

THE CONQUERORS.

The dead, O Lord, the only conquerors are—

The blest who die in Thee.

No anxious boding theirs, or ceaseless war,

That mortals' portion be;

But, placed serene, they gaze on earth and star:

Their cloudless bliss for aye no storm or stress can
mar.

Dread the uncertainty surrounds us here,

A prey to myriad ills;

Life's chalice, that we quaff with hope or fear,

Oft-stooping Sorrow fills;

Time passes, and we wither year by year.

Ah, well if we have kept our Great Exemplar near!

Loving and mild, dear Lord that walked of yore

Bethsaida's pool beside.

Thou Thorn-Crown'd! Thy patience we adore,

Scourged for our guilt and pride!

Oh, strengthen us till stress and strife be o'er,

And conquerors we stand on heaven's resplendent
shore!

MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

In wonder lost I view the picture fair,

The world's great masterpiece that penciled was

By Raphael Sanzio.

In love and pain

His more than earthly genius labored here,

To catch the irised hues and gleams of heaven,

And blend them with our pale, subnuvolar lights!