



The Last Song of the Year.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—St. Clare's.

SHALL it be a dirge of mourning
 For the loved ones passed away
 Since the last fair, hopeful dawning
 Of our gladsome "New-Year's Day?"
 Shall we echo angel-voices
 Singing o'er the snow-clad earth,
 "Gloria!" to God in Heaven,
 "Peace!" sweet fruit of Jesus' birth?
 Shall we, like the Virgin-Mother,
 Magnify His Blessed Name,
 For those countless gifts and graces
 Which, through her, from *His* Heart came?
 In the days of early Spring-time,
 Or the golden Summer's glow,
 In the calm Autumnal beauty,
 Or when earth was robed in snow?
 Shall our tones be those of pleading
 To our Saviour's Heart most dear,
 For His Holy Benediction
 On the fast approaching year?
 Gladly would we softly mingle
 All the yearnings of our love
 That—like sweet and fragrant incense,
 They might rise to Heaven above.
 In His love there is an echo
 Of each simple loving strain,
 Plaintive sighs, or earnest pleadings,
 Songs of joy—low notes of pain.
 May these last poetic breathings
 Of Mount Carmel's minstrelsy
 Bear our spirit's aspirations
 Upward, dearest Lord, to Thee!