

THE CATHOLOGRAPHER.

Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe its early vows ;
 And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs :
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore ;
 It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore !

A little spring had lost its way
 Among the grass and fern ;
 A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn.
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink ;
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that Toil might drink.
 He passed again—and lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside !

A dreamer dropt a random thought,
 'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
 A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true :
 It shone upon a genial mind,
 And lo ! its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
 A monitory flame.
 The thought was small—its issue great ;
 A watch-fire on the hill,
 It sheds its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid the crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
 Unstudied, from the heart,
 A whisper on the tumult thrown—
 A transitory breath—
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ ! O font ! O word of love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last !