



A Vision Realized



Stern duty blew his trumpet from the West,
And four brave nuns responded to its sound,
They left their home and all they loved the best:
Their way to trackless wildernesses found.

From foaming breakers to a desolate shore,
With dauntless courage, faith, and hope, they gazed,
And each of them the smile of Heaven wore,
As murmured low each heart, "Thy name be praised!"

Then one cried out with a prophetic soul :
" The curtain of Futurity is rent !
A view of our life-work comes to console,
Behold it now as in a vision sent :