

The Sovereign Pontiff.

I

ROME'S sole surviving glory lives in thee,
Leo, albeit despoiled, the centre yet
For reverence and laud, divinity
The Chair of Peter hedges; time hath set
His Nemesis to break thy tyrant: heir
Of captive Pius thou, thy heart, thy mind,
By kindness molded and by virtue led,
Have made a world thy lover, and entwined
Thy holy cause with well-wishes of them
Whose noble breasts with lofty goodness brim;
More honor thee than did the Caesars dread.

II

Deep rooted rock amid the quicksand days
Whose wearing makes our evanescent age,
The truth thou guardest spurns the whirling maze
Of frothy theories that in conflict rage,
Masking as dogmas while devoid of base
And noisy in their utter emptiness;
Clasping the cross, thou frontest every foe
Whose onslaught blind but earns his own distress;—
Thrice is he armed who combats for the right,
Victor of victors, Bismark felt thy might,
And Dives wronging Lazarus, thy blow.

III

Not thine red-handed cohorts trained to kill,
Nor weed-like power of soul-numbing gold,
Spotless thy strength flows from the freeman's will,
Thou faithful shepherd of a trusting fold;
Good will thy bloodless brand, thy buckler love,
O delegated voice of God! each clime
Bear millions who thy benign sway adore,
Thy praise far parted nations ring a chime,
E'en tongues heretical thy worth assert,
But most the lowly bless thy day of birth,
Glad day to be remembered evermore.