

ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

By thy remorse when the vain dream departed,
That lured thy soul from its Creator far,
By the sweet beams to soothe thine anguish
darted

From thy Redeemer's eyes as from a star.
By all thy penitence, by that emotion,
With which thou pourest upon his sacred
feet,
Absorbed in gratitude, and deep devotion,
Ointment, and tears, more than the ointment
sweet.

Oh plead for those still doomed to linger here
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

By thy wild grief when, on the fatal mountain
Of Calvary, thou didst behold the flood
Bursting from Mercy's sweet exhaustless foun-
tain,

To drown a world's impending doom in blood:
By all then felt, when, at the cross low kneeling,
Headless of all else near thee, thou didst trace
Alike in self-reproach, and bitter feeling,
Death darken on thy loved Redeemer's face;
Oh plead for those, still doomed to linger here,
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

By thine all eager love, when dull night flying
Gave place to morning's rosy-coloured ray,
And breezes faint with rich perfume were sigh-
ing

All musically to the opening day;
The third—the mystic day, when thou didst
hasten

With pious care to deck thy Saviour's tomb,
O'er it to shed such sweet tears as might chasten,
If they could not dispel, thy spirits' gloom;
Oh plead for these, still doomed to linger here,
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

By all the varied hopes and fears that trembled
Upon thy heart, half pleasure, and half pain,
When one, who most a Son of Light resembled,
Told thee that there thou soughtest thy Lord
in vain.

By that sweet extacy of joy, which darted
All heavenly transport, through thy mortal
frame,
When, as thou weeping stoodst, half broken-
hearted,

He, thy beloved one, pronounced thy name
Oh, plead for those still doomed to linger here,
In this dark clime of suffering and of fear!

VENI SANCTI SPIRITUS.

Dwelling high in endless day
Holy Spirit, shed a ray,
A ray divine on man.

Come, thou light of every heart
And thy choicest gifts impart.
Come Father of the poor.

Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the Christian's saving guest,
Refreshments to the soul.

Thou canst rest in toil bestow,
Thou canst feel each passing glow
And solace man in grief.

Light all hallowed, may thy beams
Ever flow in pienteous streams
And fill the Christian's heart.

For without thy aiding grace,
Helpless, worthless, were our race,
The sons of sin and wrath.

Soften our hearts, O God, we pray,
Wash the stains of sin away.
And heal the people's wounds.

Bend to grace, each stubborn will,
Languid souls with ardour fill,
And guide our wandering steps.

In thine aid our hopes we place:
Boundless source of every grace
Impart thy seven-fold gift.

Grant us virtue: crown thy deed,
That by death from shackles freed
Our souls may rise to thee—Amen

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

Departed year! there is a tone
Of silence eloquent in thee,
That tells of hopes and pleasures flown,
Like bubbles on the swelling sea,
That glitters one short moment there,
And then are lost in empty air.