

## TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

(BORN FEBRUARY 21ST, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.)



HE Centenary of thy birth we keep,  
 O thou whose soul serene drew all to thee  
 In honor high, in reverent love and deep,  
 Thy name by Memory held must ever be.

Thy genius unto goodness handmaid serv'd.  
 For thee nor sweets of ease, nor shapes of power  
 Thy purpose firm, thy judgment right e'er swerv'd.—  
 So vain and brief—'twere fleetness of an hour.

The heights eternal were the goal e'er sought,  
 Within that calm thy gentle spirit dwelt ;  
 In that pure ether were such labors wrought  
 As kindle souls to ardors seldom felt.

Majestic Newman ! solitary there  
 Thou sitt'st enthron'd before whose gifts we bow :  
 The contemplation of the summits where  
 Thy excellence attain'd brings blessings now.

'Tis thus that from thy urn thou holdest sway  
 O'er realms of thought beyond thy English shore ;  
 Dispelling doubt thy kindly light to-day  
 Thro' mists of Death still cheereth men the more.

And thou art Truth's and she for e'er is thine ;  
 The blessed guide of all thy mortal way  
 In turn, now holds thee close in bliss divine.  
 No " Night is dark."—It is Eternal Day.

Thou noble son, for whom fond Earth hath tears,—  
 Thou wert her scholar, poet, sage and saint—  
 Forget her not thro' all the heavenly years,—  
 With need of hers do thou our God acquaint.

—F. F. GREY.

Ottawa, Ont., February, 1901.