

*THE ANGELS' EVENING HYMN.*

S rings with cadence sweet the Vesper bell,  
 And slowly, sadly, fades the summer light,  
 What softer, sweeter strains in chorus swell,  
 And breathe a holy peace upon the night ?

The voices are not mortal, and their song  
 Enraptures us with more than human joy ;  
 No fleshy forms are 'mid that glorious throng,  
 Their melody no earthly sounds alloy.

It is the Angels singing as of old,  
 "Hail, Mary, full of grace !" the message still,  
 As when Saint Gabriel the story told,  
 And Mary bowed before th'Almighty will.

Each evening when the Angelus is rung,  
 And Christians humbly bend in holy prayer,  
 The anthem of the angels still is rung :  
 "Hail, Mary! thou the son of God shall bear."

Oh ! joyful words ! which heav'n and earth combine.  
 To sing in homage to the lowly Maid ;  
 The humble is exalted, grace divine  
 Hath filled the bosom where the Lord is laid.

"Hail, Mary !" sing the Angels ; we of earth  
 May with them glorify God's wondrous plan,  
 And sing her praise, proclaimed by matchless worth  
 A fitting temple for the God made man.

"Hail, Mary !" then let Angel voices cry  
 In solemn anthem from the realms above,  
 "Hail, Mary !" let the sons of men reply,  
 Hail, glorious Queen of mercy and of love.

And, as the chorus swells, let once again,  
 To celebrate the peace to man restored,  
 All men with angels join in closing strain  
 Of "Gloria in excelsis ! Praise the Lord !"

T. J. R.