

Time And Eternity

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

For stretch to life's extremity
The brilliant course of earthly pleasure,
How looks the space assigned to man,
Lost in the vast eternal measure!

Rank Fortune, love, earth's highest bliss,
All life can yield, of sweet, or splendour,
Are but a thing that scarcely is,
When, lo! its mortal date is ended!

So swift is Time, so briefly lost
The fleeting joys of life's creation,
What seems the present, in the past,
Before the mind can mark its station.

O, earth we hold the spirit blest
That leaves to bear affliction cheerily,
And what we call and fancy rest
Is but a thing that scarcely is.

'Tis vain to stay in youthful years,
Time flees, earth fades, with all its pleasures;
The ardent heart attentive hears,
But night of transient counsel treasures.

'Tis heavenly grace alone, my child,
The fruit of prayer attending duly,
Can firmly stem the tumult wild,
O'er earthly passion rising newly.

Then shall we for so brief a world,
A speck in nature's vast dominion,
With hope's high banner basely fold,
Return to earth with stoical pinion.

Forbid it truth, forbid it love,
The faithful thought untold should
Forbid it all we hope above,
And all on earth we know and cherish.

A Hymn For Lent.

O ruthless scourges, with what pain
You tear
My Saviour's flesh, so innocent and fair!

O, cease to rend that flesh divine,
My loving Lord torment no more;
Wound rather, wound this heart of mine,
The guilty cause of all His bore.

Ye cruel thorns, in mocking wreath entwined
My Saviour's brow in agony to bind,
O, cease to rend that flesh divine,
My loving Lord torment no more;

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Uplifting nails, whose points, with anguish fierce,
The hands and feet of my Redeemer pierce!

O, cease to rend that flesh divine,
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Unfolding lance, that dares to open wide
The sacred temple of my Saviour's side!

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—St. Alphonsus Liguori

Our Lady of The Doves.

"And after the days of her purification... they carried Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord... and to offer sacrifice... a pair of—St. Luke II, 22-24"

Today I list to the doves' soft cooing cry,
That floats to me above the wintry gale,
And thrills my soul, O doves, on the roof-tree high,
"Tis sweeter far than song of nightingale."

"Tis little ye know the tale ye tell to me,
O softly cooing doves on the roof-tree high,
'Tis little ye know the olden scenes I see,
Today, as I list to your soft cooing cry.

For now my ears are closed to the city's roar,
Ye angels have note transports me far away,
And soon I stand at the mighty Temple's door,
And dream it is the Presentation day.

I see the Mother fair with tender Child;
She is a mother, yet a maiden too;
She meekly stands among the sin-dimmed,
With low-bowed head, as God's law bids her do.

She brings a penny dove for a holocaust,
And then a penny turtle-dove for sin;
Ah me, sweet cooing doves from the cages tossed,
Dear victims blest, what happiness you wish!

I see the lifeblood of each gentle bird
Poured out upon the Temple's stones, the while
From Anna and from Simeon are heard
The wondrous prophecies, with

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A Child's Novena

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Mrs. Moore was not thinking of anything of this kind, only of how glad she would be to escape from the chill of the street into the comfortable warmth of the church. Arrived there, she found herself the only worshipper, as she was much too early, so selecting a seat near the altar, she sat down, and began her Rosary, when the pattering steps of children, evidently barefooted, coming up the aisle, attracted her attention. Presently they came into view—two little girls in miserable thin clothing, and, as she had feared, in their bare feet. They passed her on their way to the altar; and she had time to notice their pale little faces, and the dark circles round their pretty eyes.

Before kneeling down to pray, the older sister carefully placed the younger child close to the heater; then herself went up the little steps leading to the altar rail, and began very earnest prayers to the Sacred Heart, gazing up at the benignant face above her, with a pathetic look of entreaty.

Now Mrs. Moore looked children; but perhaps more particularly the poor children, who ever seem to stand outside the gates of happiness; and she felt that she should be very very glad if Our Lord would answer the little one's prayer.

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Hastily making up her mind as she saw the children preparing to depart, Mrs. Moore left her place as they came by.

"Are you on your way to school?" she whispered, glancing at the books they had with them.

"Yes, ma'am—to Our Lady of Rosary's School—the Dominican nuns, you know, ma'am. But it's come in here to do every morning to say our prayers at the altar."

"Are you feet dreadfully cold?" Mrs. Moore asked, looking down at the poor little feet.

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