

THE PASSING OF LEO.

Imperial Rome folds her gaunt, trembling hands,
In deep grief, at her great son's, lowly bier ;
The very earth stands stricken pale with fear,
While Rachel-cries ring out in many lands
And Sorrow, black-robed, sadly, mutely stands
Erect, wild-eyed, above his form so dear,
With heart, too sick, to summon forth a tear,
Weary of treading Calv'ry's, burning sands.
Life's dark, still night has brought thee perfect
day,

The rose-hued twilight saw thy work was done
And heard Christ call thee—well-belovéd son !
Great Leo—crowned with winter's, snow-white
spray !

Thy years reflect the glad, eternal Spring
Thy soul enjoys, now palaced with the King.