

ST. DOROTHEA, VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Feast February 6th.

NOT in the glowing Summer-time
 When fairest flowers unfold,
 Nor yet when Autumn-beauty tints
 The woodland trees with gold.
 The earth was clothed in wintry garb
 Of pure and snowy white,
 When Dorothea's soul went forth
 To everlasting light.
 A virgin fair, a "Gift of God," *
 Spouse of the Lamb Divine,
 Around her youthful martyr-soul
 The mystic palms entwine.
 How gladly, for the love of Christ,
 She welcomed earthly pain!
 And turned away from fleeting joys,
 Eternal bliss to gain.
 She heard the bitter, taunting words
 Of one a witness there;
 "O Dorothea! send sweet fruits
 And fragrant flow'rets fair
 "From that bright garden of your Spouse,
 The land beyond the skies."
 She meekly answered, "I will send
 Choice gifts of Paradise."
 The shadows of the evening-hours
 Were deepening into night,
 Swiftly an Angel-form descends
 In robe of shining light.
 "Behold, O Theophilus, here
 From gardens far away,
 The fruits and flowers sent by her
 Who died for Christ to-day."
 A ray of golden light illumines
 The darkness of his soul,
 And mystic truths of holy faith,
 Before his gaze enroll.
 He gladly chose the narrow path
 That Dorothea trod,
 He, too, will shed his blood for Christ,
 The loving Saviour-God.
 Sweet are the fruits, and fair the flowers,
 That bloom in fields above,
 But, Oh! the sweetest are for those
 Who suffer for God's love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE (of St. Clare's.)

* "Dorothea"—"Gift of God"