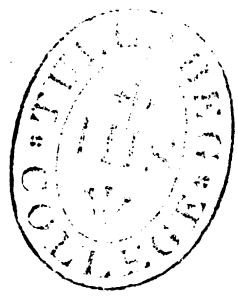


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In
Hymnis
et
Canticis

IV 1581



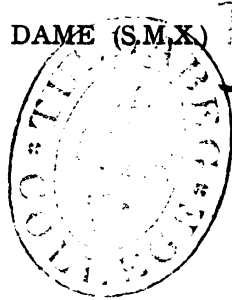
“In Hymnis et Canticis”

"In Hymnis et Canticis"

Verses Sacred and Profane

BY

A SISTER OF NOTRE DAME (S.M.X.)



London

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD

~~PARSONS HOUSE, CHANCERY CROSS ROAD~~

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TO
THE FORMER STUDENTS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL TRAINING COLLEGE
FOR WHOM
MOST OF THESE VERSES
WERE WRITTEN
IN
MEMORY OF
MANY HAPPY YEARS
OF
WORK AMONGST THEM
THIS
LITTLE BOOK
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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PREFACE

It is as no mere formality that I offer an apology for casting this volume of verses among the public. Written, as they have been, at the request of friends or pupils, for passing need or wish, they have mostly a local and circumstantial note which must, I feel, divest them of interest to a wider circle of readers. And the same is true of any merit which they may once have seemed to possess to the uncritical eyes which first read them:—what is clapped by the fireside or in the class-room may be rightly hissed in the theatre.

But these first readers have been importunate with me, and they are mostly too dear for me to say them nay.

One or two of the Hymns, as “Mother of Christ” and “Just for to-day,” have become frequent on the lips of those for whom I chiefly care to write, the Children and the Poor.

“Vos quoque, si fas est, confusa pudore repulsæ,
Sunite plebeix carmina nostra manus.”

NOTRE DAME, LIVERPOOL,

September 27th, 1902.

I.

Hymns and Sacred Verses

FOR ADVENT.

(Written for Music.)

We long to see Thee so !
To see Thee newly-born,
We long for Christmas-morn—
The sands of time run slow.

CHORUS.

Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
Our Saviour dear to be ;
Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
We have no Hope but Thee.

We long to see Thee so !
To see the Angels' glory,
To hear their midnight story,
And with the Shepherds go.

(CHORUS AS BEFORE.)

We long to see Thee so !
No other joys can please us ;
We want Thee, Baby Jesus,
The sands of time run slow.

CHORUS.

Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
Our Bliss and Peace to be ;
Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
We have no Joy but Thee.

We long to see Thee so !
To print our kisses sweet
Upon Thy little Feet,
While tears of love shall flow.

CHORUS.

Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
Our Bridegroom sweet to be ;
Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
We have no Love but Thee.

We long to see Thee so !
The world will not receive Thee,
But we will never leave Thee—
To whom, Lord, could we go ?

CHORUS.

Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
Our Morning Star to be ;
Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
We have no Light but Thee.

We long to see Thee so !
Sweet Christ-Child, do not tarry ;
Ah ! bring Him to us, Mary,
Amid the frost and snow.

CHORUS.

Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come,
Our Monarch mild to be ;
Oh ! come, oh ! come, oh ! come
We have no King but Thee.

TO THE CHILD JESUS.

(For School-children.)

LITTLE King, so fair and sweet,
See us gathered round Thy Feet ;
Be Thou Monarch of our school,—
It shall prosper 'neath Thy rule ;
We will be Thy subjects true,
Brave to suffer, brave to do,
All our hearts to Thee we bring,
Take them, keep them, little King.

Raise Thy little Hand to bless
All our childhood's happiness ;
Bless our sorrows and our pain,
That each cross may be our gain ;
By Thine own sweet Childhood, Lord
Sanctify each thought and word,
Set Thy seal on everything
Which we do, oh ! little King.

Be our Teacher when we learn,
All the hard to easy turn ;

Be our Playmate when we play,
So we shall indeed be gay ;
Keep us happy, keep us pure,
While our childhood shall endure ;
All its days to Thee we bring,
Bless them, guard them, little King.

Be our Leader in the Fight,
In the darkness be our Light,
O'er the rough and o'er the smooth
Safely guide our wayward youth ;
Wheresoe'er our path may be,
We will try to follow Thee,
To Thy mantle we will cling,
Help us, save us, little King.

Little King, so dear and sweet,
Here we cast before Thy Feet
All we are or yet may be,
Every sense and faculty ;
All our body, all our soul,
We subject to Thy control,
Let them both Thy praises sing
Now and always, little King.

Let us in the noisy world
Keep Thy Banner broad unfurled,

In an age of ease and pride
Leading Christian lives denied ;
In an age which seeks its way
Glad and cheerful to obey,
While Thy simple Truth shall ring
In word or act, oh ! little King.

So, when Holidays have come,
Call Thy children to Thy Home
In that gentle Voice of Thine
Which we know, sweet Child Divine ;
At the Gate, ah ! meet us thus,
As we loved Thee—Child like us ;—
Stretch Thy Hand in welcoming
To Thine own, oh ! little King.

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

A LOOK.

JESUS, Thy child is here :—
There is no need, my Lord, that I should speak,
Thou knowest I am foolish, poor and weak—
Look on me, Master dear!
Silent I lift my gaze in faith to Thee,
Bend Thy kind eyes, my Christ, to look at me.

A WORD.

Jesus, the world is cold :—
It has no word of comfort kind and sweet—
But Thou art here, and I am at Thy Feet,
With the sad tales of old!
Speak but one word,—Thy word of peace to me,
And I will sit and listen, Lord, to Thee.

A RAY.

Jesus, Thy child is blind :—
Do Thou, Who art the Everlasting Light,
Send but one little Ray to pierce my sight,
The sight of heart and mind ;
Dart from the Host one sunbeam down to me,
And midnight shall be turned to noon, in Thee.

A SPARK.

Jesus, my heart is chill ;
Thine own, one vast consuming fire doth glow,
Scatter its sparks!—Didst Thou not, long ago,
Tell us this was Thy Will?
One Spark, then, burning Heart! let fall on me,
That I may burn away with love of Thee.

A BREATH.

Jesus, I faint in death ;
My heart is choked with sin, and care, and pain,
Blow through my garden, till it bloom again!
Warm it with one sweet Breath,
That I may die to all, to all but Thee,
And live, not I, my Christ, but Thou in me.

AFTER QUARANT ORE.

FARE Thee well, O sweetest Saviour!
Fain were we that Thou shouldst stay;
It is love that makes Thy children
Weep to see Thee go away:
From Thy Throne Thou art returning
To Thy Tabernacle Cell,
Saddened hearts and faltering voices
Sing to Thee their sad farewell.

Two sweet days hast Thou been with us—
(All too short their fleeting hours)
Two bright days enthroned among us
'Mid our lights, and 'mid our flowers;
King amid Thy happy subjects
Thou didst condescend to dwell—
Can we choose but miss Thy Presence?—
Best of Monarchs, fare Thee well.

If Thou must indeed go from us,
Hearts at least shall follow Thee,
For we cannot do without Thee
Wheresoe'er Thy Mansion be.

We must pitch our tent beside Thee
For bright or dark, for ill or well,
Take our hearts, and keep them ever,
King and Captain, fare Thee well.

In the dryness of our duties,
In the dust of daily fights,
Let the memory be with us
Of these happy days and nights.
Do not let us quite forget Thee,
Captive in Thy narrow cell ;
Do not Thou, dear Lord, forget us,—
Oh ! Rabboni, fare Thee well !

A MEMORY AND A HOPE.

OFTEN, 'tis true, on my day's horizon
I see, as I wake, the clouds arise,
But within my heart I carry a whisper
That brings a light to the darkest skies.
A memory bright as the golden sunset,
A hope as sweet as the fields in May—
"I am going to Holy Communion to-morrow,
I went to Holy Communion to-day."

Many a time I am weary of labour,
Vexed with a life of work and worry,
Tired of giving myself to others,
Worn with the fret of this age of hurry—
Then o'er my heart's unquiet waters
Comes my Lord's sweet whisper to say,
"We shall meet at Communion to-morrow,
We have met at Communion to-day."

Sometimes others are rough and thoughtless,
Sometimes, it may be, hard or cold—
And I long to pour out on the first quick impulse
All the pain that my heart doth hold.

Then my Hope and my Memory blended,
Plead in my soul with a note of sorrow,
" Jesus lay on your tongue this morning,
Keep your story for Him to-morrow."

All day long like a ballad-burden
Rings in my heart that musical chime ;
All my minutes swing backward and forward
Between the bliss of two points of time ;
And I know that the grateful Heart on the Altar
Is touched to think that my own is gay,
Just because He is coming to-morrow,
Just because He has been to-day.

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

HEART of Jesus! Sacred Heart!
Praise to Thee for all Thou art!
Spring of grace, the Godhead's shrine,
Throne of glory, Heart Divine,
Heart whom Angel hosts adore,
Would that men would praise Thee more.

CHORUS.

Heart of our Saviour, Heart of our Friend,
Heart that hast loved Thine own to the end!
Heart of our King! Heart of our Lord!
Be Thou for ever loved and adored—

Heart of Jesus! human Heart!
Thanks to Thee for all Thou art!
Where should we have been, or be,
Fount of Goodness, but for Thee?
Heart so full of love for us,
Would that we could love Thee thus.

Heart so holy! Heart so pure!
Heart so patient to endure,

Heart that all our sin hast borne,
Bruisèd, humbled, crushed, forlorn,
Heart which we have wrung with pain,
Be Thou never wronged again.

Heart still beating in the Host,
Where, alas! we wrong Thee most,
Heart so noble, Heart so true,
Pierced by all, consoled by few,
Lonely Heart, so loving men,
Would that Thou wert loved again.

Heart so pitiful to heal,
Tender Heart so quick to feel,
Heart so ready to forgive,
Heart so grateful to receive,
Sea of love without a shore,
Be Thou loved and trusted more.

Heart of Jesus, broken Heart!
Praise and thanks for all Thou art!
Shelter in the noonday heat,
Covert when the rain doth beat,
Home, where all find peace and rest,
Be Thou known, and loved, and blest.

HYMN OF REPARATION.

O KING and Lord, Who dwellest on this Altar,
We come to Thee, with loving hearts and true,
To thank Thee for Thy love, which cannot falter,
In spite of all ungrateful men may do.

We come to tell Thy Heart despised and lonely
That we will try Thy loyal friends to be,
That we will try through life to love Thee only,
That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

We thank Thee that from sunrise to its setting
Thou standest on our Altar, Lord, as slain,
We sorrow that, despising or forgetting,
Men leave Thee in Thy Death alone again.

We come to tell Thy Heart thus scorned and
slighted
That in the Mass our daily strength shall be,
That in the Mass our lives shall be delighted,
That for that sorrow we will comfort Thee.

We thank Thee—ah! how can we thank Thee,
Jesus?

That in this Sacrament Thou art our food,
That we can find all sweetness that may please us
In this dear Banquet of Thy Flesh and Blood.

C

We weep for all those souls who dare to take Thee
To hearts made over to thine Enemy.
O let our love some reparation make Thee,
In that great sorrow let us comfort Thee.

We thank Thee, Lord, that, all Thy pain expecting,
Thou dwellest with us yet both day and night ;
We grieve that men, forsaking and neglecting,
In Thy sweet company find no delight.
We grieve that men for all things else have
leisure,
That other friends they joy to hear and see ;
O let us make Thy presence here our pleasure,
That in Thy sorrow we may comfort Thee.

And for ourselves, who, knowing and believing,
Have treated Thee so coldly and so ill,
Behold us now before Thee deeply grieving,
And strengthen, Lord, our weak and changing
will.

We promise now Thy Heart despised and lonely,
That we will try Thy truer friends to be,
That we will try through life to love Thee only,
That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

“SUME, DOMINE, ET SUSCIPE!”

(Written to Music.)

O MY God, what shall I render
For the gifts Thou givest me?
For Thy love so strong and tender
What can I bring to Thee?
O Lord! I can but give Thee
What was Thine, by right, before;
Take all, and only leave me
Thy dear love—I ask no more.

Yes, “take” me, Lord and Master,
All I have and am is Thine;
Yet, as my gift “receive” it,
Since Thou hast made it mine.
O Lord! I can but give Thee
What was Thine, by right, before;
Take all, and only leave me
Thy sweet grace—I need no more.

All the liberty Thou gavest,
I sacrifice to Thee ;
Let me serve Thee as a bondsman,
I shall then indeed be free.
O Lord ! I can but give Thee
What was Thine, by right, before ;
Take all, and only leave me
Thy dear love—I ask no more.

Dost Thou ask my understanding ?
Take it, Lord,—my memory take ;
For Thy love I will be foolish,
All forget for Thy sweet sake.
O Lord ! I can but give Thee
What was Thine, by right, before ;
Take all, and only leave me
Thy sweet grace—I need no more.

All my will I cast before Thee,
I have none, henceforth, but Thine ;
Will and choose for me, my Saviour,
Thy good pleasure shall be mine.
O Lord ! I can but give Thee
What was Thine, by right, before ;
Take all, and only leave me
Thy dear love—I ask no more.

Jesus, not in passing fervour
Let me give to Thee to-day ;
Take me wholly and for ever,
“Sume, Jesu, Suscipe!”
Receive me, take me, wholly,
O my Christ, whom I adore,
Let me love Thee purely, solely,
Love me Thou—I want no more.

ACTS BEFORE HOLY COMMUNION.

(*Written for School-children.*)

FAITH AND ADORATION.

JESUS, Thou are coming,
Holy as Thou art,
Thou, the God Who mad'st me,
To my sinful heart.
Jesus, I *believe* it,
On Thine only word,
Kneeling I *adore* Thee
As my King and Lord.

HUMILITY AND CONTRITION.

Who am I, my Jesus,
That Thou com'st to me ?
I have sinned against Thee
Often, grievously.
I am very *sorry*
I have caused Thee pain,
I will never, never,
Grieve Thy Heart again.

TRUST.

Put Thy kind Arms round me,
Feeble as I am ;
Thou art my good Shepherd,
I, Thy little lamb.
Jesus, since Thou comest
Thus to be my guest,
I can *trust* Thee always,
Lord, for all the rest.

LOVE AND DESIRE.

Jesus, Lord, I *love* Thee
With my whole, whole heart ;
Not for what Thou givest,
But for what Thou art.
Come to me, sweet Saviour,
Come to me and stay,
For I *want* Thee, Jesus,
More than I can say.

OFFERING.

Ah! what gift and present,
Jesus, shall I bring ?
I have nothing worthy
Of my Lord and King.

But Thou art my Shepherd,
I, Thy little lamb,—
Take *myself*, sweet Saviour,
All I have and am.

Take my body, Jesus,—
Eyes, and ears, and tongue ;
Never let them help me,
Lord, to do Thee wrong.
Take my heart and fill it
Full of love for Thee ;—
All I have I *give* Thee,
Give Thyself to me!

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

(Written to Music.)

THE Lord of glory,
O wondrous story!
Hath made His home within my breast ;
Bowed down before Him,
My soul, adore Him
Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes to rest.
Good Angels aid me!—
The God Who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my guest ;
Ah! softly sing Him
Sweet songs, and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship blest.

REFRAIN.

The Lord of glory,
O wondrous story!
Now dwells within my breast.

My God, I bless Thee,
Revere, confess Thee,

And love and trust with all my heart !
 Thy child is wailing
 Each fault and failing
 That caused Thee pain, or tear, or smart.
 Dear Lord, forgive me
 My sins which grieve me,
 Because I love Thee for all Thou art ;—
 To know Thee clearly,
 To love Thee dearly,
 Be now my portion, my only part.

REFRAIN.

My God, I bless Thee,
 Revere, confess Thee,
 And love with all my heart.

My Jesus, never
 Shall creature sever
 My happy heart from love of Thee :—
 Ah! do not let me,
 My King, forget Thee,
 And oh! do Thou remember me.
 My only Treasure,
 My Rest and Pleasure,
 My Rock and Fortress for ever be !

In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.

REFRAIN.

Ah! do not let me,
My King, forget Thee,
And, Lord, remember me.

When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me ;
In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be nigh to Thee!
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard, and lead me
To Thy bright Pastures beyond the sea,
To make in glory,
O wondrous story!
One long Communion eternally.

REFRAIN.

When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
O Lord, abide with me!

TO-DAY.

*“ Dignare, Domine, die isto, sine peccato nos
custodire ! ”*

LORD ! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me, dear God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in thought and word
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey ;
Teach me to mortify my flesh
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word,
Unthinking, say,
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay ;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for to-day.

Let me with Thee, my own true Life,
In spirit stay ;
Stay Thou with me, my only Strength,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my tide of life
Shall ebb away,
Let me Thy Sacraments receive,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

Let me in Purgatorial fires
Brief space delay ;
Oh ! let me, if to-day I die,
Go Home to-day.

Lord ! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

“QUIBUS TE LAUDIBUS EFFERAM
NESCIO.”

How to praise thee, oh ! Mary, we know not,
Fair and spotless alone thou art,
But we pour sweet titles upon thee
As they rise from our loving heart :—
When they reach thee beyond the skies,
Turn to us thy merciful eyes.

CHORUS.

What shall we call thee, oh ! beautiful Mother ?
Lily of Israel, Rose without thorn—
Joy to thee ! Praise to thee ! Love to thee !
Thanks to thee !
Light of thy people, sweet Star of the Morn.

Bright thou art as the Sun in its rising,
Fair thou art as the Moon at night,
Strong thou art as a battle army,
Tower of Hope to all who fight ;
Thou art Sweetness, and Hope, and Life,
Health in sickness, and Help in strife.

CHORUS.

Hark to us calling thee, pitiful Mother,
Help of thy people, distressed, forlorn ;
Think of us, stoop to us, fight for us, plead for us,
Shine on our pathway, bright Star of the Morn.

Lifted high as the Palm and Cedar,
Blooming low as Flower of the Field,
Eastern Gate to the Sun of Justice,
Garden enclosed, and Fountain sealed.
Glorious things are said of thee,
City of God so fair to see.

(FIRST CHORUS.)

Ark of Refuge from storm and shipwreck,
Beacon light on the distant Hill,
Oil poured out on the troubled waters,
Haven safe where the winds are still.
Wheresoever our barque may be,
Star of Ocean, we look to thee.

(SECOND CHORUS.)

Queen art thou of the shining Angels,
Queen art thou of the happy Saints,
Mother and Queen of exiled children,
Send us help when our courage faints.

Spotless Mother and Queen Divine,
All the love of our hearts is thine.

CHORUS.

Watch o'er thy children, our Queen, and our
Mother,
We to thy service our lives have sworn ;
Think of us, speak for us, bear with us, cling to us,
Shine on us ever, dear Star of the Morn.

OUR LADY'S DOWER.

PEAL, ye bells, on the summer air,
Rock your turrets from shore to shore,
Tell the skies that our Land again
Bears the title she owned of yore.
Mother of Peace! Mother of Love!
England crieth to thee this hour,—
Stoop from thy throne,
Call her thine own,
Let her once more be Our Lady's Dower.

Men have robbed our Queen of her Dower,
Robbed thy Dower of thee, sweet Queen ;
Dark and dreary without thy smiles
Our cities and meads for years have been.
Queen of our hearts! Queen of the world!
Rend thine own from the spoiler's power,
Come back again,
Over us reign,
Take us once more for thy royal Dower.

Years have scattered Our Lady's Guilds,
Hushed the tones of the Lady-Bell ;—
Who now throng to the Mary-Mass,
Or slake their thirst at the Mary-Well?

D

Lady beautiful ! Lady sweet !
Mystic Fountain, and mystic Flower!
At touch of thy hand
The whole of our land
Shall blossom once more as Our Lady's Dower.

Lift thine abbeys and stately shrines,
Fallen low on the grassy sod ;
Let thy wayside image again
Raise our mind and our heart to God
Lady of Pity ! Lady of Grace !
Mend the wall and restore the tower ;
O'er mountain and glen
Ring out again,
Bells in the Shrine of Our Lady's Dower.

English Kings have fought in thy name,
English Saints have thy praises sung ;—
Sweeter prayer hath not risen to thee
Than those breathed out in our English tongue.
Fair as the Moon ! Bright as the Sun !
Strong as Army in battle-hour !
Bring back at length
Beauty and strength,
Bless us once more as Our Lady's Dower.

Blood hath reddened our island's soil,
From the silver sea to Cheviotside,
All for love of their peerless Queen
And Christ thy Son have our Martyrs died.
Queen of Martyrs and Queen of Saints!
'Neath the altar they plead this hour ;
Think of their pain,
Love us again,
Let us once more be Our Lady's Dower.

Hear the cry of our Land to-day,
Smiling, weeping, from sea to sea,—
Tears for sin of the bygone years,
Smiles once more to belong to thee.
Mother of Hope! Mother of Love!
Graces new on our island shower ;
Take us to-day,
Make us for aye
True to the name of Our Lady's Dower.

MATER CHRISTI.

MOTHER of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I ask of thee ?
I do not sigh for the wealth of earth,
For the joys that fade and flee.
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I long to see,—
The Bliss untold which thine arms enfold,
The Treasure upon thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He was all-in-all to thee,
In the winter's cave, in Nazareth's Home,
In the hamlets of Galilee ;
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
He will not say nay to thee ;—
When He lifts His Face to thy sweet embrace,
Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
The world will bid Him flee,
Too busy to heed His gentle Voice,
Too blind His charms to see.

Then, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
Come with thy Babe to me ;
Though the world be cold, my heart shall hold
A shelter for Him and thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What shall I do for thee ?
I will love thy Son with the whole of my strength,
My only King shall He be.
Yes! Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This will I do for thee,
Of all that are dear or cherished here
None shall be dear as He.

Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
I toss on a stormy sea ;—
O lift thy Child as a Beacon Light
To the Port where I fain would be !
And, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I ask of thee—
When the voyage is o'er, oh ! stand on the shore,
And show Him at last to me.



MATER DIVINAE GRATIAE.

(Nunc et in hora mortis.)

I KNOW not what the years may bring,
 Nor whether the years shall be,
 The Past has fled on rapid wing,
 And cannot come back to me.
 One point of time we hold in our hand,
 The minute we now draw breath,
 And we look to the point when we shall stand
 In the awful strait of death.

CHORUS.

Pray for us now, pray for us then,
 Mother of God, Mother of men !
 None can succour us, Lady, as thou,
 Pray for us then, pray for us now.

Now, when the world speaks soft and fair,
 Now, when the flesh is frail,
 Now, when the cross is hard to bear,
 Now, when we sink or fail :—
 Then, when the fiends are raging round,
 Then, as life ebbs away,
 Then, when the call of God shall sound,
 Pray for us sinners, pray !

Now, oh ! now, wheresoe'er we be,
Now, while we wake or sleep,
Now, while our thoughts are far from thee,
Now, while we laugh or weep,
Now, as we kneel to ask a grace,
Now, as we toil or play,
Now, as we sin before thy face,
Pray for us, Mother, pray !

Then, when the friends of earth are gone,
Then, when the senses sleep,
Then, when the soul must plunge alone
Into the boundless deep ;
Be it soon or late, be it swift or slow,
Then, then, be it night or day,
However that hour shall come and go,
Pray for us sinners, pray !

We are sinners, and we are dust,
Blessèd and pure art thou ;
In thy love we have placed our trust,
Care for us then and now.
Every hour whose sands are run
Draws each more nigh the other,
Till our last " Hail Mary " makes them one,
And we pass to thank thee, Mother.

MATER AMABILIS.

(Written to Music.)

HAVE you e'er on cloudy night
Seen the moonbeams breaking
Thro' the veil,—with silver light
Day of darkness making?
Have you from your clouded soul
Felt the shades of sorrow roll?
Has a ray of brightness come
O'er your soul's dejection?—
Mary's smile lit up her Home,
Earth, its faint reflection.

REFRAIN.

Mother Mary, we turn to thee,
O let us, let us, then, thy children be!

Ah! that smile makes Heav'n rejoice,
Eyes of Saints to glisten,
Even Angels at her voice
Hush their harps to listen;
And the light of Mary's eyes
Adds a bliss to Paradise :—

Keep your joys, O ye Unseen,
We would wish no other ;—
Angels! you may call her “Queen,”
You cannot call her “Mother.”

Christian! tho' your storm-tost bark
On the sea still linger,
Can you call the way too dark
Shown by Mary's finger?
Timid soul, where'er you are,
She will be your guiding Star.
In her presence nothing harms,
Tempest may not smother ;—
Throw yourself into her arms,—
Can you doubt your Mother?

At the Gate, on reaching Home,
You will find her standing,
She will be the first to come
And greet you on your landing.
At our dreary exile's end,
Mother, o'er our pillow bend,
Show us, in our dying breath,
Him we call our Brother,
In our life and in our death
Be to us a Mother!

MATER ADMIRABILIS.

THOU hast many portraits, Mother,
 All of them are dear to us,
 But our girlhood chiefly loves thee
 In thy girlhood's beauty thus,
 And thy sweetest title this—
"Mater Admirabilis."

Near thee blooms the spotless lily,
 Emblem of thy brightest grace,
 And thy sinless soul is shining
 In thy modest, downcast face ;
 Make us like to thee in this,
Mater Admirabilis.

Open book and distaff tell us
 Thou hast laboured too, as we ;
 Let our hand and mind, sweet Mother,
 Work for Jesus and for thee ;
 Make us thine, and therefore His,
Mater Admirabilis.

Gentle Mother, to thy keeping
 Take our wayward maidenhood,
 Make us pass our years of training
 As thou meanest that we should ;
 Let us not our graces miss,
Mater Admirabilis.

VIRGO PRUDENTISSIMA.

(Our Lady of Good Counsel.)

THE way is dark, the way is long,
And we, who tread it, weak and blind,
And great the risk if we go wrong,
And hard again the path to find.

CHORUS.

We cry to thee in doubt and fear,
Then, prudent Mother, stoop to hear ;
Ah! whisper, as a mother should,
Thy loving counsel wise and good.

Thou hast not far the word to seek,
Eternal Wisdom to thee clings,
Thy face is pressed against His cheek,
His lips are breathing happy things.

With thee is counsel sweet and blest,
With thee are fortitude and grace ;
Thy Babe will tell thee what is best,
His eyes are lifted to thy face.

The world is bright, the world is fair,
It shows the false as if the true,
And we are dazzled by the glare
Unless thou tell us what to do.

Oh! ever, till the goal is won,
In doubt or danger counsel thus,
Still whisper of us to thy Son,
And speak His answer back to us.

So shall our weak and wayward feet
From thee and Jesus never part,
So shall we, by thy counsel sweet,
Walk still according to His Heart

SEDES SAPIENTIAE.

*(Written to Music for the Students of the Liverpool
Training College.)*

MARY, O turn thine eyes upon us,
See us around thy throne to-day,
Bend unto us an ear of pity,
Hark to thy children as they pray ;
Be thou a lamp unto our footsteps,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

CHORUS.

O Seat of Wisdom, light up our way
Safe through the night-gloom into the day!

While 'neath thy mantle here we linger
Be thou to us a guide and stay,
Make us to grow in grace and knowledge,
Kindle our love from day to day ;
Fill us with wisdom and with counsel,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

Here is our memory so wayward,—
Ah! keep it lest it go astray ;
Take thou our intellect and train it
Christ's blessed teaching to obey ;

Brace up our will to perseverance,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

When round our knees the Poor of Jesus
Gather to learn salvation's way,
Still be thou ever standing by us,
Whisp'ring the words we ought to say :—
Keep us at school with thee for ever,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

Thus all the joys of our vocation,
Homage before thy feet we lay,
Thine are our glory, and our honour,
Queen of our heart and mind for aye.
We will be nought but thy disciples,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

Thro' bright and dark, thro' rest and labour,
Thro' sweet and bitter, sad and gay,
Teach unto us thy Son's own lessons,
Till He shall grant our Holiday ;—
Then at the Gate, ah ! bid us welcome,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

CAUSA NOSTRAE LAETITIAE.

(School Hymn before breaking up for Holidays.)

MOTHER of all that is pure and glad,
All that is bright and blest,
As we have taken our toil to thee,
So will we take our rest ;
Take thou and bless our holiday,
O Causa nostrae laetitiae.

Airs that are soft and a cloudless sky,
We would owe all to thee ;
Speak to thy Son as thou didst of old,
That Feast-day in Galilee ;
Tell Him our needs in thine own sweet way,
O Causa nostrae Laetitiae.

Be with us, Mother, from morn till eve,
Thou and thy blessèd Son,
Keep us from all that is grief to you
Till the weeks and the months are run :—
Thine be we still when grave or gay,
O Causa nostrae Laetitiae.

Smile upon all that is dear to us,
Smile on our school and home,
Smile on the days we are passing now,
Smile on the years to come.
Brighten our work and gladden our play,
O Causa nostrae Laetitiae.

Keep us in all that is blest of God,
Give us the joys that endure,
Lips that have smiles and words for all,
Hearts that are kind and pure.
So wilt thou be by night and day,
Our Causa nostrae Laetitiae.

Come when earth's tears and smiles are o'er,
Mother of peace and love,
Show to us Him who is joy to earth,
And joy to the hosts above ;
So shall we laugh in the latter day,
O Causa nostrae Laetitiae.

ROSA MYSTICA.

O MYSTIC Rose,
Christ's garden glows
With countless blossoms grace hath borne ;
More sweet and fair
Than any there
Art thou, that bloomest 'mid the thorn.

O mystic Rose,
Than driven snows
More dazzling-pure on winter's morn ;
No speck, no soil,
Thy petals spoil,—
Thou bloomest white amid the thorn.

O mystic Rose,
The Blood that flows
From that dear Heart which Love hath torn
Hath dyed thee too
Another hue—
Thou bloomest crimson 'mid the thorn.

O mystic Rose,
The great King's foes

E

Our garden of thy bloom have shorn ;
And waste she lies
Beneath the skies
That lost the Rose and kept the thorn.

But, mystic Rose,
The South wind blows,
And Hope on thy sweet scent is borne ;
Ah ! bloom once more
On England's shore,
Bright Rose, sweet Rose, without a thorn

O mystic Rose,
The Gardener knows
Without thee fade all garlands worn ;
Then, Flower of Grace,
Keep still thy place
Within our hearts, hedged in by thorn.

And, mystic Rose,
When shadows close
Upon our life, and breaks the morn,
Then blossom thou
On every brow,
Unfading Rose without a thorn.

JANUA CAELI.

QUEEN and Mother, many hearts
Cast themselves before thy throne,
But we call ourselves by right
Very specially thine own ;
Oh ! then be to each one here
The Gate of Heaven, Mother dear.

We had learned thy love before,
We have learned it better here,
And thy school hath been the gate
To thy heart, O Mother dear !
Then be thou to everyone
The Gate of Home when school is done.

We have pledged ourselves to fight
In the battles of thy Son ;
We would pass by Him to thee
When the dusty fight is won :—
Be to all enlisted here
The Gate of Heaven, Mother dear.

Other hearts this home have loved,
Other feet its floors have trod ;
One and all, oh ! let them in
To the City of our God ;
Be to all who entered here
The Gate of Heaven, Mother dear.

And we too must pass away,
Others then shall take our place,
Kneel around thine image fair,
Look into thine upturned face.
Be to all who enter here
The Gate of Heaven, Mother dear.

Thou unto the King of Kings
Wert a Gate to Earth and us,
We must go to Christ thro' thee,
We can reach Him only thus :—
Oh ! be thou to each one here
The Gate of Heaven, Mother dear.

Open stand, O Portal blest,
That we still may see the light,
Lifting up our hearts in hope,
Charming all the gloomy night :—
Be to all who enter here
The Gate of Heaven, Mother dear.

When the midnight cry is heard,
Do not let us be too late,
Do not let thy children call
 “Open, open, Lord, Thy Gate !”
But, because we loved thee here,
Let us in, oh ! Mother dear.

SALUS INFIRMORUM, CONSOLATRIX
AFFLICTORUM, AUXILIUM
CHRISTIANORUM.

LIGHT and Peace and Joy hang o'er thee,
Blissful Queen with glory crowned,
Angel Hosts bend low before thee,
Happy Saints thy feet surround.

'Mid their songs of changeless mirth
Canst thou catch the moan of earth,
Mother dear ?

*Audi, Salus Infirmorum,
Consolatrix Afflictorum,
Et Auxilium Christianorum,
Stoop and hear !*

Sick, and sorrowful, and dying
Stretch their feeble arms to thee ;
Maimed and halt to thee are crying
From the land and from the sea.
Droop thy pitiful kind eyes
From the happy star-lit skies,
Mother dear !

*Audi, Salus Infirmorum,
Consolatrix Afflictorum,
Et Auxilium Christianorum,
Stoop and hear !*

In thy touch lie strength and healing,
Nurse us back to life again ;
Thy light hand our pulses feeling,
Cools the fever, soothes the pain ;
And the sweet Babe in thine arms
Smiles away our ills and harms.
Mother dear !

*Audi, Salus Infirmorum,
Consolatrix Afflictorum,
Et Auxilium Christianorum,
Stoop and hear !*

All our earth is sin and weeping,
Thou alone canst bring relief ;
Our worn hearts to thy safe keeping
Trust the story of their grief ;
And we get back peace and rest
Hiding them upon thy breast,
Mother dear !

*Audi, Salus Infirmorum,
Consolatrix Afflictorum,*

Et Auxilium Christianorum,

Stoop and hear !

Hear the voice that riseth to thee
 From life's crowded battlefield ;
 Surest succour cometh thro' thee,
 Thou art helm, and sword, and shield ;
 And our Christian instinct true
 Catcheth still thy mantle blue,
 Mother dear ;

Audi, Salus Infirmorum,

Consolatrix Afflictorum,

Et Auxilium Christianorum,

Stoop and hear !

Not to thee as to a stranger
 Do we turn in all our need,
 Thou in sickness, grief, or danger,
 Art our Help in very deed,
 For thine eyes have shed our tears,
 And thy heart hath felt our fears,
 Mother dear !

Audi, Salus Infirmorum,

Consolatrix Afflictorum,

Et Auxilium Christianorum,

Stoop and hear !

REGINA APOSTOLORUM.

*(Composed for Students of the Liverpool Training
College.)*

FIERCE and loud is the battle raging,
Dead and dying are on the field,
Few and weak are the King's battalions,
Slow to conquer and swift to yield.
Hark! the Voice that is calling, calling,
"Who will help in the deadly strife?
Who will rescue from death and danger
The souls for whom I laid down My Life?"

REFRAIN.

'Tis thy Son Who is calling thus,—
Queen of Apostles, oh! pray for us.

Fair the fields over all our country;—
Lift your eyes and behold the land
White already unto the harvest,
Waiting but for the reaper's hand.
Hark! the Lord of the Harvest calling,—
"Rich the grain, but the labourers few;
None will help Me My sheaves to garner;—
Child of Mary, I look to you."

REFRAIN.

'Tis thy Son Who is calling thus,—
Queen of Apostles, oh! pray for us.

Deep and dark are the stormy waters,
Many perish beneath the wave ;
Few the vessels that reach the Haven,
Few the hands that are stretched to save.
Hark! the Voice of the Pilot calling,—
“Launch your boat on the raging sea,
Help the souls that are daily sinking,
Launch your bark for the love of Me!”

REFRAIN.

'Tis thy Son Who is calling thus,—
Queen of Apostles, oh! pray for us.

Dearest Lord, we have heard and answered,
We will follow where'er Thou art,
We will rescue the little children,
We will try to console Thy Heart.
Queen and Mother, be with thy Legion,
Keep us true to our calling high ;
Let us bring to the Feet of Jesus
Many souls when we come to die.

REFRAIN.

'Tis thy Son Who has called us thus,—
Queen of Apostles, oh! stay with us.

OUR LADY OF THE WAYSIDE.

"Occurre, obsecro, mihi hodie . . . pauxillum aquae mihi ad bibendum præbe de hydria tua."—Gen. xxiv.

MOTHER, Mother! I am coming
Home to Jesus and to thee;—
But my Country's Hills are distant,
And their light I cannot see.
Mother! hearken as I pray,—
Meet me on my homeward way,
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day!

Oftentimes my skies are clouded,
I can see nor sun nor star,
And the road is rough and narrow,
And the end seems very far.
Lest, perchance, my feet should stray,
Meet me, Mother, on my way,
Meet me, Mother mine, to-day!

I must cross the burning desert,
I shall thirst, O Mother mine;—
Fill thy vessel at the fountain
Of thy Son's sweet Heart Divine.

Lest I faint upon the way,
Tender Mother, stoop, I pray,
Give my soul to drink to-day.

Do not wait until to-morrow,
For I need thee here and now ;
Wait not till I come to meet thee,
Rather, Mother, meet me thou.
O in all I do or say
Come and meet me on my way,
Mother Mary, every day.

TO OUR LADY OF VICTORIES.

(Composed for the Downhill Training College, to which the former Students of Liverpool had presented her statue.)

“FEAR not the foe, for I will give the victory,
You shall be my Legion, and I will be your Queen,
 And my Son with lifted Hand
 Blesses all His Mother’s Band,
And the crown shall be the brighter for the perils
 that have been.”

Thus doth she speak whene’er we lift our eyes to
 her,
Crowding round her image in her Camp upon the
 Hill ;
 Like the burden of a song,
 Ever sweet and ever strong,
Thro’ the turmoil of the battle may she whisper to
 us still !

Yes! Be our Help when trumpet-call hath scat-
 tered us,

Follow us, sweet Mother, with those pure and
gentle eyes;
 Holding fast thy little Son,
 Speak the names of every one,
And when the fight is over give Him to us as our
Prize.

Speak too for those who set thee by the riverside,
Lifted up thine image as a beacon on the height,
 Who had loved thee long before
 On another river-shore,
And enlisted 'neath thy colours for the truth and
for the right.

Hold high thy Christ to speak to us of Victory!
Lift Him up as Light when the smoke of battle
rolls;
 And oh! set our hearts aflame,
 To the honour of His Name,
With the passion of His Glory and a burning love
for souls.

Foolish are we—feeble, too, and cowardly;—
Teach us, thou, the wisdom that is born of simple
Faith;
 And clothe us every one
 In that love of thy sweet Son

Which to Him and us is gladness, and will keep us
true till death.

True to the death! tho' flesh and world are calling
us,

True to the death! tho' Satan rages hard,
For our Queen upon the Height
Holds our Love, and Joy, and Light,
And she shall give us Victory, and He is our
Reward.

"SALVE REGINA!"

(Written for the Workmen's Sodality, St. Helen's.)

HAIL, holy Queen!—we, thy sons, are calling thee,
Lifting up our voice to thee above the ocean roar,
 We have pledged ourselves to thee,
 For we know it cannot be
That a ship which Mary piloted should fail to
 reach the shore.

Hard is our life—toil and danger press on us—
Spread thy mantle o'er us, and we shall not come
 to harm,
 And if we forget thee thus,
 Still, sweet Mother, think of us,
And whisper of us often to the Babe upon thy arm.

Hail! holy Queen! pure, and bright, and powerful,
We are weak and cowardly before a wicked world;
 Make us brave to bear its laugh
 As we clasp thy banner-staff,
Make us true to keep that banner in our daily life
 unfurled.

Turn thy sweet eyes on us whose souls are dear to
thee,

Turn them to thy Jesus, Who hath bought them
at a cost ;

And let not all the pain
Of His Passion be in vain,

But for His sake do not suffer that a son of thine
be lost.

Hail, holy Queen ! kind, and meek, and merciful ;—
We are rough and sinful, but our hearts are true to
thee ;

Oh ! then fill them every one
With the love of thy dear Son,

And whisper of us often to the Babe upon thy
knee.

Now once again we make our promise unto thee ;
We will love and honour thee as long as life shall
last ;

And do thou to every one
Show thy ever-blessèd Son

When our ship shall reach the Haven and the
anchor shall be cast.

BIRTHDAY HYMN TO OUR LADY.

(Stella Matutina.)

WHO is this cometh over the mountains,
Fair and sweet as the morning light,
Shedding pure and beautiful radiance
On the earth that was wrapt in night?
Now the Day-spring indeed is nigh,
The Morning Star hath risen on high.

CHORUS.

How shall we welcome thee, beautiful Mother?
How shall we greet thee, newly-born?
Joy to thee! Praise to thee! Love to thee!
Thanks to thee!
Hail to thy rising, sweet Star of the Morn!

Wild and waste lay our desolate garden,
Stripped of blossom, and leaf, and fruit;
Lo! at last in the golden Autumn
Sprang the Lily from Jesse's root.
Hope and beauty came back to earth
Once again in Our Lady's birth.

(SAME CHORUS.)

Angels cluster around thy cradle,
Smiling into thy little face,
Whispering now, as they whisper later,
"The Lord is with thee, O full of grace!"
We, too, Mary, would hail thee thus,
More than to Angels thou art to us.

CHORUS.

What shall we sing to thee, beautiful Mother?
What sweet song to thee, newly-born?
Joy to thee! Praise to thee! Love to thee!
Thanks to thee!
Hail to thy rising, sweet Star of the Morn!

Spotless Daughter of God the Father,
Mother to be of God the Son,
Fairest Bride of the Holy Spirit,
Beautiful shrine of the Three-in-One;
O! we thank Him that He has given
So dear a Queen unto earth and Heaven.

(FIRST CHORUS.)

All the Church is glad in thy coming,
None more glad, O Mary, than we,
Who by more than a common title
Now and ever belong to thee;

Light our pathway where'er we are,
We will follow, dear Morning Star.

(FIRST CHORUS.)

O we cannot go empty-handed
On her birthday to Babe so sweet,
Yet we have but our love to offer,
Printing a kiss on her little feet.
Open thy baby hand and take
Our hearts, at least, for thy birthday's sake.

CHORUS.

What shall we give to thee, beautiful Mother?
What shall we bring to thee, newly-born?
Joy to thee! Praise to thee! Love to thee!
Thanks to thee!
Hail to thy rising, sweet Star of the Morn!

Bless us all with thy birthday blessing
As we gather around thy throne,
Lay thy hand with a tenderer pressure
On this house which is all thine own;
While we are here, and when we are far,
Light up our way, dear Morning Star.

(FIRST CHORUS.)

SEVEN JOYS AND SORROWS OF
ST. JOSEPH.

FATHER of Christ and spouse to His sweet Mother,
Trusting to thee, our simple pray'r we make ;
Father to us, since we may call Him Brother,
Canst thou refuse to hear us for His sake ?

CHORUS.

Blessèd Saint Joseph, remember that never
Thy clients in vain to their father have prayed ;
Win our petition, for Jesus must ever
Listen to him whom on earth He obeyed.

O by the Grief thy tender spirit filling
Ere Mary's secret thou hadst understood,
O by thy Joy to hear the Angel telling
That blessed wonder of her Motherhood ;

O by thy Grief to see the King of Glory
Born in the crib in poverty and cold,
O by thy Joy to hear the Angel's story,
And the adoring Magi to behold ;

-
- O by thy Grief to see the Infant weeping
 While the first Blood-drops fell beneath the knife,
 O by the Joy with which thy heart was leaping
 At the sweet music of the Name of life ;
- O by thy Grief for Mary's sinless spirit,
 Hearing the sword must rend her soul in twain,
 O by thy Joy that many should inherit
 Peace and Salvation through her child again ;
- O by thy Grief when, Child and Mother taking,
 Thou didst by night to distant Egypt fly,
 O by thy joy to see the idols breaking
 While the All-Holy passed in silence by ;
- O by thy Grief when from the Angel learning
 Still reigned a tyrant after Herod's death,
 O by thy Joy from exiled years returning
 To that dear home in holy Nazareth ;
- O by thy Grief when thou hadst lost thy Treasure,
 By those three days of darkness and of pain,
 O by the Joy beyond all thought and measure
 When with thy Jesus light came back again ;

CHORUS.

Blessèd Saint Joseph, remember that never
 Thy clients in vain to their father have prayed ;
 Win our petition, for Jesus must ever
 Listen to him whom on earth He obeyed.

TO ST. JOSEPH.

(From the Latin.)

HAIL! thou father of our Saviour,
How our hearts must hold thee dear!
Hail! thou nurse of our Redeemer,
How our souls must thee revere!

CHORUS.

Hail! thou Spouse of God's dear Mother,
Man fulfilling Angel's part;
Tender guardian of my Jesus,
Joseph with the seraph's heart.

Days of labour for thy Maker
Were but days of rest and joy;
Nights were happy passed in watching
By the bed of Mary's Boy.

How thy dear old eyes would glisten,
Gazing on thy Jesus' face!
How thy heart would bound as Jesus
Paid thee back each sweet embrace!

'Mid a thousand consolations
Now thy God thou dost address;
Now, amid a thousand kisses,
In thine arms a Son dost press.

Jesus nestles on thy bosom,—
Who would ask a greater bliss?
Jesus is thy whole possession,—
Oh! what treasure equals this?

Ah! no wonder that all ages
Homage to thy name have paid;
Can we give thee too much honour
Whom our God Himself obeyed?

He has never raised another,
O thou Flower of chastity,
Not a man, and not an angel,
To thy matchless dignity.

O thrice happy he who travels
Leaning, Joseph, on thine arm!
Safe indeed whom thy protection
Shields from peril and from harm.

By the prayers which Thine own Mother
Offers for her children now,
By the care Thy Foster-Father
Gave Thee, Jesus, years ago,

Grant that we, too, may behold Thee
One day on Thy glorious throne,
Grant that in our native Country
We may call Thee, too, our own.

TO ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

O GENTLE Saint, whom Jesus loved
 More tenderly than His Eleven,
 His kinsman and His friend on earth,
 And now His chosen friend in Heaven,—
 Look down on us who struggle yet
 Along the pathway rough and dim,
 Then lean to Jesus as of old,
 And speak of us, dear Saint, to Him.

CHORUS.

Virgin Saint, to whom the Master
 Gave His Mother and His Heart,
 Never from the love of Jesus
 And of Mary let us part.

Whilst Jesus spoke His last farewells
 Thy head upon His Heart did rest,
 And yet we need not envy thee
 That pillow on His Sacred Breast ;
 For well we know Communion brings,
 To all who love, a greater grace,
 And Jesus locks our happy souls
 In just as blessèd an embrace.

O teach us, sweet Saint John, to guard
The lustre of our purity,
That He Who 'mid the lilies feeds
May fall in love with us, as thee ;
And may the love of Jesus be
The only thing for which we care,
The name of His Belovèd ones
The title we are proud to bear.

Beside the Cross we see thee stand
When weaker love had turned and fled,
But thine has made thee brave to bear
The sight of Jesus dying, dead.
He gave His Mother to thy care,
Thy loyal love rewarding thus,
And will not Jesus, at thy prayer,
Give us to her and her to us?

That Heart which burned with love of men
Had passed its fire to thine own ;
Forgive us if we ask again
That blessèd flame, that gift alone ;
For love of Jesus needs must bring
The love of Jesus' dearest Mother,
And love of both thy lesson teach—
“ My little children, love each other.”

O Prophet of the lonely isle,
O Doctor of the Incarnate Word,
O Martyr in thy love's desire,
O Virgin favourite of Our Lord!
We do not ask thy visions bright
Of jasper wall or crystal river,
We only ask thy love for Christ,
His love in life, in death, for ever.

CHORUS.

Virgin Saint, to whom the Master
Gave His Mother and His Heart,
Never from the love of Jesus
And of Mary let us part.

TO ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

CHORUS.

GENTLEST of Saints and sublimest of Doctors,
Light of the Church and the Patron of youth,
Take us, and keep, as thine ardent disciples,
Shine on our way as the Star of the Truth.

“Angel of Schools!”—at the bidding of Peter
Thousands to-day are saluting thee thus ;
We, too, are claiming thy care and thy counsel,
Angel of Schools, be an angel to us.

Oh! by that gift of the girdle angelic,
Keeping thee ever as pure as a child,
Gird us with strength in the day of temptation,
Keep us in mind and in heart undefiled.

Come to our aid when thou hearest us calling,
Light up the dark, make the rough places plain,
Bring to our thoughts the unknown or forgotten,
Give us the words that we seek for in vain.

Be thou our Father both here and hereafter,
Be thou our Master in all that we learn,
Be thou our Doctor when we too are teaching,
Be thou the Helper to whom we can turn.

Watch, dearest Saint, lest a toil that is irksome
Dry up our heart till its love burneth dim,
Give us thy childlike devotion to Jesus,
Teach us to cast all our care upon Him.

Let us, like thee, at the foot of the Altar
Seek all our light, all our peace, all our grace ;
Gazing with thee on the veils of the Godhead,
Bring us at last to the bliss of His Face.

May we, like thee, if success be our portion,
Render all praise to the Giver and Lord,
May we, like thee, earn the praises of Jesus,
May we, like thee, seek but Him as Reward.

TO ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.

DEAR among all Saints in Heaven,
Antony, art thou to us ;
Mingling with our passing troubles,
Thou hast grown the nearer thus.
Still so sweet, and still so human,
That thou seemest with us here,
We will praise thy name for ever,
Love thee, trust thee, and revere.

CHORUS.

Gentle Son of the gentle Francis,
Friend and helper of all in need,
We would ever be called thy children,
Be thou Father to us indeed.

Once, in might of God's own power,
Echoed far thy wondrous word,
Piercing to the inmost spirit,
Cleaving like a two-edged sword.
Still to-day if thou shouldst see us
Slumbering in sinful sleep,
Call us often, call us strongly,
Break our hearts and make them weep.

On thine arm the Lily lieth,
Symbol of thy spotless soul—
In the flesh and in the spirit
Keep us pure and keep us whole.
In thy hands we place our treasure,
Guard it while we sleep or wake,
Thou who wast the child of Mary
Shield her children for her sake.

At thy touch disease hath vanished,
At thy voice the demons fled ;
Chains have dropt from fettered captives,
Graves have given back the dead.
At thy word the winds have fallen,
Waves have bowed their foaming crest
Thro' thy help the storm-tost sailor
Reacheth port and findeth rest.

Thou hast fed the poor and hungry,
Pitiful, and kind of heart ;
Art thou touched with less compassion
In that glory where thou art ?
Still give bread to those who crave it,
Still find work for those who seek,
And our hearts fill full with pity
For the poor and old and weak.

Our most childish needs we bring thee,
Nothing to thy heart is small ;
Smiling, thou wilt find our losses
When thou hear'st thy children call.
Find us all our mislaid treasures,
In thy hands our needs we place ;—
Ah ! but chiefly, should we lose it,
Find for us God's love and grace.

On thy bosom Jesus nestles
With His little cheek to thine ;
Happy Saint ! speak very often
For us to the Child Divine.
Sometimes, when our hearts are weary,
Stoop to us from where thou art,
Lay Him in our arms a little,
Lay Him always in our heart.

TO ST. ANNE.

*(Written for the Picture in St. Anne's Church,
Liverpool.)*

O BLESSÈD Anne, thy brow is bright
With light from Mary's little face,
Thine age shows doubly fair to us
Beside thy Daughter's baby grace.

CHORUS.

We, too, are kneeling at thy feet,
We, too, dear Saint, will listen thus ;
Mother of Mary, grave and sweet,
Be Mother also unto us.

Fair Root of Jesse ! from thy stock
That white and blessèd Flower did shoot,
Which, after fifteen summers' bloom,
Dropped down to earth its blessèd Fruit.

Thy wifely toil, thy mother's cares,
In God and in God's Church endure ;
Help us, dear Saint, to lead, like thee,
Lives sober, pious, just and pure.

G

Think how thine eager three-year Maid
The Temple steps in gladness trod,
And make us rear our children too,
As treasure lent and kept for God.

As Jesus comes with thought of her,
So Mary comes with thought of thee ;
O bid her, then, the sacred link
'Twixt Christ and us for ever be.

Gather us all to Him thro' her
In simple Faith and labouring Love,
And lift our sinking hearts to Hope
By pointing to the skies above.

TO VENERABLE MARGARET
CLITHEROE (MARTYR).

HOLY Martyr bending o'er us
With thy fair young English face,
Faithful heart and valiant spirit,
Glory of our land and race !
We, in days of peace and softness,
Turn to thee lest we forget
We are children of the Martyrs,
Brave and holy Margaret.

Was it for thy simple virtues,
For thy pure and blameless life,—
Prudent Mother, kindly Mistress,
Loving Friend and Faithful Wife,—
That thy Lord in mercy crowned thee
With Faith's blessèd coronet,
And that Faith, by thine allegiance,
Crowned thee martyr, Margaret ?

Ah ! we have not waited for it ;
That dear Faith was ours at birth ;
Teach us, then, like thee, to prize it
As the dearest thing on earth.

If like thee we may not seal it
With our blood, oh ! may we yet
To our Faith live ever loyal,
Faithful Martyr Margaret.

By thy brave and secret service
To the hunted priests of God,
By the masses heard so often
At the peril of thy blood,
Win us grace a higher value
On Christ's sacrifice to set,
Whose Divinely-fruitful virtue
Made thee martyr, Margaret.

Barefoot thro' the silent city
Thou wouldst make thy way at night
To the tree where hung the Martyrs
Who had won the bloody fight ;
Kneeling on the grassy hillock
With the victors' life-blood wet,
Thou didst win a martyr's graces,
Brave and faithful Margaret.

When the King of Martyrs called thee
In thy turn to die for Him,
For thy very joy they found thee
Singing in thy prison dim.

To Venerable Margaret Clitberoe 85

Teach our earth-bound hearts the lesson
We so easily forget,—
That we have no lasting city
Till we join thee, Margaret.

By thine own heroic silence
When they urged on thee to plead,
Lest the word that saved thee torture
Were to others sinful deed,
Let no word or act of ours
Wrong in other souls beget,
From the lightest sin of scandal
Shield us, saintly Margaret.

By thy soul's terrific anguish
On that last most lonely night,
By the patient pray'r which brought thee
From the darkness to the light,
By that likeness to thy Master
In His prayer and bloody sweat,
Pray for us that in our sorrows
We may pray too, Margaret.

Lying with thine arms extended
Like thy Master crucified,
Dying for the love of Jesus
On the day when Jesus died ;

If the stones pressed heavy on thee,
Other weight pressed stronger yet,
Love of Margaret for Jesus,
Jesus' love for Margaret.

As thy mangled body lieth
Crushed beneath that oaken door,
Through that door thy soul is passing
To the bright and distant shore.
In Christ's diadem of glory
As a jewel thou art set,
Pearl of England, pearl of Jesus,
Blissful Martyr Margaret !

TO THE VENERABLE WILLIAM CARTER,
PRINTER, MARTYRED 1583.

SOLDIER of Christ ! thy simple tale
Our English hearts hath won ;
O by thy fight so bravely fought,
Thy task so nobly done,
Stretch out thy hand to weakly souls
Whose race is not yet run !

No boast of noble name was thine,
No pomp of power or place ;
But thou wert rich in God's best gifts,
And strong in God's dear grace,
And God's own glory now lights up
Thy grave, sweet, English face.

O little home on Tower Hill,
How great thou seem'st to me !
Silently, bravely, sending forth
God's truth from sea to sea,
And multiplying, for His sake,
The words that set men free.

Dear Martyr ! do thine office still,
Keep still thy craft of old ;
Print deep upon our wayward hearts
In characters of gold
The Name of Christ the Crucified,
Whose love made thee so bold.

As thou didst choose, in youth and health,
To share God's people's pain,
To serve His priest in dungeon foul,
And count thy losses gain,
O make us brave to choose the Cross,
And deem earth's pleasures vain.

No priest wert thou, and yet thy voice
To many hearts did preach ;
No Doctor's chair was thine, and yet
All England heard thee teach.
O may we, too, save many souls
By life, and prayer, and speech.

In vain the rack would seek to wring
Thy secret from thy breast,
Thy lips would only murmur low
One Name for ever blest :—
O pray for us, that Jesus be
Our Strength, our Joy, our Rest.

We see thee standing at the bar
In simple dignity ;
We hear thee welcoming the words
In which they bade thee die,
Appealing to that Judgment Day
Which cometh by-and-bye.

We see thee wait the sentence grim
In childlike peace and trust,
Shriving thy soul in that dread hour
From soil or earthly dust,
Turning from man's tribunal false
To God, the Kind and Just.

Hidden Apostle ! winning back
The weak and wandering sheep,
Sower of blessèd Seed, which now
Thou gloriously dost reap,
Dost thou not still upon thy throne
Thy love for England keep ?

Martyr of Christ ! we may not need
To combat unto blood,
Yet, far behind thee, we must tread
The path which thou hast trod ;
O may our lives like thine be lived,
Our deaths be died, for God !

TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

MARTYRS of England ! rack and fetters
Could not drive you from English soil,
Can we forget that we are debtors
For Faith's dear light to your loving toil ?

CHORUS.

Martyrs of England ! still be near us,
Let not your torments and blood be vain ;
Martyrs of England ! hear, oh, hear us,
Win our country to Rome again.

Martyrs of England, calm and smiling,
Drawn in shame thro' the crowded town,
Proud and glad under men's reviling
Because of the King Who was looking down.

Martyrs of England ! nought could sever
Christ's dear Name from your lips or heart,
Fire, and rope, and knife could never
The Soldiers of Christ from their Captain part.

Martyrs of England ! stay beside us,
Make us steadfast in hope and faith ;
Martyrs of England ! let nought divide us
From love of Jesus in life or death.

TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

CHORUS.

O PRAY for us, Martyrs of England,
The Faith of our country is cold ;
She still wanders far from the Shepherd,
O bring her again to the Fold.

We turn from your wonderful glory
To think of the prison and chains,
The bar with its cruel injustice,
The rack with its pitiless pains.

We think of the hurdle and gallows,
The fire, the block and the knife,
And we blush that we still are such cowards
In our own far less terrible strife.

For we are your children, oh Martyrs,
Our England has treated you thus ;
Ah! make us more brave and more patient
When God lays His Hand upon us.

Oh! get us the Faith that is loyal
To Jesus, no matter the pain,
The Hope that makes suffering easy,
The Love that will count it all gain.

And lead us at last, Blessèd Martyrs,
To Him when our battle is won,
When combat and wounds are forgotten
As to us too He whispers " Well done! "

TO THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

DEAR Martyr Host, a thousand ties
Our hearts to you have bound,
We glory in your English blood
That soaks our English ground.

CHORUS.

By all your pains, by all your toils,
By all your gallant strife,
Get England grace to find once more
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

O Holy Priests, that crossed the seas
To live in pain and toil,
We thank you for the blessèd Faith
You saved to English soil.

We thank the zeal, we thank the love
That braved the rope and knife
To give the gifts of God to men
At peril of your life.

O Blessèd lips, that Faith would part,
And Charity would close,
Whose dying words were pray'r to God
And pardon to your foes!

O Venerable hands, all torn
By rack and cruel chain,
Raised in the throes of death to give
God's peace to souls again!

O Wayworn feet, how beautiful
Your prints upon the sod,
That brought to men the words of peace
Thro' combat unto blood!

O Loyal hearts! the ruthless steel
Might tear you from the breast,
But from the strong, sweet love of Christ
No earthly power could wrest.

O English faces, calm and sweet,
On city gateway set,
From God's bright City in the skies
Smile on your children yet!

Oh! make us brave as you were brave,
And true, as you were true,
To Christ and to His Vicar here,
To Mary and to you!

MARTYRS OF ENGLAND!

FIRST CHORUS.

MARTYRS of England! standing on high,
Warrior-band of the Great White Throne;
Martyrs of England! hark to our cry,
Pray for the country you called your own.

Not as strangers of far-off land,
Not as heroes of long ago,—
Our English speech ye can understand,
Our cities, and hills, and fields ye know.
Nighest to us of the white-robed host,
Bound to us as our kith and kin,
Get us the love that counts no cost,
That knows no fear but the fear of sin.

CHORUS.

Martyrs of England! keep us true,
True to Jesus, whate'er the pain;
Martyrs of England! we look to you,
Win our Country to Christ again.

Many, alas! your blood forget,
Many your combat do not know;
We, your children, will pay the debt
Our thankless country to you doth owe.

Few are the shrines o'er your scattered dust,
Grateful hearts are your living fane,
Your incense our love, and pray'r and trust,
Till England honour her Saints again.

Times are peaceful, but times are ill ;
Need have we both of sword and shield ;
Faith is weakly and love is chill,
And many are they that flinch and yield.
Martyrs brave! may your story ring
Thro' the camp till the strife is o'er,
Lift up for us to Christ our King
The hands that for Him the fetters wore.

Faith was dying : to save its spark
Welcome were hunger, cold and thirst,
Welcome the dungeon foul and dark,
And the rack was free to do its worst.
What were chains but a burthen light ?
What was the loss of life or limb ?
Your Captain had fought a harder fight,
Torments were sweet that led to Him.

Calm and glad on the hurdle's shame,
Smiling still from the hangman's cart,
Your white lips gasping your Leader's Name
When a hand was laid on your quivering heart.

Martyrs of England! dare we shrink
As we lift our eyes to Tyburn's tree?
Dare we ever refuse to drink
The chalice of Jesus, whate'er it be?
Past for you are the rope and knife,
Yours are the joys that ne'er shall cease;
Death hath merged into endless life,
Combat brief into endless peace.
Teach, oh! teach us what faith is worth,
Take the veil from our blinded eyes,
Tell us we were not made for earth,
That the real and true are beyond the Skies.
Jesus, Master! how long, how long,
Shall the nations' rage Thy glory foil?
Blood of Thy martyrs—a mighty throng—
Cries to Thee from our hallowed soil.
Lord of glory, Holy and True,
Honour those that have honoured Thee,
Bid Thy people the whole earth through
Hail them as Saints on bended knee.

LAST CHORUS.

King of the Martyrs! these are they
Whose blood for Thee in our land was given,
King of the Martyrs! their children pray,
Crown them on earth as Thou hast in Heaven.

“**IBANT GAUDENTES.**”

THEY stood before man's tribunal,
They left it in public shame,
With the sentence of death upon them,
And the brand of a felon's name :—
They heard unmoved, for to Him they loved
Men had said well-nigh the same.

Through the streets of the city
They are drawn to Tyburn's tree,
And many that saw reviled them,
And many came out to see :—
They spake no word, for He they adored
Went up first to Calvary.

They have torn them down from the gallows,
While their hearts still palpitate ;
They have hacked their limbs asunder
And set them on city gate :—
No whit they swerved, for He whom they served
Had suffered a harder fate.

H

They are dead,—and no man grieveth,
 Their names are well-nigh forgot,
 Their dust the winds have scattered,
 And none hath noted the spot ;
 They have withered away like the grass of to-day
 And their place man knoweth not.

* * * * *

They stood before God's tribunal,
 But theirs is no cause for dread,
 For the Judge He had died to save them,
 And they for the Judge had bled,
 And " Come, ye blest, to eternal rest "
 Was all the word that He said.

Through the streets of the City
 They passed in their robes of white,
 And the King rose up to meet them,
 And the Queen who stood on His right,
 And the citizens greet in a chorus sweet
 Those heroes of hard-won fight.

Where is the lying witness ?
 Where is the dungeon dim ?
 What of the shameful hurdle ?
 What of the gallows grim ?
 They have passed away like yesterday
 In the smile and the thanks of Him.

They are living ! All Heaven is brighter
 For the light where our Martyrs ſit,
 God’s Name is writ on their foreheads,
 And theirs in His Hands are writ ;
 And well they truſt He will gather their duſt
 In the day when He deemeth fit.

O England ! thou that killeſt
 The meſſengers ſent to thee,
 My fair and deſolate country,
 How long ſhall thy darkneſs be ?
 When ſhall the blood that dyes thy ſod
 Bring the life and the light to thee ?

O Martyr Brothers and Sisters,
 Hearts ſo tender and true,
 Palm-branch and crown and triumph
 Shall never, I think, undo
 The love that you bore in the days of yore
 To the land where the palm-branch grew.

Look down ſometimes on your England,—
 In the ſhadow of death ſhe lies,—
 Ah ! ſpeak ſometimes of your England
 In the City beyond the ſkies,
 That for your ſweet ſake her clouds may break,
 And the Morning Star ariſe.

SUSCIPANT ME MARTYRES!

MARTYR Host, so dear to me,
Whensoe'er my call shall be
To my long Eternity,

Come to me in bright array ;
In my sore need on that day
“ *Animam suscipite.*”

You have been the stay and guide
Of my bark upon the tide ;—
Meet me on the other side.

Blessèd Martyrs of my Land,
I shall smile to see you stand
Waiting for me on the strand.

I shall know you every one
Thro' whose help my race was run,
Thro' whose prayer my fight was won.

You have been my helm and shield :—
When my soul to Christ I yield,
Come and bear me from the field.

Out of all the white-robed host
Well you know I loved you most ;—
Do not let your child be lost.

But whene'er my King shall say
To my soul His "Come away!"
"*Animam suscipite.*"

HYMN FOR THE CHURCH.

(Written to Music.)

O LORD of Hosts, be mindful of our pleading,
O let our prayer find favour in Thy sight,
Hark to Thy Church in glory interceding,
Pity Thy Church that groaneth in the fight.
O God of Truth, no battle-line can shake her,
Trusting in Thee she shall not lose her hope,
Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt not forsake her?
Hear, then, our prayer for the Church and the
Pope.

O Master dear! we sink and Thou art sleeping;
Dark is the night, the waves our vessel fill;
Wake, wake, oh! Lord, Thy children here are
weeping,
Speak to the winds and waters—"Peace! be
still."

Let not men say Thy promises are failing,
Let them not boast Thy Church hath lost her
hope,
Let them not deem the gates of Hell prevailing,
Hear Thou our prayer for the Church and the
Pope.

Shepherd of souls! the wolves are all around us;
Whisper again, "O fear not, little flock";
Jesus, our King! the enemy surround us,
Tell us Thy Fortress stands upon a rock;
Show us Thine Angel camping round about us,
Strengthen our hearts in Faith, and Love, and
Hope;—
If Thou art with us, legions shall not rout us,
Nought shall prevail o'er Thy Church and Thy
Pope.

One mighty voice from all the Church ascendeth,
"Pray for us sinners, holy Mary, now!"—
Lift up your eyes, for God His succour lendeth,
Mary hath placed her hand upon the prow.
Star of the Sea! the Church of Christ is calling,
Thou art her Life, her Sweetness and her Hope,
Pray for the souls that waver or are falling,
Pray for the Church and our father, the Pope.

“FILI, PROEBE MIHI COR TUUM.”

(Written to Music.)

VOX CHRISTI.

LONG at thy heart have I been knocking,
Still at the door I stand and wait,
Still with thy soul My Voice is pleading,
O when wilt thou open Me thy gate?
For thy sake I lay in the manger,
For thy sake I died on the tree,
For thy sake I dwelt here as a Stranger ;—
O My child, give thy heart to Me.

All that I have to thee I gave it,
All that I am I made it thine ;
Tell me what more there yet remaineth
Which the Lord hath not done for His Vine.
In thy thirst My Blood is thy fountain,
And My Flesh is made food for thee :—
I, too, am thirsting on the Mountain,
O My child, give thy heart to Me.

Far have I wandered seeking for thee,
Pierced are My Feet by thorn and stone;
Oft hath thy Shepherd sorrowed o'er thee,
Thro' the night, on the mount, alone.
Come, oh! come, My love grows not colder,
Wide My Arms open out to thee,
Home will I bear thee on My Shoulder ;—
O My child, come and trust to Me.

VOX DISCIPULI.

Ask me no more, O patient Master,
Ask me no more,—I yield to Thee :—
All that I have I cast before Thee,
Give Thy grace and Thy Love to me.
Take my heart, O Jesus, for ever,
By Thy love Thou hast conquered me ;
Nought from that love my heart shall sever—
King and Spouse! I give myself to Thee.

WE TWO.

I CANNOT do it alone,
The waves run fast and high,
And the fogs close chill around,
And the light goes out in the sky ;
But I know that We Two shall win in the end,
Jesus and I.

I could not row it myself,
My bark on the raging sea,
What of that? Another sits in my boat,
And pulls, or steers, with me,
And I know that We Two shall come safe into Port,
His child and He.

Coward, wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky ;
One day eager and brave,
The next—not caring to try ;—
But *He* never gives in, and We Two shall win,
Jesus and I.

Strong, and tender, and true,
Crucified once for me,
I know He will never change,
Whate'er I may do or be ;
We shall finish the course and get Home at last,
His child and He.

"JUBE ME VENIRE AD TE SUPER AQUAS."

THE skies are dark and low,
And the waves run fast and free;—
But what to me are the clouds?
What are the waves to me?
Out on the offing there
A Form in light I see.

"Call me, Master and Love,
Call me, if Thou it be ;
How can I stay in the boat
When Thy beauteous form I see?
Call me, and bid me come
Over the waves to Thee!"

And a whisper floats all day
Over the boisterous sea :—
"Come!" it sings to my heart,
"Come! I am waiting for thee ;
Stay not for wind, stay not for wave,
But come, come out to Me."

“*Veni me venire ad te super aquas*” 109

“ Stand, my beautiful Lord,
So that Thy Face I see,
That its smile and Thine outstretched Arms
My beacon-light may be ;
And what to me shall be foaming wave
But foothold to come to Thee?

“ All thro’ the opening year,
Call, keep calling to me,
And clamp the trust in my heart
That shall steady my steps to Thee,
Then catch me up in Thine Arms at last
And bear me where I would be! ”

Not on the green soft grass
Let my daily footsteps be,
But let me go to my Christ
As my Christ came once to me.
What of the winds? what of the waves?
We shall meet by them, I and He!

“VITA VESTRA ABSCONDITA CUM
CHRISTO IN DEO.”

“A HIDDEN Life!

How should we in the bustle and the strife,
How should we lead our days in solitude,
Where doors stand open so that all intrude,
And many duties press, and cares are rife?

It may not be!—

Not in these times, and not for such as we.
Where should we build our House of Nazareth
Wherein to lead this life and die this death?
There is no quiet here;—look round and see!”

“Nay! ye mistake:—

Within your very heart a chamber make,
Whereof but Christ and you shall have the key;
Where He with you and you with Him may be,
And, sleeping, sleep with Him, and waking, wake.

Take to Him there

All words and deeds your heart finds hard to bear;

Keep each for Him alone as Love's surprise,
Hide them as secrets from all other eyes,
Hide them away for Him with jealous care.

So, until death,
Verily shall you dwell in Nazareth,
Its threshold by no other footsteps trod
Save His that is your Love, that is your God,
Who only knowing only comforteth."

A MEDITATION FROM SHAKSPERE.

I LATELY chanced in Shakspeare on a line
Which I had read full many a time of old,
But, on that day, it somehow seemed to hold
A meaning new, significance Divine :—
The word was this,—uttered, as well you wot,
By Gratiano,—“ *Love me, and leave me not.*”

Then thought I that I might for twilight hour
Some holy dialogue from out the same
’Twixt Christ and our poor souls devoutly frame ;
And this did I according to my power ;
If haply love be cold, it may wax hot
Musing upon this, “ *Love me, and leave me not.*”

First Christ unto my heart making His moan
Shall say the word in piteous, pleading wise,
Looking on me with kind and tear-filled eyes :—
“ I, the great Lover of men, am much alone,—
Of the huge crowd outside well-nigh forgot,
But thou, my Bride, *love Me, and leave Me not.*”

“Thy daily toil may bear thy feet afar,
Yet may thy frequent thought fly to Me yet,
And on the Pyx thy heart's fixed gaze be set
As is the pilot's on the Polar-Star ;
And so, whate'er thy duties or thy lot,
From morn till eve *love Me, and leave me not.*”

Next, I to Him will say that word aright :—

“My Lord and Love, no beauty is in me
That Thou shouldst love me,—yet beseech I thee
To love me ugly, lest I perish quite.
Thou wilt not shrink from wound or leprous spot,
My God and Healer! *Love me, and leave me not.*

“Thou seest me very weak ;—then let me cling
Unto Thee strong, as to my prop and stay!
Nor weary of me, Lord, nor go away,—
My heart can fasten to no other thing ;
No joy, no peace, in any love is got
Save Thine alone.—*Love me, and leave me not!*

“I cannot build for Thee a palace fine,
But in my heart I fain would have Thee Guest,
And bid Thee sup with me and take Thy rest ;
The house, Thou know'st, at least is only Thine,
Thy very own, albeit so poor a cot ;—
Come in, sweet Jesus! *Love me, and leave me not.*”

Thus Fancy wove from Gratiano's word
 This half-hour's dialogue for twilight dim
 Of Christ unto our hearts and hearts to Him.—
And Shakspeare's spirit, if so chance he heard,
Shall sure rejoice that Faith some food hath got
From word profane,—“*Love me, and leave me not!*”

“OPEN TO ME!”

THRO' the streets of a little Eastern town,
 When the hills around were white with snow,
 A pair of pilgrims went up and down
 Hundreds and hundreds of years ago.
 No one noted them much, 'tis true,
 They were all so busy just then, you see,
 But the little Angels above the blue
 Peeped out—and marvelled that this should be.

They knocked at each gate, they knocked at each
 door,—

They had travelled far, and the night was cold:—
 But their look was hidden, their garments poor,
 And the world is hard on the weak and old.
 'Tis true she carried the King of kings,
 But the world knew nothing of that, you know,
 And the world was busy with other things
 Already, those hundreds of years ago.

They had been to the inn. It was all astir,
 For crowds had flocked in the livelong day;
 There was no room for him and her,
 Their betters had come, who were able to pay.—

Their betters?—The dear little Angels wept
When they heard the word and saw them go,
But the careless world lay down and slept
Hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

Thro' the gates of the little Eastern town
They passed away with never a word,
Never a murmur, never a frown,
From that gentle two and the hidden Third.
And the good little Angels flew down then,
And played kind tunes to them, sweet and low ;—
But the King had come for the children of men,
And Angels could not quite make up, you know.

Well ! you know the rest of the old sweet story,
Of the poor little Christ in manger laid,
Of the hills ablaze with the midnight glory,
And the simple shepherds so sore afraid ;
Yes ! we learnt it all at our mother's knee
Almost before we could speak, you know :—
We believe it all—but it happened, you see,
Such hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

Oh ! children dear, let the world speak thus,
The world—that is busied with other things ;
But, children dear, is it nothing to *us* ?
Or is He a Stranger, this King of kings ?

Still is He knocking up and down,
Still is He wandering to and fro,
As He wandered and knocked in that little town
Hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

“Open to Me, my Sister, my Spouse!”

Still is He calling sweet and low
All day long in this very house
No less than those hundreds of years ago.
Have we never failed to hear His Voice?
Or heard, alas! and made Him wait?
Or stifled the sound with other noise,
And so He has turned away from the gate?

Ah! listen well through the coming year;
He knocketh early, He knocketh late;
Let Him always feel He is welcome here,
That each one is glad to fling wide her gate.
The Angels will come if you shut the door,
And weep, as they wept long years ago,
But He came not for them, as I said before,
And they never can quite make up, you know.

“Open to Me!”—You cannot ask
A better motto for “ninety-eight,”
Nor a stronger thought in each dreary task
Than the knock of your Lord at your heart’s poor
gate.

And no better wish can I wish to you
Now as the year doth just begin
Than that all you shall think, or say, or do,
May let Him a little further in.

“Open to Me !”—No better prayer
Can leave your hearts in ejaculation
To knock at His Heart Who is waiting there
In every monotonous occupation.
And Angels can wish you no better thing
Than to dwell, as the New Year's moments flow,
Deeper yet in the Heart of the King
Who came to us hundreds of years ago.

A PARABLE.

(Suggested by a quaint device, in which a lily was represented with its stem passed through the Sacred Heart pierced, and blossoming above it.)

ONLY a wild, wild stock, with never a juicy shoot!
"Idle and vain," I said, "to ask it for blossom or fruit.

Better to disencumber the soil and tear it up by the root."

Only a little graft that clove to my stock so wild :—
But the jubilant sap ran up and down, and the branches filled ;
And above and beyond the grafted slip a cluster of lilies smiled.

Think you I praised the stock for the milky flowers it bare?
Fool if I had! I had learned to look but for barrenness *there* ;
But I thanked the gardener's hand for the graft that had made my wild stock fair.

* * * * *

Only thine own weak soul, void of power for good?—
Say it as much as thou wilt, it is only meet thou
should,

But do not for that give the garden up, nor its
stock so wild and rude.

Graft to thy stock the Heart that hath bled for it
years ago.—

There are thorns, thou sayest, around?—Ay! it
must needs be so,

But pass the stem through the Crown and the
Wound, and the lilies are sure to blow.

Thou wilt not glory, I think, in thy lilies so white
and fair,

But thank for all the graft of Christ and the
Gardener's care,

And when to His Garden He cometh at morn or
at eve, ah! welcome Him there!

“ITA!”

(Written as Epilogue to a Christmas-story entitled thus, and published in the “Messenger of the Sacred Heart.”)

I HAVE told you, Students dear, this brief story you
did hear
That we all might find in it counsel sweet and
motto fit
For the opening of the year.

Sternier far our obligation by our very consecration
That we each and all be Saints:—yet at times the
Spirit faints
For the height of our vocation.

And it therefore seemed to me it were good
perchance that we
Some short word should choose to-night which at
once a Beacon-light
And a Stimulus may be.

Some short word or phrase to hold other precepts
manifold

In its compass, and thereby all our duties simplify,
Turning common things to gold.

You remember on a day Jesus to His own did say
That His followers should not choose many words
or fine to use,
Let their speech be "Yea" and "Nay."

Well! my Students, just these two words of His I
bring to you.

Either you may safely take, either word is strong
to make
Saints,—if nobly carried through.

If it please you, take the "Nay" as the motto for
your way:—
"No" to all that flesh and blood claims against the
higher good
Every moment of the day.

Oh! a word that's often hard in its steady
disregard
For the cries of flesh and blood:—but a valiant
word and good,
And that winneth its reward.

And I promise, Children dear, that if there be any
here

Who shall find the strength to say “No” each
moment of the day

Till the closing of the year,

Ere the sands of time have run nineteen hundred
years and one,

Their eternal aureole shall be drawn complete and
whole,

And their name of Saints be won.

Yet to me it seemeth still somewhat cold to ring
and chill,

Somewhat chill although so brave,—and that
sweeter, while as grave,

“Yes” shall prove to those who will.

For the “No” must needs be said to oneself, but
this instead

To Another we repeat;—One whose listening
maketh sweet

Inclination combated.

And it seems to me, you know, that my “Ita”
adds the glow

Of Christ’s Love with all its sweetness, yet contains
in its completeness

All the sterner strength of “No.”

“Ita,” Yes;—shall we then borrow this one word
for joy or sorrow?

“Ita, Ita,”—“Yes” to all, whensoe'er His voice
shall call

Through the year that dawns to-morrow.

And I know His smile will bless, as an answer,
every “Yes,”

Howso poor the things and lowly,—and that word
shall make us holy

With fresh graces numberless.

Ere the sands of time have run nineteen hundred
years and one,

Our eternal aureole shall be drawn complete and
whole,

And our name of Saints be won.

AFTER RETREAT.

FOR eight short days our little skiff lay
 Anchored at rest in a sheltered bay,
 Now we must launch again on the deep,
 Where waves run high and the wild winds sweep,
 Casting our nets through the long dark night,
 With often never a fish in sight.—
 What good song may we chaunt together,
 To brace our wills and to cheat the weather,—
 A melody sweet at once and strong,
 That shall keep the hearts of the Singers young
 As they push their difficult way along ?

* * * * *

Lift up your eyes ! Look to the Shore
 Where One stands waiting for you !
 When each morn shall break,
 And your heart awake,
 Look to Him, call to Him from the Lake,
 Offer Him all you do.
 Live in the Present, leave Him the Past,
 Touch it alone with sorrow ;
 Live in the Present where nets are cast,
 Leave to His Love the Morrow.

Stretch out your hands ! Open your heart
To those who go fishing with you.
And, for His dear sake,
On the darksome Lake,
Let your kindly speech and your bright smile make
Sunbeams the whole night through.
Live in the Present, leave Him the Past,
Touch it not, save with sorrow ;
Live in the Present where nets are cast,
Leave to His Love the Morrow.

“HINDER NOT MUSIC.”

“HINDER not Music !”—All your life
Is the Concert of Christ your King ;
And some must sing, and others must play,
And some put the music-stands out alway.
What matter ? if only His listening Ear
Is filled with the music He loves to hear,
Seek we no other thing.

And be you Violin, Cymbal or Flute,
In this Orchestra of your Lord,
Or only the Drum, neither tuneful nor sweet
Yet filling all gaps with its generous beat,
Told to sing low, or told to sing high,
What matter ? so long as up to the sky
Rings a full and perfect chord.

“Hinder not Music !”—Keep together,
With your eyes on the self-same score ;
Never seeking to lead the Band,
Following still the Conductor's hand ;
Sing in harmony, sing in measure,
Sing but for this—to fill with pleasure
The Heart you love and adore.

A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

SAY, dost thou seek for peace, poor soul? Then
come,—

There is a spot

Far from the world's turmoil,—they know it not
Who in the ceaseless whirl of business roam;
But *thou* shalt make this Bethlehem thy home.

Here fix thy dwelling; and, as onward glide

These blessèd days,

Here stay with Jesus;—try to catch His ways;
All that thou doest do it by His side,
Alike in work and play with Him abide.

Beside His Manger thou shalt kneel to pray;—

Or dost thou toil?—

Believe me, in the sunshine of His smile
Labour itself is light; or wouldst thou play?
In Jesus' presence thou mayst well be gay.

And when the sun is sinking to the West,

Ah! do not go;

But rather sleep with Jesus in the snow:
Sweeter by Mary's side shall be thy rest,
And dreams are happy dreamed on Jesus' Breast.

SEMPER VOBISCUM.

WE tread the busy haunts of men,
We toil from morn till even
Where souls have little thought of God
And little care for Heaven :—
But 'mid the weary strife with sin
One thought is ever present,
One blessèd spot, we leave it not,
One chamber in Mount Pleasant.
The Friend Whom there we leave behind
Alone can linger never,
For far away though feet may stray,
Our hearts are with Him ever.

Our ears are filled with many cries,
Claims on our help and pity,
The countless sounds that ceaseless rise
From this great, crowded city :—
Yet through it all a Voice doth fall,
Like sound of many waters,
Of Him who looks on us as more
Than Sisters or than Daughters.

K

Earth's din and noise that sweetest Voice
Can drown or stifle never,
For voices come and voices go,
But His rings out for ever.

We here may meet but scant reward
For daily toil and labour ;
What recks it,—so we win the smile
Of Him, our nearest Neighbour ?
What recks to us the blame of men ?
Their praise, how should it please us
Who only work to fill with joy
The blessèd Heart of Jesus ?
And what to us the storms that blow
Athwart life's rushing river ?
The winds but drive us into port
To be with Him for ever.

From morn to eve that mighty Mind
On all your plans is waiting,
From morn to eve that mighty Heart
For you is palpitating :—
Oh ! with Him then from morn till eve,
By holy aspiration,
Alone, or in the throng of men,
Hold ceaseless conversation.

Where'er you go, nor weal nor woe,
Nor life nor death, should sever
From Him Who makes it His delight
To dwell with you for ever.

II.
Wishes for the Seasons

WISHES FOR CHRISTMAS AND
NEW YEAR

I.

MAY the Star that led the Three
Light the year for thine and thee,
Guiding thee and guiding them
To that Cave of Bethlehem
Where all bitter turns to sweet
At the Lord of Glory's Feet.

II.

SNOW on the ground, perchance,
Frost in the air,
But hearts are warm in Bethlehem,
Always sunshine there !
And hearts there, by wish and prayer,
May find themselves together,
For 'tis calm and sweet
By the Christ-Child's Feet
Whatever be the weather.

III.

MAY the smiles of the little Babe Divine,
 And the light of His Mother's eyes be thine,
 And the Angels of the night
 Carol "Peace" upon the height,
 And the glory of the hill-top on thee shine !

May the little Hand of Christ bless thy Year,
 And the great Heart of Christ hold thee dear,
 And all blest and happy things
 Which the love of Jesus brings
 Be upon thee till another Yule is here !

IV.

THE years flow by
 Beneath the sky,
 And scatter sweets and gifts to please us ;—
 They droop, they die,
 So bring you I
 One Gift, one Sweet,—the new-born Jesus.

Years old, years new,
 Beneath the blue,
 Bring hopes and wishes fair to ease us ;—
 But hope more true
 Bring I to you,
 One Wish, one Hope,—the Baby Jesus.

Wishes for Christmas and New Year 137

V.

I WAS seeking for a new song,
Melodious, full and rare,
Which should be to you my wishes,
Which should be for you my prayer ;—
But I only caught an old song
Whose echoes would not cease,
“ To God on high be Glory !
To men on earth be Peace ! ”

As I listened to that old song
It seemed to me as new,
I could think of nothing sweeter
For a Christmas wish to you.
Throughout your whole life's story
Be it writ on every page
That your watchword was God's glory,
And God's Peace your heritage.

VI.

AN old chime, that was rung
Long, long ago ;—
But hearts that ring it are young
As long, long ago ;

Hearts that wish it are warm,
Spite of the frost and snow,
So take my wish in the good old form
Of long, long ago.

The Baby-Christ is sweet
As long, long ago.—
Parted, we yet may meet
By His Crib, in the frost and snow.
I can wish you no better thing
Than hearts which are all aglow
With the new-old love of the little King
Born long, long ago.

VII.

SOME sweet wish for Christmastide
I was fain to send you,
Some bright word that should abide
Night and day to tend you :—
When I could not find it here,
Happy Angels carolled clear,
“ Peace of Christ befriend you ! ”

Wishes for Christmas and New Year 139

Some good gift for opening Year
I would go a-buying ;
But such ware no mercer here
Could be found a-crying.—
In a Cave my boon I found,
Where a Babe upon the ground,—
God's own gift,—was lying.

VIII.

WHEN December snows lay deep around,
A Flower sprang from the thirsty ground ;
Blossom so sweet,
To give or greet,
In field or woodland I have not found.

Bloom that Flower, where'er thou art,
Safe in the Garden of thy heart !
In the winter's snow
'Twill be summer's glow,
And Balm of Healing to every smart.

And, we pray, let its fragrance hide
All sweet wishes for Christmastide,
Bright things and dear
For the opening year
From those who dwell on the " Mountain "-side.

IX.

SUNSHINE and Morning Star,
And all things bright and sweet !
And Christ's dear Faith your light where'er you are,
And Christ's strong Love your heat !

Incense, and ruddy gold,
But never myrrh for you !
The tenderest love that grateful hearts can hold,
The prayer that proves it true !

X.

THEY call Him the Morning Star,
They call Him the Nation's King ;—
May His Sceptre, where'er you are,
Peace to your borders bring,
And His smile of light
A radiance bright
Over your pathway fling.

XI.

THE world lay wrapt in sleep
Under the wintry skies ;—
A Babe from the snowdrifts deep

Wishes for Christmas and New Year 141

Opened its wondering Eyes.—
What dost Thou bring, sweet little King,
Down from the starry skies ?
A Song rang loud and clear
Over the frosty skies ;
The deaf world did not hear,
Nor lift up wondering eyes.—
What do they sing, dear little King,
Up in the dark blue skies ?
They sang, and they sing it still,
Up in the kindly skies,
He brought, and He brings it still,
In the smile of His Lips and Eyes,
“ Peace to men ” yet once and again,
God's gift from beyond the skies.

XII.

COME out, out into the night,
To where in a Manger
Lies the Baby-Stranger,
'Neath the stars, 'mid the snow-drifts white.
“ *So dark !—very dark and dim !* ”—
Nay ! He is the Light,
Outside is the night,
It is noonday in there with Him.

" So cold !—very cold and chill !"—

Nay ! stoop thee low
To where His Heart doth glow.

Warm thyself there at will.

" So poor !—very poor and mean !"—

Nay ! the small Hands hold
Better things than gold ;

He is King, and His Mother Queen.

" So drear !—very drear and sad !"—

Nay ! that Baby's kiss
Is unforgotten bliss ;

Sweeter thou hast never had.

Go out, out into the night !

Bravely be His guest,
Lift Him to thy breast.

And thy wrong things shall all come right.

XIII.

THE Story is old, old,—

What care you, dear, or I ?

Angels still flush with gold

The indigo Christmas sky ;

Their tidings so sweet, sweet,

Still ring ancient and new,

" To-night, to-night is the Light of light

Born a Brother to you."

Wishes for Christmas and New Year 143

The Wishes are old, old ;—
Ay ! old as my love for you.
Love is better than gold,
And the oldest seems most new.
And its word is sweet, so sweet,
Under the Christmas sky,
“ Be your life all bright with the Light of light ! ”—
“ Amen ! ” sing you, dear, and I.

XIV.

God bless thy Year !
With all things fair, and clean, and sweet,
In winter's cold or summer's heat.
The bursting leaf, the brown and sere,
God bless, my dear !

God bless thy Year !
Thy comings in, thy goings out,
Thy rest, thy travelling about.
The rough, the smooth, the bright, the drear,
God bless, my dear !

God bless thy Year !
Yea ! all the store this year doth hold,
Turning each minute's freight to gold.
Each passing smile, each dropping tear,
God bless, my dear !

XV.

CHRISTUS natus est !

Every wish is there
All things bright and blest,
All things sweet and fair ;
Underneath it read the rest.—
Christus natus est !

XVI.

I HAVE no gift for Baby,
No Santa Claus surprise,
But I sent a prayer for Baby
Straight to the midnight skies,
And I trust it may bring to Baby
The Christ, as her Christmas Prize.

I have no song for Baby,
I am too old to sing,
But I heard the Angels, Baby,
Carolling on the wing
A song that shall bring you Jesus,
And, with Jesus, everything.

EASTERTIDE WISHES.

I

“PEACE!” He said when'er He came ;
 And we sing to thee the same,
 And we ask it in His Name.

Peace which labour cannot foil,
 Peace enduring through the toil,
 Peace which nought of earth can spoil.

Nay ! we even hope that we,
 Bound so many years to thee,
 Part of that same peace may be.

II.

(With an egg, blown and painted.)

“NOTHING in the Egg,” say you,
 “Neither yolk nor white.”
 Do not judge so fast, pray you,
 Lest you judge not right ;
 Hearts' love is in the shell
 For all it feels so light.

L

III.

“*RESURREXIT!*”—may He be
 Ever walking nigh to thee,
 Cheering thee upon thy way,
 Rolling all the stones away,
 Giving Faith and Love's increase,
 And His Easter Gift of Peace.

IV.

ALL light and no shade
 Be thy Eastertide!
 All day and no night with Christ Himself to be thy
 Light
 And travel by thy side!

V.

GOLDEN light from Easter skies
 Brighten all your way!
 Royal smile from Lips and Eyes
 Of your Christ to-day,
 His sweet Eastertide surprise,
 Come to you, I pray.

VI.

MAY the dear Lord Who rose to-day
 Walk with thee, talk with thee on thy way,

And sometimes something of what He shall say
Tell to the flock that owns thy sway,
That our hearts also may "burn in the way."

VII.

To all the rest we wrote in jest
A feeble verse, a foolish rhyme ;
But grave and true our wish to you,
"A bright and happy Easter-time !"

And many a year, oh ! Sister dear,
'Mid grateful hearts may you abide
Whence springs anew—though ne'er more true—
The wish for happy Eastertide.

VIII.

"We have seen the Lord"—not as Mary said,
For we touched Him and took Him away,
"And these things He said," while for you this morn
In our hearts we were fain to pray :—
"I will go before her in all her ways,
I will send her my spirit blest,
For her love there is laid up an endless joy,
For her labours, eternal rest."

IX.

Eggs are common at Eastertide,
And eggs, of course, imply chickens inside,
But can chicken or egg a holy lesson,
Fit for a Paschal greeting, hide?

Deepest thoughts lie in common things.—
Hast thou forgot how the King of kings
Tenderly yearned to gather His children
As the hen her chickens beneath her wings?

What is our wish this Eastertide?
That 'neath His wing and close to His side,
Warm and safe as one is with Jesus,
Ever and aye thou may'st abide.

And this for us :—that we, thy brood,
Wayward, weak, but whose wills are good,
May copy thy ways and walk in thy footsteps,
As loving and sensible chickens should.

VALENTINES.

I.

MANY hands from many hearts
Take to-day sweet valentines,
Perfumed sheets where half the Arts
Meet in verses and designs :—
But when we would write for you
Loving valentine and true,
In our hearts rang but this line :—
“ *We* would be your valentine.”

Valentines are fair, indeed,
Dainty, shapely, costly too ;
But you will at least concede
Are not always deep or true.—
Does our own seem somewhat crude ?
It is made of gratitude,
And dear Love scents every line,
And it *lasts*,—our valentine.

Many hearts to many hands
Send sweet valentines to-day ;
Up and down the merry lands
Busy postmen hie their way.—

When we wished to get one too,
 Warm, sweet, noble, large, bright, true,
 Sang our hearts but this one line,
 " *You shall be our valentine!* "

 II.

(*Written for the students of 1898 to the Sister Superior.*)

VALENTINE'S DAY? Valentine's Day?
 Convents, of course, would smile thereat ;
 Cupids, and hearts, and perfumed sachet,
 We never should venture to offer you that ;
 You would toss it down in disgust, and say,
 "What do *I* care for Saint Valentine's Day?"

But Valentine's Day suits *us* right well,
 And Hearts seem just the appropriate thing,
 For Valentine's Day gives a chance to tell
 Our grateful love—and perhaps *that* shall ring
 A chime in your heart ; and hereafter you'll say
 "So said my girls on Saint Valentine's Day."

Be the custom foolish :—but dates are dear,
 Sign-posts along our College Life,
 Lamps of Memory shining clear
 When far from you in the noisy strife.

Will *you*, too, keep them? and sometimes say,
In our beautiful chapel, "Ah! I must pray
For my 'ninety-eight'—it is Valentine's Day"?

III.

ALL up and down
Our busy town
Sweet valentines are flying,
But well you know
We might not go
Sweet valentines a-buying ;
But these few lines
As valentines
Our hearts and pens invented,
With gratitude
And wishes good
And deep affection scented.

III.
To Various Persons
and
On Various Occasions

IN MEMORIAM,
S. J. PERRY, JESUIT AND ASTRONOMER.

A MIST was over sea and sky,
The ship drew slowly to the shore,
The watchers noted not she bore
A flag that streamed but half-mast high.

They knew not that unwaking sleep
Held fast the man they looked to feast :—
But Christ was watching o'er His Priest,
His grave was not to be the deep.

And priestly hands their brother bore,
The flag of England o'er him spread,
White-vested, smiling, to his bed
Beside that far-off southern shore.

Nay, grieve not.—From that distant port
Where far from home his ashes rest
To God's dear haven of the Blest
The Homeward voyage is as short.

The world lifts up her voice to wail
The man of science lost to fame,
And crowds in letters to his name
The titles telling honour's tale ;

Gives praise, well-meant, by voice and pen,
With pity that he should not see
A longer course of years.—Let be !
God's ways are not the ways of men.

Better in Death's remorseless grip
Than learned letters to his name
Those two alone which bade him claim
With Christ, his Judge, companionship.

'Twas good in life his gaze to fix
On planet's disk or shining star ;—
Those burning kisses better far
Rained, dying, on the Crucifix.

'Twas good our England deemed him fit
For posts of trust ;—better that God
Found him, throughout the path he trod,
Christian, and Priest, and Jesuit.

Better than learnedest research
The faith that put his laurels by,
And, childlike, laid him down to die
Upon the bosom of the Church.

Oh, beautiful ! that he whom all
The nations praised for noble task
Stooped, like a little child, to ask
Pardon for fault or daily fall.

Oh, well for him, thus last when first !
Ay, well for him,—but ill for us,
His friends, and all who knew him thus
At that dear, far-off Stonyhurst.

But well for him the good fight won,
The faith held fast, the finished race ;
• For, uneclipsed, he sees the face
Of one Divine, unsetting Sun.

IN MEMORIAM, W. E. DUBBERLEY, S.J.

(OCTOBER, 1896.)

WERE the Angels slow to come, slow to bear your
spirit Home ?

Were you weary, Father dear, of your noble
mission here,
Of your bloodless martyrdom ?

Rather, Mary bade them wait till we wrote another
date,*

That, because you lov'd her sorrow, it might be
upon that morrow
She would meet you at the Gate.

So the feast of her deep woes all your faithful life
did close :—

One short month its course hath rolled since the
bell its tidings tolled
And our sorrow daily grows.

* Father Dubberley lingered till the Feast of Our Lady of
Dolours, to whom he had a special devotion.

In Memoriam, W. E. Dubberley, S.3. 159

Years so many we had known all your worth, that
we had grown
Too familiar,—did not heed that you filled each
rising need,
Did not heed till—you were gone.

Without noise, or push, or fuss, you had lived
among us thus :—
Four brief weeks their sands have run since they
told us you were gone—
Oh ! the difference to us !

Gone?—nay, never !—Still you dwell with the
souls you lov'd so well,
Still you give your care and pity to the hearts in
this great city
Broken by your passing bell.

To the children of that school which was blessèd
in your rule,
To the Poor, and to the Blind, to the crowds you
leave behind
In our teeming Liverpool.

Never more your word of might, fearless Champion
of the Right,

To the vaulted roof shall ring;—but its memory
shall bring

Strength unto our hearts, and light.

Still speak to us, for us; plead that we too your
life may lead,

Punctual at every post, true to duty at all cost,
Helping others at their need.

Still speak for us, to us! Pray that we too may
pass away

Under Mary's special care, while our lips yet move
in prayer,

And, oh! help us in that day.

TO HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF
LIVERPOOL, CONSECRATED ON THE
FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION, 1894.

"Gaudeamus omnes in Domino, diem festum celebrantes."

O CHRISTIAN hearts must needs be glad this
morning,

However loud the gusty skies may moan,
To think upon the gift of Earth to Heaven,
To lift their eyes to Mary on her throne ;
And up and down our land to-day the Faithful
Are jubilantly sending up their voice,
Their "gaudeamus !" in her bright up-going
At whose Assumption Seraphim rejoice.

We most, my Lord, would deem it happy presage
That her dear Feast-day brings our Bishop thus,
For gifts that come to us so straight from Mary
Must needs be very precious unto us.
And we rejoice that, looking on her Dower,
From that bright seat of hers beyond the skies,
To-day upon our vast and busy city
She turns so specially her loving eyes.

M

Long have we waited, sheep without a shepherd,—
 Long have we prayed that God would mark His
 own :—

The answer which to us is hope and gladness
 Is grief, perchance, my Lord, to you alone.
 Ah! since we cannot choose but be your burden,
 Carry us to the one true Shepherd's Feet,
 And may His Hand, which lays the yoke upon you,
 Make it for ever very light and sweet.

May He be Rest in all the coming labour,
 Your Solace in all hard and bitter things,
 And may you in His Face find Light in darkness,
 And Hope beneath the shadow of His wings.
 May He, who sets the crown upon your forehead,
 And puts the sceptre-cross within your hand,
 Prevent you with the blessings of His sweetness,
 And shed His dews upon your pasture-land.

May she, whose mantle fell on you this morning,
 Be life, and hope, and sweetness, to the death,
 With him whose name is linked with yours for ever,
 The gentle Saint of quiet Nazareth ;
 And all that gallant host of English Martyrs
 That your own Lancashire sent proudly forth
 Camp round about you, with the blessèd Angels
 That guard our busy city in the North.

To the Bishop of Liverpool 163

And may your new-found flock beneath your
crosier

Find pleasant herbage,—good, and pure, and
true,

And follow loyally your kindly leading,

And be some meed of comfort unto you.

Welcome oh! welcome, then, my Lord, among us;

All praise to Her who brings you to us thus,

For gifts that come to us so straight from Mary

Must needs be very precious unto us.

TO THE SAME, ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO
THE TRAINING COLLEGE.

(After Play of "St. Dorothea.")

SLOWLY passed the months away while we waited
for the day

When your Lordship first should stand blessing us
with lifted hand

Ere we pass upon our way.

And we planned and wondered long what glad
music or what song,

What bright thing in prose or rhyme should be as
the welcome chime

By Our Lady's College rung.

Then we turned an ancient page, legend of a
bygone age,

Chanced upon the old, sweet story of the Roman
martyr's glory,

And the roses sent as gage.

And it seemed to us that here was a story that
should stir

Other martyr-memories,—battle won 'neath
English skies,

In your city, Lancaster.

And we deemed those roses too would speak
graceful thought to you
When we learned that on the field of our Bishop's
pastoral shield
Rose historic also blew.

Thus 'twould chance your Lordship's name when
you first among us came
In our Play should find a link (so, at least, we
liked to think)
Binding you to Notre Dame.

In that Garden of the King which your Staff is
sheltering,
Where, alas! in this great town plants are choked
and trodden down,
Trampled out of blossoming,

We could wish one pleasant spot which hath fallen
to your lot
Should grow naught but roses fair—like your rose
of Lancaster,
Roses where the thorns are not.

Half of us who on this night gather in your
Lordship's sight

From this College must go forth, East and West
and South and North,
Ere the year be run out quite.

But our hearts, where'er we are, be it near or be it
far,
Often, often, turn them still to this Home upon
the Hill,
Which shall be their Beacon Star.

And we pray that in that light we may fight our
little fight
Bravely for God's greater glory, mindful of that
martyr-story
Which we played for you to-night.

Bless us, then, my Lord, we pray,—all who kneel to
you to-day—
Bless these halls we hold so dear, bless us most
who pass from here
Out upon our new-trod way ;

Bless our work where'er 'tis cast, bless it all from
first to last,
Keep us still beneath your care, keep our names
within your prayer,
In the Future, as the Past.

WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY SUN-DIAL
GIVEN TO SISTER MARY OF ST. PHILIP
BY THE STUDENTS.

*(On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Training
College, 1881.)*

O LINGER, Sunbeams, as ye trace
With that soft pencil of your rays
The golden moments of her days
Who maketh summer in this place.

For us two summers went and came,
(Ah ! memories of parting tears !)
Two golden threads that 'mid our years
For ever interwove her name.

Let fall no dusky shadow drear,
Dear Sun of Justice, blessèd Christ,
No passing cloud, no evening mist,
Athwart the cycle of her year.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, dear College Chapel, fare thee well !
Where we have knelt for two short, happy years,
And laid our joys, and pains, and hopes, and fears,
Before the altar where Our Lord doth dwell.

Others will answer now thy great bell's call,
Others will take the old familiar places ;
And thro' thy windows now on other faces
The morning or the evening breeze will fall.

Others will watch on summer mornings bright
The sunbeams wander o'er the creamy stone,
And on the little angels round the throne
In stains of crimsoned or empurpled light.

Thy groined roof will catch the self-same strain
Of dear old hymns when other lips shall pray
For sunny skies upon some holiday,
Or honours on this List, or that, to gain.

Never again *our* laughing girls shall break
From half-told tale, or game, or merry talk
Around some mistress in the garden-walk,
Or Recreation-Room,—that they may make

That good-night visit when we prayed our best,
While the red lamp was burning low and dim,
And it seemed easiest to talk to Him,
And hide our little sorrows in His Breast.

Ah ! fare thee well, dear little Home ! but keep
Within thy blessèd walls our heart and name,
And whisper, whisper of us just the same
Unto that beating Heart which doth not sleep.

Tell Him, dear little Lamp, that Faith's bright ray
Flickers and dies unless its flame He feed ;
Tell Him, sweet Flowers, that worldly thorn or
weed

May choke the love that seems so true to-day.

Whisper, dear Angels with the golden wings,
The while you play your harps and flutes of gold,
That all the music which our hearts now hold
Goes false unless His Hand is on the strings.

And thou, dear sorrowing Mother, chiefly thou,
Think how we nightly crowded around thy shrine,
And ask thy Son, in that sweet voice of thine,
To keep us ever pure and true, as now.

Farewell, dear little Chapel ! Years fly fast,
But hearts can stay, tho' feet may wander far :—
We keep thy memory as a guiding-star
To light our way where'er our lot is cast.

TO MY SISTER ON HER SILVER JUBILEE
OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

COULD we but meet again,
 " We Three,"
 Could we but talk again
As we used to talk, long years gone by,
We girls—Milly, Ethel, and I—
 Ah ! me,
 What Jubilee !

Could we but laugh again,
 " We Three,"
 Could we but laugh again
The ringing peal of those childish days
Which the wit of one was so quick to raise,
 Ah ! me,
 What Jubilee !

Ah ! if we met again,
 " We three,"
I think we should weep again,

Tears made up of bitter and sweet ;—
Yet were it joy thus to weep and meet,
Ay ! me,
What Jubilee !

Some day we shall meet again,
“ We Three,”
And we never need part again,
And His Love shall join what it once did part,
Us Three, who had but the self-same heart.
Oh ! me,
Whole Jubilee !

TO D. G. L. ON HER INSTALLATION AS
LADY ABBESS AT BERGHOLT.

I KNOW not if when all the air
By peals of happy bells is stirred,
When songs from each blithe-hearted bird
Are mingling in your garden fair,

Thro' all the noise of voices sweet
That greet a Lady Abbess dear,
A voice may break upon your ear
From out our "long unlovely street."

But this I know ;—that, *if* you hear,
No note shall ring so full and true
'Mong all the notes that welcome you
As that breeze-borne from Lancashire.

And this the wish my song shall say,
The wish that comes to you from me,
That all your faithful life may be
One long sweet Benediction-day.

Then may the Ring which Christ this morn
Upon your finger newly places
Be pledge of more abundant graces
To ease the yoke that must be borne.

And, if the Cross your hand must grasp
At times your humble soul should frighten,
May His dear love the burthen lighten,
And His strong Arm your weakness clasp.

Ah ! when the flock that owns your rule
With lifted hand and holy sign
You bless,—sweet Lady Gertrude mine,
Bless, too, one heart in Liverpool !

TO G. S., ESQ., FROM HIS PUPILS IN
PAINTING.

TAKE a wish and prayer for Christmas,
Kindly Master in the Arts,
Brightest pictures painted for thee
By the gratitude of hearts :—
Thou shalt find, believe, in these
Even sweeter skies and trees
Than where thy Greta joineth Tees.

Little Hand from out the Manger
Make thy Year a picture fair,
Painting all in Love's bright colours,
With no shadows anywhere !
Be His Mother's smile for thee
Light upon thy sky and sea !—
So we pray, thy Pupils three.

TO N. N. ON HER WEDDING.

LIGHT of earth and Heaven shine
On thy Bridal, Cousin mine !
Love and light for thee and thine.

May the sunbeams of to-day,
Brightening all thy new-trod way,
Make thy life eternal May !

All things bright and good betide,
As the years unnoticed glide,
Bridegroom blest and happy Bride !

**FROM THE ANGELS OF THE SANCTUARY,
GREETING !**

(After the gilding of the reredos of the high altar.)

THAT Christ our King hath seldom where
To lay His Head men little care,
But your love and faith have made yet fairer
A dwelling for Him already fair.

And smiles and thanks we bring from Him,
Angels, Archangels, Cherubim,
Principalities, Virtues, Powers,
Thrones, Dominations, and Seraphim.

Clustered round alabaster throne,
Peeping out from creamy stone,
Or cosily niched in frieze or cornice,
'Mid a wealth of carven blossoms blown;

Or where our hands we lift or fold
At every pointed jutty's mould,
Or soundless melodies play for ever
On cymbal, or harp, or flute of gold;

Or near the monstrance crouching low
Where golden-stamened lilies blow,
Golden thuribles golden-chainèd
Swinging motionless, to and fro;

From the Angels of the Sanctuary 177

Or where on blue or scarlet field
We show of golden-bordered shield
The Nails, and Crown, and Cross, and Scourges,
By which the bruises of men were healed ;

We sing or whisper still of you,
And ask the Lord of Hosts anew
The faith that makes many a plan for Jesus,
The love to sweeten, the strength to do.

And when the morning sunbeams fling
A glory on each golden wing,
“ 'Twas she,” we Angels say each to other,
“ That did this honour to Christ our King.”

Perchance your labours made you fret,
Perchance have brought you into debt :—
What matter ?—they have made more lovely
The Tents of One Who cannot forget.

Of this be sure whate'er betide ;
There throng for ever at your side
A thousand Angels, whose tapered pinions
Your love and gold have beautified.

And this with surest hope expect,—
That your own throne above is decked,
For this your gift, with a double glory,
And Christ Himself is the Architect.

N

TO FATHER DIGNAM, S.J., ON THE
SILVER JUBILEE OF HIS PRIESTHOOD.

(SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1892).

OH! if wishes were strong as wishes are true,
And what wish can utter if wish could do,
Then, by the wish we breathe to-day,
All things happy would strew your way,
The "Light that was never or land or sea"
Would gild this day of your Jubilee;
Joy that's to come and joy in the present
Would alike be yours by this wish from Mount
Pleasant.

Five-and-twenty autumns have past
Since your lot with your Lord's was cast;
We, too, claim to keep as a Feast
This date which gave unto Christ a priest;
For the day which bound you to Jesus thus
In you hath given a friend to us:—
And autumns may fade, and years may flee,
But hearts keep fresh,—and you know that we
Must needs be glad in your Jubilee.

Ah ! prayer is mighty when prayer is true,
And what it pleadeth for prayer can do,
And prayers in plenty this twenty-first,
Strong, and tender, and true, have burst
From some sixty hearts that are in your debt
To a Heart that listens and cannot forget,
And all bright things and good that be
Through our prayer shall fall on your Jubilee.

Oh ! Hands that first held the Host to-day,
Be lifted in blessing o'er those who pray ;
Lips that to-day first spoke the Word
Which He obeyed Who is King and Lord,
When this morn ye again speak thus,
Whisper a little to Him for us ;
Ask that the souls you have known may be
In His Love made strong, in His Truth made free;—
He will not say " Nay " on your Jubilee.

TO A MISTRESS FROM HER PUPILS.

(With an offering of prayers.)

“*EVERMORE thanks! the exchequer of the poor ;*”—

So Shakspeare said, and so we also say,
 We, who are fain to bring to you to-day
 Some gift that should bestead you evermore.

We were too poor in silver and in gold
 A gift proportionate to love to buy,
 But we bethought us of a Treasury
 That all our little offerings might hold ;

Hold, safely hold, and give to them increase,
 And grace, and power, that was not theirs at
 first,—

A Bank that maketh best coin out of worst,
 A Bank that cannot break, nor payment cease.

And so, when on your life the blessings pour,
 And you are wondering whence, or why, thus blest,
 Say to yourself :—“ This is the interest
 Of what my Children banked for me of you.”

Evermore prayer! the exchequer of the poor ;—
 So said not Shakspeare quite, but so say we.
 And always, whatso'er our having be,
 We shall put by for you from out our store.

FROM OUR LADY TO THE STUDENTS
OF HER TRAINING COLLEGE WHO
KEEP A LAMP BEFORE HER IMAGE.

CHILDREN dear, whose daily light
In mine honour burneth bright,
Know that all who trust to me
Their hearts' wishes surely see ;
Trust me ever, daughters mine ;
So my Son's sweet light shall shine
On your path from day to day,
Making all your girlhood's way
One bright Candlemas for aye.

Pledge to me of service true,
Let your lamplight be to you
Pledge of Mother's care and love
Watching o'er you from above.
May your love of Christ burn bright
As this little earthly light !
But, if e'er it waxeth dim,
Call to me to come and trim
Your hearts' lamp anew for Him.

February 2nd, 1891.

TO G. B. ON HER BIRTHDAY

(NOVEMBER 21ST, 1891).

LITTLE maid of three years old,
With eyes of blue and hair of gold,
Have you ever heard or read
Of another three-year Maid,
Holy, gentle, pure and fair,
Toddling up each marble stair
In God's Temple long ago,
Just because she loved Him so?
Well! in this my birthday letter
I can wish you nothing better,
Little Gertrude, than her care
All along life's rough, steep stair.
May that Mother, Baby sweet,
Ever guide your little feet,
Till the stairs are safely trod,
And she has given you to God.

TO MY SISTER.

EASTERTIDES come and go!
And a wish and a kiss are blown together
By the breezes that play in the sweet spring
weather,
And by whom they are sent you know.

“The Lord hath risen,” you know;
The Lord Whose love did our young lives sever,
The Lord in Whose love we are one for ever,
As we were long years ago.

Ay! The Son has risen, you know;
And I ask that Its rays may glad your way,
And that chill and shadow may melt away
In that blesseddest light and glow.

And Easter shall come, you know;
And Milly and I be again together
In the Gardens of Christ in the sweet spring
weather,—
And that Easter shall never go.

TO S. M. A. ON THE FEAST OF THE
HOLY ANGELS.

LEAGUES of ocean between us roll,—
Waters cannot divide the soul,
 Over the deep
 Our swift hearts leap
And carry a wish to their wishes' goal.

What is the prayer, old Friend and dear,
Breathed by the hearts that love you here?
 "Hosts of the Lord,
 Be her watch and ward,
Shield her from danger, harm or fear.

"When winds blow hard and the world is cold,
Sheltering pinions around her fold;
 When the way seems long
 Sing her some song
Which you Angels sing in the streets of gold."

So to-day when you lift your face
To the photograph o'er your fire-place,
 Where the Angels' queen
 In clouds is seen,
And the baby-cherubs disport in space,

Think that some of those Angels flew
From far-off England to bear to you
All sweet things
On their little wings,
Memories kind and greetings true.

TO THE PRINCIPAL OF THE CATHOLIC
SCOTCH TRAINING COLLEGE.

(*With a Red Rose.*)

O NOBLY Scotland welcomed you,
And bonny was her heather,
But heather white and red, red rose
Are bonnier twined together ;
So brings our rose from Liverpool
Sweet welcome to your Training-School.

O many years may English rose
Be blent with Scottish heather,
And many years, both here and there,
Bloom lovingly together,
And Dowanside and Liverpool
Be only *one* great Training-School.

TO THE PRINCIPAL OF THE NOTRE DAME
TRAINING COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.

(From the Students.)

SINCE within the little space of this shortened year
of grace
We are often fain to crush many things to which
its rush
Cannot yield a wider place,

You will find no cause of blame if to-day we do the
same,
If our rhymes do but express half our loyal love, or
less,
To her who bears Saint Philip's name.

Love could hardly grow more strong even if the
year were long,
Since you, too, the secret find to crowd so much
that's good and kind
All its happy days among.

We would thank you ; we would say that, though
years must pass away,

All which those dear years have brought in our
heart and in our thought
Fresh and lasting still shall stay.

Fresh and bright as this May scene, with its first
young garb of green,
With the rhododendrons blowing, and the sunlit
river flowing,
And the thrushes' song between.

Ay! the years may come and go;—hearts can
still stay on, you know:—
Let the year be only half!—hearts can keep its
photograph
Pure and sweet as long ago.

And though May must all too soon, for our wish,
pass into June,
We shall still be here unseen, gathered on the
sunny green,
As we are this afternoon.

And our wish shall ring out here just as full, and
true, and clear,
Whisper to you in the breeze, rustle in the budding
trees,
On Saint Philip's Day each year.

TO MY PUPILS, THE STUDENTS OF THE
SHORTENED COLLEGE YEAR OF 1895.

I KNOW not through what coloured glasses
You view the little I have done :—
'Twere well for me if every one
Saw me so blindly, dearest Lassies!

The thanks are rather on *my* part,
That you have been throughout the year
Pupils so docile, grateful, dear,
Pupils that grew into my heart.

And now we needs must say good-bye
To half a year of happy days,
And, at the parting of the ways,
We drift asunder, you and I.

But "hearts can still stay on, you know,"
And I shall still call up your faces,
And see you sitting in your places
As studiously as long ago.

And if, perhaps, in days to be,
Some thoughts should flit across your brain
Of Logic or "King Lear" again,
And thus you chance to think of me;

Then let that thought pass into prayer
That she who parts from you in sorrow
To-day, on God's Eternal Morrow
May meet you all, rejoicing, *there*.

TO M. S. C. ON HER TWENTY-FIRST
BIRTHDAY.

AND so our Mib has come of age!
 And all the crowded home rejoices:—
 Well! lest its greeting drown our voices,
 We send our wish on written page,

 That she may grow from year to year
 In virtue strong, in wisdom sage,
 That Christ may be her heritage,
 And she to Him both true and dear ;

 That, bright and pure as childhood's age,
 She yet may do no childish thing,
 And that each birthday's dawn may bring
 Of better gifts the certain gage.

 God bless you, Maiden dear!—we, too,
 Rejoice that Mib has come of age.
 Be Faith and Love your heritage,
 And Mary's mantle shelter you!

TO S. M. P. ON THE FEAST OF EPIPHANY

STAR hast thou been to us,
God's own star :
What can we be to thee?—
What we are,—
Planets, to follow thee
Near or far.

Gift hast thou been to us,
God's good gift :—
What can we bring to thee?
Hearts that lift
Prayer for thee where no jar
Makes one rift.

Queen hast thou been to us,
Hearts' dear queen :—
What can we do for thee?
Strive, and mean,
To lead royal lives where nought
Small is seen.

Star may He be to thee,
Christ, thy Lord!

Gift may He be to thee
Great Reward!

King may He be to thee,
Loved, adored!

TO THE REV. T. J. W., ON HIS LEAVING
MOUNT PLEASANT.

“Modicum . . . et iterum modicum.”

“A LITTLE while,” He said.—They wept for pain ;
Sad word! “A little while.”—
“A little while,” quoth He to them again,
And, hearing Him, they smile :—
Glad word! “A little while.”

That word shall be our wish this Eastertide,
Our wish and our farewell.—
Only a little while did you abide,
Serving our souls so well.—
Sad word to say, “Farewell!”

Only a little while you blest us thus ;
Glad time, that little while!
“A little while,” and then came back to us,
And all the House shall smile.
Glad word, “A little while!”

TO THE SAME.

OUR hearts were sad at Eastertide,
 Despite the smiles of April sky :—
 A prayer went up from the " Mountain " side,
 (You know, we think, the reason why).
 " A little while ! "—
 We might not smile,
 But only hope and wait the day
 When God should turn your feet this way.

Our hearts are glad this Christmastide,
 In spite of frost, in spite of snow ;
 And thanks go up from the Mountain side,
 (The reason why, we think, you know).
 " A little while ! "
 Ah ! lips may smile
 Because the waiting now is past,
 And prayer has drawn you here at last.

Then, since God gave you to our prayer,
 May He make glad your sojourning ;
 And, since He gave us to your care,
 True hearts and docile may we bring !

And may you smile
No "little while"
That on our Mount you thus abide,
But find new joy each Christmastide.

TO E. K., ON RECEIVING THE SUB-
DIACONATE.

MID all the happy peals that chime
To greet your sacrifice this morn,
'Mid all the loving wishes born
Of ties of blood, or ties of time ;

You will not deem it strange, dear Boy,
To catch an echo from Mount Pleasant,
Blessing your Future as your Present,
With God's own Hope, and Peace, and Joy.

For Memory still sees "Teddy" trot,
White-froked, across our parlour floors :—
Long years have bound to you and yours
Hearts which in Christ forget you not.

And on this day when first your feet
Must cross the sacred boundary-line,
To tread for ever ways Divine,
We, too, your sacrifice would greet ;

Praying that Christ Whom thus you choose
May Sweetness be to you and Strength,
And that your heart through all life's length
Your first young love may never lose ;

That they who give you thus to God
In God may doubly find their son,
That His dear love may keep you one
Till all the path be safely trod.

TO G. S., ESQ.

You ask me for a rhyme:—

Well! here are rhymes to greet your Feast to-morrow;

Take them as chimes

Which from long friendship may some music borrow,

Rung out by hearts that know you at Mount Pleasant,

And wish you joy to come and blissful Present.

They ring one simple word,

A word in prose or rhyme right good and sweet,

“God bless you!”;—be it heard

All down the pathway where you set your feet:—

God bless the years to come! God bless the Present!

So prays, so still shall pray for you Mount Pleasant.

God bless you, kindly friend!

Bound to this house alike by joy and sorrow;

God bless you to the end,

And bless you somewhat specially to-morrow

With Faith, and Hope, and Love,—His Heart's best present,

Sent to you at petition from Mount Pleasant.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

WHAT shall I wish you, dear?
A life all flowing with milk and honey?
And the love that will make your young life sunny
For many a long, sweet year?

Shall I wish that the days may pass
'Neath a blue, blue sky unflecked by cloud,
Where the lark and the thrush shall carol aloud,
And daffodils bloom in the grass?

Ah! if these things indeed be best,
I wish them all from my heart to you,
Yes! all that is sweet, and bright, and true,
Till your sun goes down in the West.

But some things I wish for more :—
The Light that shall guide your feet aright,
The Love that shall be your best delight
Both now, and when the years are o'er.

FOR THE OPENING OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
WASHINGTON.

OTHERS may sing you in gracefuller verse,
Others may praise you in statelier prose,
But heartier wish, be it better or worse,
Across the Atlantic no merry wind blows.
A "God bless you!" a "God speed you!"
Sung by the hearts in far Mount Pleasant,
"Faith light you! and Love lead you!
And Christ be Lord of Future and Present!"

Hundreds of voices are filling your halls,
On hundreds of lips is Trinity's name;—
Louder above them a mighty cry calls
From the College whence one of your Faculty
came.

A "God bless you!" a "God speed you!"
Shouted by hearts in far Mount Pleasant,
"Faith light you! and Love lead you!
And Christ be Lord of Future and Present!"

SENT WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH OF
THE (SUPPOSED) WRITER.

A LITTLE birthday gift, Mother mine, Mother mine,
Is coming in a day or two :—
But, compared unto the giver, gifts are very little
worth,—
(You confess, Mother mine, that is true?)
So my gift is the giver, and the giver is my gift,—
There's a puzzle—well! no matter—'tis true,
And if you can't divine my riddle, Mother mine,
You will know it in a day or two.

My gift I am not bringing, yet you'll see me all the
same,
See me in a day or two,
And, though I send a gift, I have but myself to
give,—
'Tis strange, Mother mine, but 'tis true.
The gift is not Ethel, and yet Ethel is the gift
And both take birthday wishes unto you
I shall be upon the spot, for I'm coming, yet I'm
not,
Coming in a day or two.

TO M. H.

(Acknowledging a gift of Flowers for the Altar.)

MAY He Whose Courts your lavish love
 Makes fair with flowers the whole year through
Beam with the radiance of His smile,—
 His Easter smile,—on yours and you.
And may His Joy and may His Peace
 Around your hearth like flowers abide
And Christ Himself stand at your doors
 To bless you, Friend, this Eastertide.

A FEAST-DAY WISH.

YEARS dawn and die,
Swift days go by
In hours that pain or please us ;
May every year
That passes, dear,
Bring you more close to Jesus.

Some skies are bright
With golden light,
Some skies show cloudy spaces ;
But, bright or dim,
All bring from Him
A host of precious graces.

And so I ask
That every task,
And every pain or pleasure,
May take you, dear,
More close each year,
To Christ, your heart's best Treasure.

TO GRACE F.

WHAT sweet Birthday wish
Shall I send to you?
Days all bright and fair?
Cloudless skies and blue?
Sun and roses everywhere
All your glad life through?

Fain were I to give
All these things to you;
Yet, in spite of pain,
There are joys more true,
Roses which *because* of thorns
Are more bright of hue.

Grace, ah! may each year
Bring you yet more grace;
May each bitter cross
Grave in deeper trace
Love of Christ upon your heart
Till you see His Face.

AN EASTER WISH TO A MOTHER.

So many have flown away, dear Mother,
Your birds, from your warm, soft nest!
But two of them here to-day, dear Mother,
Shall sing you a song for the rest.
Listen and hear! "Oh! many a year,"
(They sing,) "in our nest abide";
And oh! may we too still chirrup to you
For many an Eastertide.

They flew when their wings were grown, sweet
Mother,
Your fledglings of long ago;
And they built sweet nests of their own, dear
Mother,
And it needs must be thus, you know.
But the old, old nest to us two is best,
And there may we safe abide
Till we all fly away to a summer day
And a blessedder Eastertide.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE REV.
FATHER SYKES, S.J., FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

“GONE to a thankless toil,—
Fever, perchance, or death!
From our pure, sweet, English air
To the foul Sirocco's breath!
Mad to command, and mad to obey!”—
So the world saith.

“Go from the many who love
To the few that hate, or despise!
From fields where rich ears are ripe
To a poor and doubtful prize!
Wasted talents and blighted life!”—
So the world cries.

Our ways are not thy ways,
Nor our thought, oh! World, thy thought.
Savage and few the souls?—
It may be so, but bought
With the Blood of the King in Whose troops we
serve,
Nor serve for nought.

A thankless toil?—Ah! World,
What boon can *thy* thanks bring?
We belong to a rank and file
That looks for a better thing,
That counts the pain all joy which is paid
With the smile of the King.

A failure?—Ay! may be;
The King failed too in His day:—
His thoughts are not thy thoughts,
Nor is His way thy way;
The struggle of love is all He asks;—
He will repay.

Sickness? Death?—What are these
But a sign that the War doth cease?
Why should a soldier fret
When the call has come for release?
Why should he fear the trumpet-note
Sounding to Peace?

We are only camping out;
What matter upon what sod?
The roughest of ways is smooth
Which the Feet of the King hath trod.
Our hearts have been caught in the souls that caught
The Heart of our God.

Folly and madness?—Ay!

The madness of Love and Faith.

Read our riddle, oh! World,

“*Love is stronger than death,*”

And the Folly of Christ is the Wisdom of men,

So the Truth saith.

SONG OF OUR LADY'S TRAINING
COLLEGE.

*(Written to the Music, and in imitation of, the Song,
"The Old Camp-ground.")*

WE are tenting to-day on the old Camp-ground
Where many have tented before,
Far from the range of shot and shell,
And beyond the cannon's roar.
Many are the souls that have come and gone,
And have blest the Camp on the Hill,
Many be the souls and many the years
That may come to bless it still!

We know that the time for rest is short,
For the strife is raging hard;
We must fight for the King Who has fought for us,
For we are His Mother's Guard.
But many is the time that our hearts shall turn
To the dear old Camp on the Hill,
And its image shall nerve the wearied arm,
And shall brace the flagging will.

O what of the years since it first was pitched
On the Hill, in the winter's snow?
The Camp is the same, though its tents be more,
As at Candlemas,—long ago.
Still, as of old, is the King's own tent
With its red lamp's flickering light;
Still, as of old, the Regiments press
Round His Feet at the fall of night.

And what of the brave who have passed away
Since that winter of years ago?
They fell, as *they* fall who have tented here,
With their faces towards the foe.
Many is the prayer which our comrades above
In the City where the files are crowned
Shall breathe for the troops that are fighting below,
Or tenting on the old Camp-ground.

We will fight to the death in Our Lady's ranks,
And her medal shall be our shield;
We'll be true to the death to our heart's dear Queen,
We never will flinch or yield;
True to the training of bygone years,
And true to the Home we found
When we first bivouacked 'neath her banner blue
On the Hill, on the old Camp-ground.

NOTRE DAME'S REPLY.

*(Written for the Students of Our Lady's Training
College to the air of the song "India's Reply.")*

APOSTLES we, in training here, where Mersey meets
the sea,
To save the souls, the little souls, to set the captive
free ;
From North and South, from East and West, we
flock unto the hill
Where Notre Dame upon the breeze unfolds her
banner still.
One common call hath bound our hearts, and
hither turned our feet,
The voice of Him Who is our King, that voice
both strong and sweet.
No thought of gain, no thought of fame,—one
battle-cry for all,
“ Be true to death to Christ our King, be worthy
of His call.”

CHORUS.

Comrades, ask the question when strife has come,

“ Shall we not be loyal to the dear old Home ?

True to all its training ? ” “ Yes! until we die,”

That is Notre Dame's reply.

We're resting here a little space, too soon we
scatter all,

And far away our tents must be before the leaves
shall fall ;

But near or far we still shall see the Flag upon the
Hill,

And in our hearts Our Lady's Bells shall ring their
echoes still.

And often, when our skies are dark, the kindly
breeze shall blow

The words we heard, the hymns we sang, in girl-
hood years ago ;

And, when our heart is faint and low, upon our
ear shall fall

The trumpet-note that stirred them first, our
King's most holy call.

The fight is hard, the world is sweet, the pay too
oft is poor,

But not for gain, and not for ease, we entered on
the war ;

Apostles we, to help the Church we consecrate our
life ;
We can't forget the years we spent in training for
the strife.
Our eyes are fixed upon the Hill where Mary's
banner flies,
That tells her Troops it is not here they must
expect the prize.
We look beyond, we look above, we cling, whate'er
befall,
Unto the Home where first we learnt the greatness
of our call.

In youth or age, in life or death, we still will be
the same,
Apostles still, Apostles all, the Troop of Notre
Dame ;
To all who shared our training here knit close by
holy bond,
Still toiling on with knees and hands, and eyes
that look beyond ;
The sword of Truth within our hands upon the
battlefield,
The Faith of God our helmet bright, the Hope in
God our shield ;

And in our hearts the strength of Love, that love
which passeth all,
The Love of Christ that brought us here in answer
to His Call.

JUBILEE SONG.

*(Composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the coming of
the Sisters of Notre Dame to England.)*

BELLS are swinging from South to North
Over the land from Tamar to Clyde,
Hearts and voices are pealing forth
One "Magnificat" far and wide :—
Eyes are lifted from North to South
Over the fields of golden ears,
Song leaps up from the heart to the mouth,
For the toil and the guerdon of Fifty Years.

CHORUS.

Years come, years go,
Skies change with the changing weather,
Some reap, some sow,
Both at Harvest rejoice together.
Yes !—tides ebb, tides flow,
Skies are sunny or skies are grey,
But in bright or in dark
Speeds on our bark
Half a century launched to-day.

Angels wept for the little souls
Perishing fast in Our Lady's Land,
Sinking still in the deep by shoals,
Just for lack of a helping hand.
Angels uttered a jubilant shout
When Mary looked on her Dower below,
And a tiny bark in her name put out
Fifty long Novembers ago.

Who should reck of the Strangers' boat ?
Who should care for its feeble crew ?
Who could deem she would keep afloat
When waves ran high and the storm-winds blew ?
Let them scorn you, brave little craft !
All goes well when Our Lady steers,—
Nets went down in hope for a draught,
Nets have filled for these fifty years.

Lord and Watcher upon the beach !
Guard Thy fishers where'er they be ;
Let no soul whom our lips may teach
Ever fail to be brought to Thee.
Night and day may Thy Name be blest,
Blest alike for the smiles and tears,
Praise to Thee for the toil or rest,
Praise and thanks for these fifty years !

DAY AND NIGHT.

*(This lyric won the "Felicia Hemans Prize" awarded
by University College, Liverpool, in May, 1900.)*

DAY came dancing over the sky,
She smiled the whole of the way,
And Earth felt the smiles creep over her face,
And earth laughed back at the Day.
The daffodils nodded out of the grass,
The blackbirds called from the brake,
And the broad, sweet light passed into my heart
As the eyes of the Day awake :
And my heart said, and my heart sang,
" O Day, thy smiles are blest ;
Ah ! ripple them yet where my feet are set,—
The sunshine of God is best."

Night paced slowly over the blue,
Her dark skirts swept the earth ;
And Earth grew still as she felt her pass,
And hushed her sounds of mirth.

I stood alone with the full-eyed stars,
While blackbirds and daffodils slept,
And the peace of the Night passed into my soul,
And I drooped my head and wept.
And my soul said, and my soul sighed,
"O Night, thy touch is blest,
Be thy gentle shade on my spirit laid,—
The shadows of God are best."

O Day ! O Night ! O Shadow and Light !
Grey Eve and Golden Dawn !
Link your hands o'er the waiting earth,
O'er meadow, and lake, and lawn.
Join your threads in the heart of man,
O change of the changing years ;
O Shadow and Light, O Joy, O Pain,
We need both the smiles and tears.
For the heart laughs, and the heart weeps,
But in both is the true heart blest,—
God's love shines bright in the Day and the Night,
And I know not which is the best.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC ON THE WORD
"SCHOOLMASTER."

SCHOLAR, of course, we Englishmen would have hi M,
Christian and gentleman, as Field in "Eli A,"
Hoping, from those young lives he mouldeth, all thing S,
Old in his judgment, young in ways and spiri T;
Omniscient? Nay!—but rather, with all reverenc E,
Learner for aye, and therefore noble Teache R.

ROSARY STORIES.

(Written to accompany "Tableaux vivants" for the
feast of S. M. T., Superior of the Liverpool
Training College.)

I.

THE VISION OF ST. DOMINIC.

1.

HE knelt alone on the cold, gray stone,
In the shrine outside the city,
And he prayed to the Queen of Heaven above
For her gracious help and pity.
Sore he wept o'er the Fold of Christ,
That the wolves had broken her fences,
And unchristian strife was in Christendom rife,
The strife with the Albigenses.

"O Lady," he cried, "I have preached far and wide,
I have fasted and watched in anguish:—
How long, how long shall the Bride of Christ
In sorrow and weakness languish?
Shall the heretic host be able to boast
In pages of future story
That Hell prevailed, and His promise failed?—
Alas! for Thy Son's dear glory!"

He ceased his moan. A radiance shone
On pillar and wall around him :—
Was it the moon whose pitying beams
In his sorrowing watch had found him ?
Ah ! well he knows by the joy that glows
In his heart just now so lonely
'Tis a visit from Home—such light can come
From the face of Our Lady only.

It faded from sight that Presence bright,
Yet still in the Church he lingers,
And ever the crown which his Queen dropp'd down
Keeps wandering through his fingers.
When the pale dawn broke the Saint awoke
From his trance, and passed to his mission ;—
The chaplet of prayer in his hand he bare,
In his heart the Peace of the Vision.

2.

In the quaint old Southern town
All the folk are up betimes,
For they hear the merry chimes,
Bells are swinging up and down,
And the very belfries reel
With the music of the peal.

Hark ! the clattering of feet
Down the length of every street ;
In the church, as if by magic,
Hundreds of the townsmen meet ;
While the Saint upon his way
Wonders, as he wonder may,
Why the bells should ring that day.
Then the Angels, looking down
On that quaint old Southern town,
Saw the goodly gathering :
And they smiled, and said, "'Tis well ;
Dominic his tale can tell."
And the Angels ceased to ring.

3.

The Saint of God on the threshold stood,
The bells were hushed in the steeple
Swiftly he passed up the building vast
Through the close-packed throng of people.
No word he saith of errōr or Faith,
But he told of Our Lady's Psalter ;
Then he kneeled him down, and he took the crown,
And said it aloud at the altar.

O Grace of Christ ! one moment sufficed
To do what years had failed in ;

And hearts that no word of man had stirred
 Our Lady's love prevailed in.
 There was joy in Heaven o'er sin forgiven,
 God's Peace the long strife closes,
 The battle is done, and the Church hath won
 By Mary's Crown of Roses.

II.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

(Imitated from Tennyson's "Siege of Lucknow.")

I.

SEE of St. Peter! ever against thee the Gentiles
 together have raged,
 Ever, O Rome, have the people devised thy
 complete overthrow;
 But never, perchance, have thine armies en-
 countered a deadlier foe,
 Never, perchance, more implacable war hath
 against thee been waged,
 Than when, in the Bay of Lepanto, three hundred
 Octobers ago,
 The ranks of the Mussulman lifted against thee
 their infidel blade,
 While, threading thy streets, the ranks of the Sons
 of the Rosary prayed.

Forth from the port of Messina the armies of
Christendom sailed :—

Hearty and strong were the cheers from the shore
that our armament hailed.

Still from the pier, Odescalchi, the Nuncio,
blessed with the sign

Of Redemption each vessel that passed from the
harbour and dropped to the line.

Passed him the Roman ships, and the royal
armada of Spain ;

Passed him the gallant commander, Don Juan,
the knight without stain ;

Passed him the galleys of Venice, and troops of
the brave Genoese ;

Passed him the force of the Duke of Savoy and
the knightly Maltese ;

With many a bold volunteer that had come from
each Catholic land,

Eager to give to the cause of Christ's Vicar the
help of his hand.

Gallant and fair looked the squadron drawn up in
the pomp of its power :—

Princes of earth ! not on you doth the Church put
her trust at this hour :—

'Tis not in the might of your arms that the Pontiff
reliance hath laid,

Not to your chivalrous service the promise of
victory made :—

Threading the streets of the City Eternal, the Sons
of the Rosary prayed.

Spies had been sent in advance ; returning, they
told us a tale

Of the foe we were going to meet made the bravest
among us grow pale ;

Told how the Island of Cyprus to Venice was lost
past recall,

Spoke of the horrors of barbarous bloodshed
attending its fall :—

Ali Pasha with his thousands of Mussulmen now in
the Bay

Of Lepanto, like tigers awaiting the moment to
spring on the prey.

“Give battle at once !”—but the prudent, e'en
then, gave a counsel to wait ;

Urged measures defensive ;—“the winds were
against us ; to rush to our fate

Thus in the teeth of the elements, was it not
madness ? ” they said.—

Loud in the heart of Don John rang the words of
the Pope,

“Fight in God’s Name; you will conquer;” and
strong in his hope,
Strong in the faith of his fathers, he signalled—the
sailors obeyed;
In wonder, in doubt, and in fear, the anchor was
weighed.—
Loud in the streets of the City Eternal the Sons of
the Rosary prayed.

Slowly the fleet through the wind-beaten surf
ploughed its difficult way.
Just as above the Echinadès darted the first flush of
day,
The watch on the Admiral’s galley had sighted a
sail;
See! the outlookers from Doria’s squadron have
answered the hail,
And there, on the Eastern horizon, like specks on
the glittering bay,
The numberless ships of the infidel fleet in fearful
magnificence lay,
A crescent immense, far outflanking the line of our
handful of ships,
Rapidly borne by the wind to close on us its wide-
open lips.

Yet, unappalled, our heroic Commander went
through the ranks,
Cheering, encouraging,—nay, in the might of his
faith giving thanks
For a victory not yet obtained ; while proudly on high
Our blest Banner unfolded its ripples of crimson
and gold to the sky.
Peace with his God at the feet of His Priest every
man of us made :
Then from the deck of the Prince the charge of the
trumpet rang out ;
Burst from the Catholic host one unanimous,
jubilant shout :—
In the Minerva the hosts of the Sons of the Rosary
prayed.

All of a sudden the wind we were facing a moment
ago
Drops, then veers round. Thank God ! it is
bearing us straight to the foe.
Roar upon roar from the enemy's flagship the
cannon awoke,
Venice replied with a murderous volley whose
pitiless smoke
Blindingly drives in the face of the Moslem ; a
second broadside

Makes the infidel reel, and two of their galleys are
sunk in the tide.

Flashing of sabres, flying of splinters,—the ocean
all red

With the life-blood of men, and a heap on each
deck of the dying and dead.

Flashing of sabres, crashing of cannon, bullets like
rain,—

The furious onslaughts of Ouladj Ali, the hated
corsair,—

Our fair *Capitana di Malta* captured and rescued
again,—

Slaughter of crews to a man,—gains and losses,—
hope and despair,—

Valorous deeds of the Turk, and valorous deeds of
our host,

Colonna, Carafa, Farnese, I know not who merited
most,—

Carnage unspeakable, torture of thirst, and the heat
of mid-day.—

Thronging the stately Minerva, the Sons of the
Rosary pray.

“Victory!” Hark! ’twas the voice of Don John
gave that glorious cry;

He has torn down the Ottoman flag—see ! yonder,
 the thick of the fray ;—
 A shot, and a gash, and over the gunwale and into
 the Bay
 Falls the sword-severed head of Ali Pasha. Ha !
 the Mussulmen fly !—
 O City Eternal, well in thy streets did the Sons of
 the Rosary pray.

2.

THROUGH the long suite of the Vatican halls
 The saintly Pope doth go ;
 Many a Cardinal by his side
 Is pacing to and fro :
 They talked of weighty matters and grave,
 Three hundred of years ago.

Sudden he stops, and raises his head,—
 What sound has struck on his ear ?
 He turns from the wondering company,
 And steps to a window near :—
 The Cardinals strain their ears in vain,
 For never a sound they hear.

On the sunny skies, through the open sash,
The Pope looked out for a space ;
(The watching Cardinals well may note
The light that is on his face.)
Then he shut the casement, and turned to them,
With his wonted stately grace :—
“ This is no time, my Lords,” quoth he,
“ For business and state affairs.
Let us rather go and to God on high
Let us offer our grateful prayers,
For our fleet hath fought with the Turks this day
And I know that the day is theirs.”
He kneeled him down in the Vatican halls,
And he thanked his Queen and her Son.
He noted the day, he noted the hour,
When the vision had come and gone.—
Far away, in a distant Bay,
A battle was lost and won.

III.

THE BARK OF PETER.

Not alone, alas! in bygone ages
Princes have stood up against the Lord ;
Not alone, alas! in history's pages
Had the Church to brave the impious sword.

And to-day as rude a tempest jostles
Peter's bark upon the foaming deep
As of old when shuddering Apostles
Woke their weary Master from His sleep.

In the darkened sky no star-beams flicker,
And the Master seemed, indeed, to sleep.—
From the Bark His persecuted Vicar
Looked in anguish o'er the raging deep.
Then before his eyes the clouds were riven,
And his fingers took the mystic chain
Which of old had linked our earth to heaven,
Which shall anchor earth to heaven again.

Three times fifty times the whole Church pleadeth,
"Holy Mary, pray for sinners now!"
At the throne of grace she intercedeth,
And her hand is resting on the prow.
Fear not! little flock, no longer shudder!
Venerable Pontiff, cease to weep!
Mary's cord is passed around our rudder,
And the Master cannot be asleep.

EPILOGUE.

WE have told you tale of legend quaint,
Of strife, and prayer, and Pope, and Saint ;
Scenes of the past to beguile the present
In living pictures we strove to paint.

“ Idle fancies ! ” we hear you say ;
“ Pictures whose colours fade away
In two short minutes ! and foolish children
Who thus with shadows are pleased to play ! ”

Idle, maybe ;—and yet not quite
Devoid of meaning if read aright :—
You know that things invisible often
By visible things are brought to sight.

We spoke of battle :—is not Life
For Christian souls a war to the knife ?
Is not the Rosary still the weapon
That makes us conquerors in the strife ?

We spoke of a bark :—oh ! are not we
Tossing about on a stormy sea ?
And are not winds and waves full often
Stilled by the spell of the Rosary ?

Passing pictures of legend quaint?—
 Nay, not so; for hearts can paint
 Living scenes on a lasting canvas
 In warm, bright colours that do not faint.

And if a tinge of pain to-day
 Hath touched a feast both glad and gay,
 To think, alas! that next October
 Must find the half of us far away

From her whose feast it brings,—ah! yet
 It soothes the pain of our regret
 To know we bear bright pictures with us,
 Framed in hearts that cannot forget.

I know not if the dying word
 Of your great Saint in memory stirred—
 "I am, after all, the Church's daughter"—
 When tales of the Church at our lips you heard;

But it seems to me these words will say
 Our best farewell to you to-day;—
 Bound to you as the Church's daughters,
 How far soever our feet may stray.

We are the Church's daughters; yes!
 And our prayer is strong, for thus no less
 Than the might of our Saviour's Triple Kingdom
 Pleads, with us, for your happiness.

In the battle, and on the sea,
Guide us, love us, still,—for we
After all are the Church's daughters,
Linked to you by her Rosary.

We shall think when our hearts are faint
Of the loyal faith of your dear Saint ;
And scenes of the Past to beguile the Present
In living pictures our hearts shall paint.

WHEN THE PETALS OF THE ROSES
FELL.

I STOOD where the red roses blow
In the winding, grass-grown walk,
And two blushed large and sweet,
Low down, on a thornless stalk.
I stretched out my hand to lift,
And I stooped my face to smell,—
My touch was light and breeze there was none,
But the petals of the roses fell.

'Twas a little thing to chance,
'Tis a little thing to tell:
Yet my heart went chill and sad
When the petals of the roses fell.
I passed down the grass-grown walk
That was closed by a wicket gate,
And I leaned o'er the bar and listened for a step
That never had come too late.

The sun went down in the West ;
It was dark, and I left the gate ;
I had waited for the footfall long,
And I fear me I long shall wait.

When the Petals of the Roses fell 237

Once, down the grass-grown walk,
Came the peal of a marriage-bell :—
Dear heart ! the light passed out of my life
When the petals of the roses fell.

THE TWO FEBRUARYS.

1856—1881.

(Composed for the Silver Jubilee of the Liverpool
Training College.)

*“Behold a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man’s
foot.”*

A TEARDROP fell from the weeping heavens,
As tiny a crystal as drop might be—
No one noted, that saw it falling,
Whether it fell on land or sea.

But the drop was followed by many another,
For the swollen clouds kept raining on,
And the second, and third, and hundredth and
thousandth
Trickled rapidly into one.

There ran through the grass a baby streamlet,
As tiny a runnell as beck might be—
No one dreamed, that had seen the ribbon,
It would ever make its way to the sea.

But the rivulet laughed a ripple of laughter,
And breezes whispered the sedges among,
And the stately bulrushes rustled and shivered,
With the muffled sound of a plaintive song.

Many a rivulet heard the voices,
And adown the slopes did merrily pass ;
Like single lines in a skein interwoven
They joined the thread in the green, green grass.

I know not what became of the raindrop,
Nor where that miniature stream may be,—
But the glossy waves of a mighty river
Fall noisily into the sobbing sea.

*“The Mustard seed is the least indeed of all seeds, but
becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and
dwell in the branches thereof.”*

THERE fell a seed in the autumn weather
As tiny a grain as seed may be,
You had never dreamed, had you seen it falling,
So small a thing could become a tree.

I know not whether the wind did blow it,
Or whether some swallow let it fall,
I know that whichever way it happened
No one noted the thing at all.

But the soft, warm lips of the early sunbeams
Gently kissed the ground where it fell,
And dewdrops moistened the soil at even,
And the seed drank deep, for it loved them well.

Two green leaves stood out on a hillside
As tiny a plant as plant may be,
No one thought that looked on the seedling
It would ever grow to a mighty tree.

But the sunbeams kissed the leaves in the morning,
And the diamond dewdrops kissed them at night,
And the plantlet uncurled its folded pinions,
Glad of the moisture, and warmth, and light.

Oh! ask me not of the seed that tumbled,
Nor where those twin green leaflets be—
Thousands of birds on a breezy hillside
Are building their nests in a spreading tree.

*"I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I
but that it be kindled."*

A SPARK was struck on a winter's morning,
As tiny a star as is worth the name—
No one dreamed, that had seen the glimmer,
So small a glow could burst to a flame.

The wind blew loud in the wintry weather,
It scattered the fallen twigs about,—
Those who thought at all on the matter
Said: "The wind will sure put the sparklet out."

A tiny flicker among some brushwood,
Like Friar's Lantern went and came,
That small blue tongue of unsteady fire
Could never burst in a roaring flame.

The sun shone warm on the fallen branches,
And the pile of brushwood grew crisp and dry,
And a rushing sound was heard in the evening,
For when evening came the wind was high.

I never heard of the spark in the winter,
Nor what that Will o' the Wisp became—
But from North to South a grass-covered prairie
Is swept by the tongues of a rushing flame.

II.

A SCHOOL rose up in the North of England,
As sunny a building as built may be—
On a steep street-side in a crowded city
Where a busy river-mouth joins the sea.

R

What were schools to the worldly passers,
Pointed arches and gardens fair?
What was a school to them? but the angels
Smiled, for "the Mother of Jesus was there."

Teachers few, and some twenty scholars,
All unknown in the world of fame—
Little it recked, that busy city,
Of the school that went by Our Lady's name.

Little of school and little of teachers,—
But God in Heaven He judged not so,—
And the Master came to dwell with the twenty,
As He dwelt with the twelve long years ago.

And a grace dropped down from the starry heavens,
Silently dropped to the earth below,
On the school that went by the name of Our Lady,
Five and twenty summers ago.

Little it dreamed, the crowded city,
Of the graces rained from God's open hand,—
But the blessings flow, like a river at flood-time,
From that tiny School over all the land.

Seeds of faith on a frosty morning,
Five and twenty winters ago,
Seeds of love in the hearts of twenty,
Hidden away and left to grow.

Little it recked, the thoughtless city,
Of the words that were stirring the frosty air,
But I think that God bent over and listened,
For I know "the Mother of Jesus was there."

And from sea to sea over merry England,
And the bonny country beyond the Tweed,
Many are resting beneath the shadow
Of a tree that sprang from that first small seed.

Blossoms many and fruit in plenty
Are borne on the boughs of that leafy tree,—
All because of the seedlets scattered
Where the busy river-mouth joins the sea.

And what of the Spark?—A Heart was beating
In that school which went by Our Lady's name ;—
What willed that burning Heart but to kindle
The fire It cast to a mighty flame?

Little it cared, the cold, dark city,
For the furnace of love that was all aglow—
All aglow in the dear little chapel
Five-and twenty winters ago.

But from heart to heart like a beacon fire,
In the School that went by His Mother's name,
A spark ran on,—and the whole of England
From sea to sea is wrapped in a flame.

I pray you ask not about the building,
Nor what those twenty scholars became—
There stands in the heart of a crowded city
A college that goes by Our Lady's name.

Teachers many, and many a scholar,
Pointed arches and gardens fair,
And clusters of Angels stooping over,
Because the "Mother of Jesus is there."

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