

And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered from the tomb,
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flush, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way,
There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

Having chosen her mode of life, she entered zealously into all its duties. The education of the poor was her dearest wish. To gather their little children together, to instruct them, and to watch the budding of their intellectual growth, became her daily avocation. The anger and interference of friends, and the threats of a hostile government, did not deter her from this great work. To the accomplishment of her Christian undertaking she devoted her brilliant intellect, her physical energy, and her great wealth.

Let us pause again to admire this heroine's unflinching zeal for the education of the poor and lowly. She first established and endowed the Ursuline Order in Ireland. Finding that the crying want of her country still remained, she, in the year 1776, in honor of the Presentation of the Saviour in the Temple, founded the Presentation Order, the object of which is to educate the poor. She consecrated herself and her disciples to the noblest of all the works of charity. Nobly have her daughters performed their task. Starting in the obscurity of a small city of Ireland, the Presentation Nun has become known wherever the language of man is heard. Her very name is synonymous with charity. Oh, charity! friend of the fatherless, comforter of the afflicted! On thy starry brow is stamped the sign-manual of the Omnipotent; on thy cheek is the smile of Heaven; in thy hand is the balsam of life. Child of Christianity! in the quivering light that gleams in thy glowing features are seen the emblems of Peace, Joy and Hope! Thy softening and refining influence is divinely sweeter on the great ocean of life, as it ebbs and flows and beats upon the shores of time, than the silvery notes of music which, rippling o'er the moonlight waves, ravish the delighted soul

of man. Angolic Charity! What pleasant memories dost thou not bring with thee! What delicate flowers dost thou not plant in our hearts! What poems, filled with jeweled thoughts, dost thou not whisper in our ears! Alas! how can I do thee justice? To speak of thee I should possess the tongue of a seraph! To paint thy beauties, my pencils should be tipped with the unfading hues of Heaven!

The character of Nano Nagle explains the wonderful success that attended her efforts. Among her noble qualities she possessed a perseverance unexampled, and an enthusiasm unconquerable, a humility and self-denial equalled by few. The light of wisdom dawned upon her path and every obstacle was overcome. The pen of the poet, alone can truly depict her traits of character. In her we behold—

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect, woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Her character seems to have been inherited by her daughters. Who has not observed the unspeakable charm of their manner? Who has not contrasted the cares and anxieties of the people of the world with the calmness and sweetness of the nun? Her presence is sunlight; her absence gloom; when she speaks the buds of refined sentiment spring forth and blossom in our heart; as she departs from our sight, a twilight of noble aspirations lingers round, and kisses, with its golden lips, the hills and valleys of our souls. Delighted with the good, the true, and the beautiful, we exclaim:

"Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light?
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly
feeling,
Religion's softened glances shine,
Like light through summer foliage steal-
ing;