



Celestial Recompense.



BEHOLD, a glory of the sun,
 Another, of the moon,
 Another of the stars—if won,
 A grand celestial boon :
 That splendor of sun-rays is hers,
 Sweet Mother of our Lord,
 Whose changeless peace no shadow blurs,
 With Him in full accord !

What is the glory of the sun,
 Thou student of the Word ?
 Its roseate strands of glory spun
 Hast thou or known or heard ?
 Hast watched the trembling of the dawn,
 Or seen the sunset pour
 Its scarlet flood o'er vale and lawn,
 Earth kneeling, to adore ?

And what the glory of the moon,
 Waxing or waning cold ?
 White as a rose in heat of noon
 Or soft as liquid gold ?
 Hast seen the quivering whiteness fall
 On dewy, daisied fields ?
 Or mournfully, on crosses tall
 Where Death his sceptre wields ?

This shadowed glory, wrung from tears,
 The blessed martyrs wear ;
 Its silvery light—yet sweet—endears
 Their presence everywhere,
 We love to know their loving deeds,
 We see their waving palms !
 Yea, Lord ! amid our sordid needs
 We hear their blessed psalms !