

Nulla molestia, nulla tragoedia,  
lacryma nulla.  
O sacra potio, sacra refectio, pax  
aninarum  
O pius, O bonus, O placidus sonus,  
hymnus earum."

This is more freely translated :

"Peace doth abide in Thee ;  
None hath denied to Thee  
Fruitage undying.  
Thou hast no weariness ;  
Naught of uncheeriness  
Moves Thee to sighing.  
Draught o' the stream of life,  
Joy of the dream of life,  
Peace of the spirit !  
Sacred and holy hymns,  
Placid and lowly hymns,  
Thou dost inherit !"

"So strange and subtle," Dr Duffield writes, "is the charm of this marvellous poem, with its abrupt and startling rhythm, that it affects me even yet, though I have but swept my fingers lightly over a single chord. I seem to myself to have again taken into my hand the old familiar harp, and to be tuning it once more to the heavenly harmony which the old monk tried to catch. Perhaps some day, when the clouds are removed, I shall see him, and understand even better than now the glory that lit his lonely cell, and made him feel that

'Earth looks so little and so low  
When faith shines full and bright.'

Readers of Longfellow's "Golden Legend" will remember the charming use which he makes of these Latin hymns in that poem. Our author says, "I hold Bernard of Clairvaux to be the real author of the modern hymn—the hymn of faith and worship. The poetry of Faber, which is now so near to the heart of the Church, is peculiarly in this key. The Church universal has made Bernard her own; and the very translations of his verses have been half-inspired. And while we sing,

'Jesus, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast,'

we sing the very strain that the abbot of Clairvaux was sent on earth to teach !"

That solemn hymn, "Dies Irae," with its ringing triple rhymes, like the strokes of a hammer upon an anvil, or, rather, like the solemn tolling of a bell, has been translated oftener than any poem in the Latin language. All Christendom rejoices in it as a common treasure, the gift of God through a devout Italian monk of the thirteenth century. It is indissolubly associated with Mozart's wonderful "Requiem," and with the most tragic scene of Goethe's "Faust." Sir Walter Scott introduced it with fine effect in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and in the wandering utterances of his death-bed, it mingled with the old Scottish Psalms. The Earl of Roscommon died repeating its words. Dr. Johnson could never utter the tender words ("Seeking me Thou sattest weary,"\* the lines which Dean Stanley quotes in his description of Jacob's well,) without being moved to tears. It is in words a picture of the Day of Judgment, not less impressive than Angelo's great painting of the Sistine Chapel. Its translations into English and German have been numbered by the hundreds; ninety-six versions have been made in America, and nearly as many in Great Britain. Only Luther's "Ein feste Burg," of which there are eighty-one versions in English alone, can compare with it. Dr. Duffield's own version of this majestic hymn is one of great power and grandeur. We quote a few stanzas :

"With what answer shall I meet Him,  
By what advocate entreat Him,  
When the just may scarcely greet  
Him?"

"King of majesty appalling,  
Who dost save the elect from falling,  
Save me ! O! Thy pity calling.

"Be Thou mindful, Lord most lowly,  
That for me Thou diest solely ;  
Leave me not to perish wholly !"†

\* "Quaerens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti cruce passus :  
Tantus labor non sit cassus !"

† "Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Dum vix justus sit securus ?"