

## SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS.

*(Feast on March 7.)*

(With the author's kind permission)

Thine a name to live forever in the world thy life illumined  
 With the sweet, seraphic lustre burning in thy spotless soul,  
 Where each lofty aspiration tended only to God's honor,  
 And no wild, contending passions ever swept with fierce control.

"Angel of the Schools," thy wisdom like a stream of living waters  
 Gladdens all the arid desert of the earth, and vivifies  
 With a never-failing vigor minds that humbly and sincerely [lies.  
 Draw their knowledge from Truth's fountain where all purest science

Lover of the Saviour lifted for his people upon Calvary,  
 For their sake upon the rude cross in such agony enthroned,  
 How the wounds that rent his body filled thy gentle heart with  
 Drawing thee still closer, closer to him whom men disowned. [anguish,

From sweet Jesus' wounds descended light to guide thee in thy labors,  
 Thence flowed forth all grace and learning to enrich thee with their  
 Thence the deeply hidden meaning of each theme sublime and mystic [dower,  
 Was revealed to thy rapt vision by his love's celestial power.

To thy heart a precious volume was the crucifix, unfolding  
 Unto thee the wondrous secrets thou so well couldst understand ;  
 That the measure of man's loving was to love God without measure,  
 And to yield him praise unceasing, earnest, fervid, deep and grand.

By thy songs which seem as echoes of the glorious strains that seraphs  
 In the golden courts of Heaven chant in joy before his face,  
 By the all-consuming fervor of the holy zeal that fired thee,  
 And which made thy humble spirit as a very fount of grace.

It was given thee that the Saviour of thy work should speak approval,  
 Saying from his cross : " O Thomas ! thou hast written well of me ;  
 What wouldst ask of me as guerdon ! " Winning thy enraptured  
 Which surrounding angels echoed : " I desire naught but thee ! " [answer,

O great saint of Heaven, rejoicing in the glory of God's presence  
 May the sweet desire that filled thee all our hearts with love inflame,  
 Till life's only aim and object, every thought, and word and action,  
 Be an offering to the honor of his dear and holy name.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.