

BEFORE THE SACRED HEART.

OW hath the June-month blushed awake in roses,
 Aroused by joyous birds that pipe day-long ;
 Boon summer like a full blown flower uncloses,
 And thrives in loveliness, and waxes strong.

Now earth is at her fairest : and above her
 The heaven o'erstoops from deeps of dappled light,
 Wooing her, like a true celestial lover,
 To emulative beauty in his sight,

Yet, for the crowning beauty of the season,
 I will not walk the meadows or the woods,
 To watch how winds a-wing the billowy leas on
 Wide-rippling sweep ; or in green solitudes

List how the wild bird singeth unto Silence,
 Slaying her with the passion of his measure,
 As we slay Happiness and her still smilings
 In our o'er-yearning reaches after pleasure.

No : I will enter at this narrow portal,
 And, in the space these straitened walls between,
 Win to a Beauty far beyond the mortal
 And finite beauty of the touched and seen.

This narrow porch doth open to our searching
 A Realm outreaching all our race hath trod :
 These walls are wider than the heavens o'erarching—
 They hold and guard the fulness of a God.

Here dwelleth He, the Orb of All-Completeness,
 His glory compassed in this lowly shrine ;
 And here the rose of Love's consummate sweetness
 Blossoms to being in His Heart Divine.

O, in these aisles, where shadows, moving slowly
 With alternated sunlight, mark the day
 For Hours that here veil faces hushed and holy,
 And in mute adorations pass away ;

Here, where the stress of mortal life falls from us,
 And leaves upon the soul, at sudden peace,
 A sense of stillness, such as doth o'ercome us
 If the loud ticking of a clock do cease ;