

Father. There are no dyspeptic angels and none of them wear green goggles. There is a place for "pec-cavi" in the temple of repentance, but, blossoming under the fair smiles of God and with the breath of joy upon the cheek, there is no need of turning the happy homes of this earth into sepulchres of weeping and wailing, into abodes of dark anguish and sorrow. The hearts of the greatest saints have been fountains of sunshine and cheer.

But Miss Conway's activities are not confined to literature and journalism. She is the head and front of the Catholic Reading Circles of the New England States, is president of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston and was for years the chief presiding officer

of the New England Woman's Press Association. Miss Conway can count more literary friends on both sides of the Atlantic than any other woman writer in America. This, however, is but a return for her own kindness, for there is not perhaps in the literary circles of our whole country a more unselfish woman than Katherine E. Conway. Her tact and judgment are as great as her gifts and her generosity, the setting to a life starred with every noble kindness and womanly virtue.

The two poems which are here reproduced, "A Memory," and "A Song in May-Time," are fair examples of her work, and give some idea of the musical quality of her verse and of her lightness of touch and nimbleness of thought.

A MEMORY.

Oh, ye virginal white rosebuds, all dewy, sweet and tender,
Swaying on your frail, frail stems, though ne'er a breeze doth blow,
I love ye for that fairer bud that perished 'mid the splendor
Of the song and sun and fragrance two Summer-tides ago!

I called her oft our rosebud; no flow'ret's name seemed meeter
For the pure and joyful promise of her lovely girlish grace;
But past my art to picture, than all my dreaming sweeter,
The glorious, wondrous, spirit-light upon her fair young face.

Oh, the baleful fever-breath our fragile blossom blighting!
Oh, the bitter chalice to our darling's young lips pressed!
Oh, the fitful gleams of false, false hope, awhile our darkness lighting!
Oh, the days and nights of agony and woful wild unrest!

But the Lord Himself was with her to pity her and love her;
Earthly lover shared not her maiden heart with Him,
And the gentle Virgin Mother and the angels bent above her,
And their glory round her brightened as the lights of time grew dim!

My friend, my chosen sister, child and woman strangely blended,
Did thy spirit go out gladly, leaving blessing as it fled?
For all its living loveliness thy face in death transcended,
Purer than the snowy blossoms o'er thy virgin vesture spread.

Oh, heart that loved me loyally, that prized my poor endeavor,
Did I love thee purely, truly I would be glad for thee!
But oh, my life without thee! Lord of the bright forever,
Forgive my plaint, who knowest what my darling was to me!