

We saw them meekly bow beneath  
 A frenzied might of wrong ;  
 The scaffold and the blasted heath  
 Have known earth's saddest song.  
 "Now Heaven hath heard!" to-day we cry ;  
 "Victorious, ye reign !"  
 Teach us your Hymn of Praise on high,  
 O martyrs of Compiègne !

No glory ours of moon or sun,  
 We follow from afar ;  
 Our best reward, when all is done,  
 But as the faintest star.  
 Yet give us grace to struggle on,  
 Dear Lord, where they have striven,  
 Thy Captaincy, to lean upon,  
 Our one foregleam of Heaven.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

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TO THE CARMELITE MARTYRS  
 OF COMPIEGNE.

I.



LILIES of holy Carmel  
 Robed in its garb of white !  
 Beautiful virgin-martyrs,  
 Crowned in the land of light !  
 Sweet is that song celestial  
 None but the virgins sing ;  
 Yes ! and the tones of martyrs  
 Soft in *your* accents ring !

II.

Ah ! you have nobly followed  
 Jesus, the Victim slain,  
 Dyeing your robes with crimson,  
 Deep in the press of pain.  
 And to His restful kingdom  
 Lifting your longing gaze,  
 Gladly you drank the chalice  
 Chanting the Bridegroom's praise.

III.

Whilst we ascend the mountain,  
 (Wearisome oft our way !)  
 Beautiful virgin-martyrs !  
 Aid us to watch and pray.  
 May we, in pain and sorrow,  
 Ever be nobly calm.  
 Blissful our home unending !  
 Glorious its light—the Lamb !

ENFANT DE MARIE,