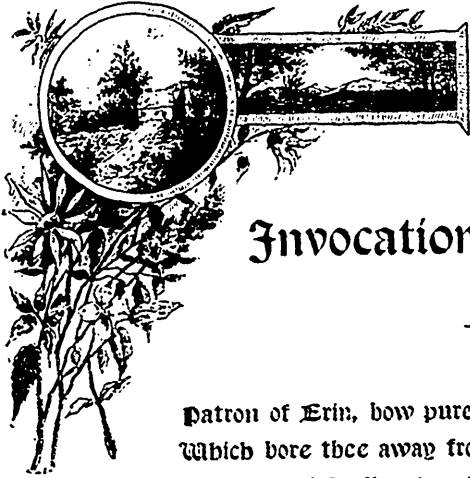


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Invocation to St. Patrick.



Patron of Erin, how pure that devotion,
Which bore thee away from thine own sunny clime—
Swift as might Love's willing wings, on thy mission,
Back to the shores of the "Gem of the Ocean,"—
Back, to respond to its children's petition—
Plaint as of infants exposed and forsaken—
Which rang from the far distant vista of Time,
Craving the light of the Saviour's bright Beacon
To scatter hell's dark superstition and guile!

Still burns the fire which thine ardour enkindled,
From Tara's green brow, in the hearts of our sires;
Still shines the Faith, bright as when 'twas first given,
Nor has its brilliant lustre e'er dwindled;
Though far and wide have Hibernians been driven.
Yet, o'er their birthright a storm now 's impending—
The torch of dissension her battlement fires;
Haste, gentle Saint, to the rescue, extending
Thy shield of defence o'er the "Emerald Isle."

G. C. Delany, '91.