

heavenly union, cemented, consecrated and sanctified by these beautiful festivities in honor of "La Purissima," the Queen and Mother of all Spanish chivalry in the past and in the present.

Nor does it lessen our love for our dear

Catholic country, to know, that sadly enough, the devotion of the military sons of Spain to their Immaculate Patroness is not equalled by the troops of any other Catholic nation of Europe.

## POET PRIESTS.

BY P. A. B.

"I like a priest, I like a cow,  
I love a prophet of the soul;  
And on mine eyes monastic aisles  
Fall like the grace of pensive smiles."

—Anon.

MANY who are blind to the beauty of the Bride of Christ—the Catholic Church, cannot be made to believe that priestly duties or monastic life can produce poets. History contradicts such a belief. Many of the names of these poets are lost to posterity, because in their humility they mostly used a *nom de plume*. But who has not heard of a Newman, a Faber, and our own American poet-priest, Father Ryan? It was a poor friar who composed the lovely *Stabat Mater*. The great Virgil had but one rival, the Blessed Baptist of Mantua—he was only a poor Carmelite monk. Why do not non-Catholics give us our due? More than a dozen times I have seen those beautiful lines, "Lead Kindly Light," in Protestant books, but the publishers took good care not to say it was written by Cardinal Newman. Some of the sweetest poems have also come from the pens of the cloistered nuns. Readers of this REVIEW have seen more than one of these gems. There are many poets "born to blush un-

seen" nowadays among our clergy and religious, but they have to neglect the Muse in order to attend to other duties. Of late some gems of verse have appeared in the *Century* over the name of one Tabb. These lines have been copied very extensively by some of the scissors' editors. Lately somebody made the horrible discovery that the writer in the *Century* is a Catholic priest. Now they will have to drop him, or disguise the fact that he is a priest. Perhaps he will share the same fate as sweet Father Faber. In a country paper last January, sandwiched between some Baptist hymns for Sunday schools, was one poem over the name "Fred Faber!"

Finally, why shouldn't the Church produce poets? Everything in her is inspiring, loving and ennobling? How can one who feels and knows how Christ loves us in the Tabernacle refrain from bursting into jubilant lines. Our tender and sweet Mother, the Immaculate Virgin, who herself is a poem of poems, is an inexhaustible and thought-inspiring theme for every Catholic poet—just as she has ever been the ideal for the greatest painters and sculptors.

## Words of the Popes on the Rosary.

"Augmentation of the Christian religion."  
"The light which dispels the darkness of heresy."  
"The salvation of the faithful."  
"Appeases the wrath of God."  
"The destruction of sin."  
"Treasury of Grace."  
"Shining ornament of the Roman Church."

Urban VIII.  
St. Pius V.  
Clement VIII.  
Gregory XIII.  
Gregory XIV.  
Paul V.  
Julius III.