

The Return of the Dead.



FELT thy presence like a breath
Of morning, moist with dew
And fragrant with the balmy words
The buds in greeting threw,
Fall o'er my soul and soothe its pain
And raise my drooping hopes again.

Then sad unrest, my constant guest,
And doubt and every ill
Were as those waves that heard, long since,
The great command, "Be still!"
While joy broke on me as doth fall
The redbird's note at morning's call.

So those we love betimes come back
To share with us their bliss,
And wait expectant at the door
For tender hand and kiss.
Pray God, that, when they homeward turn,
Nor change nor sin their eyes discern!

—ANNA C. MINOGUE, IN *The New World*.

To My Blessed Mother.

VIRGO Sanctissima! Mother my own;
Bending before thee
Lost and alone.
O! wilt thou hear me, feeble my cry,
See me in darkness—
O! art thou nigh?

Sorrow oppresses me, sin bends me low,
Weary, dear Mother,
I long for thee so.
Take thou my hand, and lead thy poor child,
Out of the darkness—
Mother most mild.

Virgo Sanctissima, ne'er will I sigh
Feeling that earth is drear
When thou art nigh.
Thou hast been all to me, Mother my own,
E'er when I called thy name—
Joy have I known.

—NELLIE BRADY.