

IN NOCTE PLORANS.

I dreamt a dream in which I seemed to tread
A lonesome way thro' lands of fading light!
My wounded feet o'er thorns and boulders bled,
Still must I hurry on despite the gathering night!

Above, the mighty boughs of ancient trees,
In serried ranks, dread, gloomy arches framed,
Whose awful stillness felt no passing breeze,—
Nor flowers, nor laughing buds their gentler homes
here claimed!

And onward still I toiled, my mind intent
To gain some refuge ere that night could fall!
But deadly fear grew on me as I went,
Or ere I prayed aloud, "O Mother, hear my call!"

Star-mild her face—she came with angel-band,
To save me in the wilderness alone!
Tender her smile as eke she took my hand
And led me from the dark e'en to the Saviour's throne!

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So in my waking hours when sorrows loom
Or fell temptations threaten and increase,
I call on Mary and those shapes of doom,
She hurls to outer gloom—light shines—and all is
Peace!