



THE EVENING ANGELUS.

WITH winter's dusk of violet
A hush expectant comes,
The balsams' faint perfumes
Incense the sacred twilight.

The pine groves, grey and spacious,
Breathe thro' their spicy shades ;
"As a palm tree in Cades."
Resemblance meet and gracious.

The moon, a lily golden,
Blooms o'er the spotless snows —
So fair the mystic Rose
Of Israel in times olden.

Arches and dome of glory
Star-set in radiant light,
Symbols to faith's pleased sight
Blest House of Gold, thy story.

And, hark ! the pure air charming,
The consecrated bells
Their tale of wonder tells,
The demon host alarming.

As once the great archangel
Cried, "Hail ! thou full of grace."
We, each in his own place.
Repeat the glad evangel.

In paeans never ceasing
Sweet Angelus bells resound --
And Mary, be thou crown'd
With Earth's perpetual blessing.

E. C. M. T.