

## SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

(Father Ryan.)



WALK down the Valley of Silence,  
Down the dim voiceless Valley alone !  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own ;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As it hovers where angels have flown !

Long ago—was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win ;  
Long ago I was weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din ;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly ;  
I craved what the world never gave ;  
And I said : " In the world each ideal  
That shines like a star on life's wave  
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,  
And still found the False with the True ;  
I sought 'mid the human for Heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue ;  
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on heart tired of the Human ;  
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men ;  
Till I knelt long ago at an altar  
And heard a voice call me—since then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley ?  
'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And above me a voice said : " Be mine."  
And there arose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo—" My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley ?  
I weep—and I dream—and I pray,  
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops  
That fall on the roses in May ;  
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing ;  
And the music floats down the dim Valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing.  
That to hearts like the Dove of the Deluge,  
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach ;  
And I have heard songs in the Silence  
That never shall float into speech ;  
And I have had dreams in the Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—  
Ah me ! how my spirit was stirred ;  
And they wear holy veils on their faces—  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard ;  
They pass through the Valley like virgins  
Too pure for the touch of a word !

Do you ask me the place of the Valley ?  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care !  
It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there ;  
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow,  
And one the bright Mountain of Prayer.

THE wish to spread the knowledge of the love of Jesus Christ is a strong overmastering impulse in every man, in every woman, who really knows and loves Him. The absence of any kind of anxiety for the spread of the truth, implies spiritual paralysis, if it does not imply actual spiritual death. The man who knows the happiness of peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, cannot but desire that other men should share it ; and this desire, in its higher, its stronger, its more heroic form, is one of the greatest gifts of God to His Church. Churches are generally living Churches in exact ratio of their missionary activity !—*Canon Liddon.*

THE position of a Hindu widow is unenviable, if not indescribable. Among the keener privations of her condition is the bi-monthly fast imposed upon her. This fast is worthy of the name. The poor creatures—may we not call them beasts of burden?—are denied the right to drink water on these fast days. The widow may be a mere child, her health may be frail and her constitution debilitated, still the rule is as inflexible as fate, as unbending as ice. The life of the sufferer may be in the balance, still custom is the king and obedience is necessary. A case has just been reported in a Calcutta paper where the "widow was in her teens," and, although she was sick and pleaded pitifully with her relatives for a drop of water to quench a raging fever, the boon was denied, and death ensued. How long shall "neutrality" triumph, and cruel superstition prosper?—*Indian Witness.*

THE heavenly minded Baxter, an English dissenter, whose writings have prepared thousands for that "Saints' Everlasting Rest" which gave the title to one of his choicest productions, says : "The constant disuse of forms of prayer is apt to breed giddiness in religion, and to make men hypocrites, who shall delude themselves in conceit that they delight in God, when it is but in those novelties and varieties of expression that they are delighted ; and, therefore, I advise forms of prayer, to fix Christians and to make them sound." As Mr. Wesley for the Methodists, so Baxter prepared a Liturgy for the English Independents, and like the Rev. John Wesley he sought the consolations of the Church's Liturgy in the hour of death. Calvin left a Liturgy for his followers, Luther composed one for the Lutherans, and John Knox prepared one also for the people of Scotland.

MONSIGNOR LEON BOULAND, Honorary Private Chamberlain of Pope Leo XIII., Honorary Canon of St. Michel Archangelo, Rome, Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, etc., etc., has withdrawn from the Church of Rome, and has applied for admission into the ministry of our branch of the Church in the United States. He cannot conscientiously hold "the teaching of the Syllabus and the dogmas proclaimed at the last Vatican Council."