
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

Oh, not fortuitous chance
Alone, nor circumstance,
Begot the creatures after their own kind;
But always loving will
Was present to fulfil
The primal purpose groping up to mind.

Adversity but bade
New puissance spring to aid,
New powers develop, new aptness come in play;
Yet never function wrought
Capacity from nought, —
Gave skill and mastery to the shapes of clay;

For always while new need
Evoked new thought through deed,
Old self was there to ponder, choose, and strive.
Fortune might mould, evolve,
But impulse must resolve,
Equipped at length to know, rejoice, and thrive.