

* * *

But peace lives again in those eyes of deep blue,
The struggle is over—Thou art tried and found true
And the pride of the serpent lies low!

O the power that lay in that one little word,
In thy "Fiat," O Mary, by all ages heard,
In the troth of thy heart with a God!
"And the Word was made flesh" by the spirit of love
And the Heavens were hushed while a luminous dove
O'ershadowed thee there where thou stoodst.

Earth's Saviour lay hid in the heart of a maid,
Every drop of His blood was the ransom He paid,
His life was the gift that He gave.
O, the might of that word! O, the balm that it brings!
We, the paupers of earth, are made heirs to a king:
He, the greatest of kings, is a slave!

PERCY VERNON.

The Dream of Gerontius.

HIS remarkable production from the pen of Cardinal Newman, depicts, in a high degree his originality, together with his depth of thought and height of language. Every year the intellectual world admires more and more this poem, which yields its best, only after careful study and consideration. For exalted purity for terseness, beauty of expression, for musical cadences. "The Dream of Gerontius" stands first among the few great poems that picture the life after death.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is made up of yearnings of faith, of doubt, but it never passes beyond the bar of death. The "Paradise" of Milton is one of angels, rather than men, and in Rossetti's "The Blessed Damosel" we find only a reflection of earth. In Dante's "Purgatorio" the splendor seems to be so