



Salve Alma Mater!

Hail, Alma Mater, Shrine of Truth and Art!
Where Faith and Science glow with hallow'd light;
Within the sanctuary of thy peaceful home,
We sing the litany of thy toil to-night.
Here, where the years have blossomed, rich in deed,
And crowned thy altar with supernal love,
We cluster 'round thy feet, a pilgrim throng,
And greet thee with a joy that reigns above.

Not ours the gift and guerdon of the world,
Its loud hosannas and its meed of praise;
But incense born of toil and faith triumphant,
Fragrant with heaven, and golden with the days:
For Memory's lyre strikes notes of deeper import,
As thro' the years we struggle towards the goal,—
To mould and fashion, with the tears of angels,
That gift of God, a woman's beauteous soul.

Hail, then, St. Mary's, shrine of fondest memories!
God's blessing light the altar of thy fame!
May that blue mantle of our tender Mother
Shield and protect thy bright and star-crowned name!
From hearts devout as children in devotion,
We turn to thee, to-night, in gratitude and praise,
And hymn thy worth, and crown thee with bright
garlands,
Our Alma Mater loved thro' all our days!

—THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH. D.