

Your Sons have but one heart and one voice to apply to
you the touching inscription we once read on a tomb in a
church of the Eternal City :

Beni Sit Tibi, Qui Nos Bene Amasti!

CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS.

First Sunday of Lent.

Thou hast gone out from Nazareth's shelter sweet,
From Mary's mother-love, so pure, complete,
Over a long and drear and perilous way,
Into the wilderness to fast and pray.
Wherefore, my God, must all this anguish be ? -
Meekly Thou answerest " For thee, for thee."

Art Thou not weary of the desert bare
The rock and sand and sun, the blistering air ?
Were not the rivulet to Thy parched lips balm ?
Yearnest Thou not for the green, sheltering palm ?
Art Thou not lonely, dearest Lord, Ah, me !
Though hosts of angels bear Thee company ?

One slender shade is in the desert-land,
The shadow of the Cross athwart the sand ;
But sharp and clear and present to Thine eyes,
The awful agonies of Calvary rise.

The Cross's shadow greateneth for me
Ah, but the cruel nails are all for Thee !

O mystery of untold tenderness
A boundless, shoreless sea Thy love's excess !
O I could weep methinks in Heaven above
To see my maker pleading so for love !
Tempted and tried and sorrowing for me
Lord, can Thy lowliest do aught for Thee ?

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.