

*We make a truce with old regret
And bitter tears of long ago ;
Such cares may come, such tears may flow*

*Before the winter shall have died ;
But cares and tears must never know
The merry days of Christmastide.*

ENVOY.

*Friend Father Time may bend his bow
To slay our pleasures in their pride ;
His malice cannot conquer so
The merry days of Christmastide.*

J. W. A. in the *Irish Monthly*.

 Immaculate Conception.

I LIKE to a pearl in ocean, enshrined in the Bosom of Godhead
Through the abyss of ages lay His wondrous conception —
Lay the unsullied gem — the splendor of finite creation.
Lo, as the Father beholdeth His Word by Him generated,
Substance of Substance the same, the Image express of His glory,
Forth from each Person outfloweth the Spirit of Love Uncreated.
Thus, when He looks on His holy, His beautiful, perfect conception,
Down on that virginal vision, the image create of His sweetness
Who may not feel that His Spirit hath entered this lovely creation ?
Fairest of creatures, all hail ! so pure, so transcendently holy,
Mirrors thy soul as its birthright those rays of Glory Deific,
Born in a Vision of Peace, at the footstool of Godhead reclining.

(See frontispiece.)