

MERCY.



MERCY, the balm that soothes our earthly woes,
 Is not of earthly growth or human art ;
 O'erflowing from the Eternal Father's breast,
 In highest heaven it had mysterious birth,
 And came in Him whose pure and Sacred Heart
 Had more of mercy than of human flesh.
 It was His Father's heart, His Mother's too
 Springing from out a kindly virgin soil,
 Thus drawing from the best of earth and heaven.
 The incarnate Son to sorrowing mortals given,
 Came rich in mercy—His redeeming dew,
 Distilling in His graces, words and deeds
 Infused into each power and sense of man,
 Raised downfallen nature to its primal height,
 In man repaired the image of his God.
 Still in each heart He sows the sacred seed :
 Still bids it grow and ripen into fruit.
 The fruit—how sweet ! In hunger, want and grief,
 When poverty in cellar dark and damp
 Hails the kind friend that comes to give relief,
 Full many a smile, full many a rapture grows.
 Like the young bird that hungry in the nest
 Awaits its mother with wide-open mouth.
 The poor and sick in their lone empty homes
 Look out expectant to the rich and good.
 Oh, you who boast a Christian's heart, arise,
 A cup of water give in His sweet Name
 Who treats you to His richer, daintier draughts.
 Go give the daily bread and kindly share
 The gifts of God with God's own needy child ;
 Go in thy wealth, thy poorer brother calls,
 Droops his sad heart, he faints, and must he die
 Within thy easy reach, despite the means
 At your command—perchance the luxuries !
 Haste, by your bounty fed, he still may live,
 May live, awake, look up and with a smile
 All sweet with Christian gratitude and love,
 Reward the author of his second life.
 You gave the smile, you gave the dying life ;
 Shining before him as an angel bright.
 Your grosser frame his doorway darkens less
 Than your kind heart sheds light on his despair.