

" And think for a moment how God in His love
Gave to a winged creature the notes from above,
To make the long years like an hour of spring ;
What must be the joy where such birds ever sing
In God's own blessed dwelling ! "

He died in their midst, and they buried him there
In the church on the ridge, with loud chanting and prayer;
And that is the reason by Lough Cuan's side
The blackbirds sing sweeter than elsewhere beside,
And all song birds excelling.



FECIT MIHI MAGNA.

Thus He, the Mighty One, hath wrought great things
On me, the lowly, from whose heart upsprings
Into the empyrean of pure harmony
This stammered tribute of my love and praise,
Unto the silent nights, the listening days,
That sweep behind me to Eternity.

REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

