

WEDNESDAY MARCH 4 1891

all we kn en of heav

NUS OF THE ANGELS. *

ous King of ki te the glorious King of kings and sense confused and di describe the Lord of lords, ha' penise shall hallow Him ;-n theme too vast for words ?

* Tis God ! who pours the living glow Of light, creation's fountain-head : Forgive the praise—too mean and low Or from the living or the dead.

No tangue Thy peerless name hath spoke Nor space can hold that awful name; The aspiring spirit's wing is broken ;--Thou wilt be, wert, and_art the same

Language is dumb-Imagination, Knowledge and Science helpless fall ; They are irrevalent professed are irrevalent profanation, And Thou, O God ! art all in all. ow vain on such a thought to dwell l Who knows Thee-Thee, the Allknown ? Can angels be Thy oracle, Who art-Who art Thyself alone ? None-none can trace Thy course su For none catch a ray from Thee, the splendor and the source offtime The spler The Eternal of eternity. The light of light out-pour'd conveys Salvation in its flight clysian, Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays ;-Bat vainly would our feeble vision Aspire to Thee. From day to day Age steels on us-but meets Thee ne Thy pover is life's support and stay-We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord ! for Holy-holy-holy ! Praise-

Praise be His in every land ; Safety in His presence stays-Sacred is His high command !

-From the Dutch of Joost Van Den Vondel

* From "Gems from foreign Catholic Poets," collected by James J. Treacy, Editor of "Catholic Flowers from Protes-tant Gardens." "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Trath and Beauty of Catholicity," "Conquests of our Holy Faith; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts "state Faith ; or, Testi Converts," etc.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Read hefore the Catholic University Liter ary Society, on Neuman Night, by Rev. T. C. McGaldrick, of Boston, Mass.

With ninety golden years tojerown his life And soul by cruel hate and

The prince of England's priests has sun warrior sleeps upon his saviour

Around his tomb the world has

Engl mourns with all a mother

oblest son, the wisest of her seers. Supremest master of his native tongue,

THE CLIFFS OF LOUGH SWILLY. 'Eugene ! Eugene l-waken up lthat are you sleeping for ? Waken,

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