



Saints

Ye men and women, most unknown,
On lowly household deeds who clomb
Unfaltering to God's golden throne
When duty called them, exiles, home.

Above your tombs no gothic spire
Far flings its flood of mellow tones,
Your praise is never hymned in choir
No jewelled shrines enclose your bones.

Your "folly" worldlings laughed to scorn:
Your lofty loathing of their life,
Your nights of prayer, till night was morn,
Your work and fasts, your hate of strife.

But God who reads the secret thought
Saw wealth of good where men were blind;
For every hidden deed ye wrought
His love new gifts of bliss shall find.

And Mother Church His Virgin Spouse
Shall feast your endless joy to-day:
Do ye our faith and love arouse
And for us exile sinners pray.

D. S. - S. S. S.