

Thus, childhood passes. In the walks of men.
She moves an angel: pure and undefiled.
She hath drunk deep of sorrow's bitter cup.
A mother's loss she wept; and few years pass,
When Death, again a cherished parent takes,
But e'er the soft hands of his patient child.
Had closed those loving eyes, the father knew,
That to the God who claimed it, she had giv'n
Her soul's pure love,—her girlhood's spotless heart.
And thus it chanced to pass; if chance there be,
In aught ordained by Him, who rules the world.

It was the Sunday of the Rosary,
— And in procession meet, St. Dom'nick's sons,
Were chanting praise to Her, their founder loved.
Soon were they joined by the fair city's youth;
And slowly passed the Church of Notre Dame,
Where in a niche the noted statue stood,
Of Mary—bearing in her arms her Infant Son.
As Marg'ret walks along, her eyes are raised,
To the mild face, she oft hath watched before.
Why starts she? Is there aught to frighten her,
No! no! for joy beams from every feature.
But she walks as in a dream! See she falls,
With lifted earnest gaze, at Mary's feet.
“ Ah Mother! *thou* couldst tell us! *thou* dost know,
What means that rapturous face, those radiant eyes—
Thou must have smiled on her, sweet Virgin Queen!
And she nigh died of love! as she, we ask,
With yearning hearts that we may one day die!
Thou must have whispered to her inmost soul,
And it nigh fled away, with thy sweet breath,
Back to the Infant God, who looked on her
With eyes Divine, too bright, for mortal's gaze!”
— Long knelt she thus, and when at length she rose,
A change had settled on her youthful face.
Ah Marg'ret thou hast been too near to God,
To care for earth again or earthly garb,
Which thou hadst until now, so dearly prized.

Thus came Religious call: and from that hour,
One thought alone possessed that Christian maid.
Now in a cloister bearing “ Mary's ” name,
She could devote her youth, her life, to God;
There as daughters now, she earnest seeks,
Not there! not there! does Heaven's anger point!
Vainly she strives a holy house to found,
Still! still! her guiding star moves slowly on—
“ Where rests it?” See! far on in years to come—
It hovers o'er a stable: as of old,
It marked the spot, where Mary would be found.
'Tis not o'er thy beloved France it rests.
No, maiden! 'Tis where blood is daily shed,
By those who know not of the Christian's God—
The land of snows;—where the savage Iroquois,
Loud yell the war-hoop, scatt'ring death around.
Who, now comes from wild Canadian forests?
D: Maisonneuve, we know thy stately step,
“ What seekest thou? *more* men, to lose their lives
In savage combat with the deadly foe?”