

Manc Nobiscum, Domine!

"Stay with us, because it is towards evening and the day is now far spent."—St. Luke xxiv., 28.

"STAY with us" Lord, the shades of eve are stealing,
And fade life's sunbeams in the golden West.
We need Thy peace in heart, and soul, and feeling;
"Stay with us" Lord, it is the hour of rest.

The morn of life was hopeful with Thy shining,
The Eucharistic love illumined our way,
And oft it seemed around our spirits shining:
Still more we need Thee now, at close of day.

"Stay with us" Lord! the night-clouds darkly gather,
We dare not pass "the vale of death" alone,
We pray like Philip, "Show to us the Father,"
O may we see His glory and Thine own.

—E. DE M.

The Rose.

[Lines suggested by the taking of a rose from a nun.]

WHICH is the lovelier,
The rose or she who gives?
Which is the purer, rose-life
Or the sweet life that she lives?

Is she not with labors ended
A rose-waste on the sod?
Oh! I feel they've a common beauty
In the wondrous sight of God.

—MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.