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CONVERSION
OF
ST. AUGUSTINE
AND
OTHER POEMS
By
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

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THE CONVERSION
OF
SAINT AUGUSTINE

AND OTHER SACRED POEMS

BY
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WITH A PREFACE BY
RT. REV. MICHAEL JOSEPH O'FARRELL, D. D.
BISHOP OF TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD TO AID IN THE ERECTION AND COMPLETION
OF THE
CHURCH OF ST. MONICA
AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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DEDICATION

TO

ST. MONICA, THE MOTHER OF ST. AUGUSTINE,

AND

THE MODEL OF ALL CHRISTIAN WIVES AND MOTHERS :

WHO HAS NOT ONLY GIVEN TO THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF PATIENCE AND PENANCE,

WORTHY THEIR IMITATION,

BUT HAS, ALSO,

PRESENTED TO THEM AN INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF

THAT THE PERSEVERING PRAYER OF A BELIEVING HEART

CAN OBTAIN ALL THINGS FROM GOD,—

THESE PAGES ARE HUMBLY INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

REV. M. J. O'FARRELL, D.D., BISHOP OF TRENTON, N. J.

IF an excuse be needed for this little visitor to your library—behold it! in the little room it requires; in the fact that little books are read, when *tomes* only excite our dread, and are pushed aside for time, that never comes.

This little volume brings before your gaze varied poems written at various times by the gifted author; and, by assuming the garments of “the art preservative of all arts,” transmits them to others, to enjoy their richness of thought, beauty of expression, and warmth of devotion.

Did it contain nothing more than the poem on the “CONVERSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE,” it would be doubly welcome in this year, which marks the *Fifteenth Centenary* of that great event (387), that gave to the Church the Son of St. Monica—the prodigy of genius, the light of Doctors, the hammer of heretics, and the vindicator of the Divine Word. But it gives, besides this, many other important facts connected with the AUGUSTINIAN ORDER, and aids one of the

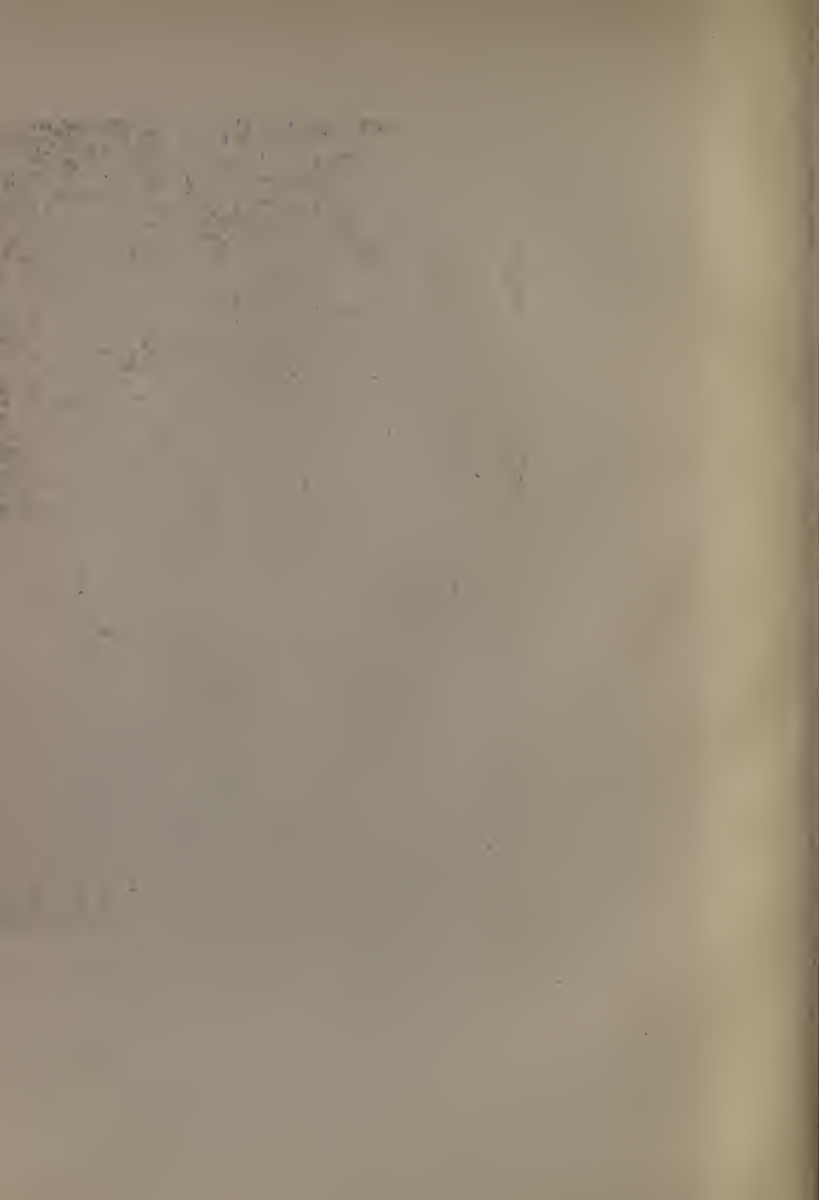
best of charities, *viz.* : the erection of a new church, in honor of St. Monica by the seashore—so appropriate to remind the reader that it was by the seashore the pious mother and son held their last conversation on earth, and together discoursed so sweetly on heavenly things, before her pure, sorrow-trying soul quitting its mortal habitation, and, borne on the wings of love, sped to the God of all Love.

Amid the crumbling of thrones, the destruction of dynasties, and the changes of governments generally, it will call the reader's attention to the fact that an ORDER founded fifteen hundred years ago, still teaches the contempt of things temporal, and points out to aspiring souls, the road that leads to the possession of joys eternal.

Go on thy way, then, little messenger of good—do thy work in secret and in silence ; and may the God who hears in secret, grant the prayer of thy author:—"Glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will !"



THE CONVERSION OF HOLY FATHER ST AUGUSTINE.



A Little Proem:

TO WHICH THE ATTENTION OF THE GENERAL READER IS
RESPECTFULLY AND EARNESTLY DIRECTED BY

REV. JOHN JOSEPH FEDIGAN, O.S.A., RECTOR OF THE
CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

TO WHOSE ZEAL AND ENERGY THE ERECTION OF THE NEW
CHURCH OF ST. MONICA HAS BEEN INTRUSTED BY
HIS VENERATED BISHOP,

RT. REV. MICHAEL JOSEPH O'FARRELL, D. D.

"I purpose to build a temple to the Lord, my God."—KINGS, V. 5.

MANY (good souls!) as sweet A'Kempis paints,
Run here and there to where the martyred saints
Repose in reliquaries rare and old,
Their bones inwrapp'd in cloth of silk and gold;
But here upon our altars, He doth rest,
The Saint of saints, the Lamb of God most blest!
And those who would their gold and treasure spend
To visit distant shrines, will barely lend
Out of their flowing chests, a little mite
To build an altar to the Lord of light.
Need we say more? Ah! if, with 'bated breath,

We stood outside the House at Nazareth,
And thro' the windows, framed with blossoms wild,
Saw Mary, Joseph, and the Holy Child—
What answer could we make, if angels, there
Appearing, should command us to repair
And beautify the little crumbling nest
Where Jesus and His dear ones deigned to rest?
Would not the thought of Him who was within,
Make any hesitation almost sin?
Would not the longing to enjoy His charms,
Open our hearts, and nerve our craven arms?
Ah! in His name and by His priest, dear friends,
We ask the means to work these sacred ends;
And, under dear ST. MONICA, we place
This holy temple to the Lord of grace.
Cast then your bread upon the waters wide;
And after many days, upon the tide
Of prayer, which shall go forth from this new shrine,
(Reared by *your* efforts to the Lamb Divine),
The rosy tide, the pure and healing tide,
Which floweth ever from Christ's wounded Side—
It shall return, all fragrant from the skies,
Borne on the silver ships of Paradise;
And MONICA and AUSTIN, then, shall be
The guardians of your priceless argosy!

The Conversion of St. Augustine.

A MANICHÆAN—caught abreast the tide
Of strangest fancies ;—full of youth and pride ;
The glow and glamor of the senses cast
Over the present and the guilty past,—
The great Augustine of immortal fame,
In the fourth century, to Milan came
From ancient Rome (at whose illustrious bar,
'Mid myriad lights, he shone a radiant star):—
Bringing his weight of fame and riches free,
With restless scorn, to northern Lombardy.

Honors, and wealth, and pleasures,—what were these
To *him* but vanity of vanities ?
To him, the gifted one, whose lips had drained
Earth's cup of joy, till naught save dregs remained ;
Whose master-mind, inflamed with Passion's fire,
Thirsted for HEAVEN'S peace with mad desire ;
His heart so tossed by doubt and dark despair
That, like a brilliant bubble blown in air,
Swept to and fro by Error's wind accurs'd,
It threatened oft, in bitter pain, to burst.

But, all the while, in dim Cathedral's shade,
His mother, Monica, unceasing prayed ;
Around the shrines and altars daily crept,
Or, at the feet of Ambrose, kneeling, wept ;
Such floods of tears out-gushing from her eyes,
That the good Saint was wont to say : "Arise !
And courage take ; a soul is worth its cost ;
—Son of such sorrow *never* can be lost !"

Thus wearily, the heavy days went by,
And nights of anguish darkened down the sky
Till, in the fulness of God's time and power,
There rose a mighty and mysterious hour,
Crowned with a purpose so sublime and grand,
That Pride and Passion bowed at its command ;
And every icy chain of doubt, despair,
Melted beneath its sunshine, warm and fair.

Within his chamber, on that day of days,
Augustine sat, his thoughts a troubled maze.
His friend Alypius at hand,—he stirred
The precious pages of God's sacred Word,—
Searching its promises and warnings dread
For hidden comfort ; then, with bended head,
Weighing each text, and striving by the light
Of natural reason to attain the right ;
But ever, in the darkness of *that* night,
Growing the more bewildered as he read.

At last, his brain on fire with his fears :
His soul a sea of doubts, his eyes, of tears :
He rushes from the presence of his friend,
Into a garden at the mansion's end,
And there, beneath a fig-tree, on the ground,
Casts himself down in misery profound.

What, tho' a very tempest of unrest
Rages within that young and fiery breast?
What, tho' the demons, (hosts of Hell and sin),
Assail his purpose with their horrid din?
So still and peaceful the secluded place,
Upon his folded arms, he flings his face,
And weeps, and weeps, till all the grasses dream
Of summer rains and swiftly flowing stream,—
So vast the floods of tears that o'er them flow,
Bathing their buried rootlets far below.

Tears of a proud man's grief and agony!—
They speak a struggle terrible to see;
And O, the mighty prayer, which, like a groan,
Bursts from the hapless sinner there, alone.
A prayer so pitiful, sincere, and strong,
It pierces to the skies, and speeds along
To fall like thunderbolt or flashing sword,
Under the very feet of Christ our Lord!

The hour hath come,—the hour of love, ordained
By Him who reigns and hath forever reigned.
—Above that prostrate form, in robes of snow,
With harp of gold and gladsome face aglow,
An angel spreads his shining wings, and floats
To cheer the mourner with ecstatic notes.
For lo! across the sunny air there rings
A tender voice, which "*Tolle lege!*" sings;
Close to his ear so musical, so mild,
Like clearest accents of a sinless child,
(Or dulcet strains from some celestial mead :)
"Son of a sainted mother! take and read!
O *Tolle lege!* take, O take and read!"

What shall he take? What shall he read?—A light
Begins to break upon Augustine's night.
Swift-springing to his feet, he speeds away
Unto his room, where, on a lecturn, lay
The Sacred Word. Alypius was gone;
The gloom was brilliant with the rising day!
He starts—he trembles—timid as a fawn,
He bids the leaves fall open;—some blest Hand
Hath turned the pages to *one* passage grand!
Seizing the Book,—he reads it: "*Put ye on
The Lord Christ Jesus!*"—Radiant as the dawn,
This Robe of light! *Put on the Christ?*—Yet, stay!
The text is incomplete. He reads afresh.

While rays of rapture round the lecturn play;
Reads on—reads on—brave words, which boldly say :
“*And make no more, provision for the flesh !*”

Down on his knees, he falls ; the scales of doubt
Drop from his eyes ; his fond arms stretching out
To God and Heaven,—young Augustine feels
The tides of passion ebbing as he kneels ;
And all the carnal cravings, born of clay,
Rolling, like storm-clouds, from his soul away !

O well may Monica steal softly in,
And good Alypius the prayers begin
To Him who frees the sinner from his sin !

Blessing the pow'r that works such swift release,
His heart dissolved in tend'rest joy and peace ;
His mother's arms around him—closely pressed,
Unto his grateful friend's impassioned breast,—
What wonder, that the new-born Saint should feel
The saving streams, in spirit, o'er him steal ?
What wonder, with prophetic sense should hear
The grand *Te Deum* thrilling on his ear :
And rapturous sing : “ Great God ! whom we adore,
We praise and bless Thy Name forevermore ! ”

The Bishop's Ring.

Most respectfully inscribed to RT. REV. MICHAEL JOSEPH
O'FARRELL, D. D., *Bishop of Trenton, N. J.*

I.

'TIS a glorious, glowing amethyst,
Set round with diamonds bright,
With never a flaw, and never a mist,
To dim their brilliant light;
And the hoop of gold which prisons fair
The gems in its shining band,—
Hath found its place, with a murmur'd prayer,
On a Bishop's blesséd hand.

II.

Oh ! pure the light of the flashing gems !
Oh ! rare the virgin gold !
Meet for the priceless diadems
Of peers and princes bold !
But, close to the stones, (whose light adorns
That type of a deathless Grief!)
A miniature crown of golden thorns
Is carved in bas-relief.

III.

The faithful gather to pray and sing
At feast and function grand,—

But, whenever they kneel to kiss the ring,
On their prelate's gentle hand :—
The man whose palm is hard with toil,
A feeble pressure scorns,—
And the Bishop feels, (with a tender smile),
The prick of the golden thorns.

IV.

Ah ! deep in his heart, he prizes them,
Those types of a Woe Supreme !
The virgin gold and the sparkling gem,
Beside them, soulless, seem ;
For they speak to the Bishop's heart and mind
Of a Love from Heav'n come down,
Whose will Divine, round the mitre twined
The Master's thorny crown !

The Chapel of St. Nicholas of Tolentine.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

HAVE you seen this little Chapel
Builted near Atlantic's shore,
Where the billows bathe and dapple
Silver sands forevermore ?

Summer flowers blooming round it,
Close beside the Rectory,—
Tell me, have you sought and found it,
This dear Chapel near the sea ?

Little home of peace, 'tis fragrant
With the breath of flow'rs divine;
And the poorest, barefoot vagrant
Hath a place before its shrine.

From the altar-lamp, a-tremble,
Starry rays of splendor fall
On the Augustinian symbols
Painted on the frescoed wall.

Painted on the frescoed ceiling,—
Burning Heart, and Book, and Scroll;
“*Tolle lege!*” is the legend:
Take and read, O doubting soul!

David and his tuneful lyre;
Chalice, Host, and priestly Hand;
Snow-white Dove with wings a-fire;
Papal Keys and Tiara grand;

All on polished walls and ceiling
Limned in living colors warm ;
And above, (instinct with feeling),
St. Augustine's stately form.

Mighty Hermit ! crown'd with merit,
(While a golden glory drapes
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Little cherubs' wingéd shapes,—)

O, the sweetness of the hours
When before thy shrine we kneel !
Subtile scents of seaside flowers
Thro' the stained-glass windows steal.

Borne upon the breath of ocean,
Blowing from the beach afar,
Swift the soul in rapt devotion,
Springs to heaven's gates ajar ;

Snatch'd from Sin's corrupt arena,—
Heart and mind absorbed in prayer,—
NICHOLAS OF TOLENTINO
Gives his blessing then and there !

Salve et Vale!

SONNETS ADDRESSED TO MOST REV. DR. PACIFICO A. NENO, O. S. A.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM THE AUGUSTINIAN COLLEGE OF ST. THOMAS OF
VILLANOVA, PENNA., FEBRUARY, 1881, TO ENTER ON THE DUTIES OF
HIS OFFICE IN THE ETERNAL CITY, AS MOST REVEREND
FATHER-GENERAL OF THE ORDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

I.

SALVE!

CLOSE to the footstool of the great white Throne,
Bathed in the beauteous and resplendent light
Which floweth from the Heart of Christ,—a bright
Celestial shape, Augustine knelt alone.

And thus he pleaded, (bishop, doctor, son
Of sainted Monica),—"O holy One!

Father eternal! from this radiant crown,

Which Thy sweet mercy hath vouchsafed to me,—

Upon my chosen son, I pray, shed down

A glory which, forevermore, shall be

A foretaste of that glory lodged in Thee,

Power made perfect in humility!"

Smiling, he ceased to speak; for lo! his crown had shed

Its ancient aureole on NENO's noble head!

II.

VALE!

A DECADE and a half of fruitful years

Have come and gone, since, from thy convent-home,

(A willing exile from thine own fair Rome),

We welcomed thee, FRA NENO.

Smiles and tears,
This hour evokes ; for, while across the sea,
The angels speed thee to thy native shore,
We smile, rememb'ring thy blest dignity,
Yet weep to think thou shalt return no more.
O venerated friend ! take with thee now,
The prayers and blessings of these hearts sincere ;
The lustre Rome hath shed upon thy brow,
Alone can gild the gloom thou leavest here.
Ah ! may that shining splendor, Heaven's emblem be !
Type of its crown reserved for thy dear sons and thee !

St. Christopher's Burden.

OVER the river, black with night,
And swollen with torrent and waterfall,
The giant, Offero, man of might,
Carried a Child, both fair and small.

Light as a feather, the Baby hung
By His slender hands, from the shoulders strong ;
It seemed, in truth, that a spirit clung
To the monster's neck, as he ploughed along.

But lo ! as the waters, rising, pour'd
Their misty spray on that brawny breast,-
In the deepest part of the darksome ford,
The Boy on his bearer, firmer, press'd.

And, little by little, the weight increas'd,
Till the great feet faltered in their track ;
A mountain of lead, at the very least,
Seemed bending and crushing the stalwart back !

“'Tis the weight of the world !” —he groaned in fear ;
But a sweet Voice murmur'd : “ Be not afraid !
Not the weight of the world thou carriest here,
But HIM by whose power the world was made !”

“ Who art Thou, Child ?” —(as the sweat-drops sprang
From his corded temples)—the giant roared ;
And clear, thro' the night, the answer rang,
Like a silver trump,—“ I am Christ the Lord !

“ And, since thou hast borne me from shore to shore,
And thy rest and thy comfort sacrific'd ;—
Behold ! thou art *Offero*, now, no more,
But brave *Christofero*,—bearer of Christ !”

* * * * *

Sweet legend ! cheering the weary soul,
As it fords the stream of a fate ill-starr'd ;
When the floods in their fury, fiercest, roll,
And the burden of Duty presses hard :

No need to envy the blesséd load
The saint thro' the raging waters bore ;
For, bearing a burden imposed by God,
We are all Saint Christophers, brave and broad,
Carrying Christ to the heavenly shore !

The Angelus-Bell

OF THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

UNDER the golden cross it swings,
Swings and rings in the belfry high ;
The billows bow as the salt breeze flings
The thrice-told tale to the sea and sky :
Angelus—Domini !—hear it swell,—
'Tis the rhythmical chime of the convent-bell.

The convent cradled upon the sand,
The cote of the doves of the Sacred Heart.

Whose black veils flutter along the strand,
Or in and out of the chapel dart.
Ecce—ancilla—Domini!—
The silvery strains float over the sea.

Hidden, below, in Its altar-shrine,
The Sacred Heart of the Saviour glows ;
Where the lilies bloom, where the tapers shine,
He rests in the calm of His meek repose ;
Et—Verbum—caro—factum—est!—
Pulses the bell in the belfry blest.

O sweet, sweet chime ! while the surging tide
Of thoughtless worldlings through the Walk,—
The spell of thy music seems to glide
Like a seraph's tone through their careless talk ;
And souls are lifted from earth apart,
By the Angelus-Bell of the Sacred Heart.

Long may thy music haunt the sea,—
Long may thy message thrill the sands :—
The waves are crooning thy melody
As they lift to heav'n their long white hands,—
Turning the shells 'mid the drifting weeds,
Like grave nuns telling their rosary-beads.

The white-veil'd ships in the morning mist
Salute thy song thro' the haze afar ;
The sailors, at noon and eve, shall list
For the voice of thy praise 'neath sun or star :
Ave Maria!—it fills the air,—
STAR OF THE SEA ! receive our prayer !

The Vigil of Pride.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

I.

WHEN I was young and piously severe,
(Full of a zeal unripe and indiscreet),
It was my wont to rise at midnight drear,
And read and pray in secret self-conceit.

II.

One night, my father, turning in his bed,
Saw me upon my knees, but spake no word ;
"Behold ! thy other children sleep," I said,
"And I, alone, awake to praise the Lord !"

III.

"Son of my soul," the holy man replied,
"Thou art no better than thy sleeping brothers ;
'Twere safer far to sleep, devoid of pride,
Than wake to note with scorn the faults of others."

Our Blessed Lady's Shrines and Titles in the
Augustinian Order.

AROUND the broad, green earth, like gems of light,
Set in an emerald crown, and glittering bright,—
Jewels of heaven, pearls of Paradise,
Rubies, and diamonds, sapphires of the skies,—
The shrines of Mary, pilgrim-homage, woo,
And win the soul to pierce the ether blue,
Where, fair and high, the fretted spires arise
From Augustinian convents, old and new.

Mother of Jesus ! Virgin undefiled,
Upon whose breast reposed the Holy Child ;
The Queen of Consolation, long foretold,
Who erst the grieving Monica consoled ;
Whose love supreme, whose miracles sublime
In every age, in every realm and clime,
The spiritual sons of Austin great,
Delight to praise, to bless, to venerate ;
Many and beauteous are the titles sweet
These loving clients, kneeling at thy feet,
(Swelling the song of blissful choirs above,
Who burn to spread thy glory and thy fame,)—
In tender gratitude, in faith and love,
Have coupled, Blessed Lady, with thy name !

But, first and foremost 'mid those titles blest,
One appellation, which outshines the rest ;
The most resplendent and unrivaled gem
That sparkles in our Mother's diadem,—
Is this—(O purer, flesh could never win !)—
MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT THE STAIN OF SIN !

In glad succession, fling her glories free,—
Our Lady of St. Joseph, (praise to thee !)
Our Lady of th' Annunciation meek,
Madonna of the blest Nativity !
(The Maiden-Mother with her blushing cheek,)
Queen of the Crib, where saints their Saviour see,
And of the Cross, where sinners, pardon, seek.

Sweet shape ! in many a convent chapel shrined,
Our Lady of Assumption, lo ! we find ;
Even at Ispahan, (whose Persian horde,
Brave Augustinians won to Christ the Lord,)
The glowing fervor of the golden East
Wreathes its fair lilies round Her crowning feast ;
And Persian fires consume in perfumed air,
The frankincense of oriental prayer !

Mother of Carmel ! Lady of the Snows !
Queen of All Saints ! Madonna of Repose !
The pilgrims of the earth, by land or sea,

O Lady of the Holy Rosary !
Can ever find a guide, a rest, in thee !
For, as they journey thro' Life's solitudes,
And bear the burden of a thousand ills,
Our Lady of the Plains, the Marsh, the Woods,
Our Lady of the Mountains and the Hills,
Shall ever prove the Mistress of the Road,
And ease her clients of their weary load.

Beneath the shadows of the Oak, the Elm,
And in the Grotto where the Rocks o'erwhelm
The soul with awe,—our Lady's throne shall shine
In mystic glory from some convent-shrine.
And on the seas, when stormy winds shall whip
The waves to foam,—the mariners, afar,
Shall trembling hail Our Lady of the Ship,
And, trusting, call on ocean's peerless Star ;
Till, rescued from the treacherous main, secure,
They hang *ex-votos* 'round her altars pure !

O Liberatrix of a captive race !
O Mediatrix, full of light and grace !
In all our woes and wants, we turn to thee,
Lady of Faith, of Hope, of Charity !
In all our doubts, unto thy shrine we haste,
(O Mother of Good Counsel ! Virgin chaste,)
And prostrate there, if *thou* dost intercede,
Find all the light and comfort that we need.

Tho' darkness and tho' dangers cloud the soul,
Tho' 'round our breasts the bitter waters roll,
Lady of Grace, of Pity, and of Peace,—
Succor in need, and Queen of Remedies,—
We gather 'round thy feet, and o'er and o'er,
Libera scandalis! we implore,
Lady of Consolation! stretch thy hand
To guide our flight from Sin's Egyptian land!
—Like the strange pillar of the Israelite,
A shade in burning noon, a fire by night,
Thy children with thy presence ever bless,
And lead us safely thro' the wilderness.

The while thou watchest o'er our wand'ring feet,
Mother of Providence, of Mercy sweet,
Thy holy name shall be as oil poured out
On ev'ry bleeding wound and aching doubt;
Till, in thy Promised Land, each cross of ours
In living garlands of immortal flowers,
Shall veil itself,—refreshing thee, for aye,
With bloom and perfume that shall ne'er decay!

Ah! when, at last, that blessed goal is won,
And the long rays of Life's departing sun
Fall on those holy shrines, and cheer our eyes
With visions of thy shrine in Paradise,—

Ah! stretch to us, once more, thy hand, dear Queen,
And, from the fair heights of thy throne serene,
Lead up our souls above all earthly cares,
O Scala Cæli! Lady of the Stairs!
Refuge of Sinners, Safety of the Wreck'd!
Queen of the Chosen! Crown of the Elect!
Lead up thy children to eternal rest,
In thy pure mansions, *Domus Dei* blest!

The Heart of St. Clare of Montefalco.

LIVING, she fed her heart upon the food
Of Christ's dear Passion;—brooded night and day,
Upon the Cross, the Nails, the Lance, the Blood,
The Thorns which crown'd His temples, bruised and
gray.

Dying, they found within her heart, wide-riven,
The symbols of that Passion, pure and fine,
Sculptured as tho' from ivory,—great Heaven!
The mystic carving of a Hand Divine!

The Cross, the Nails, the Lance, the Crown of Thorns,
The Sponge that held the vinegar and gall,—
The passion-flower treasures, while it mourns,
The same blest symbols in its calyx small.

O Heart of Montefalco's sainted Clare !
 Thou wert the Passion-Flower of our Lord.
For in thy depths, as in that floweret fair,
 The emblems of His love and grief were stored.

Pray for us then, dear Saint, this Passiontide,
 That, while our hearts take root in Calvary's sod,
They, there, may blossom, shrines of the Crucified,
 Sweet Passion-Flowers of a suffering God !

The Humming-Bird at the Chapel Door.

I.

AN opal aglow in the sunlight,
 Afloat upon emerald wings,—
One of the daintiest darlings
 Of all earth's feathered things ;
Into each chalice of coral,
 The humming-bird dives to the core,
Where the grail of the red honeysuckle,
 Flames bright at the chapel door.

II.

Below, where the acolyte-lilies
 Their silv'ry censers uphold ;

Or, out where the woodbine is lifting
Its pale candelabra of gold ;
From the fragrant cathedral of Nature,
Where the choirs of singing-birds soar,
This sparkling, aerial creature
Hath flown to the chapel-door.

III.

O my heart, all atremble with gladness,
Cries out to the glittering bird :
“ Float in, thro’ this cross-hallow’d portal,
And fly to the throne of the Word.
Here bloometh the Flower of flowers,
The Lily of valleys divine,—
O humming-bird ! taste of *His* honey,
And glow, like a gem, on His shrine !”

Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano.

OVER the sea from Scutari,
To Genazzano quaint and fair,
In the mystic glow of the long ago,
Floated a picture through the air.

A picture old (with a rim of gold),
Where the rarest skill of the Byzantine
Had softly limned on a fresco dim
The Virgin Queen and the Babe divine.

(His blessed Face in her close embrace),
She held the Infant firm and fast ;
And, fair to trace in their tender grace,
The arms of the Child were 'round her cast,

While, pure and pale from her fringed veil,
The lily-face of the Mother shone :
The yellow light of His halo bright
Melting and mixing with her own.

Over the sea from Scutari,
In April dusk, in April dawn,
Thro' sunset hues and morning dews,
(A drifting star, when stars were none)—

By viewless hands of angel-bands
Borne safe to Genazzano fair,
Over the sea from Scutari,
Floated the fresco through the air.

The night was chill,—the streets were still,
The picture passed thro' the little town,
At twilight-fall, o'er the broken wall
Of an ancient chapel, settling down ;

And there in the dawn of the April morn,
The wond'ring people saw it shine,
Suspended low o'er a wall of snow,
With no support save the Hand Divine !

Pure and bright as the orient light,
The Maiden Mother and her Child,
(Mysterious borne to that spot forlorn),
Over the holy ruins smiled !

The ruddy flame of the sunlight came
To wrap the fresco round and round,—
“ A miracle ! a miracle ! ”
The people cried, as they kiss'd the ground.

And there they knelt, and there they prayed,
Around the Lady of the air ;
And day by day, in a magic way,
A shrine majestic builded there :

Where, high in space, o'er the altar-place,
(Its wondrous wand'rings safely ended),
Serene and fair in the upper air,
The shining picture hung suspended.

The curious hand might pass a wand
On every side, above, below,
—All unsustained, on its height remained
The image none might name or know.

Till a stranger-priest from the golden East
Told of a fresco fair to see,
That drifted away, one April day,
From the wall of a church in Scutari.

A star of peace on dark'ning seas
Where storm-toss'd ships were blindly sailing :
—A light to shoals of exiled souls,
A pilgrim Patroness unfailing,

Behold ! they named her as she sat,
Her Babe upon her breast of snow,
The guardian sweet of wand'ring feet,
Madre del Buon Consiglio!

O Maid Divine ! in far-off shrine
Beyond the rolling, purple sea,
In all our wand'rings far and wide,
Our Mother of Good Counsel be !

In all our fears, our doubts, our tears,
Our nights of hopeless bitterness,
Be thou the star that shines afar
To gild the clouds of dark distress ,

And o'er the sea, O Love ! to thee
Our pilgrim hearts shall gladly go,
And, grateful, share thy tender care,
Madre del Buon Consiglio !

—FROM "Crowned with Stars."

My God and My All!

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN THE DISCOURSE OF HIS GRACE,
MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP RYAN, IN THE CONVENT-CHAPEL
OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, PHILADELPHIA,
OCTOBER 20TH, 1884.

"Deus meus et omnia!"—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

I.

THE bells of the midnight (like blows from a mallet
On time's mighty anvil), ring loud thro' the gloom;
The Seraph of Umbria quits his poor pallet,
And rises to pray in his dim-lighted room.

No book doth he need save the skies in their splendor,
Outspreading their glittering gospel on high;
No taper is his, save the moon, pure and tender,
Which bends thro' the lattice her radiant eye.

"O, cæli enarrant gloriam Dei!"

The voice of the stars to the Saint seems to call,
And he flings forth his arms in a rapture, exclaiming,
"My God and my All! O my God and my All!"

"My God!"—yea, the God of the seas and the mountains;
"My God!"—yea, the God of the great and the small;
Of the hills and the valleys, the fields and the fountains,
All-wise and almighty,—"*My God and my All!*"

All mine to adore in His peerless perfections ;
To bless and to worship, to thank and to praise ;
All mine to embrace with my purest affections :
To love and to fear in His marvelous ways.

My God and my All ! O my Treasure of treasures,
My light and my sweetness, my strength and my health ;
My Honor of honors, my Pleasure of pleasures,
My crown and my glory, my wisdom, my wealth !

II.

—On pinions celestial, the hours 'are fleeting ;
Still lingers Saint Francis in prayer's golden thrall,
Thro' all the long night never weary repeating,
“ My God and my All ! O *my* God and *my* All ! ”

Dear Saint of Assisi ! ah ! let us draw near thee,
(All worldly and woeful, sin-stain'd tho' we be),—
Ah ! let us creep close to thy side ;—let us hear thee
Entoning forever Love's grand li: any.

For surely thine eyes at this moment are gazing
Straight into the Vision of God on His throne ;
Ah ! surely, this moment, in bliss, thou art raising
Those hands that were wounded and pierced, like His own,

And surely some sparks from those wonderful fires
Which burn in thy breast, on our coldness must fall,
Till our souls shall flame forth in ecstatic desires
To echo thine anthem : " My God and my All ! "

Let Sin, like a Syren, to ruin allure us :
Let Riches, and Honors, and Pleasures assail,—
Thy voice thro' the ages shall ever assure us
There is but *One* Treasure which never shall fail.

The snares of the senses, the world's weary fashions
Shall drop from our souls, like a worm-eaten pall,
But Faith shall cry out in the hush of the passions,
"*Laus tibi et honor*, my God and my All ! "

The Trinity in the Taper.

LO! the while the candle burns
On the altar fair to see,
To a type the taper turns
Of the Blessed Trinity.

In the virgin wax we view
God the Father, God Creator ;
In the wick, the God-Man true,
Saviour, Lord, and Mediator.

From the wax the wick proceeds ;
From the Father, living Might,
God the Son, the Word proceeds,
Wisdom, perfect, infinite.

From the wax and wick together
Flows the flame—procession meet !
From the glorious Son and Father
LOVE proceeds, the Paraclete.

So, the while the candle burns
On the altar fair to see,—
In the taper Faith discerns
Symbols of the Trinity.

Three in One ; oh ! hark, and hear it !
Wax and wick and flame decay,
But the Father, Son, and Spirit
Live adored and loved for aye !

St. Nicholas and the Doves.

I.

TIS a legend of the past,
(In old books and paintings seen),
Of the Augustinian hermit,
Nicholas of Tolentine ;

How within his cell he lay
Once upon his pallet bare,
With a mortal sickness on him
(Born of penance and of prayer ;)
While the sunshine, like a flame,
Thro' the western window came.

II.

How it lit his wasted cheek,
With the glories of the skies !
Touched his pale, ethereal temples,
Soft-illumed his lifted eyes ;
And a halo seemed to shed
Round the tonsure on his head !

III.

Till he cried : " O brothers ! see,
What a glorious light it is !
Jacob's ladder, thronged with angels,
Must have been, indeed, like this !
For the blesséd spirits go
Up and down, with constant wing,
With their tender voices calling
And their white hands beckoning !
Ah ! if God should deem it best,
I would fain go up and rest !"

IV.

But the Prior said : " Nay, nay,"
(Bending over his saintly son),
" Thou must not depart, Nicolo,
Till thy ministry is done.

And it is the Master's will
(Now thou art so faint and ill),
Thou shouldst for a time relax
Those austerities of thine,
Which have worn thy feeble body,
To a shadow,—son of mine !
Therefore, thro' obedience,
Thou must break thine abstinence."

V.

At a sign, a monk appeared,
Bearing on a wooden dish,
Two small doves (a feast prepared
Solely at the Prior's wish):

And the good Superior
Turning to the saint once more,
Said : " O true and faithful son !
Make thy victory complete :
Scorning ev'ry foolish scruple,—
Take, and through obedience, eat !"

VI.

Nicholas looked up and smiled,
 Tranquil as a little child :
 Took with outstretch'd hand the doves
 (Roasted at the Prior's wish),
 And serenely made the symbol
 Of the cross above the dish.

VII.

Lo ! a miracle of faith !
 Ere the monks a word could utter,
 They beheld the little creatures
 On the dish begin to flutter,—
 Ope their eyes and stretch their wings,
 Happy, shining, *living* things !

VIII.

Thro' the sunny window fell
 Ivy-shadows on the floor ;
 And a fragrance from the garden
 Floated thro' the open door.
 It was spring-time in the land,
 (Tender grass and golden mist),
 As the little doves exulting
 Settled on Nicolo's wrist :

Then, up-soaring thro' the air,
While the hermit, smiling, lay,
Round his bed went sailing, sailing,
In a graceful, grateful way.
Till, at last, (the window neared),
Thro' the vines they disappeared !

The Things of God.

HEARKEN to the King of kings :
“ Wouldst thou do no wrong,
Render unto God the things
That to God belong,—
GLORY, JUDGMENT, AND REVENGE,
These to Me belong !

“ Glory? Naught of pride should lurk
In thy flow'ring ways ;
Naught of self or creatures lurk
In thy fruitful days.
Unto man, the willing work,
Unto God, the praise.

“ Judgment? Who art thou, indeed,
Judging free and foul?
Only One alone can read

Secrets of the soul.
To the Judge, the judgment cede,
He will right the whole.

“Vengeance?” Saith the Lord : “’Tis Mine,
My behests obey ;
Unto Me thy cause resign,—
Kneel, forgive, and pray.
GLORY, JUDGMENT, and REVENGE,
These are Mine for aye !”

The Blessed Rita's Bees.

“The miraculous bees of the Blessed Rita, which are yet living at Cascia, followed her from her home at Rocca Porena to the Augustinian convent where she spent the last forty-five years of her life. They took up their abode close to her cell, over the door in the wall opposite it—midway, now, between her old cell and her tomb. They number twelve or fifteen, as at first; live a solitary life; do not mate with any of their species, and only appear in Holy Week of each year, when they issue from their cavities, and remain visible until the feast of their queen, May 22d. They then retire again to their hermitages in the wall. Each bee has its own little retreat. These are not like ordinary bee-combs, but are long, narrow holes, like those made by the thrust of a nail (or a thorn?). On retiring, each bee closes the entrance of its cell with a delicate white gossamer-like web or membrane; and there stays in solitude, as if in contemplation, for the rest of the year. They do not die or increase in number, and are not known to eat. They have no sting and no mandibles, and do not break the cloister-silence with their hum. They are veritable anchorites. One of them was sent, by special request, enclosed in a crystal vase, to Pope Urban VIII., by whom Rita of Cascia was beatified July 16, 1627, and who marveled (it is quaintly and pleasantly said) at the significant character of this new *Order of Augustinians*. The bee remained with the Pontiff one day, and the next morning, disappeared. On inquiry, it was found snug at home with its fellows, at Cascia, where they have continued undisturbed ever since.”

—*Very Rev. Dr. Middleton, O.S.A.*

The Augustinian friar, Rev. John Baptist Cotta, an Italian poet of note (1668–1737), who wrote the life of the Blessed Rita in verse, has caught and imprisoned her miraculous Bees in the hive of his own graceful imagination—and refused to release the little captives until they had produced the honey of some exquisite lines, of which the following are a crude, but tolerably faithful translation :

MID Alpine rocks and rugged steeps,
On fruitful Umbria's frontier fair,
The child was born ; her life's bright day
In its first dawn, a presage rare
Of what the ripened sanctity
Of its pure noon and night might be.

For snow-white bees, a swarm unknown,
Thronged in and out her cradle-bed :
And in the sleeping baby's mouth
Their nectar sweet deposited.
(As chanced to Ambrose, once of old,
And to Chrysostom, mouth of gold.)

Behold ! with dulcet murmurs there,
The bees to Rita whispered low
Of that pure Queen, that Lady fair,
Whose sweetness ev'ry soul doth know ;
Who gave to us the King of Kings,
From whom all heavenly sweetness springs !

Nor was it vain, that prophecy ;
In days to come, with honeyed tones,
Young Rita's gracious piety
To heaven drew unwilling ones ;
And rough and stubborn souls entic'd
To meekly yield themselves to Christ.

And still she draws them by her bees,
(O strange, enduring miracle !)
Those tiny wingéd votaries
Beside her tomb, forever dwell ;
Enshrined in Cascia's convent-wall,
A prodigy perennial !

If e'er ensnared by chance surprise,
They ne'er a vengeful rage assert ;
But, by the nuns, like harmless flies,
Are harbored without fear or hurt.
Meek creatures ! there they fold the wing,
And know no rancor, bear no sting.

—*Ave Maria.*

Husband of Her of whom was born Jesus.

“Saints know thee best, O hidden, silent Saint !
And would that I could feel a little part
Of that great love Teresa's kindred heart
Felt for thee, Foster-Father !” *

BLEST was thine office, bearer of the seal
Of the Celestial Bridegroom ! Close-allied
To thee—from all, save thee,—thy Maiden Bride
Her first Divine Espousals could conceal.

* Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., in St. Joseph's Anthology.

—The FATHER'S mirror, fashioned to reveal
His own grand virginal Paternity,—
Around thy shrine, this Lenten March, we kneel,
And Christ's dear Foster-Father hail in thee !

Guardian of Bethlehem and Nazareth !
Guide, thro' the desert, out of Egypt's land !
In faith and love, we clasp thy guardian hand,
And choose thee for *our* guide in life and death.
O sweet Saint Joseph, pray, that, franchised and forgiven.
We all may share, one day, thy changeless bliss in heaven!

Quam Dilecta.

“The sparrow hath found her a house ; and the turtle a nest for herself, where she may lay her young.
Even Thy altars, O Lord of hosts ; my King and my God.”

HOW sweetly falls upon the noisy world
The calm, still Sabbath of the living God !
The ceaseless hum of many multitudes
Is hush'd ; and Peace bends smiling over all :
Or, by her chiming bells, beseeches man
To consecrate the day to God and prayer.
The sunlight sleeps upon the quiet town :
And in its beams rise many a marble dome,

Which man with busy hand but prayerful heart,
Hath reared and sanctified with hallow'd hopes—
That in their shade his soul and knee might bow
Before the altar of the Holy One.

Father ! we thank Thee, that Thy wisdom framed
One little day when all might praise Thy name ;
One green oasis in the barren week,
When fleeing from the crowded, busy world,
With all its rush, its din, and weary cares,
We, to Thy peaceful temples, then might turn,
And in their hallowed hush kneel gladly down ;
Whilst, rich and low, steals forth the organ's tone,
And holy priest, mysteriously clad,
With bended head and gently-murmuring voice,
Renews the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

Oh ! it is bliss untold, thus, thus, to kneel
'Mid twinkling lights and perfume breathing flowers,
And gaze upon Our Saviour's altar-throne ;
Or on the figure of the Virgin Queen,
Which, thro' the misty incense, smiling gleams,
Celestial beauty on the sculptured face.
This is the happiness of Sabbath hours :
A calm, deep joy, above all earthly bliss ;
When man's weak soul, borne up on wings of prayer,
Soars to the presence of the Deity.

Alter Christus.

AN ORDINATION ODE.

“There is no language which can express the dignity of a priest. He is ‘*Alter Christus.*’”—CARDINAL MANNING.

ALTER CHRISTUS! meek and lowly,
Pure and true—O virgin dreamer!
Thou art made a mirror holy
Of the dear divine Redeemer.
Through thy flesh His spirit shineth,
Like a flame thro’ alabaster;
Every lineament outlineth
Some fresh beauty of thy Master.

Alter Christus! Sing *Te Deum*,
Ere thou breathest at the altar,
“*Hoc est enim Corpus meum!*”
—Words which never fail or falter!
Called and chosen, heaven-appointed,
On thy lip the liquid Latin—
Thine to lift, (the Lord’s anointed),
Sacred chalice, bless’d paten.

Alter Christus ! thine to offer,
Like Melchisedech, the mystic,
Bread and wine,—yea, more, to proffer,
Christ, the Victim Eucharistic,
Christ, the Lamb. Foreshown by prophets,
And by priests of by-gone ages,—
Lo ! the glory of thine office
Far outshines all kings' and sages' !

Alter Christus ! Stoled and vested,—
Font baptismal, screen of Penance,
Pulpit, death-bed, marriage-*fiesta*,
Bier and grave, with ghostly tenants,
Claim thy ministry ; the olden
Key is in thy grasp immortal :
Key, which, (to the City Golden),
Opes the glorious shining portal !

Alter Christus ! rays of lustre,
(Born of altar-tapers tender),
Crown thy brow. Around thee cluster
Angel-shapes with wings of splendor.
Thou to lead, to cheer, to bless us,
Thro' Life's desert-waste, like Moses,
Priest and Father ! *Alter Christus !*
Be our guide till Heav'n uncloses.

Consecration.

WHEN softly dawns the golden light,
And shadows melt o'er land and sea,
O sweet and sacred Heart of Christ,
We consecrate our souls to Thee!
Before Thine altar's holy throne,
The while we humbly kneel and pray,
We bring to Thee—to Thee alone—
The off'ring of the new-born day.

When all the day of toil is done,
And twilight spreads her purple wing—
When starry vigils have begun
Before the Eucharistic King.
As ardent lovers at the tryst,
Impassion'd, to the lov'd one flee,—
O true and tender Heart of Christ,
We haste to give the night to Thee !

In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
In sin, in suff'ring, and distress,
Behold a Refuge ever near,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.
In light or darkness, life and death,
In Time and in Eternity,
Devoted Heart, with trusting faith,
We consecrate our all to Thee !

Made Manifest.

I.

“**S**HOW me,” the friar prayed with purpose pure,
“O Bless’d Master! Show to me the way
Wherein the ancient fathers walked secure,
And did Thy perfect will by night and day!”

II.

In dreams, the answer came. There seemed to fall
A golden-lettered book upon his bed ;
“Arise and read!” he heard a shrill voice call,
And, on the instant, rising up, he read :

III.

“*The ancient fathers, loving God the Lord,
Despised themselves, and judgment pass’d on none ;
So were they perfect men in deed and word,*”
—And lo! the book was gone, the dream was done.

The Angel of God’s Will.

AT the gate an angel lingers,
(Narrow Gate that leads to Life),
Bearing in his shining fingers,
Elements of peace or strife :

Elements of bliss or anguish—
Fortunes like a clouded star,
Hopes that blossom, hopes that languish,
In that angel's keeping, are.

And he standeth at the portal,
Standeth veiled and silent, till
Each expectant, anxious mortal,
Comes to claim his good or ill.

Tired feet and faces ever
Meet the angel at the goal,—
For the strife of strong endeavor
Pales the cheek and sinks the soul.

Lighter steps and brighter faces
Leave the veiled spirit there—
He hath hidden gifts and graces
In the mystic lot they bear.

Some, who gather joy and blessing,
(With the cheek and lip a-glow),
Linger not, but onward pressing,
Sing *Te Deum*, as they go.

Others, yea, the meek and lowly,
Hearts that have but lived to brave
Heavy sorrows, burdens holy,
From the cradle to the grave ;

Bowing there to painful duty,
With a loving, trusting soul,—
Journey forth in strength and beauty,
For their faith hath made them whole.

O thou Joy akin to heaven !
O thou patient Misery !
Both with tend' rest blessing given
From our Father's treasury ;

We shall never cease to wonder
At your strange and potent sway,
Till the skies are rent asunder,
And the earth shall pass away !

In that dread and awful season,
(When the Mortal hath no power),
We shall know the hidden reason
Of each glad or darksome hour.

Then the veil will be uplifted,
And our strengthen'd vision see,
How the holy and the gifted
Bore and bless'd their misery.

And the Angel of the portal,
- Donor of our joy or care,
In a beauty more than mortal,
Will embrace and crown us there !

The Friar's Prayer.

“**S**ANCTUS ! *Sanctus ! Sanctus !*” —sing
Heaven's choirs before the King,
Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord
God of Sabbaoth adored !
By Thy mercy, by Thy might,
Make *me* holy in Thy sight.

“ Be ye perfect,” (words of bliss !)
“ As your Heavenly Father is !”
All Perfection's golden crown,
Heart and knee to Thee bow down ;
Thro' Thy sweetness, thro' Thy light,
Make me perfect in Thy sight.

Pure and perfect, —crystal-clear—
Let my soul to Thee appear.
Pure in heart, and flesh, and mind ;
Thought and word and deed refined.
—Source and fount of Purity !
Make and keep me pure in Thee.

Voluntas Mea in Ea.

God saw a specialty in us eternally. It was this specialty which He loved. It is this specialty which decides our place and work in His creation. . . . No matter what our position in life may be, no matter how ordinary our duties may seem, no matter how commonplace the aspect of our circumstances, we each of us have this grand secret vocation. We are, in a certain inaccurate and loving sense, necessary to God. He wants us, in order to carry out His plans, and nobody else will quite do instead of us. Here is our dignity; here, also, is our duty. This is the deep fountain of our love; this, also, is the deep fountain of our fear.—*Father Faber.*

I.

DEEP in the radiant vast abyss,
Of God's sublime decrees,
Shrined in the rapture and the bliss
Of His wise mysteries,—
Hath lain from all eternity
A special, sweet design,
Which He hath willed, in time, should be
Wrought by this soul of mine.

II.

Clear and distinct, as some fair star
On Night's mysterious crest,
For ages it hath shone afar,
From out His mighty breast ;
And none save me can e'er fulfil
That one sweet, strange design :
And none save me can do that Will,
So special, so divine !

III.

O dear, bewild'ring specialty !
 How do my pulses thrill
 To think that God hath chosen *me*
 To work His sovereign Will !
 Blest part of one harmonious Whole,
 (As prophet-lips aver),
 His title for the faithful soul
 Shall be, " My Will in her ! "

IV.

Dost grasp, my heart, this wondrous truth?—
 This life-work to be done
 Can never be the task, forsooth,
 Of mute automaton ;
 Nor must it know the cold constraint
 Which marks the fettered slave,
 But the filial service of the saint,
 Free, loving, glad, and brave !

V.

O Lord ! adoring, lo ! I bless
 Thy special Will in me :
 With generous devotedness
 I yield myself to Thee ;
 To Thee, I bring this heart of mine,
 Grant it, through good or ill,
 Never to mar Thy dear design,
 Nor thwart Thy blessed Will !

Love's Tabernacle.

NEVER see at holy Mass,
Or after Benediction's chime,
The Tabernacle-door unclasp'd,
And open for a little time :
But it doth image to my heart,
That little room, that sacred spot,
Where Jesus loved to dwell apart,
In Joseph's humble cot.

Blest room, at Naz'reth far away !
By Mary's fingers cleansed and swept,—
(Where Jesus wrought or read by day,
And, in the night-time, prayed and wept :)
It was a type, that chamber poor,
By Christ's sweet presence all endear'd,—
Of ev'ry tabernacle pure,
On Christian altars reared.

And, (more than all) it was a type
Of these poor hearts we call our own,
Wherein, if all be pure and bright,
Our Lord delights to dwell alone.
Then, let us beg our Mother kind,
To cleanse our hearts in life, in death,—
That Jesus, *there*, may ever find
His Love's sweet Nazareth !

A Comforting Paradox.

YOU'VE done your best,—and, still, success,
 That best, has failed to crown ;
Tho' disappointment breed distress,
 Yet do not be cast down.

He who succeeds, succeeds to fail,
 If Heav'n should curse, not bless ;
While Man's worst failures sometimes veil
 GOD's most sublime Success.

At the End.

I.

WHEN the end of all things comes,
 What will gold or greed avail ?
What are gems and royal raiment
 To a dead man, stark and pale ?
Hath a corpse its place at banquets ?
 Canst thou flush its cheek with wine ?
Canst thou lead it through the dances,
 With its blank eyes fixed on thine ?
 Gold and treasure,
 Pomp and pleasure,
Pass like smoke ; but muffled drums,
 Beat a sad, funeral measure,
When the end of all things comes.

II.

When the end of all things comes,
Where will Honor be, and Fame?
In a dead man's ear, indifferent,
Thou canst utter praise or blame.
Though the trumpets blare his triumphs,
Though the bards his deeds rehearse,
Crown a grinning skull with flowers,
It will only grin the worse.
Honor, glory,
Song and story,
Mock the heart which Death benumbs ;
Ponder well, "*Memento mori!*"
Ere the end of all things comes.

A Midsummer Moral.

IS not, they say, from choicest flowers
That bees distil their largest store :
The royal rose and lily-bowers
Yield nectar scarce as precious ore.

But full the feast on clover-bloom,
Rosemary sweeter than sublime ;
The honey brims the moorland-broom,
Meek marjoram, and fairy thyme.

E'en thus, ye naughty peers of earth,
With regal pomp and prestige crown'd,
Your garish dearth of native worth
Doth oft your satellites confound.

While little fragrant words and deeds
Of humble hearts, of spirits sunny,
Supply with ease to God's glad bees
A wondrous wealth of golden honey.

When, Where, and How?

HEAR Lord! in some dim, future year,
In some dim, future month and day,
Abides the hour, the solemn hour,
When Thou shalt call my soul away;
That year, that month, that day of days
Come soon? come late?—I know not when;
O Thou, who rulest all my ways!
Master of life, whom Death obeys,
Be with me then, be with me then!

Somewhere upon this globe of ours
Is hid the spot where I must die;
Where 'mid the snows, or 'mid the flowers,
My shrouded form shall coffin'd lie;
If north or south? If east or west?
At home? abroad?—I know not where;

O tender Father, Lord of grace !
Whose presence fills the realms of space,
Be with me there, be with me there !

By fire? by flood? by famine sore?
By sudden stroke? by slow decay?—
When Death's dark angel opes my door,
How shall it call my soul away?
God only knows ; HE bends the bow,
And He alone can fix the dart ;
Yet care I not when, where, or how
The end may come, sweet Lord ! if Thou
Wilt then but shield me in Thy Heart !

What Doth it Profit a Man?

I'VE traversed worlds, both new and old,
And streams and seas and oceans cross'd,
Beneath the Juggernaut of Gold,
To fling myself—a holocaust.
Thro' all my frame, I've felt the thrills
Of that great glittering Car ; but high
Above the roar of jewel'd wheels,
I heard a Voice, forever, cry :
*“The gold that is not sought in Me,
That is not stored or spent for Me,
Is lost for all eternity !”*

Unheeding those rebuking tones :

I, straightway, sought the lists of Fame ;
And, 'mid her proud, ambitious sons,

I jousted for a prize—a name !

With triumph flushed—the victor's crown

Was won ; but lo ! in passing by

The cheering hinds, who hailed Renown,

I heard, once more, that awful cry :

*“The fame that is not based on Me,
The glory sought apart from Me,
Are lost for all eternity !”*

Mad with a fear that mastered Fame,

I cast away my broken lance ;

And (be it spoken to my shame),

I, reckless, plunged in Pleasure's haunts.

In banquet bright, in song and sport,

I bade the festal hours fly,

But, day and night, thro' Folly's court,

Forever, rang that vengeful cry :

*“The joy that is not born of Me,
False fame, and fatal gold—all three,
Are lost—lost—lost—eternally !”*

Adauge Nobis Fidem.

I.

T WAS well with that good French artisan
Who could kneel by the hour before the Host,
(Breathing no prayer like a workingman,
But silently filled with the Holy Ghost)—
When he urged on the Cure d' Ars his plea :
“ I treat with Him, and He treats with me ! ”

II.

“ I treat with Him, and He treats with me ! ”
—Breath of a flower-bed, sweet as honey !
Surely such childlike hearts must be
Our Lord's own gardens, fair and sunny ;
Where, entering in, He finds repose
From the wild pursuit of His brutal foes !

III.

Grant us, dear Christ, the love and trust
Of this rude, unletter'd artisan ;
Make us believe with a faith robust,
Thou art here on our altars, God and Man ;
And the barrenest heart in our midst shall be
A bower of beauty to comfort Thee !

The Sea hath its Stars.

THE sea hath its stars as well as the sky,
The lamps at many a mast-head glow,
For, out where the billows moan and sigh,
The spirit-like vessels come and go.

High on the grand pavilion's height
The band is playing a tender tune ;—
Far o'er the sand and the sea to-night,
Trembles the light of the summer moon.

And ever, anon, as its splendor trails
Where the ocean mirrors its silver beam,
My gaze goes forth to the distant sails,
Where the twinkling lamps at the mast-head gleam ;

And my heart cries out : “ O gems of the sea !
So like the stars that above us bloom,
O stars of the sea ! ye seem to me
Like beacons of hope in a world of gloom ;

“ The shadows may come, and the day-beams go,
The clouds of sorrow may wrap us about,
God's stars above, Hope's stars below—
O brothers ! what heart could despair or doubt ? ”

In Eternal Peace.

VERY REV. DR. MORIARTY, O.S.A.

JULY 10TH, 1875.

I LOOKED from my lattice when twilight was falling,
And saw in the heavens one beautiful star,
That hung, like a tear from the eye of an angel,
Alone in the blue of the zenith afar.
But e'en as I hailed it, and blessed its pure light,
The clouds, closing 'round it, obscured it from sight.

Serene thro' my chamber, a whisper was wafted :
"Beyond its dark curtain, the star shines the same ;
Tho' mortals behold not the light of its lustre,
The angels rejoice in its radiant flame.
So shineth behind the dark curtain of Death,
The soul of the saint who hath triumphed in faith !"

Oh ! blest be that symbol of grandeur departed,
That type of a glory untouched by the tomb !
Tho' clouds close around thee, O great Moriarty !
Thy soul is the star that surmounteth the gloom.
And far o'er the shadows that curtain thy dust,
Thou livest, thou shinest with God and the just !

Our Faith Our Dearest Treasure.

[Many of our little readers know that an acrostic is a poem in which the initial letters of the lines form the name of some person or place. They may not know, however, that a telestich is a poem in which the final letters of the lines make a name. Here is a poem which is both an acrostic and telestich, and which is the more of a curiosity because it was composed when its author was little more than a school-girl. The first letters of the lines form the name of Father Ambrose A. Mullen, O.S.A., once President of Villanova College, Pennsylvania; the final letters give the name of Father William Harnett, of the same Order, who was a bosom friend of Father Mullen, and, also, a Professor in Villanova College. Father Harnett's angelic piety and sweetness of disposition caused him to be called the "Angel of the House," when he was a novice in the Convent of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at Genazzano. United in their lives, they were not long divided in death; for Father Harnett died at Lawrence, Mass., March 28, 1875; and Father Ambrose, at Andover, in the same State, July 7, 1876. R. I. P.]

Fond and consoling is the Christian's belie**F**,
 A potent charm in Life's bewildering dram**A** ;
 The sacred power which maketh Marah sweet**T**,
 Hushes the wailing wretchedness of Rama**H** ;—
 Ever the same, though storms or sunshine lie**E**
 Round the rude path that leadeth to Our Father**R**.
 An angel calls,—and we, too weak to follo**W**,
 Moan with our dying Lord, "*Eloi! Eloi!*"
 But 'tis a passing weakness, and the wil**L**,
 Ready to conquer, bids all trembling fears be stil**L**.
 O joy! to have our God, our great *Eloi*,
 So far above all other nations',—ye**A**,
 E'en as the reality is to the drea**M**.
 A God to save, a God to us most nig**H** !
 May hearts and lips send forth their glad *Hosann***A**
 Unto this Lord, this Chief, whose glorious banne**R**,
 Like some strong magnet, draws exultant me**N**
 Lost to the world, to earth's enchanting scen**E**,
 Ever to dwell with Thee, O God! in rapture sweet**T**,
 Never to quit again Thy sacred, wounded fee**T**.

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