at work or play,
Some giant each boy is making:
For habits grow, like the snowballs, fast,
And bad ones soon great shadows cast,
Till there comes a cruel day at last
When their strength defies all breaking.

MEMORY

MEMORY'S bells to-night are chiming,
Chiming out a weird refrain,
Measured as the cadenced rhyming
Of some sweet poetic strain.

Memory's brush to-night is painting,
Painting scenes of long ago,
Clear the outlines, no sad tainting
Mars the pictures as they grow.

Memory's torch to-night is throwing,
Throwing o'er the years gone by
Beams of light that swift are showing
Forms that 'neath the snowdrifts lie.

Memory's eyes to-night are glancing,
Glancing at my youth's fair prime,
Days of bliss and hopes entrancing
Down the corridors of time.

And the lesson Memory teaches,
Thus reviewing all my past,
Is the same that Conscience preaches —
Only virtue's joys can last.

AT A GRAVE IN WINTER

WHAT doth it profit to gain the world,
Or madly to seek as our goal
Its honor and glory, wealth and joy,
If we lose, in the seeking, our soul?
Whether men my life and my work ignore,
Or acclaim me a hero brave,
What shall I reckon when the snowflakes weave
Their jewelled shroud o'er my grave?

What doth it profit to gain the world—
A rank which the world calls proud,
A permanent niche in the Temple of Fame,
Or the fleeting applause of the crowd?
Not the censure or praise of the world I've left,
But of Him who my life to me gave,
Will matter to me when the snowflakes drop
Their crystal gems o'er my grave.

Oh, the heart cries aloud for an infinite good,
A cry which the world can ne'er still;
And there's one thing alone that profits in life,
The doing of God's holy will.
If only the years that are mine be spent
In an effort my soul to save,
The rest will be naught when the snowflakes weave
Their jewelled shroud o'er my grave.

THE VACANT CHAIR

SILVER moonbeams gently stealing
Through our cottage-pane to-night
On a group of children kneeling
Throw their soft and mellow light.
Lonely all, no word is spoken,
Grief is stamped on every brow;
Let the silence be unbroken—
Mother's chair is vacant now.

Oft in joy we thronged around it,
Oft, when sad with childish care,
Sought relief and ever found it
In the dear one seated there.
On that throne each night we kissed her,
Gave her there our morning bow—
But to-night, how we have missed her!—
Mother's chair is vacant now.

Yet, though mother's gone forever,
Still her gentle spirit's near:
Ah, her kindly voice can never
Cease resounding in my ear.
And that seat, my glances meeting
I shall see her placid brow,
And shall hear her loving greeting,
Though her chair be vacant now.

TO AGNES

(ON HER BIRTHDAY)

BIRTHDAYS are milestones we pass on life's
 journey,

Nearer with each comes the terminal goal ;
 Birthdays are breathing-whiles snatched from life's
 tourney —

Strife wherein each plays the warrior's rôle.
 Lagging they come to the youth or the maiden,
 Eager to grasp what the years hold in store,—
 Swift, all too swift to the old, sorrow-laden,
 Musing on days that are lost evermore.

Namesake of her who is maidenhood's glory,
 What shall I wish thee, this festival day?
 Surely that thou live anew her fair story,
 Treading undaunted where she leads the way.
 What though no martyrdom's crowning betide
 thee,

Still mayest thou love with St. Agnes's love,
 Shunning with her whatsoe'er would divide thee
 From the Redeemer, thy blest Spouse above.

LIFE'S HEROES

NOT alone is he a hero who is brave where can-
non thunder,
Or with ardor hastes to mingle in the carnage
of the strife ;
Greater deeds by nobler soldiers oft elicit naught
of wonder,
For the field whereon they act them is the
battlefield of life.

'Tis not always he whose name is blazoned fair in
Honor's story,
Who most merits from his fellows glowing trib-
utes to his might ;
Oft a higher, purer hero acts a part unknown to glory,
Acts it simply as his duty, struggling bravely
in the right.

Striking ventures, deeds uncommon, feats of rash,
instinctive daring,
Do not always mark the presence of a courage
real, true ;
Better far the reasoned action of a heart no effort
sparing,
First to know what deed is worthy, then that
deed forthwith to do.

Call him hero, if you wish it, who in storm or con-
flagration,
Risks his life in deadly peril to preserve a
friend or foe ;
Still the act, though brave, may cost him far less
trouble and vexation
Than the slightest manly effort to restrain his
passions' flow.

E'en ignoble men and hardened, nature's coarse
and wholly brutal,
Sometimes, spurred by love of plaudits, seem
to play the hero's rôle ;
Theirs is but a noble impulse, and their claim
must e'er prove futile,
If they wish their names as *heroes* fair inscribed
on Honor's scroll.

See the oft-recurring struggles, daily combats,
trials bitter
That beset the faithful Christian, striving for
celestial crown :
Is not he who *here* is victor far more noble, better,
fitter
To receive our glad acclaim and win a lasting
bright renown ?

Some there are, both high and lowly, who repine
 not when they're smitten,
 Cheerful while their spirits quiver 'neath afflic-
 tion's heavy rod:
 These are heroes, brave and worthy, and their
 names are ever written,
 Not on fleeting human records, but in volumes
 penned by God.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING

(TO S. P.)

EACH birthday ends one chapter more
 Of the book entitled LIFE,—
 Ah, when we glance the pages o'er,
 And mark the bootless strife
 That filled the years so swiftly flown,
 How oft we sigh and grieve and moan!

Each birthday opes a chapter new
 Of that book we all must write,—
 Oh, let *thine* treat of courage true,
 Of deeds forever bright,
 Of patience 'neath the chastening rod,
 And heart-throbs beating all for God.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS



SWEEPS through Judea a wild lamentation,
Threnode of heart-riven, piteous woe,
Wailings of Rachels whose sad tribulation
Solace nor comfort nor batement can know:
Bursts forth in Heaven a pæan of gladness,
Jubilant chorus of conquest and praise,
Greeting the victims of tyranny's madness,
Martyrs of Christ in their infancy's days.

Babes and yet heroes, for, dowered with reason,
Clearly they saw and accepted their doom,
Bartering life in its yet budding season,
Choosing in preference martyrdom's bloom;
Fuller of triumph than pathos their story—
Little ones blest 'mongst the children of earth,
Infants with Christ and first fruits of His glory,
Innocents crowned with the death that is life.

MUSINGS



DO WE ever in our dreamings
Read the Future's mystic tale?
Do we ever catch brief glimpses
Of the scenes beyond the veil?
When the body, wrapt in slumber,
Cumbers not the spirit's flight,
Does the soul outstrip the present,
Speeding onward to the light?

Do our dreams prove sometimes truthful?
Do we ever thus foresee
Aught that lies beyond the moment,
Can we know what is to be?
Oft I think so, and I wonder,
When the mists have rolled away,
Will the pictures fair of dreamland
Then look lovely as to-day.

THE DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS

I LOOK on Death, but do not feel the sadness,
grief, or pain
I've felt in other chambers where that Monarch
held his reign,
I gaze on waxen features cold and lifeless as the
snow,
Yet cannot mourn the bright young life that made
those features glow.

I looked upon her dying—marked the short and
fitful breath,
And heard the meek and gentle voice plead earn-
estly for death;
It was no plaint of anguish born, no cry for pain-
less rest,
'Twas childlike Love's imploring prayer to gain
her Father's breast.

A chaste and spotless lily guarded well from tem-
pests wild,
Her heart inflamed with love divine, her soul all
undefiled,—
Ah, solemn Death no terror brings to mortals such
as she;
He comes a friend, who cuts the cord and sets a
captive free.

Then grieve not, ye who loved her; chant no
mournful dirges here;

'Tis joy's triumphant pæans that should echo
round her bier.

Rejoice as for those heroes bold who strike bat-
talions down,

For she has fought life's battle and has won the
victor's crown.

And ye who saw the virtues of your Sister, teacher,
friend,

Oh, treasure well her lessons that like hers your
lives may end;

Let the world be "in the background"; keep
God's glory ever first,

And so, like Sister Clement's, shall your souls for
Heaven thirst.

I kneel beside the marble form (we promised her
our prayers),

But musing on her sacrifice, her trials, troubles,
cares,

Her holy life and saintly death, methinks her joy
I see;

And so the prayer I murmur is: "Dear Sister,
pray for *me*."

IDEALS OF YOUTH

THERE'S a legend that's told of a student of old,
Who afar from the world loved to roam,
How he found a bleak cave near the wild ocean wave,
How he lived there and made it his home ;
And he sang to the breeze that came over the seas,
Of the Master whose love he would win,
For he spent all his days in thanksgiving and praise,
And he dreaded no evil but sin.

Thus in solitude drear for full many a year
Did this student in sanctity dwell,
And his garments were mean, and right frugal, I
ween,
His repasts in that dim, rocky cell.
But his soul still enjoyed a content unalloyed,
Still his love for his Lord grew amain ;
And he chanted his psalm in the storm and the calm,
And the ocean-wave sang the refrain.

And one eve when the surge moaned a low, plain-
tive dirge,
And the sky lowered sullen and dark,
Through the blackness of night he espied a bright
light,
And afar on the waters a bark.

Not more wondrously fast blows the wild, wintry
blast

Than that vessel strange dashed through the
wave,

And the student with dread saw, as onward she
sped,

That her course led direct to his cave.

But a marvelous sight filled his soul with af-
fright,

When yet nearer to land the bark came ;

For her sails and her shrouds were but luminous
clouds,

And her pennants were serpents of flame.

Still unchecked was her speed, though most urgent
the need,

“She’ll be wrecked,” cried the student, “full
soon,

But a rod or two more, and she strikes on the
shore” —

Then he sank to the earth in a swoon.

And when consciousness came, he invoked a blest
Name,

Then arose with a mind less alarmed ;

But he started amazed when about him he
gazed,

For the bark was there still and unharmed.

And he saw a young queen robed in silvery sheen,
And two kings clad in purple array,
Gliding swift o'er the foam, and they entered his
home,

And the student nor swooned nor could pray.

Said one monarch: "Behold, I'm the conqueror,
Gold,

At my shrine all mankind bend the knee;
And the world you may sway with the wages I'll pay,
If you pledge your allegiance to me."

Then the second: "I'm Fame; follow me and thy
name

Shall be known in each far distant clime,
And thy deeds of renown with the years will go down,
To be sung by the bards of all time."

"Queen of Pleasure am I," was the maid's joyous
cry;

"Let your heart and your homage be mine,
And the waves on life's stream will sparkle and gleam
With the lustre of bright ruby wine."

As she ceased, a fair youth on whose countenance
Truth

Stamped a charm of ineffable grace,
'Mid the group did appear, and with jasper-tipped
spear,

Wrote these words on the wall's rugged face:—

“Would you win constant joy and the sweets that
ne'er cloy,

Serve not Pleasure, nor Wealth, nor Renown ;
Let your soul ever laud the perfections of God,
And your union with Him be life's crown.”

In the student's bright eye could the monarchs
descry

Their defeat, so they fled as they came ;
And no more to that cave o'er the wild ocean-
wave ;

Sped the bark with the pennants of flame.

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All this happened of old ; but Fame, Pleasure,
and Gold

Still entice to their ranks ardent youth ;
And the glitter and glare of the robes that they
wear

Oft eclipse the chaste raiments of Truth.
Yet the Spirit of Light on each heart still doth
write,

As the youth of the legend on stone : —
“To secure constant bliss in the next world and
this,

Love your Savior and serve Him alone.”

BOY AND MAN

THE boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow,
And to find out what manner of man he
will be,
No aid from magician or seer need we borrow,
In the glass of his present his future we see.
Self never is changed in the process of growing,
No harvest is other than sleft in the seed ;
And each boy in life's garden is constantly sowing
His self of the future, a flower or weed.

Ah, light-hearted youth to whom Hope is e'er
chanting
Of the honor and fame to be won in life's
prime,
Be not reckless to-day of what seeds you are
planting,
Nor believe that a habit grows weaker with time.
As your seed, so your harvest, with joy or with
sorrow
You are freighting each hour that passes away ;
And the noble and true 'mongst the men of to-
morrow
Are the pure-hearted, upright, good boys of
to-day.

TO M. B. F.

WHEN we shall meet, through chance or call
of duty,
Though autumn sere or winter stern be king,
The world, transformed, will glow with sudden
beauty,
And earth and sky don all the charms of
spring.
For eyes will beam a light than sunshine fairer,
As hand clasps hand and hearts responsive
beat;
And lips will murmur dulcet music rarer
Than nature's melodies, when we shall meet.

When we shall meet, and scan each other's faces,
As once we scanned them in the years gone by,
The ravage wrought by Time's relentless traces
Will futile prove to win a tear or sigh.
Though gone the beauty that was youth's adorn-
ing,
Each soul will leap its kindred soul to greet,
And pulses throb as in life's radiant morning
With ecstasy of joy, when we shall meet.

When we shall meet, perchance no more to sever
The blest communion of the olden time,
Our spirits twain, e'en more attuned than ever,
Will prove the sweets of friendship's golden
prime.

The path of duty will grow smooth and pleasant,
Our transient sorrows pass like shadows fleet,
And life itself seem benison incessant
To you and me, dear friend, when we shall
meet.

DREAMING

DREAMING of youth and its gladness,
Dreaming of age and its sadness,
Musing why tears grow salter with years,
Dreaming of days long ago ;
Thinking how always "to-morrow"
Brought with each pleasure a sorrow,
Musing on strife in the battle of life,
Dreaming of bliss and of woe.

Dreaming of boyhood's glad hours,
Dreaming of sunshine and flowers,

Heaving a sigh that flowers must die,
 Dreaming of grief and of pain ;
 Mourning dead friends tender-hearted,
 Musing on days ere we parted,
Hearing so well each funeral bell,
 Dreaming I'll meet them again.

 Dreaming of sweet inspirations,
 Dreaming of spirit-vibrations,
Hearing the voice that decided a choice,
 Dreaming of gain and of loss ;
 Thinking of love glowing brightly,
 Musing on burdens borne lightly,
Breathing a prayer thus ever to bear,
 Dreaming of Christ and His Cross.

 Dreaming of weary paths wended,
 Dreaming of life's struggles ended,
Thinking of peace that will come with release,
 Dreaming of Death's darksome frown ;
 Musing on raptures supernal,
 Sighing for mansions eternal,
Longing for rest 'mid the throngs of the blest,
 Dreaming of Christ and His Crown.

BENEATH THE ROSE

EXCEPT the pure and sinless child,
 Each soul in secret mourns;
 In life, as on the rose-bush wild,
 The blossoms hide the thorns.

DAY BY DAY

ONLY a day at a time we live,
 And each day's cares are but fugitive,—
 They are sifted through sleep as sand through a
 sieve,
 And are gone ere the matins chime;
 The heaviest crosses that penitents bear,
 The thorniest crowns that the martyrs wear,
 Are borne and worn not always and e'er,
 But only a day at a time.

Only a day at a time we grieve,
 How bitter soever the woes that cleave
 Our hearts in twain, for a blest reprieve
 Forerunneth each morrow's prime;
 The sighs that echo our soul's dismay,
 The scalding tears that enforce their way,

Are sighed and cried, not forever and aye,
 But only a day at a time.

Only a day at a time, my soul :
 Mourn not that tedious years may roll
 Ere, our pilgrimage over, we reach our goal
 And enter the heavenly clime ;
 For aught that we know the end may be near,
 And Death's pale shadow full soon appear,—
 But we need not heed if we persevere
 Just for a day at a time.

“WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND?”

SHALL I be your friend? 'Twere a slight re-
 quest, could you by friendship mean
 The professions loud of the passing crowd that we
 meet with on life's scene ;
 Just to nod and smile, and converse the while the
 heart is never stirred —
 Could you think thus of friendship's bond, then
 “Yes” were an easy word.
 But if you mean, as you do, I ween, a friend like
 my ideal,
 'Tis a jewel rare that you seek to wear, true friend-
 ship pure and real.

Shall I be your friend? Shall I mark you out and
rank you far above

My neighbor of the universe whom my God has
bid me love?

Shall I further go and 'mid those I "know," set
you apart from the throng?

In the crowded swarm will your hallowed form
stand forth in colors strong?

Nay, more, will you be one of the few who are
friends, not "friendly" only,

Whose affection blest is a haven of rest that I seek
whene'er I'm lonely?

Shall I be your friend? Will my soul respond with
an echo clear and true

To the varying tones, be they glees or moans, that
shall thrill thy being through?

When the cloud-banks rise and obscure thy skies,
will their shadows darken mine?

Will the golden beams of sunlight gild my life
while tingeing thine?

When the arrows fierce of affliction pierce thy
heart e'en unto bleeding,

Shall I feel for thee true sympathy, and in thy
cause be pleading?

Shall I be your friend? Will your name be one
that shall ever come unbid
When I bow before the white-veiled door of the
cell where my Lord lies hid?
At the birth of each day when I kneel to pray to
the holy Three in One,
Shall I ask for thee that the night may see thy
duty nobly done?
At the altar, too, shall I think of you in supplica-
tion fervent?
Shall I there implore of God's grace still more for
my friend and His meek servant?

Shall I be your friend? Will each tremulous plaint
breathed out by thy stricken soul
Wake an answering note in my heart to float like
some sighing funereal toll?
When thy dulcet rhymes, full of happy chimes,
more sweetly than joy-bells ring,
Will my soul rejoice and my jubilant voice join
thine and as gladly sing?
Will my cold, dead words of the warbling birds the
magic of soothing borrow?
Will they laugh when thou'rt glad? When thou'rt
grieving and sad will they chasten and
lessen thy sorrow?

Shall I be your friend? Through the coming years
shall we cheer each other along,
O'er the desert of time to that beauteous clime of
glory and love and song,
To that city bright of entrancing delight and bliss
that shall never cloy,
Where the sad are blest and the weary rest, and
the mourning are flooded with joy,
Where our Virgin Queen sits in radiant sheen with
none but her God above her,
Where she decks with gems rich diadems, fair
crowns for the souls who love her?

Shall I be your friend? 'Tis no slight request,
yet clear as a song-bird's trill,
Through my inmost soul does the answer roll, and
the answer is, "I will."
In the woe and strife of this chequered life, in its
gladness pure and deep,
When the storm-winds roar, when the storm is o'er
and billows are lulled to sleep,
In the gloom of despair, or when hope shines fair,
my friendship shall fail thee never,
Yes, I'll be your friend to our journey's end—
may the bond endure forever!

ECHOES OF TWILIGHT

SOFTLY fall the shades of even,
Blending twilight into night,
See, the sentinel of heaven,
One lone star is shining bright.

Perfumed zephyrs, gently sighing,
Woo the voiceless trees to play;
Rustling leaflets, quick replying,
Bid farewell to parting day.

Swiftly are the moments fleeting—
How the hours hurry on!
Scarcely time to give the greeting,
Or employ them, ere they're gone.

Of the years whose marks I'm bearing,
Were all spent in worldly joy?
Or were some used in preparing
For a Home without alloy!

Were they spent in idly dreaming,
Painting scenes that cannot last,
Or like diamonds are they gleaming
Through the shadows of the past?

SOME DAY

SOME day the friends we hold most dear
Will vanish through the portal
Where ends each long or brief career,
Death's gate to life immortal.
Some day the tokens that had shown
Our faithful love and tender,—
The smile, the kiss, the gentle tone,
We would, but may not, render.

Some day—alas, when 'tis too late,
We'll mourn our present blindness,
Who still keep closed affection's gate,
And niggards prove of kindness.
Ah, let what love indwells thy heart
In word and deed be spoken,
Nor wait the day when Death holds sway,
And vain is every token.

IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM

“**B**EHOLD the handmaid of the Lord,” she said,
 A Jewish Maiden of the long ago;
 “What path soe'er He wills my feet shall tread,
 No other will than His my soul shall know.”

Wouldst thou, fair maiden of a later age,
 Partake one day of Mary's rich reward?
 Keep pure life's album; on its every page
 Write first: “Behold the handmaid of the
 Lord!”

A CHANGELESS LAW

AS THE soil is rich or sterile, will its yield be
 great or small,
 But no mold can change the nature of the germ
 thereon let fall.
 As the seed is, so the harvest: only oaks from
 acorns grow;
 Like produces like forever, and we reap just what
 we sow.

MY LETTER

OH, MY heart is sick and my spirits are
low,
There's a throbbing weight on my brain;
The tedious hours are very slow,
And life, to-day, is a pain.
'Tis bitter and hard, this lot of mine,
'Tis but labor and trouble unblest,
And, a-weary, I long for the day's decline,
For night, for sleep, and for rest.

All the world outside is joyless, too,
There are dull gray clouds o'erhead,
And the face that the earth presents to view
Is the still cold face of the dead.
E'en the moaning winds, as they hurry by,
Wail a dirge o'er the joys that "have
been" —
We are chanting one strain, the winds and I —
"Life is bleak without and within."

The postman's knock? Now Heaven send
He bears a letter for me!
He does, and 'tis one from my dearest friend,
In the hand I love best to see:

Full eager I scan the pages bright,
And long ere I reach the close,
My heart grows glad and my spirits light,
And my soul with peace o'erflows.

I turn to my work, not tedious now,
'Tis a labor of love and joy ;
No saddening fancies cloud my brow,
No vain regrets annoy.
And there's beauty, too, in the earth and sky,
The sun the dull clouds breaks through ;
And the breezes echo my soul's glad cry,
" Oh, blest is a friendship true ! "

AT CLOSE OF DAY

WHEN the long day is done and of duties it
brought with it
Conscience declares we have overlooked none,
When the spirit of Indolence, for that we fought
with it,
Found us resolved against dallying aught with it,
Sweet is the sense of repose fairly won,
When the long day is done.

Be we never so weary, at length there is rest for
us,

Comfort they know not their duties who shun ;
For the demon of Idleness proves no fit guest for
us,

Labor-filled hours are sweetest and best for us,
Freest from sins and remorse that stun,
When the long day is done.

When our life's day is done, and no pleading will
stay for us,

E'en for a moment, its swift-sinking sun,
May the sum of our work with our Father out-
weigh for us,

Trespass and error replete with dismay for us,
Crowning with triumph the course we have run,
When life's long day is done !

IN SUMMER-TIDE



WITH fragrant perfumes gently sighs the
breeze
Of summer o'er the woodland's fairest glade ;
The sweet musicians, hid in coolest shade,
Outpour their liquid song to listening trees ;
The purling streamlet through the greensward
flees,
Like wayward child who, wandering as he
played,
Has far from cottage-door and garden strayed,
And now hies home to gain his mother's knees.

Who would not, peaceful, rest forever here,
Secure from life's rude storms, from care and
woe
Too often wrought by those we hold most dear,—
Unmoved by fickle Fortune's ebb or flow,
Commune with nature through the changing year,
And nature's bounteous God more truly know?

LOVE OF MOTHER



COULD mortal eye but pierce the secret cell
Of human hearts, and bend a curious gaze
On gems there buried deep, whose lustrous
rays

Illumine bright the ardent thoughts that well
From gushing founts within, 'twould often tell
A tale to fill our soul with joy and praise:
We'd ponder more on God's mysterious ways,
And on His mercy's greatness longer dwell.

For, shining clear in hearts the most depraved,
One lovely jewel throws its gleam above
The ruins bleak and sad it fain had saved
Ere Vice's blasting steps did o'er them rove,—
A virtue sweet, more potent than all other,
An ever-glowing, fervent love of mother.

ON A PRIEST'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

THE first priest, Christ, for many years and long
A hidden life, obscure and lowly, led,
Afar from scenes where fame and glory spread
Their nets of pride, and hold in meshes strong
E'en noble souls who move amid the throng,
Nor flee the baleful light by honors shed ;
And not till he was risen from the dead
Did glory greet Him in the Easter song.

“Another Christ,” in very truth thou art,
O Priest of fifty years ! Like His, thy days
All hidden lie ; like His thy lowly heart
In self-effacement shuns e'en fitting praise ;
No transient worldly fame is meet for thee,
But seraphs sing thy Golden Jubilee.

STEMMING THE CURRENT



SO TEMPTING gleamed the river yesterday—
The tide, half-flood, uprushing from the sea
In currents swift, its wavelets leaping free—
The while upon the grassy bank I lay
Oppressed beneath the torrid sun's fierce ray,
That, yielding to an impulse, speedily
I doffed my raiment, cast myself with glee
Upon the waters cool, and swam away.

With lusty stroke I sped me with the stream
A mile or more past dike-bound marshes wide;
Then turned—to labor long with toil supreme
In buffeting that rapid-coursing tide.
'Tis ever thus, on river or in life:
To stem the current is the real strife.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

YES, rear a stately column to the sky,
'Twill tell to later times that in our day
Not all of chivalry had passed away ;
But still there lived who honored purpose high,
And would not willingly let wholly die
The friend of humankind, whose songs for aye
Shall noble souls incite to join the fray
Where weaker brothers sound their battle cry.

But rear the column for *our* sake, nor deem
He needs a monument who still lives on
In countless lives that glowed beneath his beam,
And shared his glory as it brighter shone.
His fame is shrined in all the hearts that bled
When came the tidings: "Boyle O'Reilly's dead."

A REWARD



WHAT talent God had given him withal
He fostered and improved from day to
day,
Toiled oft through hours purloined from sleep
and play,
Resisted firm the swift-subduing thrall
Of indolence, and heeded labor's call,
Climbed slowly up the rugged weary way
Towards heights illumed by glory's dazzling
ray,—
And won at length a niche in Honor's hall.

Then looked he to receive from friends held dear
The grateful tribute of sweet sympathy,
And joyed to think that his success would cheer
Full many hearts he loved and prized. Ah,
me!
Success changed friendship's smile to envy's sneer,
And won him homilies on vanity.

THE PRICE OF FAME

—

WHO thinks to overtop the common crowd,
To climb beyond them to a farther height,
Whose scaling sets at naught their lesser might,
To win the world's acclaim and plaudits loud
For meritorious deeds and worth avowed,
Yet hopes escape from jealousy and spite —
Twin foes that fain his glory's growth would
blight —
With sanguineness undue is sure endowed.

For envy base on merit e'er attends,
Albeit masked and robed in Virtue's guise;
Full oft its darts are launched by faithless friends
In honeyed words and hypocritic lies;
Whoe'er among his fellows wins a name
Soon learns that Envy is the price of Fame.

UNSHAKEN TRUST



THE angry winds are howling fierce and loud,
The storm-clouds meet in combat overhead,
And darkness such as once o'er Egypt spread
Now covers land and sea, a dismal shroud.
On board the trembling bark an awe-struck crowd
Await their doom — perchance a watery bed
Far down amid the cruel ocean's dead;
And women weep and manly heads are bowed.

Yet bravely bears the ship the frequent shock,
Nor yields her course, though raging surges
swell,
But flees the beach and shuns the hidden rock,
Despite the winds that shriek her ruin's knell.
E'en thus, true friends of Christ may safely mock
The fierce assaults and furious rage of Hell.

THE PLANTING OF THE CROSS

(1492)

SUCCESS has crowned the hero's bold emprise :
No more shall hopes and fears alternate
sweep

His mighty spirit, or disturb the deep
Of his unfailing faith. At length his eyes
Behold the land ; and while sweet visions rise
Of fruitful harvests Christ therein shall reap,
In ages still within Time's womb asleep,
The Cross he plants beneath these new-found skies.

Not yet to ripeness has that harvest grown
Great Colon dreamt of in those days of old ;
But year by year the seed is wider sown,
And ever falls on softer, richer mold.
Time yet shall see, as did Italia's son,
The Cross he planted rule the world he won.

ENVY



MID all the passion-plants upspringing fast
With lusty force from seeds perversely
strown

By Satan's hands, or haply by our own,
Upon the heart's rich soil, none ever cast
So baleful shadows, nor so quickly blast
With noisome breath sweet blossoms fully
blown—

Such flowers as thrive in Charity's fair zone—
As Envy foul, of passions base the last.
Oh, pluck it from the garden of thy heart,
Whatever specious guise at first it shows;
Uproot it quickly, for thyself shall smart
With pain incessant while unchecked it grows;
Nor peace, nor joy, nor love can flourish where
The poison-ivy, Envy, taints the air.

THE DUTY OF PRAISE

GRUDGE not thy friend the tribute sweet of
praise
When in thine eyes his work is worthy found ;
Nor seek to hedge thy eulogy around
With cautious word and qualifying phrase,
Through fictive fear illusive hopes to raise
Of coming fame and years all honor-crowned ;
Concede him as thyself a judgment sound,
Nor dread to set his vanity ablaze.

More blossoms droop from dearth of gentle dew
Than weeds grow dank beneath excessive
showers ;
The fruits that torrid sunshine blights are few
To those that yield them to the hoar-frost's
powers ;
For every silly head by plaudits turned,
There pine a hundred hearts for praise well-earned.

STEADFASTNESS

WASTE not the present hour in vain regret
For prizes forfeited in days gone by,
It naught avails for fair winds lost to sigh,
Or mourn the glow of suns forever set;
Entomb thy past, bid Memory forget
The fixed and changeless years that rearward
lie;
Charge but thy soul with faith and purpose high,
And life shall spare thee of its treasures yet.

The *now* is thine, a goodly battlefield
Whereon all past defeats redeemed may be;
Be stout of heart, and vanquished foes will yield
Thy valiant arm a path to victory;
'Tis cowards droop and moan, "It might have
been" —
"It yet shall be," the steadfast cry, and win!

AN UNCHANGING PROBLEM

OUR wider knowledge proves the ancient sage
Whose lore the world revered in eras gone,
A purblind novice striving in the dawn
Of learning's fuller day to spell a page
Now read of schoolboys: yet each later age,
Old problems solving, others still must con:
Life's surface-puzzles change as years roll on,
And questions new successive times engage.

One problem only constant is, the same
In this our day as when on Sinai's hill
Jehovah spake athwart the lightning's flame—
How live my life? Its one solution still:
Heed not the babble of men's praise or blame,
But love thy God and do His sacred will.

HOPE



FAITH-BORN is hope, and in this transient life
While faith endures hope cannot wholly die ;
The soul that sees no rift in darkest sky,
That looks not on to triumph in the strife,
Though now in straits with deadly danger rife,
Has lost belief in Him who rules on high,
And where her faith once glowed, dead ashes
lie :

Hope's cable ne'er is cut, save when the knife
Is plied by faith abandoned. None that see
With eyes of faith the Mother and the Son
Indulgent both receive the sinner's plaint,
The while he pardon craves on bended knee,
Can doubt that grace may change, e'er life
be done,
The wretch most guilty into glorious saint.

JUDGE NOT



BE NOT alert to sound the cry of shame
Shouldst thou behold a brother falling low.
His battle's ebb thou seest; but its flow—
The brave repulse that heroes' praise might claim
Of banded foes who fierce against him came,
His prowess long sustained, his yielding
slow—

Till this thou knowest, as thou canst not know,
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

“Judge not,” hath said the Sovereign Judge of all,
Whose eye alone not purblind is nor dim,—
Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall
Hadst thou received from those who van-
quished him;
He coped, it may be, with unequal odds,—
Be thine to pity; but to judge him, God's.

ENDURING FAME



THE truest glory ever comes unsought:
Fame scorns the slave who bows him at her
 shrine
 And quaffs the world's applause like sparkling
 wine,
But dowers him, the man whose single thought
Is duty to be done, whose deeds are wrought
 In harmony with God's own plan divine,
 Who works His will, still hewing to the line,
For others' praise or censure caring naught.

Most famed of men is still the humble saint
 Who recked in life nor Fortune's smile nor
 frown,
Alike to him were plaudits loud or faint:
 Now rings throughout the world his fair re-
 nown;
The Church approving, tells his praises o'er,
And shrines him on her altars evermore.

THE LEGEND OF BROTHER EUGENE



A BRAVE young monk was Brother Eugene —
He dwelt in the Convent of Breau —
Head-gardener he, and right well, I ween,
Did his plants and his flowers grow.
Light-hearted he worked through the summer day,
And sang, as he toiled, some sacred lay.

Now, the Father of Evil, the chronicles tell,
Detested the monks of Breau,
For the frequent sound of their convent bell
Was heard by his legions below,
And every stroke seemed to chant with pride
The glory of God, Whom they had defied.

So Satan commissioned a score or so
Of his spirits most cunning and deep
To hold strict watch o'er these monks of Breau,
While at prayer, or at work, or in sleep ;
And to strive, by the arts they knew so well,
To ensnare recruits for the service of hell.

The watch was set and the snares were laid
For each of the monks of Breau,
And a daily report of their progress made
By his agents to Satan below ;
From which reports the Arch-Plotter knew
His successes were slight ones, and very few.

Undaunted by failure, he bade his band
Persevere and be vigilant still,
Bade them seek for chances on every hand,
Their enemies' souls to kill ;
Assuring them all that persistence would win
The fall of the monks into deadly sin.

But as time wore on and there came no news
Of a notable victory won,
His imps he began to upbraid and abuse
For leaving their duties undone ;
And he bade them thereafter remain below,
He, himself, would attend to the monks of Breau.

He brought to the task all the powers for ill
Of a genius distorted by sin,
He worked with the ardent, insatiate will
Of a conqueror fighting to win.
The result of it all: O'er each brother's life,
Swept a storm of temptations and trials and strife.

With most, the struggles were sharp and brief,—
They were clad in the armor of prayer ;
And the devil's schemes always come to grief
With the few who that armor wear :
But all were not victors, for, sooth to tell,
In much, or in little, full many fell.

Success only whetted the fiend's desire
For victories still more complete,
And wild was his rage and fierce his ire
'Gainst those whom he could not defeat.
But most furious his anger, and bitter his spleen
'Gainst our joyous young gardener, Brother
Eugene.

For Eugene had been tempted again and again,
But never an inch did he yield ;
He scorned all the wiles of the demon, and then
His scorning was never concealed ;
And he slept and prayed, and worked and sang
With a joy that caused Satan full many a pang.

Yet Satan, though vanquished day after day,
Would never his hopes forego
Of winning at last, and of working his way
With this champion monk of Breau.
So at last all the rest he left calm and serene,
To vent his full rage upon Brother Eugene.

Then came trying times for our virtuous youth,—
Through the livelong day and night
Temptations assailed him, and bravely, in truth,
Did he bear the fierce brunt of the fight;
For in sunshine or gloom, when the strife was
done,
All the angels rejoiced that Eugene had won.

At length upon Satan there dawned the thought
Of entirely changing his plan;
Since the Brother with *spirits* so valiantly fought,
He would strive with him next as a *man*;
And once more endeavor to overthrow
This obstinate, gardening monk of Breau.

Eugene was called from his work next day
By the porter, Brother St. John,
And informed that a traveler, old and gray,
With features chastened and wan
(Who came, he said, from the village of Dean),
Had craved permission to see him, Eugene.

Now Dean was our Brother's native place,
He had lived there as child and as boy,
And the prospect of seeing some well-known face
Was a source of quite natural joy;
But one glance at the stranger's thoughtful mien
Assured him 'twas one he had never seen.

Abundant tidings the traveler brought
Of Dean and its villagers all;
And one might have fancied he eagerly sought
The familiar scenes to recall,
In order to fill the monk with regret
For the choice that bade him the world forget.

After dwelling at length on the pleasant theme
Of the friends whom Eugene used to know,
It was quite in the order of things, it would seem,
To speak of the life at Breau.
To the traveler's questions the monk replied,—
And the traveler shook his head and sighed.

“What fools, these monks,” he exclaimed at last,
As if more in pity than scorn—
“So they think they can alter a judgment passed
Long ages before they were born.”
Eugene was astounded, and could not refrain
From begging the stranger his words to explain.

“Explain,” he rejoined, “why, here *you* are,
In life's springtime of joy and delight,
The design of your being resolved to mar,
Your existence contented to blight.
Why shun all the pleasures and bliss of earth?”
“To win,” said Eugene, “a prize of more worth.”

“But whether that prize will be yours or not,”
Said the stranger, “is written now;
No acts of yours can erase or blot
The seal of fate from your brow.
God sees you in heaven, or sees you in hell;
Where he sees you, you’ll go, live you ill or well.

“Then act like a man: since the future’s un-
known,
Be happy now while you may;
The joys of the present, at least, make your own;
Have a good time in this world, to-day,
For, be monk or gallant, be serene or be vexed,
You can never alter your lot in the next.”

The latter part of this wily discourse
Was quite lost upon Brother Eugene;
He was begging God’s light and sustaining force
Through his Mother, the Virgin-Queen.
And she heard and granted his fervent prayer —
He discerned the demon and saw the snare.

“And so,” said Eugene, “’tis at length made clear
Your design in this visit to Breau.
You would have me leave it; but really, I fear,
I cannot consent to go.
And pray, may I ask, do I not guess well,
In thinking your Highness the Prince of Hell?”

“And if you are right,” was the stranger’s reply,
“My logic is none the less sound.”

“Quite true,” said Eugene, “and I doubt whether I
Can answer such logic profound.

Permit me, however, to throw some more light
On a few of your points which I think not just right.

“To begin with, you take it for granted, I see,
That my life here is joyless and bleak;
On this point, at least, you will surely agree
That *I* am best able to speak:

And with all due respect, I can only reply
That your statement is wholly and simply a lie.

“Then you say that my fate was decreed long ago,
That my lot I can ne’er hope to change;
Now, supposing all this to be even so,
I confess that it strikes me as strange
That *you* work so hard men’s souls to gain —
If your logic is sound, then your work must be
vain.

“That God sees my future I know to be true,
He sees that I’ll live well or ill;
Which means that He sees what hereafter I’ll do
Of my own unrestrained free will:
But that God’s foreknowledge coerces my act,
Neither I, nor yourself, believe to be fact.

“Once grant that my fate depends not on me,
And your folly becomes most plain ;
If I'm destined for heaven, 'tis clear as can be,
That your tempting will ever prove vain ;
If to hell I'm foredoomed, you are surely an ass
To work with such zeal for what must come to
pass.

“But of this, enough ; I have work to do,
And need only say ere I go,
As the final result of this interview,
That I purpose remaining at Breau.”
So saying, Eugene bade the stranger farewell,
And the devil, defeated, returned to hell.

IN OTHER DAYS AND NOW

(ALUMNI POEM, READ AT ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, N. B., JUNE 21, 1895)

LIKE fragrance borne by summer winds from
vales where roses blow,
Like visions seen in dreamland fair where lights
and colors glow,
Like echoes soft of vesper song or chime of distant
bell,
Are thoughts that play round bygone years when
Memory wields her spell.
The past though fled is never dead to him whose
sunny youth
Shone bright with hope and lofty aims and noble
love of truth ;
Though life may wear a sterner mien as swift the
years speed by,
The magic haze of other days ne'er fades from out
his sky.

Those other days of long ago ! Ah, sad indeed his
lot
For whom they hold no witching charm, no spell
with sweetness fraught,

Whose soul doth not exult with joy, whose pulses
do not thrill
As forms and scenes of life's glad spring his field
of vision fill!
Not ours the heart to play the part of cynic cold
and set,
Whose sordid prime marks youth recede without
one fond regret;
We rather fling aside Time's veil and willingly
allow
The golden rays of other days to beam upon us
now.

So let the decades backwards fly, the present fade
from view,
The hallowed past would fain to-night our hearts
with youth renew. . . .
'Tis done. Ten, twenty years roll back like waves
from ocean's shore;
Grave manhood's cares go with them—and we're
college boys once more.
Again we feel our senses reel with very joy of life,
Again with bounding health and verve our supple
frames are rife,
Again we launch our buoyant bark, and Hope
peers o'er the prow,
A pilot fair to do and dare in other days as now.

The world holds naught of dread for us; 'tis but a
 tourney plain
Whereon, our squirehood over, we shall tilt and
 not in vain.
We shadow forth the gallant joust, nor doth a
 doubt arise
That lances such as we shall wield may fail to win
 the prize.
E'en now we hear the ringing cheer that greets
 our valor proved,
We feel the thrill of triumph proud by which the
 victor's moved;
And what is this? A laurel wreath is twined about
 our brow,—
Sweet siren lays of other days; there's no such
 music now.

Yet who would lose the memory of those years all
 free from care,
When Fancy's nimble fingers built our castles in
 the air,
When dreams of future glory gave new zest to
 present joy,
And mild contentment steeped our souls in bliss
 without alloy?

What though no crown of fair renown hath sought
us in our prime,
What though the Hill of Fame hath proved a toil-
some steep to climb ;
Still do our castles and our dreams deserve, not
blame, but praise,—
They glorified life's placid tide throughout those
other days.

But what of Alma Mater in the decades that have
flown?
Looks she as in the vanished days? Or has she
haply grown
E'en faster than her elder sons, her "boys" of
auld lang syne,
Whose presence glads her heart to-night like
draught of bodied wine?
'Tis even so ; and while we glow with pride in her
success,
In half-regretful mood we muse upon her olden
dress :
Yon red-brown wooden structure there upon the
hilltop's brow,
Knew all our ways in other days and claims re-
membrance now

How vividly 'tis outlined 'gainst the shadows of
the past,
That oldtime College home wherein our mental
molds were cast.
The low-browed rooms, the stinted space, the worn,
uneven floor,
The plain rough desks whereon were carved initials
by the score,
The box-stoves quaint that made a feint of warm-
ing chambers two,—
One half the stove in either, and the heat all up the
flue,—
The stage we built as need arose on benches in
the hall,—
Such means and ways of other days does that old
house recall.

Yet could its roof give back the tones that echoed
there of yore,
Or could some Hogarth's brush the sights it wit-
nessed once restore,
What merry shouts and joyous scenes and song
and earnest speech
Would live again that now have passed beyond
our memory's reach!

There's not a wall in room or hall but knows, could
it but tell,
Full many a reminiscence would repay our listen-
ing well,—
Of frolics planned and mischief wrought, of strife
for College bays,
Of duty done and glorious fun enjoyed in other
days.

Ah! well, the law of progress long ago pro-
nounced its doom,
And the old brown building yonder for a grander
one made room:
St. Joseph's halls have multiplied, and comforts
we knew not
Ensure her younger sons to-day a far more pleas-
ant lot.
Be theirs the gain; to us remain the thoughts of
hardships past,
Of hardships so transfigured now they look like
joys at last.
'Tis thus with bygone trials: when bright Fancy
round them plays,
They but enhance the fond romance that gilds our
other days.

The scenes are changed,—what of the forms that
figured once thereon?

The old familiar faces of our youth, where have
they gone?

The hundred merry comrades of the classroom
and the field,

The smaller band to whom our souls in friend-
ship's bonds were sealed?

The kindly men who ruled us then with gentle
hand if strong,

Whose practice show the right the while their pre-
cepts warned of wrong,

Who opened wide for us the gates of science, let-
ters, art,

Yet bade us raise in other days to God our mind
and heart?

Alas, full many of the throng we'll see on earth no
more:

Their barks have shot Death's gulf across and
reached its farther shore.

Professors, classmates, bosom-friends—the ranks
of each display

Broad gaps that Time still widens as each lustre
ebbs away.

Remember you the kindly two whose voices oft-
times rose
In old songs like "I Know a Bank Whereon the
Wild Thyme Blows" ?
Death, little loath, has claimed them both, and
Alma Mater prays
For Walsh and Blodgett, Dick and Joe, beloved
in other days.

And HE, the dearest of them all, the noble priest
and true
Who towered high, a king 'mongst men, at least
to me and you,—
With heart like woman's tender, with faith like
prophet's strong—
He too has passed beyond our ken and joined the
silent throng.
His lifework done, his laurels won, he closed his
weary eyes,
God's angel gently sealed them fast—and lo! two
peoples' cries
Rang out in lamentation loud for PERE LE-
FEBVRE'S decease:
We sought his praise in other days; God rest him
now in peace.

More Joshua than Moses he, 'twas given to his
hand

To lead Acadia, ere he died, within the promised
land.

To us, a lifetime father fond—the purest of his
joys,

To mark successive honors crown his old St. Jo-
seph's boys.

This comfort's left our hearts bereft: the College
of his love

Is guided now by one he prized all other men
above;

Le roi est mort, our king of yore, but when his
spirit saw

His heir succeed, I know he smiled and murmured,
Vive le Roy!

Peace to our dead, Alumni now of Life's own train-
ing school,

Where we, as undergraduates, must still observe
the rule.

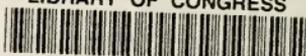
Ah, through Life's college each may pass with
honor if he please,

And win from God, its President, the crown of fair
degrees.

Peace to our dead! And ere 'tis sped, this present
that is ours,
Let each of us his lifework build, from corner-
stone to towers.
So shall we deck with garlands bright old Alma
Mater's brow,
And love to gaze on other days more fondly still
than now.

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