

IV.

And still we are not friendless.
O kneel in silent prayer
Before the holy altar,
Our *dearest* Friend is there.
And all the kindest feelings
That friendship can impart
Are beating in those love-thrills
Of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

V.

A day will come when partings
Will be to us no more.
We'll see those well-known faces
So loved, and lost of yore.
The ties of tender friendship
On earth were loosed with pain,
But in our home for ever
Dear friends we will regain.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

A Sister's "Undying Love."



HE sent me a little emblem,
A delicate snow-white spray,
Like her own pure, gentle spirit
Now far from earth away.
And to cheer my onward pathway,
To raise my thoughts above,
She wrote, with tender meaning,
Of her "*undying love*."
On our Blessed Mother's birthday
My darling was laid to rest:
She will rise in immortal beauty,
And mingle with virgins blest.
Oh! those words, like a stream of music
Softly wafting on zephyr's sigh,
Often whisper to my spirit
Of love that can never die.
The eyes with their lustrous meaning,
Have closed to the light of day,
And the warm heart has stilled its beating,
But her love lives far away.
And, like to a silvery star-gleam,
That ray of "*undying love*,"
Shines forth in the night of sadness
That preludes the day above.
And I know that her heart thrills responsive
And echoes each breathing of prayer,
For love that is living in Jesus,
Is purified, perfected there.

—E. D. M.

"In Memoriam," Rev. Mother M. Gertrude,—R.I.P.