

As lily that deserves its blossom fair
And floats securely on its parent wave,
As rose that sheds its fragrance on the air,
The fragrant sweetness earth and darkness
gave,—

So Mary, in the meekness didst thou rest
Where bold-faced crime its banner had unfurled,
So like the rose, unheeded and unblessed,
Didst shed thy fragrance o'er a thankless
world.

Yet some there are the lily's charms to prize;
Some, with delighted love the rose to tend;
Thus bid me, Mary, from the crowd arise,
Down at thy shrine in gratitude to bend!

THE VESPER HOUR.

It is the twilight's holy hour,—
Mute is the bird, and closed the flower,
The heaven and earth are still and clear,
As if they listened HIS voice to hear!
All is hushed on the ear of night,
Save a fift breeze, and a beetle's flight—
But hark! that knell,—to the evening star,
The Vesper-bell tolls faint and far.

The Heaven above, and the earth beneath,
Send up His boundless praise,
The tapers are light
On the altar bright,
And the lonely friar
And holy choir
Their even song upraise!
The stars in the sky,
Are His tapers high,
And the flowers of the field
Their incense yield.
And the dew of the night,
Like drops of light,
Earth's holy water, pure and bright.

Glory to him, who reigns in night,
Where never is bound of day or night,
And all in Heaven's eternal blaze,
Cherubs and Seraphs sing His praise.
Child of the dust I kneel to THEE!
Angels of Heaven pray for me!

Thou, who on thy sick-bed lying,
Hear'st that sweet bell's blessed sound?
"Lingering, hoping,"—haply dying,
Lift thy hand, and sign thy brow,
When that faint chime wakes thee now;
Father and mother shall pray for thee,
And the stainless soul of infancy
Mingle in sinless hymn.
And while that bell, and hymn, and prayer,
Rise up to heaven from earthly air,
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Shall veil their heads in their wings, and join
Their glorious voices to succour thine.

Far away, on the ocean wide,
Where mariners sad the white waves ride,
And all unlike this evening still
The tempest is raving wild and shrill;
Faint is the blast through the water's roar,
When the vesper knell comes off the shore,
The hoary pilot, and fainting men,
"DE PROFUNDIS" shall murmur then,
And the trembling mates shall say, AMEN!
MOTHER OF MERCIES! pray for them!

Deep, in the lonely prison cell,
Where never the sun the day may tell,
And many a year of pain and dole,
The iron has entered the captive soul,
When to the dungeon's living grave,
The vesper bell its toll shall wave,
Beside the ring-bar's steely tree,
The wasted form shall bend his knee,
And in the cold and heavy chain,
To cross his brow the fetters strain:—
It may be at that vesper's dim,
His brother and sister shall pray for him,
Blessed Apostles and Martyrs dear,
Beseech in Heaven their prayer to hear!