

## Poetry.

## TO JESUS.

Ah, Jesus, Jesus—in what word  
 What potent word, shall I declare  
 The depth of thrilling rapture stirred,  
 In my full heart when Thou art there!  
 Ah! must I ever voiceless be,  
 When soul and sense are wrapped in thee?

Do let me find some words that will  
 But breathe the love I feel so deep;—  
 For now—whene'er I try my skill  
 In human sounds—I only weep,—  
 Or if, perchance, my lips will move  
 I only sob, "I love—I love."

Heart of my Jesus! thou know'st well  
 The love thou dost to me reveal  
 I cannot speak, I cannot tell;—  
 All that I know, is that I feel,  
 And feel such agony of joy,  
 That language works me most annoy!

But shall I be so slow of tongue,  
 And shall I so unlettered prove,  
 When every nerve to bless is strung  
 In one delirious gasp of love?—  
 And shall I never mould to praise  
 The raptures that thy mercies raise?

Yes! by the mighty joys of heaven,  
 By thy own heart that wept our fall!  
 By thy own blood and body given  
 To man, and me, the worst of all!  
 I will, I will thy praise repeat  
 Whilst life shall leave a pulse to beat!—

Aye! Father, Brother, Guide and Friend—  
 My memory's dreams, my bosom's flame,  
 Would that these titles I could blend,  
 And melt them into one dear name,—  
 That name of praise should upmost be  
 In my heart's heart eternally;—

## A NIGHT HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Ere sleep upon us fall,  
 One prayer, the last of all,  
 Mother, to thee our weary hearts shall raise;  
 Ah, pressed by hostile night  
 Unfit for fight or flight,  
 Guard us this live-long night,  
 And we will bless thy care with morning praise.

Do not good children meet,  
 Before their mother's feet  
 At night, to beg her blessing ere they rest?  
 So now to thee we flee

Sweetest! one smile from thee  
 Shall sword and buckler be  
 'Gainst every foe, and make us truly blest.

And if ere I awake  
 Sighs from my breast shall break,  
 To Jesus first, then shall they raise to thee;  
 And when my senses stray,  
 From conscious life away,  
 Do thou, dear Mother, pray,  
 When prowls the midnight demon, pray for me!

## TO THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

O ye, whom golden pinions bear  
 Down to this world of sin and care  
 By boundless mercy sent,  
 To shield us when most desolate  
 And guide us back to Eden's gate,  
 Of love and pity blest!

Ye pure, ye white-robed choirs, who raise  
 Melodious songs of endless praise,  
 Oh! teach us to fulfil,  
 Though our frail nature may rebel,  
 And all our ruder passions swell,  
 Like you, th' Eternal's will!

Some heavenly spark bring from above,  
 To warm our frigid souls with love,  
 And bid them soar away,  
 Upon devotion's wings of flame,  
 To that far clime, from which she came,  
 The realms of lasting day!

Oh! when the darker power would bind  
 The fatally deluded mind,  
 To warn us, hover nigh;  
 And may your inspirations bright  
 Aye round us shed a radiant light,  
 And guide us to the sky!

## THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

(Translated from the Parisian Breviary by  
 the late Puseyite candidate for the chair of  
 Poetry at Oxford.)

*Ut so. dicoro lumine*

As the sun	Stands amid
O'er misty shrouds	The vernal hower;
When he walks	Or the water's
Upon the clouds;	Glassy face
Or as when	Doth reflect
The moon doth rise,	The starry space;
And refreshes	Thus above
All the skies;	All Mother's shone
Or as when	The Mother of
The Lily flower	The Blessed One!