

THEIR STORY RUNNETH THUS.

By FATHER RYAN.

Two little children played among the flowers, Their mothers were of kin, tho' far apart; The children's ages were the very same...

They played among the roses—it was May— And "hide and seek," and "seek and hide," all eyes...

She sighed a little sigh, then laughed again, And hand in hand they walked the winding ways...

The boy—he called him Merlin—a love name— (And he called her always Ullaine, No matter why)...

Ten years passed on. They parted and they met Not often in each year, yet as they grew...

There was no prison in it. Reverence Like Guardian Angel watched o'er Innocence...

Their hearts just touched to separate and bleed, Their eyes were linked in lock, while saddest tears...

Raptures meet agonies in such heart hours; Gladness doth often fling bright, warm arms...

"Our loves must soar aloft to spheres divine, The human satisfies nor you nor me, (No human love shall ever satisfy)...

Let G-d's own heart be our own holy home, And let us live as only angels love...

And then she sobbed as if her heart would break— Perhaps it did—an awful minute passed, Long as an age and briefer than a flash...

And Ebel went from earthland long ago, But Merlin stays still hanging on his cross, He would not move a nail that nails him there...

He hung himself upon the blessed cross With Ebel—he has gone to wear the crown That wreathes the brows of virgins who have kept...

And years and years, and weary years passed on Into the past; one Autumn afternoon, When flowers were in their glory of death...

Was half way down the west—the hour was three, The sun had gone of all the twenty-four, For Jesus leaved His head on it, and died...

Low, simple stones and white watched o'er each grave, While in the hollows 'twixt them sweet flowers grew...

Of sacrifice known only to their God; Velling their faces they had velleed their names...

In a lone corner of that resting-place Uprose a low white slab that marked a grave, Apart from all the others—long, and grass...

He sat beside that lonely grave for long, He took its grasses in his trembling hand, He toyed with them and wet them with his tears...

By ceaseless prayer; and when she sweetly sang Hymns to God...

He followed her along a flower fragrant walk That, gently rising, led up to the home Of virgin hearts...

He went into a wide and humble room— The floor was painted, and upon the walls, In humble frames, most holy pictures hung...

He waited in the wide and humble room, The only room in that unworshiply place This world could enter, and the pictures looked...

A whirl of thoughts swept o'er his startled soul— When to the door he heard a footstep come, And then a voice—the mother of the nuns...

When to the door he heard a footstep come, And then a voice—the mother of the nuns Had entered—and in calmest tone began...

What brought him there, and what wilt thou? "Mother" she said; "Wilt let me wear the veil?"...

More strongly and more sadly than her lips That might grant her sudden, strange request, "Hast thou a mother?" questioned I, "I had,"...

He told her of the night when all the flowers, He told her of the night when all the flowers, He told her of the night when all the flowers...

And writ on it, all hid by roses white, The dead were lying down; the Autumn sun

I saw a name I never ought forget." She wore a startled look, but soon repressed "The wonder that had come into her face..."

She forward bent her face and pined his own With look intense; and he thought he heard The trembling of her veil, as if the brow...

Then thro' the night he went And reached his room, where, weary of his thoughts, Sleep came, and coming found the dew of tears...

The sun had passed his noon and westward sloped; He hurried to the cloister and was told The mother waited him. He entered in, Into the wide and pictured room, and there...

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This very day He parted us." "P-o- child!" murmured—Nay—kind sister—she replied: "I have much wealth—they left me ample means..."

Who sent you here, My child? Thyself? Or did some holy one Direct thy steps? Or else some sudden grief...

Who, had he lived in those far days of Christ, Would have been His beloved Disciple, sure, Would have been His own gentle John; and would...

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Who, had he lived in those far days of Christ, Would have been His beloved Disciple, sure, Would have been His own gentle John; and would...

The power of her mind, as of her heart, Was of the highest, and she mastered art; By instinct more than study, Her weak hands Moved ceaselessly amid the beautiful...

There is a picture hanging in our choir She came to me and told me she had painted A dream; then asked me would she have it...

In every May for two whole days she kept Her cell. We humored her in that, but when The day had passed, and she came forth again...

I half forgot—on yonder mantlepiece You see that wondrous crucifix; one year She spent on it, and begged to put beneath That most mysterious word—"Ullaine."

At last the cloister's angel disappeared; Her face was missed at choir, her voice was missed— Her words were missed every day we met...

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A long, vast hall, then up a flight In tint and touch and look and sound, There was a power in it, as if it were...

There was a power in it, as if it were Of her who painted it had shrined its very self; there was a spell that fell upon his spirit thro' her lips...

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