



## Sursum Corda !

**T**HE world shines bright for inexperienced eyes,  
 And death seems distant to the gay and strong,  
 And in the youthful heart proud fancies throng,  
 And only present good can nature prize.



How, then, shall youth o'er these low vapors rise  
 And climb the upward path so steep and long?  
 And how, amid earth's sights and sounds of wrong,  
 Walk with pure heart and face raised to the skies?



By gazing on the infinitely good,  
 Whose love must quell or hallow ev'ry other—  
 By living in the shadow of the Rood,  
 For He that hangs there is our Elder Brother,  
 Who dying gave to us Himself as food,  
 And His own Mother as our nursing mother.

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