

OUR LADY OF PEACE.

From the rocks where the pine-trees stand,
At the meeting of sea and land,
 She looks out o'er the sea;
And the Child-God on her arm
Keeps the fisher from harm:
 "My peace go with thee!"

Toward the East where He worked and died,
The land of the Crucified,
 She gazes, nor turns away;
And God's light pauses a space,
To rest on her dear face
 At the spring of each day.

Though storms may beat on the strand,
Solemn and still and grand,
 She heeds not their wrath;
And the ships that pass to and fro
On the face of the waters below
 She speeds on their path.

When at mid-day the sun, risen high,
Tunes water and air and sky
 To one common blue chord,
Then myrtle and thyme at her feet
Wrap in incense pure and sweet
 The Elect of the Lord.

And the winds and the pines and the waves
Sing in murmurous staves,
 And repeat without cease,
The words from her lips that fall:
"God's mercy rest on all,
 And on all be peace!"