

*A thousand memories the strain awoke,  
 A thousand tender dreams of lov'd ones fled ;  
 The singer's voice beneath its burden broke,—  
 Her heart was with the absent, or the dead !  
 Amid the shadows, on her harp she leaned,  
 The tears slow-dropping from the eyes she screened.*

## III

*Lo ! from his corner and his quiet game,  
 (The baby-face supremely sympathetic),  
 The little Acolyte, inspired, came ;—  
 And, leaning on her knee, with grace asthetic,  
 Kiss'd from her cheek the tears her heart had shed,  
 And (sweet rebuke !) his Confitebor said !*

*“ I'll praise Thee on the harp, O God, my God !  
 Art sad, my soul ? Why dost thou me disquiet ! ”  
 Upon the mother's sense shone, full and broad,  
 The heav'nly meaning !—Sooth'd and strengthen'd by it,  
 With bright'ning face (no more by shadows haunted),  
 She clasped her boy, and “ Spera in Deo ! ” chanted !*

### The Holy Family.

( See frontispiece. )

JESUS has grown into manhood. More than twenty years have elapsed since the Holy Family took up their abode in the little sequestered village which St Jerome compares to a rose upturning its dewy corolla towards Heaven. We tarry lovingly in this blessed spot, where every pathway bears traces of the feet of Jesus, where every stone has a tale to tell of Him. We long to bid the vineyards amongst which He was wont to wander, the olives under which He sat weaving plans of future love and mercy, the skies at which He used to gaze, looking beyond their golden sunsets into lands where the sun of the God-Head never sets, speak, and tell us more than we already know of the gracious young life spent at Nazareth. We long to have dwelt there, to have seen Him, spoken with Him, watched Him, followed Him, and kissed the print of His feet in the Galilean soil.