



THE EVENING ANGELUS.

BY JOSEPH A. SADLER.



REST at evening, when the shadows
 Falling on the landscape grey,
 Seem to speak in solemn whispers
 Of the closing of the day;
 When the sunset's gold is fading
 Like a glory in the west,
 And the Angelus is ringing
 At the evening hour of rest!

Morning, noon, and evening, pealing
 Bells with herald voice proclaim—
 Echoing from the village steeple
 To the city's proudest fane—
 How of old the Angel's message
 Came unto the Virgin blest;
 Still the Angelus repeats it
 At the evening hour of rest!

Then, while stars their vigils keeping
 Night falls over land and sea,
 And our souls with upward longing,
 Mother Mary, turn to thee—
 Asking thee to guide and help us
 Onward in our heavenly quest—
 While the Angelus is ringing
 At the evening hour of rest!

Montreal, P. Q.

Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.