

city unweariedly toiled to organize, strengthen and confirm the faithful throughout the immense archdiocese, which at length had to be subdivided, and from 1847 to 1864 Bishop McCloskey filled the see of Albany.

On the death of Archbishop Hughes he was transferred to New York. With the work which he has accomplished here, all Catholics are already familiar. Men of all creeds and classes hailed with pleasure the tidings announcing that he had been raised to the dignity of Cardinal Priest by the lamented Pío Nono in the consistory of July 15, 1875.—*New York Catholic Fireside.*

REFLECTIONS ON NATURE!

I.

From this cold earth let us spring,
Fancy, on thy soaring wing,
And a novel anthem sing

Through the sky.
Leaving sin and strife below,
Care and grief and earthly woe,
Pure as white flake of the snow—

To the eye.
Let our hymn of praise resound,
All creation round and round,
'Till an echo it has found

There on high;
With the eagle's stately flight,
Rising in his kingly might,
In the azure out of sight—

Let us vie!

II.

Far above this dreary sod,
By frail mortal ever trod,
Let our souls arise to God;

And in praise,
Let us view the wonders grand,
Works of His Almighty Hand.
At whose sole and dread command

Worlds can raise!
See yon sun in splendor bright,
Source of never-failing light,—
Lost the shades of dismal night

In its blaze;
Thus the clouds of sin must fly,
When through the eternal sky,
Justice's Sun appears on high,

In His rays!

III.

See yon stars that twinkle bright,
In the azure dome of night,
Shedding forth a mellow light,

In each beam!
See yon orb that slowly glides,
Where the evening cloud divides—
All the planets now she hides,

In her stream!

Thus of old did virtues shine,
Far away in Palestine,
'Till an orb of ray Divine

There did Gleam;
And its floods from high above,
Lights of everlasting Love,
Lit the souls that upward strove,—
As a dream!

IV.

What a dream for man to dream!
All had changed and all did seem
New, regenerate in that beam,—
On the East.

Orb that lights our earthly ray,
In your grandest, purest ray,
You invite us then to pray—
As a priest!

You remind us of His night,
You remind us of His light,
And the chains of darksome night,
He released;

You are there to ever preach,
You are sent to guide and teach,
In your glowing, silent speech—
Gorgeous Priest!

V.

When the evening shadows roll,
As the sun is nigh his goal,
See yon bow, from pole to pole,
Bending there!

Seven hues are blending bright,
Seven from each ray of light,
Seven times to human sight,

Is it fair?
Thus the ray that comes from high—
From the mansions of the sky,
Falls upon the clouds that lie

On our air;

In the prison of the heart,
Decomposed, that ray will part,
And in Seven Gifts will start
Rainbow there!

VI.

See yon stream that leaps along,
Singing to the woods its song,
Blending now in current strong
To the Sea,

Thus the tide of life now flows—
Not one moment of repose.
Rushing onward to its close—
To be free!

First the stream is limpid bright,
Fairly silvery to the sight,
Then it blends into the night
Of the sea,

Thus each life day to day
Seems to ever roll away,
Towards thy portals dim and gray
Eternity!

JOSEPH K. FORAN,

Green Park, Aylmer, 1st Nov., 1880.