

# The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

VOL. II.—No. 51.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Killarney's Secret.

In the abbey of St. Joseph,  
By the gently-flowing Leo,  
There a priest of tried devotion  
This true story told to me.

"On the bank of famed Killarney,  
Where it trends towards the west,  
Stands a mountain clad with verdure,  
Towering high above the rest.  
In its bosom lies a grotto,  
Which it guards with jealous care,  
And God's angels watch the treasure  
That is hid forever there.

Many years have long passed over,  
Since one glorious Christmas night  
By our Saviour's special favor,  
I beheld that wondrous sight.  
In my youth I read a legend,  
Written by a monk of yore,  
That the sacred crib of Bethlehem  
Had been borne to Erin's shore.

Prayed I then with faith unceasing  
Ere my course below was run,  
Ere the soul had left the body,  
Ere the work of life was done,  
That I might behold this treasure,  
That I yet might kiss the wood,  
Where was laid the new-born Saviour  
Over whom Our Lady stood.

On that eve already vested,  
Standing by the altar tall,  
Suddenly a sound of music  
On my listening ear did fall.  
Nearer, nearer came the singing,  
Sweeter voices filled the air,  
And before my eyes of wonder  
Paused an angel bright and fair.

'Come my child! your prayer is answered,  
You shall see the hallowed spot.  
Tis your faith has gained this triumph.  
You shall kiss the sacred cot.  
Come my child,' and in a twinkling  
Scarce an instant fluttered by—  
Gazed I on the grandest vision  
Ever seen by human eye.

Rank on rank of gleaming spirits,  
Bowing low before that shrine,  
Some arrayed in golden lustre,  
Never brought from depths of mine.  
In their hands swung jewelled censers,  
Heavenward rose the incense smoke,  
While the sound of harp and psalter  
All the grotto's echoes woke.

And the hymn was joyous sounding,  
Breathing peace to all on earth.  
First 'twas heard in Beth'hem's valley  
Signal of the Saviour's birth.  
Saw I then those scenes repeated.  
Saw I wandering shepherds stand.  
Saw I kings in adoration  
From the far off eastern land.

But no tongue may tell the splendor.  
Human eye can ne'er conceive  
All the love and joy that filled me  
On that blessed Christmas eve.  
Enough my child! my hope was granted  
I have viewed the hallowed spot,  
I have seen the Virgin Mother,  
I have kissed the sacred cot.

But the glory of that grotto  
E'en the mount may not contain,  
Flows its beauty down the valley,  
Lingers it on hill and plain.  
This the secret of Killarney,  
Heavenly beauty's earthly home.



SISTINE MADONNA—RAPHAEL.

There the crib remains forever,  
From it ne'er again will roam."

Such the story that was told me  
By the side of azure Leo,  
Where it wimples near the abbey  
On its journey towards the sea.

W. E. HART.



## The First Snowflakes.

Flutt'ring from the lap of Heaven  
Down upon the dreary earth  
By the breath of angels driven  
Shower buds of airy birth.

See them falling! softly beating,  
Sailing on their petals spread,  
Kissing hill and dale in greeting,  
Pausing, bird-like, overhead.

When the summer-blossoms wither,  
Leaving earth so drear and bold,  
Come these winter flowers hither  
Which with joy we now behold.

Uplands, valleys bloom in whiteness,  
And the trees which lately mourned  
For their garb of autumn brightness  
Are with fairer robes adorned.

Lovely snowflakes! ye a double  
Mission seem to here fulfil,  
And a blessed balm in trouble  
Is the lesson ye instill.

He, whose wisdom hath seen fitting  
To inflict a grief or pain  
Ne'er His Providence omitting  
Makes what seems our loss a gain.

—ROSE FERGUSON.



## An Invitation.

Come with me into the mystery  
Of Nature's shadow and sound  
Where the heart of the past and the dreams of to-day  
Make holy each rood of ground  
Where the spoils of the years that have fled  
Are heap'd on altars of pain  
And the tears that were shed on each pillow of grief  
Are turned to glories and gain.

Come with me into the mystery  
Of Nature's infinite plan  
With its flower and fruit in heaven above  
And its root in the heart of man  
Where the latent powers of things that are  
Take form and shape divine  
And the water of life at the wedding feast  
Is turned to red, red wine.

Come with me into the mystery  
Of infinite love and care  
Where the planets wheel thro' the grooves of time  
And the swallows fade in the air  
Where the thoughts that we utter  
Seek home and rest  
In the bosom of God  
With the Infinite Blest.

—THOMAS O'HAGAN.