



Toronto, Ascensiontide, 1894.

THE ASCENSION.

WHY is thy face so lit with smiles ?
Mother of JESUS ! why ?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky ?

From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

Mother ! how canst thou smile to day ?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When HE, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanished from thy sight ?

HIS rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast,
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the shadow passed.

Down stooped a silver cloud from heaven
The Eternal Spirit's car.
And on the lessening Vision went
Like some receding star.

The silver cloud hath sailed away ;
The skies are blue and free ;
The road that Vision took, is now
Sunshine and vacancy.

Yes ! He hath left thee, Mother dear !
His throne is far above ;
How canst thou be so full of joy
When thou hast lost thy Love ?

For surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When HE is gone who was its light
For three and thirty years !