



PEACE.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



HERE is peace in the tranquil calmness
That glides o'er the boundless deep,
When the billows have ceased their moaning,
And sink, with a sigh to sleep.

There is peace in the shades of twilight,
When far in the radiant West
Fade the glances of golden sunbeams,
And soft chimes the hour for rest.

There is peace in the dream-land music,
That wafts in a sweet, low strain
Like the echo of Angel voices
Singing far o'er the earth again.

There is peace in a storm-tost spirit,
The calm and melodious thrill
Of His voice on the restless surging
That breathes, as of old, "Be still!"

And e'en in the deepest anguish
His grace can that peace impart,
If we drink of the bitter chalice
Through love for His Sacred Heart.

But more tranquil than ocean-calmness
Or twilight when fades the day,
Is that peace which awaits His loved ones,
When exile has passed away.

Oh! the eye hath not seen its beauty,
Nor ear heard that seraph-hymn;
And no heart can conceive the gladness
Afar o'er the shadows dim.

The day is far spent, my Jesus!
On thee, O most loving Guest,
Can our souls in their restless longing
Find peace and eternal rest.