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FOR THE HARP

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Sister Harty, who died at the Hotel Dieu, of Montreal, on June the 1st, of consumption, was a native of Lacolle, and had spent seven years of her young life in religion. Until within a few weeks of her demise she fulfilled her duties as assistant secretary and organist. During her illness she was a model of patience and resignation. A few days before her death the Rev. Mother remarked that she thought the end was near. "No, Mother, I will live until the month of the Sacred Heart, but no longer," said the dying saint. And her words proved prophetic.

Spring flowers bud and bloom,
Lovely flowers droop and die,
Spirits of approaching summer
Through the leafy branches sigh.

Yet with eyes undimmed by weeping,
We view flowers bloom and fade,
Till a cherished blossom dieth,
Then doth grief our hearts invade.

Oh! what lovely flower so lovely
As a heart sincere and kind!
What bright sun so bright and cheering
As a chaste and upright mind!

Thus wert thou sweet sister ever
As a golden gem at home,
Giving joy to loving sisters
By thy kindly winning bloom.

How we watched thy gentle nature,
As it sought to profit all,
And we saw the tear-drop starting
At affection's mournful call.

How we blessed thy angel goodness,
While we whisper to our hearts,
Would to God this saintly sister
Never might from earth depart.

But alas! how vain our hoping,
Then, when angels call away,
When the Father calls his loved ones,
Would they any longer stay.

Yes, dear sister they have called thee,
To the mansions of the blest,
And although our hearts are lonely,
Well we know thou art at rest.

Farewell, then, dear angel sister,
Spirit meet for heaven's domain,
Here we mourn thee for a season,
There we hope to meet again.

L. S.