

THE MEMORARE.

Was it the whisper of an angel's
voice

That softly thrilled in Clairvaux'
leafy wold ?

An echo from the golden harps
above,

Vibrating in Saint Bernard's
heart of old ?

Was it the touch divine of God's
own hand,

That, sweeping o'er the chords of
music there,

Drew forth a strain of love so pass-
ing sweet,

Such accents of a tender pleading
prayer ?

That made the silence musical, and
seemed

Like sky-lark in the light of
dewy morn,

To rise on pinions of a glorious
song

To Her whose brow the starry
gems adorn ?

Long ages now have glided swift
away

Since that first "Memorare" rose
above,

But still its tones have lingered in
the Church

And plead with Mary's sweet ma-
ternal love.

And ever through her heart sweet
graces fall

Like pearly drops of glist'ning
summer rain,

Upon the hearts that breathe this
plaintive prayer

To her whose gentle pity soothes
all pain.

There is a pathos in its every tone,
A balm for earthly sorrows, cares
and fears ;

Our confidence of touching Mary's
heart

The "Memorare" to our love en-
dears.

Saint Bernard ; from the fountain
of your love

Poured forth this song in Clair-
vaux silent air,

O ! pray that in our hearts and in
our lips

May oft abide thy "Memorare"
prayer.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

MUSINGS.

Why are my songs so often sad

Like the mournful night wind's
moan,

Or the waves that sigh on the sil-
very sands

In ceaseless monotone ?

In poetic realms of dreamy thought
Are passing to and fro,

Bright forms of graceful imagery
That whisper sweet and low.

In vain I essay, with a pencil of
light,

To picture those forms so fair,
Or sing of the spirit melodies

That murmur in mystic air.

Away, in idealistic thought,

Like the gleam of a distant star,
A still more perfect beauty shines,

Alluring me from afar.

In Thee alone, O my Lord and God,
Can my spirit find her rest,

When she soars like the song-bird of
early morn,

Away to the regions blest.

So ne'er to the true, the beautiful,
Can I perfectly here attain ;

And ne'er can the plaintive heart-
strings thrill

In tones unalloyed with pain.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.