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SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

FATHER RYAN.

I walk down the valley of silence—
Down the dim, noiseless valley alone,
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own,
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win ;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with the din ;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I found but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said, " In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true ;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue,
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,
And heard a voice call me ; since then
I walk down the valley of silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley ?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine,
And I fell at the knees of the holy,
And above me a voice said, " Be mine,"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo, " My heart shall be thine.

Do you ask how I live in the valley ?
I weep and I dream and I pray ;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May,
And my prayer like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts like the dove of the deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far in the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach ;

And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech ;
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred !
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard,
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley—
Ye hearts that are harrowed with care ?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there,
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

REVERIE.

FATHER RYAN.

We laugh when our souls are the saddest,
We shroud all our grief in a smile ;
Our voices may warble their gladdest,
And our souls mourn in anguish the while.

And our eyes wear a summer's bright glory
When winter is wailing beneath,
And we tell not the world the sad story
Of the thorn hidden back of the wreath.

Ah ! fast flow the moments of laughter,
And bright as the brook to the sea ;
But ah ! the dark hours that come after
Of moaning for you and for me.

Yea, swift as the sunshine, and fleeting
As birds, fly the moments of glee !
And we smile ; and mayhap grief is sleeting
Its ice upon you and me.

And the clouds of the tempest are shifting
O'er the heart ; tho' the face may be bright ;
And the snows of woe's winter are drifting
Our souls ; and each day hides a night.

For ah ! when our souls are enjoying
The mirth which our faces reveal,
There is something—a something—alloying
The sweetness of joy that we feel.

Life's loveliest sky hides the thunder,
Whose bolt in a moment may fall,
And our paths may be flowery ; but under
The flowers there are thorns for us all.

Ah ! 'tis hard when our beautiful dreamings,
That flash down the valley of night,