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GLEANINGS:

FROM OUR OWN FIELDS.

Being Selections

FROM

CATHOLIC AMERICAN POETS.

BY

GEORGE F. PHELAN.



P. O'SHEA, AGENT,

No. 45 Warren Street, New York.

1881.

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REV. JOHN W. SHANAHAN,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

"A friend, not of my fortune, but of myself,"

THIS BOOK

IS

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



INTRODUCTORY.

THE present volume of poems has been collected with much judgment from purely Catholic sources. Its object is to present one or more poems from Catholic American poets. Although some three or four whose poems adorn this book have a reputation which is more than American, there are others who are not quite so well known, and whose true poetic feeling and charming power of expression deserve a wider field of recognition. There is so much of interest in the early history of America, so many mines of unused treasure, whether for poet, novelist, or historian, that certainly no American need ever seek a subject for his pen in any other than his own land. We Catholic Americans should know our strength. Surely we have among us those who write as strong prose in as graceful English and give expression to as true poetry as any in the republic of letters. If we, as Catholics, will not give our own talented writers recognition, we may be sure that they will

seek elsewhere that appreciation and reward which we deny them.

These poems have been collected by the untiring energy of Mr. Phelan, a few of them from magazines which have long ceased to exist; and certainly they deserve preservation in the charming little volume which the publisher has printed so excellently. Let us hope that its success may equal its merit.

MARTIN BURKE.

NEW YORK.

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COMPILER'S NOTE.

CRITICS of this book will please note the fact, before they dip their pens, that the compiler does not claim to have included all Catholic American poets, nor has invidious distinction had a voice in making up the volume.

The absence of several noted names is due to the fact that permission to use certain poems was not given.

Through the courtesy of the authors and, in some instances, the owners of copyright, I am indebted for the poems which make up this book.

In justice to Doctor BURKE, I think it necessary to say that a change in the plan of the book has rendered unadvisable the elaborate Preface first intended.

GEORGE F. PHÉLAN.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
ACTON, JOHN.	
A Pansy, To,	23
At the Gate of June,	85
Gifts,	23
How the Red got into the Sunset,	21
BURKE, MARY C.	
Legend of Sister Beatrice, The,	51
CASSIDY, P. S.	
Why I Celebrate the Day,	102
CONWAY, KATHERINE E.	
A Memory,	40
Ferns from Watkins Glen,	94
COOK, EDITH W.	
Lost Seeds,	12
Roma-Amor,	86
DAHLGREN, MADELINE VINTON.	
Symbols in Nature,	65
The Graces,	22
DONNELLY, ELEANOR C.	
My Namesake,	76
Poet's Little Rival, The,	79
DUNN, WILLIAM HENRY.	
Effects of Washington, The,	10
EGAN, MAURICE F.	
Christmas Mass, The,	101
Transition,	75
When Mothers Watch,	73
ELDER, SUSAN B.	
The Souvenir,	30
ESLING, C. H. A.	
Legend of Santa Francesca, The,	24
GEOGHEGAN, WILLIAM.	
Morning Dream, A,	32
My Blue-eyed Boy,	25
GODDARD, LT. V. A.	
Marguerite,	72
HOWARTH, ELLEN CLEMENTINE.	
Thou Wilt Never Grow Old,	107

	PAGE.
IRWIN, ISABELLA.	
An Infant's Death, On,	66
KENNY, J. W.	
The Seasons,	16
LIVINGSTON, WILLIAM.	
Forgiveness,	91
My Mother Prays for Me,	27
Two Bits of Spray,	44
LOCKE, JOHN.	
Morning on the Irish Coast,	35
MANNIX, MARY E.	
A Picture of St. Agnes, On,	61
A Sweet Singer,	85
MILES, GEORGE H.	
Said the Rose,	81
McCLURE, REV. W. J.	
Cathedral Birds,	67
Mountain of the Holy Cross,	95
Vales and Mountains,	92
McHUGH, JOHN A.	
At Sea,	38
Saint Cecilia,	97
NORRIS, J. W. S.	
Answered Ave, The,	29
First Friday Flowers,	42
Sponsa Dilecta Christi,	39
O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE.	
Old School Clock, The,	19
RYDER, ELIOT.	
Sonnets,	9
SAVAGE, JOHN.	
The Sunlit Path,	69
SETON, WILLIAM.	
A Prophecy,	108
SMITH, SARAH T.	
A Thoughtful Hour,	99
Children's Thoughts, The,	48
Word of the New Year,	17
TABB, JOHN B.	
Cedron,	106
TREACY, REV. W. P.	
Always Light in Heaven, There is,	73
Hymn to the Queen of May, A,	97
VANNAH, KATE.	
A Flower's Name,	23
Good Night,	50
WAYLEN, ELIZA.	
A Young Poet,	71
A Forest Fantasy,	46

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS.



SONNETS.

I.

SHE has not that rare beauty which the most
Of women have whom men consider fair ;
Yet, fairest of all features, she can boast
A crown of rich, luxuriant, yellow hair,
No miser gloating o'er his glittering hoard
Looks on his clinking coins with joy more rare
Than gaze I on the wealth of beauty stored
Within my loved one's flowing golden hair.

Dear lady of my earnest love ! the years
Work changes in the spirit of men's dreams ;
The fondest love oft drowns itself in tears,
Or seeks a solace in life's sordid schemes.
Be thy love mine, and wealth I e'er shall share
While gazing on thy glorious yellow hair.

II.

Though I perchance may look with love-blind eyes,
I find but one fair woman in this world,

And when between us angry discords rise,
 The shades of grief around my heart are hurled,
 Yet still I know when comes the Sabbath morn,
 And we together kneel at Holy Mass,
 The angry thoughts with which our hearts are torn,
 Will vanish swift as mountain torrents pass.

Hail, then, the Holy Sacrifice divine
 Which brings us to the presence of our Lord !
 No man may dare approach the bread and wine
 Within whose heart an evil thought is stored ;
 And so, whate'er my loved one's anger be,
 The Sabbath will restore her heart to me.

ELIOT RYDER.

THE "EFFECTS OF WASHINGTON."

THE following *jeu de mot* suggested itself upon the writer's being shown at the Patent Office in Washington the garments, sword, etc., of Washington, marked in the glass case which contained them; "Effects of Washington :"

His *effects* in that glass case—great Washington's?

No,

They could not be seen yet by mortals below.

They spread through all nations, they float on
 each sea,

And continuous spring from the "Land of the
Free."

Take the child to the fount whence the river first
ran,

And show its effects to that child if you can.

Its effects must be shown in its widespreading
course,

But cannot be shown at its limited source.

Seek the famishing peasant, with eyes toward the
West,

Hoping comfort and aid from that land of the
blest—

Ask him the effects of that Heaven-sent chief,

And he'll point to a part, a whole nation's relief !

Ask the millions who cover our own happy soil,

Released from monarchical serfdom and toil,

Whence deliverance sprang, young and old will
proclaim

With soul-felt hosannahs our Washington's name ;

And the land that receives, and the law that pro-
tects—

They cherish as Washington's noblest effects.

His effects, and their blessings, can only be shown

When Time takes his stand at Eternity's throne !

WILLIAM HENRY DUNN.

LOST SEEDS.

I.

'TIS an old Navajo legend
That each seeming-wasted seed,
Though on earth its germ unfolds not,
Finds its perfect life, indeed,
In the after-world where spirits from their earthly
thrall are freed.

Fair the yellow-tasselled maize-fields,
Soft the music of their leaves
In the west wind gently rustling,
Full the harvest of their sheaves
When the lingering ghost of summer through the
crimson forest grieves.

Sweet the flowers of the woodland
Nestling low amid the shade,
Strong the giant redwood lifting
Towering, sunset-crowned head ;
Each to earth some beauty giving ere the day's
hours all are sped.

Much men praise their lavish beauty—
Blossom frail and golden ear—

Marking not the dark seeds scattered,
Finding not perfection here,
Seeking in the earth's deep bosom sunshine of
another sphere.

For, so runs the Indian legend,
Lies the after-world of life
'Neath our earth, in sunny prairies
Death-freed souls find but through strife,
Troubled wandering through morasses all with
gloomy shadows rife.

In this happy land of plenty
Golden maize-field faileth ne'er,
While the Indian's singing arrow
Bird and bison findeth e'er ;
And the blossoms never wither, ne'er the painted
leaves grow sere.

In these fertile fields Elysian
Bloom the lost seeds of the earth,
Softly sinking ever deeper
From their upper life of dearth,
Changing for a joy unfading sunny hours of short-
lived mirth.

II.

Come unto the human bosom
Scattered seeds of thought divine !

Seeds that lift no least green leaflet
To the glad day's warm sunshine—
Lying deep in heart's recesses, like rare jewel in
the mine.

Golden fields of unstained glory
Glitter in the noonday sun ;
Tender flowers of gracious duty
From the shade have sweetness won ;
Generous strength wears sunset splendor when its
earthly day is done.

But the little dark seed bearing
Naught of flower that men can see,
Is not lost, if yet unheeded,
Sinking ever silently
Deeper in the heart's wide garden, ripening for
eternity.

Freshened by the dews of heaven,
Fed with life-blood from the heart,
All unseen the folded pinions
Ever gather strength to start
When, in God's eternal gardens, burst the prison
bars apart,

Where the hidden seed wins beauty
More than earth's since all-divine :

Perfected through years unconscious,
Fair its fruit and blossoms shine—
Pure as jewel's perfect crystal won unshattered
from the mine.

III.

So, O poet ! though as wasted
Fall thy songs upon the earth,
Though men listen not their music,
Holding them as little worth,
Sorrow not for thought unheeded, so it be of
heavenly birth.

Sinking deep in some heart's garden
Thy unnoticed thought shall lie,
Nourished by the soul's devotion
Till earth's bonds asunder fly,
And the music of thy singing echoes through
eternity.

Mingling with saints' adoration
Earth-forgotten words of thine—
Thy lost thoughts are found in Heaven,
Blossoms there thy seed divine ;
Fairer than earth's golden maize-fields perfect
fruit and blossom shine.

EDITH W. COOK.

THE SEASONS.

I.

WHAT magician pulls the string
 That uncurtains twinkling, pretty spring
 And the swallow with his wing
 Against the sky?
 Who brings the branch its green,
 And the honey-bee a queen?
 “ Is it I?”
 Said April, “ I?
 Yes, ’tis I.”

II.

What aërial artist limns
 Rock and cloud with brush that dims
 Titian’s oils and Hogarth’s whims
 In shape and dye?
 What Florimel embowers
 Lawn and lake with arching flowers?
 “ Is it I?”
 Said bright July,
 “ Yes, ’tis I.”

III.

What good genii drop the grains
 Of new sugar in the canes,

Who fills up the apple's veins
 With sweetened dew?
Who hangs the painted air
With the grape and golden pear?
 Is it you,
 October? You?
 Yes, 'tis to you.

IV.

Who, careering, sweeps the plain,
Scoffing at the violet's pain,
Echoing back, and back again
 His wild haloo?
Who makes the yule-fire foam
Round the glowing hearth of home,
 Is it you,
 December? You?
 Aye, 'tis you!

THOS. W. KENNY, M.D.

THE WORD OF THE NEW YEAR.

"We always may be what we might have been."

A. A. PROCTOR.

DAWNETH the New Year sadly,
 Because of the years gone by?

Dawneth the New Year gladly,
Because of joys that are nigh?
What is the message it bringeth
To your heart, friend, and to mine,
If, from the misty gleamings
We welcome the Voice Divine?

“ Neither the Past nor the Future
Belong to the soul of to-day.
Step by step, and unknowing
Thou hast traversed life by My way.
Mine was the hand that bound thee,
Mine was the touch that freed—
Mine was the hidden meaning
Of lines that were hard to read.

“ Mine is the time beyond thee.
It lies in my loving hand,
All of its wealth thou earnest
I will pay thee at thy demand.
And if thou wilt only give me
Thy best—if the hours be few,
Or if they stretch on to even,
Thy best shall receive its due.

“ There is no time for regretting,
Until time shall be no more—
But *now* is the time for forgetting
The things that have gone before.

The year that has dawned so newly,
 To-day, that belongs to thee,
May crown thee with life and glory,
 Through time for eternity."

SARAH T. SMITH.

THE "OLD SCHOOL CLOCK."

SAD memories rush o'er my mind just now
 Of faces and friends of the past—
Of that happy time when life's dream was all
 bright.

Ere the clear sky of youth was o'er-cast.
Very dear are those mem'ries; they've clung
 round my heart,

And bravely withstood Time's rude shock,
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
 Than that of the "Old School Clock."

'Twas a quaint old clock, with a quaint old face,
 And great iron weights and chain,
And it stopped when it liked, and, before it struck,
 It groaned as if 'twere in pain.

It had seen many years; and it seemed to say—
 "I'm one of the real old stock,"
To the youthful fry who with reverence looked
 On the face of the "Old School Clock."

Ah ! many a time have I labored to sketch
That yellow and time-honored face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures, and hands,
And the weights and the chains in their place ;
And oft have I gazed with admiring eye,
As I sat on the wooden block,
And pondered and guessed at the wonderful things
That were *inside* the " Old School Clock."

What a terrible frown did the " Old Clock" wear
To the truant who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands
Which, for him, had been moving too fast.
But it lingered not long, for it loved to smile
On that noisy, thoughtless flock ;
And it creaked, and whirred, and struck with glee,
Did that genial, good-humored " Old Clock."

Well ! years had passed, and my mind was filled
With the world, its cares, and its ways,
When again I stood in that little school
Where I passed my boyhood's days.
My old friend was gone ! and there hung a thing
Which my feelings seemed to mock
As I gazed with a saddened and sorrowing heart
At a new-fashioned Yankee Clock.

'Twas a gaudy thing, with bright painted sides,
And it looked with an insolent stare (

At the desks, and the seats, and at everything
old ;—

And I thought of the friendly air
Of the face that I missed, and the chains and
weights,

All gone to the auctioneer's block.

'Tis a thing of the past ; never more will I see,
Save in mem'ry, that old " School Clock."

'Tis the way of the world ! Old friends pass away,
And fresh faces appear in their stead ;
But still, 'mid the bustle and strife of this earth,
We cherish the thoughts of the dead.

Yes ! dear are those mem'ries ; they've clung
round my heart,

And bravely withstood Time's rude shock ;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of that " Old School Clock."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

HOW THE RED GOT INTO THE SUNSET.

A RED rose flew up to her sun-king,
And begged him to leave his blue lair,
And wither the long-throated lilies,
Whose scorn was the roses' despair.

The sun kept his spite from the lilies,
 And smote the sweet pleader instead :
 He covered his heart with her petals,
 And marked the young stars as he fled.

JOHN ACTON.

THE GRACES.

THE mystic spell that Genius weaves
 Hath ever magic power to charm,
 Nor bitter dregs such thralldom leaves,
 On tyrant's forceful will, to harm.

But hand in hand the Graces move,
 Dispelling dismal depths of woe,
 To use the gifts lent from above,
 Forms their blest mission here below.

Let Music, Poesy, and Art,
 United claim, and gain a sway,
 Persuade and elevate the heart,
 And cast o'er life their sacred ray

The nations rise with brutal force,
 To bind the heart and soul of man,
 But Genius bids them feel remorse,
 And move in God's predestined plan.

MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

A FLOWER'S NAME.

DOWN in the tender grasses 'neath my sill,
 Where I lean forth each day to greet the dawn,
 And lean again, when light from earth is gone
 To pray for thee ; all of its own sweet will
 A tiny flower has come, so fair, and still,
 And new to me, I've given it thy name,
 And often do I marvel why it came
 The evening air with redolence to fill.
 The first time that I found it blooming there,
 At once I cried : " God answers thus the prayer,
 Which every morn and every eve I say,
 For my soul's friend, so far, so far away :
 He yields this sign, that after our long pain
 Of separation, we shall meet again."

KATE VANNAH.

GIFTS.

WE thank some dear friend for a rosebush
 That holds in green arms a seed,
 Which, nurtured by rain and by sunshine,
 Shall render a musky meed.

Or else for a scarlet-veined lily,
 That plays coquette with the sun,

And stealing the spots of the leopard,
Transfigures them one by one.

Yet what is the worth of rose-petals
That die in the dying night,
Or the shreds of a bleeding lily,
O'erthrown in the wind's keen flight?

Ah ! when His dear Mother shall gain us,
Christ's blessing at her behest,
The gift of the love of our Saviour—
'Tis this that will prove the best.

JOHN ACTON.

THE LEGEND OF SANTA FRANCESCA.

SANTA FRANCESCA, prest by many a care,
Her refuge sought in solitude and prayer :
In which blest state, old legends say that she
Enjoyed the presence of the angels' company.
Howe'er it be, certes, as she one day
Unto her oratory had retired to pray,
And soothe her soul with meditation's balms,
Drawn from prayer's purest founts, the holy
 psalms,
Three several times by duty's summons prest,
Cheerfully she rose and answered its behest,

And thrice returning at the self-same verse
Essayed, in vain, its sweet words to rehearse.

The last time searching down the page, behold !
The oft-neglected verse re-writ in text of gold

By angel hands, this lesson teaching all :
He serves God best who answer's duty's call,

And sweetly making work a prayer untold,
Gilds labor's dross with merit's purest gold.

C. H. A. ESLING.

MY BLUE-EYED BOY.

THE soldier when his battle's won

And war's wild clangor o'er,

The exile when he feasts his eyes

On native land once more,

The poet in his brightest dream

Ne'er felt such holy joy,

As comes to me when I behold

My own, my blue-eyed boy.

There's 'round him such a tender grace

And such a winning way,

He's like a sunbeam 'round the house

When daylight's gone away ;

And when he runs to welcome me
At morning, noon, or night,
I think a glimpse of Paradise
Is bursting on my sight.

But how can tongue or pen of mine
Portray a mother's love,
That surrounds him like a halo
From the Throne of Light above !
Were mine the magic power that makes
The poet's perfect art,
I ne'er could tell how dear he is
Unto his mother's heart.

He's now the only solace left
To cheer life's eventide,
For one by one God's angels took
His sisters from my side ;
But well I know they're gazing down
From Heaven's immortal sphere
Upon the blue-eyed boy whom God
Is pleased to leave me here.

- Oh, oft I think when gazing fond
Into his winsome face,
Of how when grown to man's estate
He'll take his father's place. (

God grant the pathway I have marked
For him thro' future years,
May ne'er run thro' the shadowland
Of sorrows, glooms, and tears.

WM. GEOGHEGAN.

MY MOTHER PRAYS FOR ME.

WHEN I knelt before the altar
In my innocence and youth,
And resolved to never falter
In the utterance of truth,
There were prayers to Heaven ascending,
Asking grace for me, and care,
With the songs of angels blending—
'Twas a loving mother's prayer.
And although I pine for pleasure,
And forget my early days,
Still I know I have a treasure,
Still I feel that some one prays ;
For when sin or sorrow nears me,
Worldly comfort seems to flee,
Then the holy thought that cheers me,
Is, my mother prays for me.

Oh, how light we prize the jewel
Which is ours in joy or tears !

And how often are we cruel
In our young and thoughtless years.
We can only have one mother—
When her spirit leaves us here,
We can never find another
Who to us will be so dear.

So I think of her who bore me,
She who fondly call'd me child ;
For her face is still before me,
Like an angel's, calm and mild.
And though far away I'm straying,
She shall ne'er forgotten be,
For a voice within keeps saying
That my mother prays for me.

WM. LIVINGSTON.

TO A PANSY.

SWEET pansy !
Is this what thy petals are—
Twilights anchored round a star ?
Or a small sun faded into blue
Up to a gold-corded space for dew ?
Thy beauty may be from either one ;
But I leave that to eve and the sun.

Sweet pansy !
 Rich-lidded amethyst from some young angel's
 brow,
 Or dropped from the velvet of his wings' looped
 snow—

This thou art ;
 And garden text of God—
 The text, " Love," not " My rod "—

This thou art,
 Sweet pansy !

JOHN ACTON.

THE ANSWERED "AVE."

THE dear Saint Bernard ere eve's shadows fell
 Throughout the cloister's fair and fragrant
 shade,
 Paused as the golden sunbeams slowly fade,
 List'ning to the holy Angelus bell,
 Which thro' each happy hermit's peaceful cell
 Poured its full note, re-echoed, then decayed.
 'Neath Mary's image ling'ring he delayed
 To breathe his loving " Ave : " Legends tell
 From out the pure white marble lips there came
 A voice of wondrous sweetness, thrilling
 power,
 That Bernard's greeting answered graciously :

O Mary ! kindle in my heart Love's flame
That I may greet thee thro' life's every hour,
Hopeful of welcome sweet, at death, from thee.

J. W. S. NORRIS.

THE SOUVENIR.

COME hither, little daughter, and let me clasp this
charm,
This rich and radiant bracelet, upon thy dimpled
arm,
Nay, look not so coquettish ; 'tis not to make thee
vain
Thy mother decks thee, darling, with a golden,
glittering chain.
But to bind unto thy spirit the loveliness and
worth
Of her who wore this jewel ere she glided out of
earth,
And the memory of whose virtues forever more
shall dwell,
Like lights upon an altar, in the hearts she loved
so well.
It is her mother, darling, who sends my daughter
this,
Bidding her resemble that dear one now (in bliss ;

And to her earnest pleading, thy mother joins her
prayer
That grace may keep thee innocent, and virtue
make thee fair.

Be ever pure and gentle, with heart and hand re-
plete
With blessings for the lowly that cluster round
thy feet ;
Give courage to the weary ; lift up the sinking
form
Left helpless in the struggle against Temptation's
storm.

Like hers, be thine the beauty that with it ever
brings
A sense of holiest virtues, a dream of heavenly
things,
As if her Guardian Angel, with tender, loving
grace,
Dropt from his wings a splendor to light her form
and face.

I pray thou mayest be like her in all the graces
rare,
Which made her mind so lovely, and her angel-
face so fair,

May peace attend thy footsteps, and Love his
roses shed,
Without one thorn of anguish around thy golden
head.

And now, dear one, thou knowest 'tis not to make
thee vain.

Thy mother decks thee, darling, with a golden,
glittering chain,

But to bind unto thy spirit the loveliness and
worth

Of her who wore this jewel ere she glided out of
earth.

Fond hearts were left in sorrow, and a home in
deepest gloom,

For the flowers of her bridal lent beauty to her
tomb.

She faded in her spring-time, when life was full of
bliss—

I pray thou may'st be like her, but *I cannot ask
for this!*

SUSAN B. ELDER.

A MORNING DREAM.

I, FAR removed from meadows green,
From tranquil shade or woodland lawns,

Lie in my attic, all alone,
And dream the while the morning dawns,
About my brain there flit, like birds,
Thoughts of a past surpassing fair ;
I hear old unforgotten words,
Remembered footsteps on the stair.

Old odors, olden songs, perhaps—
Sleep seems to melt them into one—
Come back, and all the long elapse
Of time rolls back to days long gone.
I know I'm dreaming, if I wake
I shall descend to narrow days
And petty cares, which grudge and take
The time I'd spend in other ways.

My daily labor, hard and stern,
Gives me so little, takes so much ;
Gives me such wages as I earn,
But chills my life with icy touch.
There's nothing left. Vainly I think
In duty done to find content ;
Each dawning day wakes me to shrink
From life, from which the soul seems rent.

This is my happiest hour, this time
Brief moment of my morning dream,
Before I hear the unwelcome chime
Sounding more oft in rain than gleam.

'Tis then I smell the lilies white,
Whose tall stalks swayed in that still place,
Half garden, half a desert bright,
Where last I saw you face to face.

I see you as you stood, I hear
Your voice that mingled with the birds',
And all the sounds far off and near,
Making a prelude to your words.

I look beyond, across the wold,
To where the windmill stood, and hurl'd
Its giant arms, that turned and roll'd
In dizzy motion, quickly whirled.

I see the pigeons wheeling high
Above our heads ; the golden bees,
Treasured with honey-laden thigh,
Like winged insect argosies.

I see it all ; it fades and dies
Into the gray of waking hours,
As rainbows fade in summer skies,
Whose brilliant color mocked the flowers.

O weary light ! that comes to glad
A hundred hearts, no smile you bring
To me, whose heart, though now so sad,
Was once as light as swallow's wing.

O fields ! where never more my feet
Will tread, as in the long ago,

In dreams I smell your fragrance sweet
And see the corn-flowers sway and blow.

WM. GEOGHEGAN.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

[THE incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to me by a friend on his return from a visit to Ireland. On the voyage eastward, my friend made the acquaintance of an old Irishman, who, in his frank and candid way, told him that he had been thirty years residing in "the States," and that he was then going home to spend the evening of his life in the Old Land, amid the scenes of his boyhood. The old man's deep anxiety to see Ireland once more made my friend take a special interest in him. The night before the boat reached the Irish shore they both remained on deck; and, as the dawning broke, they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first impassioned exclamation was: "The top o' the mornin' to you, Ireland, alanna!"]

Than-a-mo Dhia! but there it is!

The dawn on the hills of Ireland—
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
 O Ireland! isn't it grand you look,
 Like a bride in her rich adornin',
 And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

This one brief hour pays lavishly back
 For many a year of mourning;
 I'd almost venture another flight,
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore,
 All other attractions scornin';
 O Ireland! don't you hear me shout?
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Ho, ho! upon Cleana's shelving strand,
 The surges are grandly beating;
 And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting;
 In to the shore the sea birds fly
 On pinions that know no drooping,
 And out from the cliffs with welcome charged
 A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous Irish land,
 So leal, and fair, and loving,

No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving !

The alien home may have gems and gold,
Shadows may never have gloomed it.

But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love lights first illumed it !

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,

Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tip of her toes in the ocean !

I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—

Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover !

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,

Those hills I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
Over memory's dim horizon ;

E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me ;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Ah, often upon the Texan plains,

When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
And around this coast line hover !

And the prayer would rise, that some future day,
 All danger and doubting scornin',
 I might help to win for my native land
 The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze—
 Thank God that my exile's ended!
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
 The vale and cot I was born in!
 O Ireland! up from my heart of hearts,
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

JOHN LOCKE.

AT SEA.

NIGHT reigns in triumph o'er the sea
 And the glimmering lights on the far-off lea
 Shine dim and drear.

The ship sails on in calm and peace
 O'er rolling waves that never cease
 To surge and beat.

And out from clouds of black and gray,
 Chasing the dark and gloom away,
 The moon appears,

Flower of the lily ! on thee Heaven's dew's drop
down,

Treasure the sweetness of the Hidden Life ;
Thy Nazareth is Mary's Paradise.

Jesus is thine ; thy Spouse ; thy Virgin crown,
Mary and Joseph guard thee from all strife,
And hedge thee 'round with grace from worldly
eyes. J. W. S. NORRIS.

A MEMORY.

O YE virginal white rose-buds, all dewy, sweet,
and tender,

Swaying on your frail, frail stems, though ne'er
a breeze doth blow,

I love ye for that fairer bud that perished 'mid
the splendor

Of the song and sun and fragrance two summer-
tides ago !

I called her oft our rosebud—no flow'ret's name
seemed meeter

For the pure and joyful promise of her lovely
girlish grace ;

But past my art to picture—than all my dreaming
sweeter,

The glorious, wondrous spirit-light upon her
fair young face.

O the baleful fever-breath our fragile blossom
blighting !

O the bitter chalice to our darling's young lips
pressed !

O the fitful gleams of false, false hope, a while our
darkness lighting !

O the days and nights of agony and woful wild
unrest !

But the Lord Himself was with her to pity her
and love her ;

Earthly lover shared not her maiden-heart with
Him,

And the gentle Virgin Mother and the angels
bent above her,

And their glory round her brightened as the
lights of time grew dim !

My friend, my chosen sister—child and woman
strangely blended—

Did thy spirit go out gladly, leaving blessing
as it fled ?

For all its living loveliness thy face in death tran-
scended,

Purer than the snowy blossoms o'er thy virgin-
vesture spread.

O heart that loved me loyally, that prized my poor
endeavor,

Did I love thee purely, truly, I would be glad
for thee !

But oh, my life without thee ! Lord of the bright
forever,

Forgive my 'plaint who knowest what my dar-
ling was to me !

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

FIRST FRIDAY FLOWERS.

(INSCRIBED TO MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.)

I.

WHERE shall we look for flowers to-day,
Fair and fresh for the altar-throne ?
Summer blooms are hidden away
Deep 'neath the snowy circling zone.

II.

Faded the blossoms that sweetly lent
Their beauty to brighten the resting-place
Of the ever-Adorable Sacrament—
Departed all their fragrant grace !

III.

The mountain's side is swept with hail,
Where the ling'ring lilies drooped and died ;
Deep is the snow in the shady vale,
Where the sweet shy pansies loved to hide.

IV.

Naught remains of the roses bright
That clambered about the chapel-door ;
Only the thorn-crown greets our sight—
The roses, alas ! are ours no more.

V.

Those festal buds of the Sacred Heart,
Red and warm like Its wondrous love
(Which burns Its graces to impart
To those that soul's devotion prove)—

VI.

Oh ! where shall we look for their bloom to-day ?
The earth's sweet charms are dead and drear ;
Turn not, in tears, good friends, away,
There are other blossoms to offer here.

VII.

Dear children ! bring your lilies pure
Of innocence, and roses warm

Of heart's fond love that doth endure
 When coldly wails life's wintry storm.

VIII.

Ah ! suff'ring hearts, your garland bring,
 The thorns (of life's sweet roses robb'd)—
 Dear is the gift to the thorn-crowned King,
 Whose Heart thro' the woful Passion throbb'd.

IX.

Contrite souls ! ye may offer here
 Purple pansies of penance true,
 Gemm'd with affliction's heart-wrung tear,
 Dripping with Mercy's plenteous dew.

X.

O Sacred Heart of our God and King !
 We place these buds on Thy winter-shrine ;
 Dear Lord ! accept our offering,
 And make our hearts like unto Thine !

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

 TWO BITS OF SPRAY.

I WANDERED by the river-side,
 And watched the waters, flowing free,

With twigs and leaves and blossoms dried,
All riding calmly towards the sea.

And as I gazed, two bits of spray
Came floating by me, white and fair,
And as they passed, a ripple's play
Brought them together ; so the pair,

Thus strangely met, went down the stream
And fondly to each other clung,
As if they feared a moment's dream
Of being apart more widely flung.

Thus loving hearts should journey on
The streams that flows through every age,
And lean each other's breast upon,
Nor heed the storms that round them rage.

No gay bedecked, alluring scene
Should tempt them from each other's side ;
No angry wave should come between
To send them drifting with the tide.

So bound secure in Love's embrace,
And cheered by flowers along the shore ;
Preserved and soothed by God's own grace,
They'll rest in Heaven, the journey o'er.

WM. LIVINGSTON.

A FOREST FANTASY.

FAR in the forest a fountain is leaping,
Bubbling and clear in its pebble-strewn cup ;
Ferns cluster round it and mosses come creeping
Down to the waters that never dry up.

Clasping some treasure with delicate fingers—
Singing sweet songs to the solitude dim—
Close by the fountain a water-sprite lingers,
Like a pale flower on that moss-covered rim.

SONG.

I.

“ My Fairy Prince had one heart of gold,
Never yet by nymph possest ;
For counterfeits lurked in every fold
Of his pearl-embroidered vest.

II.

“ He climbed the stars with the sprites of air,
And played in the fields of blue ;
In jewelled caves where the gnomes repair
He has laughed and frolicked, too.

III.

“ Beyond the blue, and beneath the grass,
Those counterfeit hearts were known ;

Ah ! nymphs saw not they were only brass—
Till they had given their own !

IV.

“ I sit alway by my fountain’s cup,
And watch that it never dries ;
My Prince came here ere the moon was up—
Together we marked her rise.

V.

“ Here did he linger till break of day,
Linger till noontide was past—
Why did he laughingly slip away,
Leaving me lonely at last ?

VI.

“ This is no counterfeit heart I hold ;
Was it not plucked from his breast ?
This is that heart of the purest gold
Never yet by nymph possest.”

Night passes on. To these forest recesses
Moonbeams steal trembling, a silvery band,
Glance by the water-sprite’s lily-decked tresses,
Light on the counterfeit, dropt from her hand.

ELIZA WAYLEN.

THE CHILDREN'S THOUGHTS.

WHEN the sweet May mornings, my darlings,
Awaken you one and all ;
When you hear the sparrow and robin
To their tender mate-birds call ;
When, in at the open window,
The sun shines, wide and clear,
What thoughts are the first to whisper
Their greetings in your ear ?

Do you think of the fair spring blossoms
Uprising in vale and wood—
Star-flowers and the wild anemone,
And purple violet hood,
The gold of the paly crocuses,
The gleam of the daffodil,
The waxen beauty and perfumed breath
Of arbutus under the hill ?

Do you think of the singing waters,
Going on to the dark old town,
Past the nest of the water-wagtail,
And the home of the squirrel brown,
Past the hole of the gray old marsh-rat,
Deep sunk in the reedy bank,
Past the rushes, swaying and bending,
Close rising, rank on rank ?

Yes, dimly and all unconscious,
Such visions as these arise.
Oh, fair is the earth we live on
To the little children's eyes !
They cannot " class " the blossoms,
They count no " time or tide,"
But they *live*, and their angels teach them
That Heaven is far and wide.

They *know* it, for do not daily
All lovely things appear ?
And is there not wondrous music
In the countless sounds they hear ?
So much to do—and gladly—
So much to see and feel--
The shadows of marvellous nightfall,
To-morrow, will more reveal.

The little children teach us.
They take, with a loving smile ;
They placidly dream and wonder,
But their work goes on the while ;
Whatever *is* is pleasant,
And their tears fall but to gem,
The mantle of sweet contentment
The Master weaves for them.

From the little children's visions
What mighty deeds grow real !

On what lessons of love and beauty
 The long years set their seal !
 Let us be gravely tender,
 Let us be proudly glad,
 When they trust us with one small whisper
 Of one faint thought they've had.

SARAH T. SMITH.

GOOD-NIGHT.

I.

GOOD-NIGHT, dear heart, so far from mine ;
 Good-night, fair face, for which I pine ;
 O'er thy life's way forever shine
 God's radiant stars.

II.

O golden head ! O sweet, proud face !
 Unmatched in all the world for grace,
 How far thou art from thine own place
 Upon my heart !

III.

Though miles and miles do intervene,
 Thine eyes, dear one, and mine atween,
 From Morn's birth till the death of E'en
 Mine watch for thee.

IV.

Good-night, dear lips, and tender eyes,
Sweeter are none 'neath any skies ;
Angels watch o'er thee till the dear eyes
Unclose in Heaven.

V.

Farewell, fond heart, so far away !
Oh ! for the power Thought owns : to stay
Near thee forever, by night, by day—
Sweetheart, good-night !
KATE VANNAH.

THE LEGEND OF SISTER BEATRICE.

PART I.

CLEAR, and loud, from the convent tower
Sounded the Angelus bell,
Pealing out on the morning air,
Calling the faithful ones to prayer,
And they loved its tones full well,
For more than a hundred years had rolled
Since first from that tower the bell had tolled.
And there they knelt, the old and the young,
In that consecrated place,

Breathing to Heaven the prayer that first
 From the lips of adoring angel burst,
 “ Hail, Mary, full of grace !”
 The little altar was gayly decked,
 Flowers lent their rich perfume,
 Sweet blossoms wreathed in a diadem,
 The lily borne from its slender stem,
 And the rose in its brightest bloom.
 To a pious nun had the care been given
 Of the shrine of the glorious Queen of Heaven.

And a fair and beautiful one was she,
 With soft, soul-lighted eyes,
 And hair that gleamed 'neath her sable veil
 Like a glance of bright sunrise.
 From her early childhood she had been there,
 There she a woman had grown,
 And she looked with love on all around,
 She prized e'en the rugged stone.
 And oh ! she loved the Virgin pure,
 And prayed from morn till night
 That she would ever guide her steps
 In the path of truth and right.
 Sister Beatrice never was sought in vain
 By God's chosen, the poor, in sorrow or pain.

But, hark ! there are knocks at the convent gate,
 And a prayer that those within

Would take, in the name of the Merciful,
A wounded soldier in.
None needing relief had ever come
To those convent gates in vain,
So they carried in a gallant young knight
Whose face was white with pain.
And his followers said that he never would go
Alive from that place again.

There had been, they said, a fierce affray,
In which he was wounded, at break of day,
And they brought him here, for the abbess
was famed
Far and near for her healing art.
His name was noble, they said, and he
Was a knight of dauntless bravery.

The abbess bound his wounds and watched
And kindly tended him
Till she saw the light of life come back
To his eyes so sad and dim,
The rich blood glow in his pallid cheek,
And strength in the limbs that were faint and weak.

Of tall and manly form was he,
With dark and flashing eye,
And clustering chestnut curls upon
A forehead white and high.

Wise they were whom he could not beguile
With his honeyed words and winning smile.

With health restored he now might go,
And yet he lingered there,
The good nuns said, how pious he was,
At our Lady's shrine in prayer.
But often, too often, his eyes would rest
On the face of one, their fairest and best,
And she seemed to heed them not ;
But, alas ! as the serpent tempted Eve
Do the wicked the innocent oft deceive,
And when is added the power of love,
Ah ! weak may the heart of a maiden prove.

Now, who are those in this twilight hour,
Sitting within that leafy bower ?
Sister Beatrice she, and sad, I fear,
Will be the hearts of the good when they hear
That the wounded knight they had taken in
Was urging that pure young soul to sin.

Murmuring low are the words they speak,
A blush glows crimson upon her cheek,
There are tears in her downcast eyes.
Oh ! Mother of maidens, help her now—
Let her not break her solemn vow,
Bid her the tempter fly.

She has ever served thee ; oh ! guard her well
From the false young knight and love's fatal spell !

Alas ! alas ! and is the prayer

In vain that my heart would plead ?

Why have the wicked and bad the power
To snatch from virtue so fair a flower

Like a rank and worthless weed ?

In vain when the morning comes they may seek
The knight or the sister, so fair, but weak.

On a trusty steed they were far away

When the light in the sky was dim and gray.

For once, O Virgin ! pure and mild,

Thou hast forsaken an erring child !

PART II.

On a peaceful little vale the day

Its radiant course had run,

And the distant hills wore a rosy blush

At the glance of the setting sun.

Those who had labored sought for rest,

And the welcoming word that brings

More joy to the heart than the treasures of earth,

Than the power or wealth of kings.

Along the shady village road

A stranger took her way—

The little children paused to gaze
 Upon her in their play.
 Her steps were slow, her pallid cheek
 Showed she had known care,
 And yet her pale and sorrowing face
 Was marvellously fair.

An old man kindly spoke to her,
 And asked if he might show,
 As she seemed strange, the place to which
 The lady wished to go.

“ ’Tis to the convent,” she replied.

“ That is my way,” said he ;

“ And gladly, if you will permit,
 I’ll bear you company.”

“ ’Tis nearly time for Angelus,”

And even as he spoke

The chimes from out the convent tower
 Upon the still air broke

The lady started, and her eyes

Were dim with gathering tears ;

Since last she heard their sound had passed
 Full many misspent years.

“ Oh ! heard you ever, friend,” she said

(And crimson grew her face),

“ Aught of a nun who years ago
 Resided in this place ?

Her name was Sister Beatrice.”

The old man smiled and said :

“ Know her, our best and truest friend—
God’s blessing on her head !

“ You surely are a stranger here,
And from a distance, too.

We know and love her tenderly
Our beautiful and true !

Our every pain and grief grows less
If she will only say
That to our Blessed Lady she
One little prayer will pray !”

The lady sighed, and humbly thanked
High Heaven that the place

Deserted by an erring soul
Was filled by one of grace.

And then she thought how merciful
Was He who caused the name

Of her who sinned to pass away
Like wax before the flame—

And made a good and holy one
To do the deeds she should have done.

They entered in the little porch,

She gave one look around,

Her heart grew faint, tears filled her eyes
As the low, murmuring sound

Of many voices met her ear,
 In deep and heartfelt prayer,
 That rose from virtuous hearts to Heaven,
 Like incense on the air.

And as she sank upon her knees
 She joined with faltering breath
 Their words, " Pray for us, sinners, now,
 And at the hour of death."
 The chapel is empty, she still is there,
 And her throbbing brow is pressed
 To the steps of the altar, where she has flown
 For mercy and for rest.

She has turned away from the pleasures of earth
 In her most triumphant hour ;
 She has fled, with her wildest dreams fulfilled
 Of rank, and wealth, and power—
 She was deaf to the tenderest voice of love,
 And fled in the shades of night,
 From the palace where she had reigned so long,
 The queen of the lovely and bright !

Weeping and prostrate now she breathes :
 " Oh ! Mother, pure, I fly,
 With broken heart, to this thy shrine,
 Within its shade to die !"
 What gentle voice is that which meets
 The sorrowing sinner's ear,

And in its soft and gentle tones
 Bears comfort, hope, and fear ?

And raising up her eyes she sees
 A form—it is her own !

And round it glows a light like that
 Round Heaven's starry throne !

“ Have courage, child ! forgiven are
 The sins that thou hast done ;
 Thy pardon I have gained from Him,
 My well-beloved Son !

“ The place thy absence vacant left,
 I filled ; I knew that thou
 Wouldst come again, with broken heart
 And penitential brow.

None knew thy absence. Take thy place !”

And as her blessed words cease,
 The sorrowing wanderer felt within
 Her heart that holy peace
 That all must feel who find a grace
 And favor in her eyes,
 Who ne'er was known, in any age,
 A sinner to despise !

PART III.

Years had rolled on, the bell still hung
 In the convent turret gray.

It had tolled for many a noble heart
 Forever passed away—
 For the brave and young, the good and the old,
 Sleeping alike 'neath the churchyard mould.
 And still it chimed out thrice a day
 The beautiful "Angelus,"
 In memory of the Eternal One !
 Made man for love of us—
 And children prayed, as their sires had done,
 In that chapel, at rising and setting of sun.

An aged nun, with snowy hair,
 And calm and holy face,
 At morning, noon, and eve was sure
 To kneel within that place.
 And all looked on her as a saint
 Who need but close her eyes
 To join her Maker in those realms
 Beyond the starry skies.
 And many marvelled why it was
 That one so good as she
 Most loved to hear the tales of those
 In sin and misery.

It mattered not how deep the wound,
 How bitter the disgrace,
 No chiding word, no gloomy frown,
 Came on that holy face ;

And ever did the erring find
Hope, comfort, and advice,
Fall on their wounded hearts from her,
The sainted Beatrice !

MARY C. BURKE.

[“The Legend of Sister Beatrice” was published in the Baltimore *Metropolitan Magazine*, edited by the late Dr. J. V. Huntington, in the year 1855. The writer heard it told by the venerable and beloved Father Barbelin, of Philadelphia. This is mentioned to show that the present poem was written and published in this country before the beautiful “Legend of Provence,” by Adelaide Procter, on the same theme, was written.—M. C. B.]

ON A PICTURE OF ST. AGNES.

It is but a simple picture, just above my table
resting,
Childlike face upturned in longing to the
promise of the skies,
With a something near to sadness the sweet lips
and forehead cresting,
And a look of heaven dwelling in the beautiful
dark eyes ;

It is but a simple picture, yet it tells a hallowed
story,

Brighter, purer for the record sin's revolving
cycles show,

Speaking to my thoughts—all human—with its
own unshadowed glory

Of a heart that loved and suffered fifteen hun-
dred years ago.

Not as we love, blindly stretching forth our hands
in weak endeavor

To hold fast what God has branded with the
brittle stamp of clay ;

Not as we, unwilling, suffer, moaning childishly
forever

The defeat of an ambition born and buried in a
day ;

But as they love whom His brightness has encom-
passed with its shining ;

Who have waited through the noontide in the
shadow of the cross,

Sharing in His crucifixion, with prophetic gift di-
vining

In earth's short-lived compensations Heaven's
irreparable loss.

Daughter of a race of heroes, stranger to the
touch of sorrow,

Free as snowflakes in their falling from the
tainted breath of sin,
Her young life had reached its fulness, each day
promise of to-morrow,
If the golden gates of Heaven had not yearned
to take her in.
If the dove had not descended where the haughty
eagle flaunted
Its black wings 'above the threshold of her
proud, patrician home,
Those pale lips had never spoken, clear, defiant,
and undaunted,
Their own doom of death and torture in the
halls of pagan Rome.

“Tear that white robe from her shoulders!”
Tyrant mandates know not pity;
She droops, clothed in her own blushes—could
there garments be more fair?
Lo! downfallen from its fastenings, before all
that mighty city,
She stands mantled and enshrouded in the glory
of her hair;
Then, as swift beneath the sword-flash streams
the life-blood hotly gushing,
The red current overflowing bathes her white-
ness in its sea—

Maidens, cease your tender weeping, all your
anguished sobs be hushing,

Pain is but a dream forever, and the martyr's
soul is free !

Fifteen hundred years have followed one by one
in sad procession

Since the sun set over Tiber on that barbarous
holiday ;

Fifteen hundred waves of passage in the tide of
retrogression

Flowing to the shore eternal from the world it
wears away !

Creatures of our own poor moulding, seeking ever
an ideal,

Weaving all a soul's best promise into dull and
senseless rhymes,

Could our thoughts but seek the treasure, might
our hands but clasp the real,

What were death, or pain, or torture, fifteen
hundred thousand times ?

O thou beautiful St. Agnes ! when my heart
grows sick and weary,

Tiring of the toil and struggle, throbbing at the
touch of pain,

There is never hour so hopeless, there is never day
so dreary,

But the face upturned to Heaven can enliven
it again ;
For mine eyes are not so blinded that they cannot
see the shining
Of illimitable brightness in the pathway of the
cross,
And my soul is not so narrow that its faith is
past divining
In earth's short-lived compensations Heaven's
irreparable loss.

MARY E. MANNIX.

SYMBOLS IN NATURE.

HIDDEN in web that fair Arachne weaves,
Cradled in dew-drops quivering on the leaves,
They flash in sunshine, caught in diamond drops,
Or play in breezes, o'er the mountain-tops.

As flutt'ring insects in fair flowerets lave,
Or sparkling foam fast topples o'er the wave,
Faintly the moonlight shadows liquid pearls,
Or weird and wan, fantastic vapor curls.

As fairy web mirrors the plans of youth,
Exhaled like dew-drops are these plans, forsooth,

Yet darting sunbeams waken hopes anew,
That swift as wanton winds spring forth from view.

The fleeting insects show the morn of life,
And rushing waters symbolize its strife ;
'Neath scorching sun expires illusive hope,
While all of Nature has an ideal scope.

MADÉLINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

ON AN INFANT'S DEATH.

IF but one word could bring thee back
To life, that word would be unsaid—
The world would never give to thee
The peace that slumbers with the dead.
Wert thou a man, that could go forth
And bravely meet the rushing tide
Of life, I then might call thee back
To earth. Thou wert not ; therefore hide
Thy infant head still calmly here
In this thy peaceful solitude.
No tale of sin or sorrow can
In thy lone resting-place intrude ;
There, my sweet child, thou'lt never know
The endless cares and bitter strife,

The few brief joys, the many tears
 That constitute a woman's life.
 Well, well I know no tears but those
 Which I have shed will damp thy cheek.
 Removed from all the cares that bow
 The head in sadness, who would seek
 To bring thee back, when every hour
 I know that thou art calmly sleeping,
 Laid gently from thy mother's heart
 In God's own holy keeping?

ISABEL C. IRWIN.

CATHEDRAL BIRDS.

[DURING the ceremonies of Dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, May 25th, 1879, birds entered at windows near the high altar, and sang.]

I.

'Twas true Religion's holiday,
 And benediction from on high
 Came down, 'midst priest-array
 And multitude, to sanctify
 A great Cathedral beautiful,
 In a great city's Sunday lull.

II.

Winged visitants flew o'er the scene,
And sang as though an angel choir,
Whilst worshippers of happy mien
Lifted their hearts like flames of fire,
In praise and joy, in joy and praise,
To God for that bright day of days.

III.

United woke the harmonies
Of Faith and Nature ; all a-tune,
The arches, as the tops of trees,
Resonant spread with music's croon.
The voice of man, the song of bird,
And strains from instruments were heard.

IV.

Praise was full in the sacred house—
Joy was complete, and holy words
Told glories of the Saviour's spouse.
Chanted the blithe Cathedral birds
Sweet intervals of artless song
The capitals and aisles along.

V.

Unseen an angel company
Watches the altar, where the Lord

Of nations dwells for thee and me,
O Christian pious, and they ward
The Holy of Holies, as of old
The ark of God, of wood and gold.

VI.

This is my faith, and for my sense,
The presences of outer forms
That lure to heaven, that turn me thence,
Are as soft zephyrs 'midst rude storms ;
And so my fancy searches words
To celebrate Cathedral birds !

REV. W. J. McCLURE.

THE SUNLIT PATH.

I.

I PITY those who sing and sigh
Of happy days long since gone by ;
Whose only thoughts of joy are cast
Upon the memories of the past ;
Whose sole delight is with the hours
Too swiftly fled in young love's bowers,
As tho' advancing years had brought
No trusting heart, no love-lit thought,

No magic touch, no balmy word,
No face still thro' the years adored.

Alas, alas,

That life should pass

Thus, lifeless as a face on glass.

Through shine and shade the changeless ray
Of love brings blessings every day.

II.

Though bright, 'tis not in boyhood's fire

Is found the flame of man's desire ;

Nor in the maiden's fancy free

The woman's proud idolatry.

Young love but breathes the yearning tones

By which the soul a presence owns

That, lit by Faith, may lead the heart

To find on earth heav'n's counterpart.

This has no past, no age, no tears,

It suits all seasons and all years !

Alas, alas,

'Tis best life pass

Thus, like the sunshine through the glass.

Through weal and woe along life's way

True love brings sunlight every day.

JOHN SAVAGE.

A YOUNG POET.

I SAW the poets in a mighty hall,
Each singing out of his o'erflowing heart ;
One sang to rich and poor, to great and small ;
One to a group that stood with him apart ;
One warbled lays to move a maiden's soul,
Of truth, and trust, and love that will not fail ;
While other bards sang of the cannon's roll
In tones that made their gentle listeners quail.

But one there was—a youthful singer he—
Who only gave sweet echoes of the rest,
Who only reproduced the melody
That had its birthplace in some older breast ;
And many scoffed and called him “mocking-bird,”
While others harmed him more with lavish
praise ;

But when that voice of passion I had heard,
And gazed my fill upon the glowing face,
I paused in doubt and hope—for surely he,
With ears so true for every singer's tone,
Shall one day wake to Nature's harmony,
And make her thrilling language all his own ;
Rise in the ether on his own strong wings,
Sing the star's music—not man's renderings.

ELIZA WAYLEN.

MARGUERITE.

I SAW thee first in fashion's tide,
And marvelled at thy grace,
No prescient sprite from me could hide
Thy wondrous form and face,
Thy roscid lips, the lambent deeps
Of passion in thine eyes,
Thy wealth of sun-bathed hair, all steeps
My soul in rapt surprise.

Thy queenly mien, thy radiant smile
Allure me to thy side,
While swiftly to my fate the while,
My footsteps onward glide.
Thy beauty wins all other hearts,
But mine it cannot move,
I feel thine eyes enchanting dart,
And still I do *not* love.

I see thee now 'mid nature's bowers,
Apart from glare and noise,
How short are made the summer hours,
By thy sweet harmless joys.
But forth to view thy lovely traits—
Thy virtues calm and sweet,
*My heart goes out through sundered gates,
I love thee, Marguerite !*

V. A. GODDARD, Lieut. U. S. A.

THERE IS ALWAYS LIGHT IN HEAVEN.

THERE is always light in heaven—

Not the light we see afar
When the West with gold is flowing,
Nor the light of moon or star.

Not the light the royal Poet

Saw around his music thought
Nor the light the favored Moses
From the mountain-summit brought.

There is always light in heaven—

Light the Just alone can see
When the day of life is ended,
And the soul from earth is free.

REV. W. P. TREACY.

WHEN MOTHERS WATCH.

WHEN mothers watch beside their children's cradles

And kiss the snowy brows and golden hair,
They do not see the future that is coming,
Though life is made of grief, and pain, and care.

But God is good to all the tender mothers,
He veils the future with its pain and sin,

Though sometimes fears may dim the present
 gladness,
Yet never can they quench the hope within.

Yes, God is very good to tender mothers,
 They see no thorns upon the golden head
Of him who plays among life's earliest roses,
 That bloom a fleeting hour, and then are dead.

Yet she, the model of all earthly mothers,
 Was never spared the pain of knowing this :
That, though the Christ-child played with bloom-
 ing roses,
 The cross must come, for all her prayerful bliss.

To look—He slept—upon His snowy eyelids,
 And know that they should close upon the
 Tree
To gaze upon His smooth and stainless forehead
 And know that there great drops of blood
 should be.

To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm
 them,
 As mothers do, between her own, was pain,
She felt the nail prints on their velvet surface,
 She could not save her Lamb from being slain.

When mothers watch beside their children's cradles,
And dream bright dreams for them of joy and fame,

Let them remember Mary's trust through anguish,
And ask all blessings through the Holy Name.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

TRANSITION.

A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.

MIDWAY in air the crescent swims, aglow
With that pale fire which veils the face of night,
And makes the red of roses wan and white ;
Those wayward fauns, the Breezes, bending low,
Scatter rich incense ; the dim tales I know
Out of old books arise for my delight ;
I dwell in No-Man's-Land ; my drowsy sight
Is filled with wondrous dreams of long ago ;
I dream that love lies bleeding from the dart
Which on another night missed Dian's shield.
" Love !" higher thoughts awaken ; myths depart,
Transfigured, brighter than the starry field
Above the crescent, the dear Lord I see,
I cry, " Love bleeds, O Sacred Heart, in thee !"

MAURICE F. EGAN.

MY NAMESAKE.

COMMEND me to the little lady,
 Dainty, darling Eleanor—
 Basil, Flora, Ethel, Sadie,
 Kiss her for me o'er and o'er.
 Never little maiden bore
 ('Neath a sunny sky or shady),
 With such charming grace before,
 That sweet name of Eleanor !

While around the princess cling
 Purity and peace divine,
 Kiss her brow and kiss her lips,
 Kiss her lids till they eclipse
 Those bright, speaking eyes which shine
 Like wet violets in Spring,
 When the light is quivering
 In and out their petals fine.
 Ah ! the lovely, laughing thing !
 On her soft cheek, flush'd like wine,
 Does she feel my spirit-lips,
 Feel my viewless finger-tips ?
 As I clasp her close and sing :
 “ Thou art mine—art mine—art mine ! ”

When they wrote me : “ 'Tis a girl—
 And we've named her after thee, ”

O my blossom ! O my pearl !
Mine own name seemed then to be
Sweeter, dearer unto me
Than it ever proved before ;
And a chime of bells seemed ringing
From some dim celestial shore,
Crystal bells forever swinging,
Ever ringing, o'er and o'er,
“ Eleanor ! Eleanor !
Spirits of the sky and shore,
Spirits of the wood and water,
Hasten to this new-born daughter,
Haste to sleeping Eleanor !”

And I saw the spirits trooping,
Flitting, kneeling, sitting, stooping,
Round the little downy nest,
Where the babe was laid to rest.
Heaven bless the shining things !

With their pearly chaplets crown'd—
How their silver wands and wings
Sparkled, as they gathered round !
And I cried : “ O angels gentle !
Make her lovely, make her mild ;
Spiritual gifts and mental,
Shower on this little child.
Give her grace and give her beauty,
Till she blossom like a rose ;

Help her know and do her duty
 With the strength which God bestows ;
 And above all lore and art,
 Make her meek and pure of heart !”

Then the spirits, in a twinkling,
 O'er the cradle flowers sprinkling,
 Sang together : “ We implore,
 Eleanor ! Eleanor !

(In baptismal waters shriven),
 Child of grace ! to thee be given
 All the holiest gifts of heaven ;
 Therefore now and evermore,
 Thou art blest, O Eleanor !
 Ever—ever—evermore !”

Ere the echo faded quite
 Every sprite
 Vanished in a flood of light.
 So commend me fondly, truly,
 To this blesséd Eleanor ;
 Mabel, Jessie, little Julie,
 Kiss her for me o'er and o'er ;
 Gay Alexis, smoking coolly
 In the open garden-door,
 Kiss her for me yet once more.

Ah ! my precious ! many a mile
 Lies betwixt me and thy smile ;

Yet the hour may come, my pet,
 When I'll clasp and kiss thee yet.
 Be its advent far or near,
 Born of clouded skies or clear,
 In that hour without a fear,

May I Eleanor (*la grande*),
 Say to Eleanor (*petite*),

“Thou art all my hopes demand
 Or my heart desires, my sweet !
 Thou art lovely, thou art holy,
 Thou art learned and thou art lowly,

With a meek and quiet spirit
 And a true and guileless heart—
 All of this and more thou art !”

'Tis for this (oh, bend and hear it !)
 'Tis for this, I wait apart !

Little namesake ! fair Elaine !
 Do not let me wait in vain.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE POET'S LITTLE RIVAL.

A DAINY desk of rosewood,
 With a half-completed sonnet,

And a bunch of summer roses
In a Sèvres vase upon it ;
And a bronze and crystal standish,
And a golden pen or two,
Whole reams of satin paper,
Pink and azure and *écru*,
And the poets, great and tiny,
Scattered round in gold and blue.

On the wall a linnet singing,
In a niche a clock of buhl,
Under foot an Indian matting ;
And the casement, low and cool,
Twined about with waving ivy,
Where the sunset glory burns ;
And the light and shade go creeping,
Making bright and dark by turns,
The pendant basket swinging
From the trellis, full of ferns.

And the poet, ah ! the poet,
He quits his pleasant seat,
And sees his little daughter
In the garden at his feet,
Walking with her fair-haired mother,
In a dress of snowy lawn,
Prattling softly to the flowers,
As they wander on and on,

Saying : " I must make a poem,
Ere the roses all are gone !"

Then the poet leans and listens
With a quaint and tender air,
As the bird-like child goes darting
Through the beautiful parterre.

" Bravo ! bravo ! little poet !"
(Startled, flush'd with love's sunshine)

" See my poem, papa darling ?
Every word a blossom fine !"

" Sweet !" he says ; " God bless thee, daughter,
Ne'er was poem writ like thine !"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

SAID THE ROSE.

I AM weary of the garden,
Said the Rose ;
For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming,
Said the Rose ;
She will take me to her chamber,

Where the honeysuckles clamber,
And I'll bloom there all December
Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily fingers
Than the Bee !
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
Off my tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom
Like a star ;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmin, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning
That they are.

And when evening came she set me
In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal .
Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light ;
And, I said, instead of weeping,

In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping
Every night.

But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair I saw how jaded,
Old and colorless and faded
I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one ;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
In the sun.

Still I said, her smile is better
Than the rain ;
Though my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me
Young again.

So she took me . . . gazed a second . . .
Half a sigh . . .
Then, alas, can hearts so harden ?

Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden
There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
In my fall !
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmins bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
Like a pall.

There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing,
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair ;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts or near it

The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.

GEORGE H. MILES.

AT THE GATE OF JUNE.

THESE days a spotless Hand
Turns hid sky gold to a million drops
Of honey, to sweeten the sweet rose-tops
At the gate of June.

These nights the gardens stand
In scented dews, and fairy queens meet,
Holding thick nets of grass, pansy-crowns sweet,
At the gate of June.

JOHN ACTON.

A SWEET SINGER.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

SHE sang of love—the love whose fires
Burn with a pure and gentle flame ;
No passion lights of wild desires,
Red with the lurid glow of shame.

She sang of angels, and their wings
Seemed rustling through each soft refrain ;

Gladness and sorrow, kindred things,
 She wove in many a tender strain.

She sang of heaven and of God,
 Of Bethlehem's star and Calvary's way,
 Gethsemane, the bloody sod,
 Death, darkness, resurrection day.

She sang of Mary. Mother blest,
 Her sweetest carols were of thee !
 Close folded to thy loving breast,
 How fair her home in heaven must be !

MARY E. MANNIX.

ROMA—AMOR.

“ Strength is none on earth save Love. ”

AUBREY DE VERE.

Suggested by a statue by Miss A. Whitney, exhibited in
 Boston, April, 1876.

I.

UPON the statue's base I read its name—

“ Rome,” nothing more ; so leaving to each
 thought

To mould in mind the form the sculptor
 wrought,

The living soul within the dead clay's frame.

And was this Rome ? so weak and sad and old,

So crouching down with withered lip and cheek,
 With trembling fingers stretched as if to seek
 The thoughtless wanderers' idly given gold.
 Some Roman coins loose-lying in her lap,
 Some treasure saved from out her ancient
 wealth,
 Or begged with downcast look as if by stealth,
 Fearing her end, and wishing still, mayhap,
 Enough to hold to pay stern Charon's oar
 When the dead nations o'er the Styx it bore.

II.

And was this Rome? this shrunken, shivering
 form,
 This beggared greatness sitting abject down ;
 Her throne a broken shaft's acanthus crown
 Whose crumbling beauty still outlived the storm.
 Where were her legions? eagles? where her pride?
 The conqueror's laurel binding once her head?—
 She, the world's mistress, begging so her bread
 At her own gates, her empire's wreck beside!
 Withered and old, craven in form and face,
 Yet keeping still some gift from out the past
 In the broad mantle o'er her shoulders cast,
 Where lingered yet her ancient, haughty grace—
 Conscious each fold of that far-sounding name,
 Imperial still in spite of loss and shame.

III.

And was this Rome? Nor faith, nor hope, nor
love

Writ in the story of her wrinkled face

Where weariness and sad old age had place,
For earthly days no cheer, no light above!
All earthly greatness to this measure shrunk?

With burning heart I gazed. Was this the
thought

The sculptor in the answering clay had
wrought—

Cæsar's proud empress in the beggar sunk
For men to mock at in her weak old age?

Was this a living Rome, or one, long dead,
That waked to life a modern Cæsar's tread,
Claiming with outstretched hand her heritage?
While the strong nations she once triumphed o'er
Scarce heeded her they served with awe before?

IV.

Where, then, was she that was Eternal called?

Bore she no likeness of immortal youth,
Did she lament her cruel dower in truth
As once Tithonus by sad gift enthralled?
All joy of youth long perished, living on
In dread possession of the pitiless gift,
In hopeless age set helplessly adrift,

Her bread the bitter thought of days bygone !
 No word immortal on the statue writ,
 Save the deep bitterness of graven name ;
 No trumpet telling dumbly of her fame,
 Nor unquenched lamp by vestal virgin lit—
 Youth, empire, and her people's love all o'er,
 Unqueened, and still undying, evermore !

V.

O artist ! lurks there in your sculptured thought
 No vision of another Rome than this ?
 Along the antique border of her dress
 I sought in vain to see the symbol wrought
 That she has steadfast borne since first its touch
 Did her, the holy one, e'er consecrate
 The tender mother of the desolate,
 Consoler of poor hearts o'erburdened much,
 Pure spouse of Him who is Eternal Life ;
 Inheritor of beauty ever new
 Yet ever ancient, 'missioned to subdue
 Beneath love's yoke the nations lost in strife—
 Rome's eagles shadowed not a realm so wide
 As lights the cross, her trust from Him that died.

VI.

O Rome ! imperial lady. Christian queen !
 Art thou discrowned and desolate indeed ?
 All vainly doth thy smitten greatness plead,

Reads none the sorrow of thy brow serene,
 Perished thy eagles and o'erthrown thy cross?
 Thou banished from possession of thine own,
 While they who rob thee fling thee mocking down
 An ancient Roman robe to hide thy loss
 That the world, seeing thy fair-seeming state,
 Shall greet the Cæsar who gives thee such grace,
 Nor heed the appealing sorrow in thy face,
 Nor hear thy cry like his who at the gate
 Of Jericho cried out. Bide thou thy day—
 Thy Western children for thee weep and pray.

VII.

So once in Pilate's hall thy Master stood
 In Roman purple robed, and none divined
 The holy mystery in those folds enshrined—
 The sorrowing God-head lifted on the Rood.
 Such was His portion here ; with thee He shares
 His grief divine. Ah ! grandly art thou
 crowned—
 Fair in the light of truth thy brows around—
 With thorns like His, while thy strong hand uprears
 His wide-armed cross, there leaning on its
 strength !
 What though thy constant sorrow shade thine
 eyes ?
 Undying hope about thy sweet mouth lies ;

That faith is thine that hath been all the length
 Of centuries past, that shall be centuries o'er ;
 And on thy bosom writ I read—*Amor*.

VIII.

Each letter seeming with a ruddy hue—
 Won from His Passion who is Perfect Love—
 To glow the whiteness of thy robe above,
 Thy own heart staining red thy raiment through.
 What though thy hands are fettered as they lift
 The blessing of the cross? They still can guide,
 Like Israel's cloud, thy children scattered wide ;
 Still are they warning to lost flocks adrift
 On mist-enshrouded slopes ; still can they bless
 Thy faithful ones who, weeping, peace implore,
 Who, striving, spread thy realm far countries o'er.
 Still rulest thou while kings, as shadows, pass ;
 And still the weary, craving love and home,
 Peace in thy bosom seek, Eternal Rome !

EDITH W. COOK.

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN having sinned we very humbly kneel
 In faith to seek forgiveness, then how low
 How insignificant, how weak we feel,

But when absolved we rise, our faces glow
 With heaven-sent happiness ; then all below
 Seems strangely beautiful, soft graces steal
 Around our hearts, and make us long to heal
 Another's wounds and stop the tear-drops'
 flow.

Oh ! could our hearts be ever thus inclined
 To call each suffering human being, friend—
 To pluck one thorn from out another's way,
 How much more sweetness, in this life, we'd find;
 What blessings would upon our heads descend
 And light the portal to Eternal day.

WM. LIVINGSTON.

VALES AND MOUNTAINS.

I.

THERE is a laughter and a grief
 In all the world of thought and act ;
 There is oppression and relief
 In fancy as there is in fact.
 The new-born rise, the aged sink,
 The cradle and the hearse
 United hold, united link
 A blessing and a curse !

II.

Deep vales there are in every life,
And mountains, where the soul may climb,
And, utilizing peace and strife,
Affirm its energies sublime.
As man and man, robust and weak,
The toiler and the lord
The same air breathe, the same tongue speak,
But walk not in accord.

III.

Grand nations groan within the vales,
And each one wears a thorny crown ;
While on the mountains wind the trails
Of empires, struggling up and down.
The spirit-flames of freedom burn—
Loud revolutions roar—
The monarchs shrink, the peoples yearn,
And strike from shore to shore.

IV.

As go the years ill-fated lands
Fall to the vales, bereft of power ;
Exalted lurk tyrannic bands,
To warn and ward the vengeful hour—
The hour when from the vales arise
The erst-bound, strong and free,

To hurl them from the peaks and skies
 Designed for Liberty !

REV. WM. J. McCLURE.

FERNS FROM WATKINS GLEN.

EMERALD-tinted, purely glowing,
 In the cool depths of the dim glen growing ;
 Hid from the beam that scathes and burns,
 Slender, trembling, delicate ferns,
 How ye glad with your timid graces
 Lonesome clefts in the rough rock-places !
 Shrink ye warily, bending lightly,
 As the chill spray-shower gems ye brightly.
 Do the gay butterflies bring ye stories
 Of the far hill-tops' sunny glories ?
 Or greetings blithesome and full of love
 From sister-ferns in the woods above ?

* * * * *

Over the rocks the wild brooks leap,
 Brave vines cling to their foothold steep
 Bracing breath from the pine-trees thrills us,
 Weird and wondering gladness fills us,
 While we gather ye, ferns so purely glowing,
 In the cool depths of the dim glen growing.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS.

“There is a very beautiful peculiarity in the mountain as its name shows. The principal peak is composed of gneiss, and the cross fractures of the rock on the eastern slope have made two great fissures, which cut into one another at right angles, and hold their snow in the form of a cross the summer long.”—“ Picturesque America,” Vol. II. p. 502.

I.

ANEAR a rocky mountain-top a pallid cross is
 placed ;
 Not by pencil, not by chisel, nor human hand 'tis
 traced ;
 For the labor elemental, aërial, terrene,
 Was within the grasp of Nature, and there she
 holds the scene.

II.

The traveller looks upward, as it were, in search
 of God,
 As 'mid the Western giant-peaks his feet, a-weary,
 plod ;
 He sees not the Almighty's face, yet not entire the
 loss—
 He views one of His monuments—the Mountain of
 the Cross.

III.

In recollection of the way in which the Saviour
 died,

He kneels, and speaks some childhood prayers that
 with him still abide.

'Tis not a sainted spot, forsooth, 'tis not Mount
 Calvary,

But the mark upon the mountain is the semblance
 of the Tree !

IV.

Before the Eastern pioneers had pierced the farther
 wild,

The labor of the elements divided and compiled—
 And Nature, as a sculptor, cut vast fissures, full
 of night,

And Nature, as a limner, made the sculpture
 snowy white.

V.

So on a Rocky Mountain side the Holy Cross is
 placed,

By the fissures and the snow-falls the sign of Faith
 is traced ;

And the Christian in the valley may bend upon
 the moss,

Lifting up his heart to heaven at the Mountain of
 the Cross.

REV. W. J. McCLURE.

SAINT CECILIA.

FAR greater than Apollo's was thy song,
O, virgin saint, Cecilia ! His but stirred
The stones and trees, the timid, wandering herd
And savage beast ; but thine did sound among
The angels, move the souls of men along
To those great joys unseen, unthought, unheard,
(The greatest joy of which is Christ, the Word)
And make of weaklings martyrs great and strong.
Thy music was not sung of carnal things,
Nor of those passions that do oft arise
In human hearts, and lure them unto death ;
But God and Mary and the love that clings
About them, thou didst sing, and of those sighs
That saints breathe with their last sweet, dying
breath.

JOHN A. MCHUGH.

A HYMN TO THE QUEEN OF MAY.

HAD I the mind of the poet king,
And the voice of St. Dunstan's lyre,
I could not write—I could not sing,
As my heart and my soul desire ;
No human pow'r can frame the sound,
No celestial choir can chime th' lay

Worthy of thee—forever crown'd—
Our lov'd and loving Queen of May.

The hermit in his rocky cell,
The virgin from her still retreat,
The woodman in his piny dell—
Ay, thousands in the noisy street ;
The poor and rich, the wise and great,
Where'er our Pontiff holds his sway,
To thee their hearts now elevate,
O, lov'd and loving Queen of May.

Within the winding catacomb,
When burning Christians lit the night,
What song was heard 'neath pagan Rome,
So pure, so pleasing in God's sight ?
What song rolls down St. Peter's aisles ?
What music does its organs play ?
What song can win dear Jesus' smiles ?
Thy hymn, O loving Queen of May.

Let maidens bring thee wreaths of snow,
Let youthful bards sing sweet of thee,
Let all life's vet'rans to thee go,
And bend their hearts when bends their knee,
But, like St. John, O let me love
Thee as my Mother and my stay,
And grant, O grant, I'll see above,
My lov'd, my loving Queen of May.

REV. W. P. TRACY.

A THOUGHTFUL HOUR.

THE blood-red flush of sunset fades slowly from
the wall,

The shadows of the trembling leaves across the
window fall ;

The dewy air, all blossom sweet, steals through the
darkening room,

And wakes to life a thousand thoughts that glori-
fy the gloom.

The long, long day, the summer day, was beauti-
ful and bright,

And yet, we hail with thankful hearts the sooth-
ing calm of night ;

The labor of the skilful hand and busy brain were
sweet,

But sweeter is the restful hour when hope and
memory meet.

The by-gone hours, with outstretched hands, dis-
play their golden store

Of joys that thrilled our inmost souls, and blest
us evermore ;

Or point us to the threatening shades of death,
and sin, and pain,

And show the sheltering angel wings that turned
their arrows rain.

The years that lie before us—they are registered on
high—

How strange the thought, there's One who knows
the hour when we must die ;

The last, last hour when earthly good to worthless
dross will turn,

And fiercest fires of earthly love, uncared for,
cease to burn.

But even this has not the power to sadden or dis-
may,

'Twill come, "to those who love the Lord," as
comes this close of day,

The burdens borne with patient hands, the tasks
all wrought in love,

Will set the night of death with stars more bright
than those above.

O, blessed, blessed twilight hour, what strength
and peace you bring !

Far through your depths of placid shade, what
heavenly voices ring,

To cheer and comfort those who pause, through-
out the silent land,

To smooth the tangled threads of life, and lay
them in God's hand

SARAH T. SMITH.

THE CHRISTMAS MASS.

THE air is cold and silent,
The midnight hour is past,
The dawn is only coming,
The moon is waning fast.

You see the gleaming river,
And the starlight on its tide—
A giant sword of silver
Hung at the black night's side.

The stars are bright above you,
Long have those eyes kept ward,
Long have they watched and waited
For the coming of the Lord.

And now they count your footsteps,
Steps echoing in the street—
Angels' eyes ! they count your footsteps,
As you go the Child to greet.

At last you reach the threshold,
Where the sacred candle's light
Rests on the blind old beggar,
Gives a blessing to the night.

The blind old beggar thanks you
As he never did before ;

WHY I CELEBRATE THE DAY.

For who can be a miser
 On this morn, at Christ's own door?
 In all the glorious hours
 Of the golden Christmas Day,
 Is there any purer, sweeter,
 Than the one that leads the way
 To the manger of the Christ-child,
 To the altar of the King,
 To the temple of the holy,
 Where the joyous angels sing?

MAURICE F. EGAN.

WHY I CELEBRATE THE DAY.

IN REPLY TO AN AMERICAN FRIEND.

SILLY question 'tis you ask me—
 Why I celebrate the day?
 I, an exile from an Island
 Full three thousand miles away,
 Finding here a home and welcome,
 Swearing fealty and defence
 To the starry flag of freedom,
 And forever gone from thence
 Why should I, you wondering ask me,
 Hold such love for Isle so far—

Clear across the waste of waters,
Cold and distant as a star ?

Friend, that Island is my mother,
From her fertile soil I sprang ;
Generously my youth she nurtured,
And my lullaby she sang.

Mark me well, that man's a villain,
Mean and cold as clod of earth,
In whose heart there's no affection
For the land that gave him birth.

If, of it, no tender memories
Up before his vision swim,
Then the land that gives him shelter
Can expect no love from him !

'Tis a light and thoughtless question,
Why I love the dear old sod,
Where my eyes first looked to heaven,
And my lightsome feet first trod.

Must a man, because he marries,
Cease to love and venerate,
In his heart, the dear old mother,
Sitting sad and desolate ?

Trust me, friend, the better husband
Always is the better son ;
Heaven protect the maiden from him,
Who, for mother, love has none !

Well I love this broad and noble
Land, with love as pure as gold ;
None the less because my spirit
Visits, now and then, the old ;
Freely would I grasp a sabre,
Rally round the flag of stars,
No less ready for the reason
That I'd shiver Ireland's bars !
Mingled in the manly bosom
Is the love for mother—wife ;
So my love for both lands mingles
In the current of my life.

Could you doubt our Irish fealty ?
Call the muster of your dead,
Find a field in all your history,
Where no Irish valor bled—
Where their deeds no rays of glory
Shed around the starry flag,
From the plains of Saratoga
On to Lookout's highest crag !
Ours a nature large and lavish,
Generous as our mother land ;
No cold, shallow stream that barely
Covers selfishness' sand !

And you ask the shallow question,
Why I celebrate the day ?

Friend, I celebrate no triumph
Won in battle's bloody fray—
Triumph of one kingly despot,
O'er another at the cost
Of a hecatomb of heroes,
And, perhaps, of freedom lost !
Nor a victory ignoble
Of one faction, class or creed,
While a strife-distracted nation
Wept the fratricidal deed !

'Tis not these my memory hallows ;
Friend, it is a sacred cause—
'Tis the bringing to a people
Christian light and love and laws.
Gentle Patrick, the Apostle,
Brought no flaming battle-brand ;
In his heart of peace the Gospel,
And a shamrock in his hand.
These the weapons that he wielded,
Ireland bowed to Heaven's sway ;
Who'd object but brutish bigot,
If we celebrate his day ?

Far I've left my mother country,
Made this fair young land my bride ;
Both I'll ever love and cherish
And defend, whate'er betide.

From her cliffs let Erin beckon,
 And I hasten to her aid ;
 Let a caitiff strike Columbia—
 From its scabbard leaps the blade !
 Ha ! I note your eye's approval ;
 With my tenets you agree ;
 Come, thou brave and free Columbian,
 Come and celebrate with me !

P. S. CASSIDY.

CEDRON.

WHERE silence broods on ruin, thou alone,
 Sweet oracle, in rippling numbers low,
 Dost onward, through the waste of ages flow,
 As an eternal echo. With thy tone
 Blent David's holy anthems, and the moan
 That shook his heart in exile didst thou know,
 What time his tears of tributary woe
 Commingled with thy wave. And David's Son
 In after years on Love's vicarious way,
 Breathed Life above thee, and thy torrent told
 Its music to the wide-proclaiming sea :
 And thus, through all earth's changes manifold,
 Where death and silence strive for mastery,
 Still throb prophetic melodies of old,
 Encompassing the burthen of thy lay.

JOHN B. TABB.

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

THOU wilt never grow old,
 Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth ;
 My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
 In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
 O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
 In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold :
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and
 where
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old !

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
 Haunting my footsteps wherever I go ;
 Life is a warfare my title to win,
 Well will it be if it end not in woe.
 Pray for me, sweet, I am laden with care,
 Dark are my garments with mildew and mould :
 Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
 And wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old !

Now, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies,
 All the fond words I am whispering to thee ?
 Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes,
 Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free ?

So I believe, though the shadows of time
 Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold :
 Thou wilt still love me, and, pleasure sublime !
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old.

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
 Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are
 riven ;
 Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day
 Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted to
 heaven.

O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
 In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and
 where
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
 Never grow old.

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

A PROPHECY.

FROM THE "PIONEER."

ONE morn when Putnam, seated by her side,
 Was listening to her read the Inspired Book—
 It was the Sabbath—at the door appeared
 A stranger of the race which they had oft

Heard spoken of, but never seen before.
The plumes of Eagle in his hair were twined,
Around his neck the claws of grizzly bear,
While from his tattooed breast and shoulders hung
A tomahawk, and bow with quiver full
Of slender arrows pointed with a flint.
Startled they were by such a visitor,
And Putnam's eye upon his rifle turned,
And Martha dropped the Book.

“ Oh, Paleface, why
Do you fear me? welcome to my broad domain!
Welcome!” And Blackhawk, as he spoke, held out
His hand towards them. Then they shook his hand,
And like old friends they were; and presently
Were strolling with him to the patch of corn
Which Martha planted. “ It is small,” he said;
“ And with the frost's first bite will wither up.
But in my wigwam I have plenty stored;
Come take what ye may need.” “ Thanks, we
will come.”

And Putnam thought the Indian wondrous kind;
A Christian could not be more generous.

But when they stood upon the spot which once
The ancient tree had shaded with its limbs,
The tree, where Eagles for a thousand years
Had built their eyrie, Blackhawk bowed his head

And groaned, and muttered words so very sad,
 That Martha asked what harm had come to him.
 "A prophet once—far in the days of old—
 Did plant an acorn here," the chief replied.
 "And from it sprang an Oak. 'Long as it lives
 My tribe will live,' the Seer did prophecy.
 The tree is gone; there's Evil on the wing;
 Oh, Paleface, tell me, why hast thou done this?"

"Oh, blame him not," said Martha, for she saw
 His eyes in anger turn upon her spouse.
 "To give me shelter he cut down the tree.
 Had he but known it was so dear to thee,
 His axe would not have touched it."

"It is done,"

Went on the Chief; "forget I never can,
 Forgive I do, and from my store of corn
 Will plenty give to prove I am a friend;
 But now good-by; 'twere better that I go
 In solitude awhile to mourn the fate
 The prophet prophesied in days of old."
 With this he left. And this Sabbath-day
 Martha was sad.

She sighed. Then Putnam spoke: "It has to be.
 I did not tell him so, but he is doomed;
 Ay, with the Bison, Blackhawk must depart."

WM. SETON.





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