

Thy name is thy eulogy ! If honour's paid
 To whom honour is due, then what is thy worth,
 Thou angel of comfort ! to men here on earth ?
 What species of virtue to thee is unknown ?
 What love for the suffering has not thy heart shown ?
 What office of mercy, of duty what call
 Is ignored by a daughter of Vincent de Paul ?
 In saintly seclusion pass cheerful thy days;
 In fasting and penance, prayer, psalmody, praise !
 Yet not to the cloister thy deeds are confined ;
 Nor yet to thy schools, where the young heart and mind
 Are, by patient yet pleasing toil, copiously stored
 With wisdom and science and fear of the Lord ;
 No, far wider range takes thy charity's aim,
 All classes, creeds, colours, thy sympathy claim !
 The friend of the orphan, thy tenderest cares
 Are exhausted to save thy young charge from the snares
 Of the wicked one. Patient, enduring, thy sweet toil is given,
 To rescue from Satan an angel for Heaven !
 To solace the sorrowful, comfort the weak,
 To soothe the afflicted, to tend on the sick ;
 Where battles are raging, where bullets are flying,
 To whisper sweet accents of hope to the dying !
 In the plague-stricken town where the scourge's fell breath
 Bears the stench of disease, the contagion of death !
 Where friends are deserters, where stoutest hearts quail,
 'Tis thine, holy woman, to stand without fail
 At thy post philanthropic ! No danger can move
 The resolve of thy soul in its mission of love !

The mass is now ended. The "*Ite*" is said ;
 The blessing is given, the last gospel's read.
 The priest has retired, the crowd, one by one,
 To their various employments, light-hearted, are gone,
 Yet I lingered awhile, I could not depart,
 The lesson there taught me sunk deep in my heart !
 The fervour I witnessed, the homage sincere,
 The tears of compunction, the silent heart-prayer,
 The attitude humble and suppliant—all showed
 There was *there*, if on earth, the true worship of God !
 No vain, ostentatious, pharisaical show,
 No hypocrite meaning, or wailings of woe ;
 No loud, egotistical boastings in prayer,
 No cant or mock groaning of spirit was there !
 But piety real, unassuming, and lowly,
 The worshippers true, humble, meek-hearted, holy !

Though years have elapsed since the scene of that morn,
 Yet ever my thoughts to that temple return.
 Other bright spots of youth from my memory may pass,
 But I'll never forget that May morning's LOW MASS !

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I. 29.
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