

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

SIMPLE girl unlearned in lore of schools,
 Who loved to stray like free and happy child
 In grove and valley, gathering the wild
 Sweet flowers, untrammelled by intricate rules,
 Was Catherine; but God His gold and jewels
 Donates as pleases Him; her, undefiled
 By things of earth, He dowered with wisdom mild,
 That mere scholasticism in splendor dulls.
 A mystic Theologian, the pure fire
 Heaven-kindled in her breast, burned on her lips,
 Lightening all hearts to a divine desire.
 Guiding the doubtful, the obscure eclipse
 Of sophisms piercing with Truth's noble ire,
 Learning's torch making to burn clearer, higher.

Truth's radiant mirror to her gaze revealed
 God in His supreme majesty, and man
 In all his misery, yet, in the plan
 Of the creation, in glory concealed:
 Hence, reverently she served him, and the field
 Of her marvellous labors, where she ran
 A giant's course, was the wide, varied plain
 That rich and mighty, poor and powerless held;
 Those she directed in ways more sublime,
 These lifted to fair heights before unknown;
 Thorn-crowned, she scattered flowers and deemed it crime
 To give a thought to self; cross-laden, shone
 A pillar of light leading to Heaven's clime,
 To many angels and the great white throne.

E. C. M. T.

