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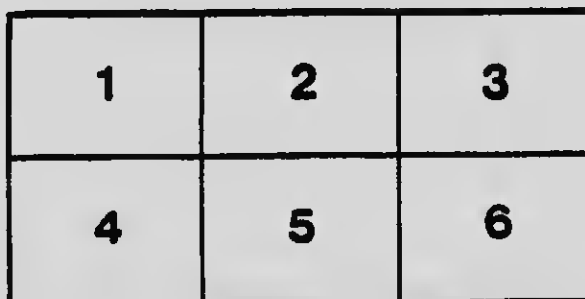
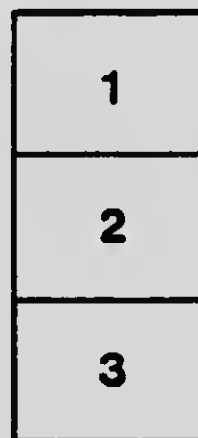
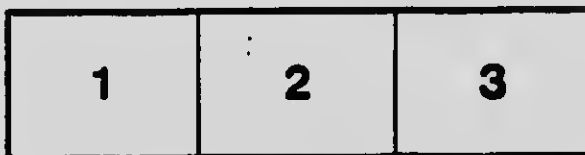
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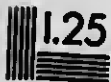
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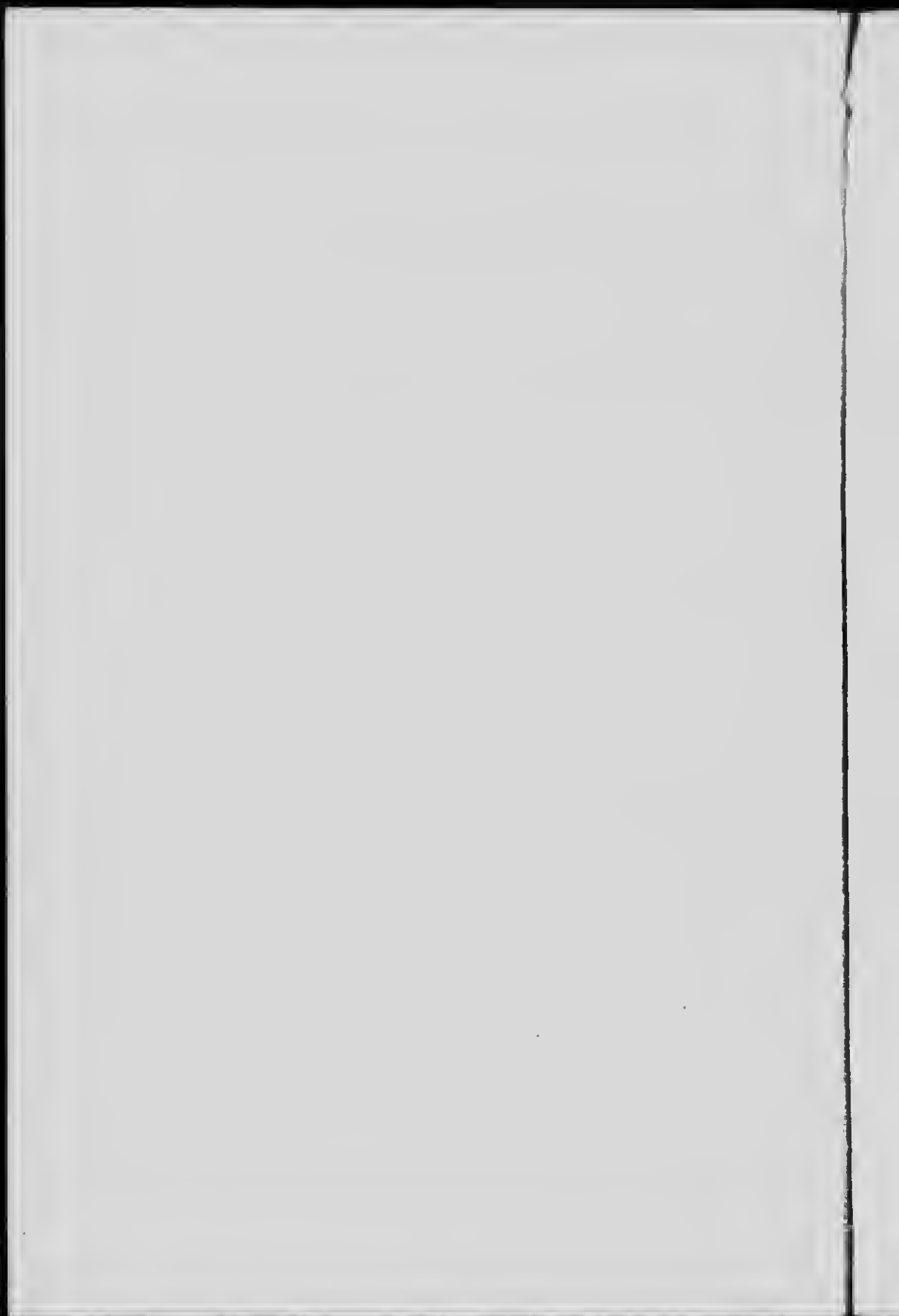
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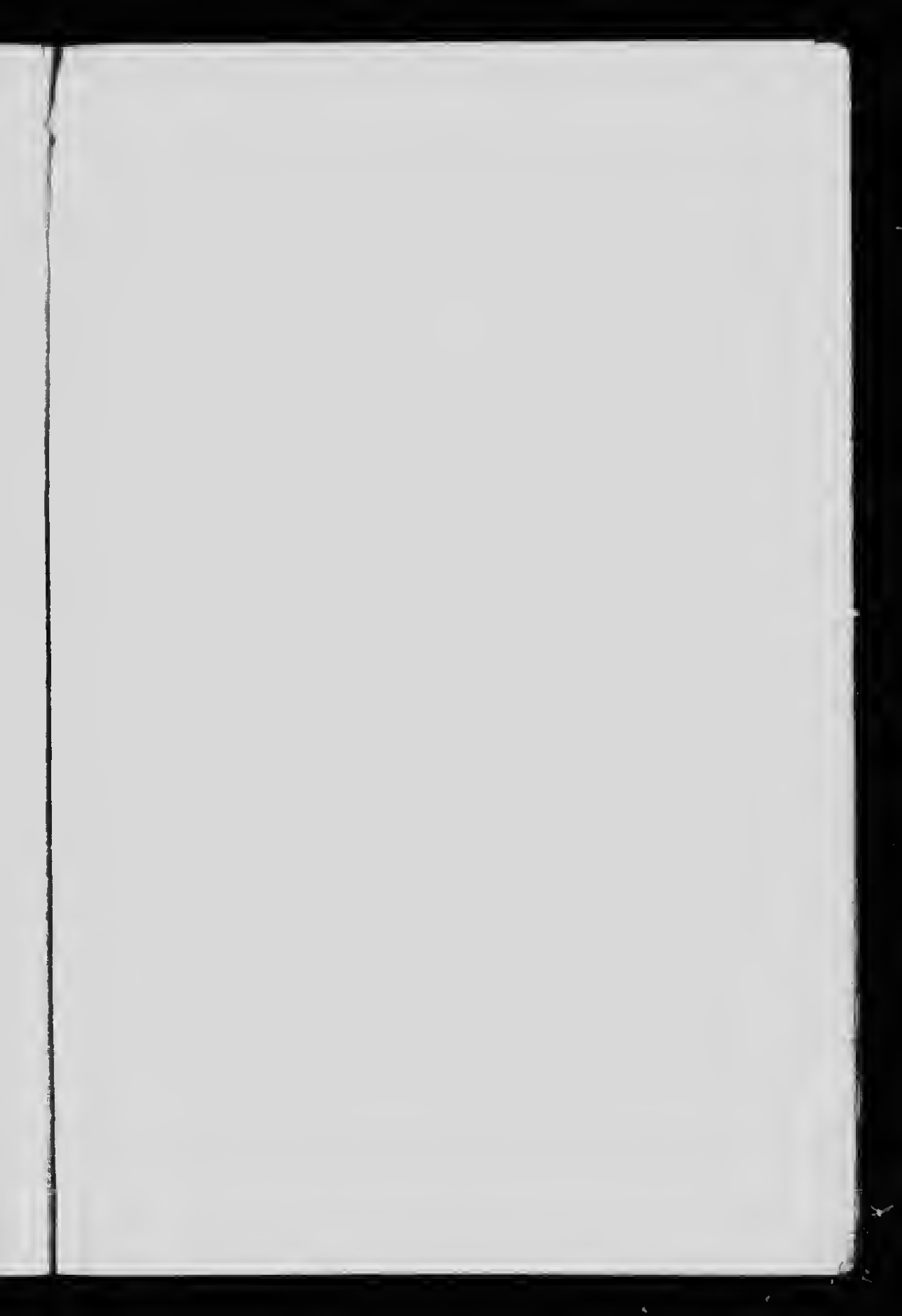


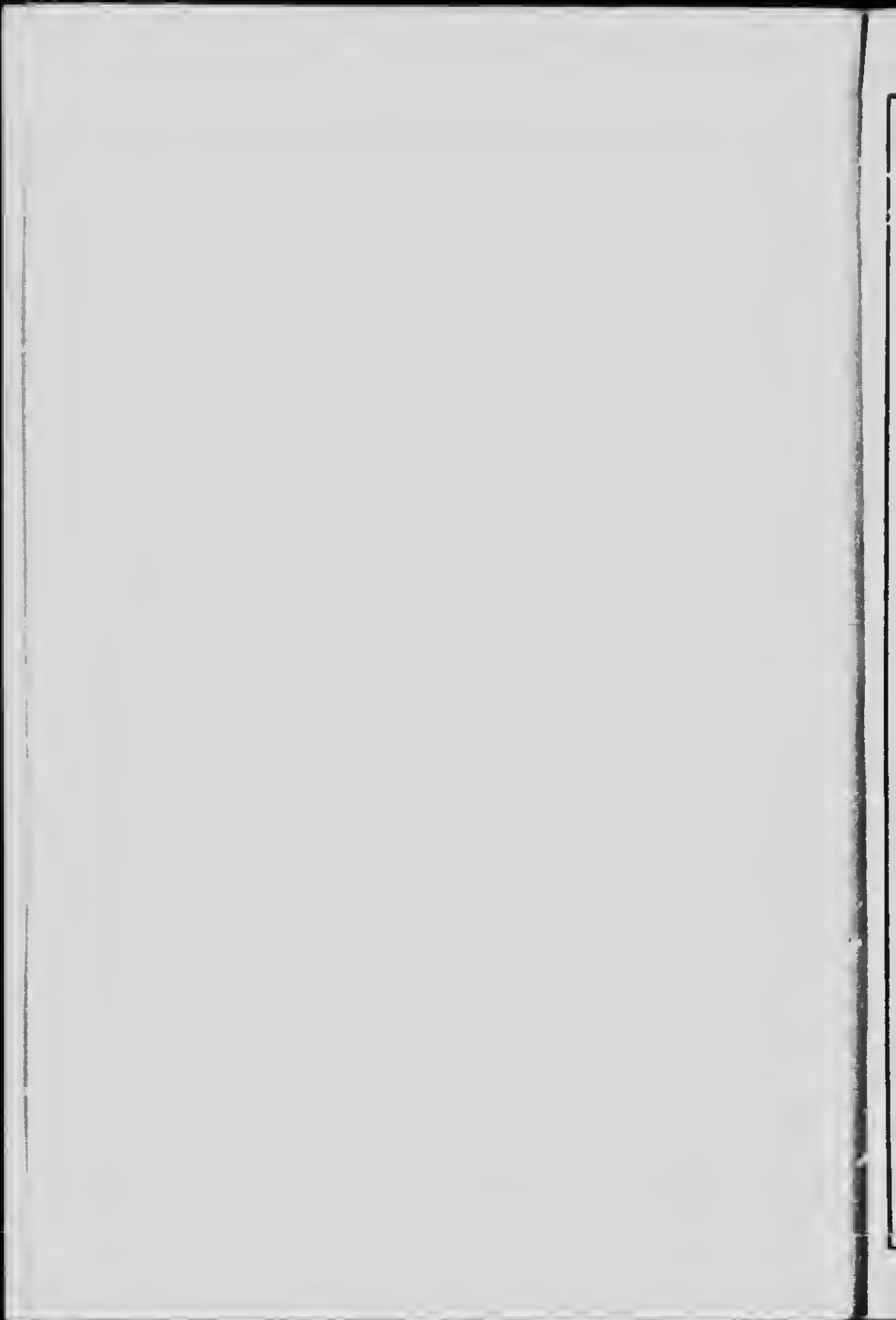
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# POEMS AND OTHER VERSES

BY R T. REV. M. F. HOWLEY  
BISHOP OF ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND

To Mr Campbell Scott  
with sincere respect, from  
the author  
— M. F. Howley

1903

St John's Newfoundland  
July 29/03.

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### ERRATA.

Page 17—line 13 from top,	for demand,	read damned.
" 20— " 12 "	" plages,	" plagas.
" 26— " first "	" se enni,	" se tenui.
" 30— " 9 "	" Lastrygonians,	" Læstrigonians.
" 36— " 8 "	" posuera,	" posuere.
" 41— " 14 "	" tall,	" tale.
" 43— " 12 from bottom,	" not heeded,	" nor needed.
" 54— " 2 from bottom, for sign,	" intellete,	" sigh.
" 58— " 6 "	" intellete,	" intelletto.
" 83— " 3 from top,	" shaef,	" sheaf.
" 85— " 2 from bottom,	" floor,	" flood.
" 88— " 10 from top,	" ballaqua,	" bellaquæ.
" 90— " 5 "	" satri,	" Sutri.
" do— " 9 from bottom,	" capre,	" carpe.
" do— " 4 "	" exanguis,	" exsanguis.
" 96—After " Ever she soars," (2nd line from top). insert :		
	ICEBERG—I am the icy sprite of the North—	
	The berg of fantastic form.	
	Out on the billows I sally forth.	
	I can appease the mighty wrath	
	Of the raging ocean's storm.	
" 117— " 14 "	" mimicing.	" mimicking.
" 120— " 12 "	" Beothuc,	" Bethuc.



Poems and other Verses





## School-Boy Verses

WRITTEN IN 1860-'61-'62 AT ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE.

---

### THE ICEBERG.

Thou monarch of Ocean, of billows the bride!  
Thou fear'st not the tempest; but calmly dost ride  
O'er the waters.—Constructed by nature, huge block,  
Thou heed'st not the breaker, avoid'st not the rock.  
Not Neptune, the God of the ocean, could vie  
With thee, mighty monster, whose head mounts so high  
As to be e'en concealed mid the clouds in the sky.  
Not the Ark, built by Noah, the time of the flood,  
Nor any frail barque built by man, hath out-stood  
The rage of the storm, of the tempest the roar,—  
But thou o'er the ocean for ages dost soar;  
Yet returnest unshattered, unbroken, once more.  
Each day thou assumest a different form,  
Thou changest as oft as the wind and the storm.—  
To-day an old ruin, with rampart and ditch,  
Ruined walls, and old castle, deep moat and draw-bridge  
To-morrow assuming a different shape:  
More like a huge mountain, or high, frowning cape,  
Whose crags, clear as crystal are formed from the wave,  
(Not of marble or granite)—which thy sides doth lave.—  
As thou sail'st o'er the ocean, thou reachest in time,  
From thy own icy regions, the tropical clime;  
Where smaller and smaller, thou melt'st by degrees,  
Till at length thou return'st to thy mother,—the Seas.

---

### THE SUMMER MORNING.

'Tis pleasant at the break of summer morn  
Ere Phoebus yet hath gained his mid-day heat  
To walk upon the meadows newly shorn  
Whose "golden fleece" lies bleaching at our feet,  
In flowery swathes of perfume rare and sweet.

How glad to hear the lusty mower, blythe  
Raise joyfully his merry morning song—  
To hear the ringing of his keen-edged scythe  
Like silvery music, as it sweeps along  
And lays in death the meadows' waving throng—

The nodding flowers which erst in morning's breeze  
Held proudly high their bright and crested heads  
Like foaming billows upon mimic seas;—  
How heartlessly the callous mower treads  
Upon these blushing flowers that strew the meads.

A fitting emblem, hoary Time, for thee,  
Who spares not youth's bright and flowery bloom,  
All wait alike thy stern and dread decree  
Nor youth nor beauty can escape thy doom—

---

### THE ANGLER.

When icy Winter has at length withdrawn,  
His cold embrace from meadow, hill and dale;  
And gentle crocusses begin to dawn,  
And varied flowers perfume the verdant vale.

Then forth the Angler goes with rod and hook,  
And with delusive, artificial flies,  
Down by the banks of some lone, purling brook,  
Within whose eddies swim his silv'ry prize.

Or 'neath the shade of some o'erhanging tree,  
He lays him down, and listens to the sound  
Of music, from the cascade's rushing sea,  
Which spreads its foamy circlets far around.

Or o'er the glassy lake at evening's close,  
Impels the gliding pleasure-boat along,  
Catches the sporting fishes as he goes,  
And raises loud the far re-echoing song.

---

### THE SUMMER EVENING.

At close of summer eve when toil is o'er  
How truly doth the lab'rer's heart rejoice—  
Happier he a thousand times and more  
To dance upon the green, and raise his voice  
In merry laugh—than he possess of gold  
Or all the joys which riches can unfold.

How sweet to hear the plaintive sounding fife  
Ring down the vale and through the shady grove  
Dispelling thoughts of worldly care and strife  
And soothing hearts to Nature and to love.  
Oh happy life, to dwell among the meads  
Unknown save for the virtue of one's deeds.

Oh, give me but the pure and limpid well  
Whence only joy and homely comfort spring—  
That ever round the farmer's fireside dwell—  
And gladly would I shun the joyous ring  
Of Fashion;—far behind I'd leave the throng  
Of city sports, to hear the rustic's song.

---

### THE "OLD MAN'S BEARD."\*

When the glaciers of winter have fled from the sight  
And the meadows are clothed in green,  
Still sparkling bright in the sun's mid-day light  
Is the "Old Man's Beard" to be seen.

When blossoms and buds, blooming flowers shall be soon  
And bright, merrie May shall have gone  
And the new crescent moon announces fair June,  
Still the "Old Man's Beard" lingers on.

It shines forth at night through the thickening haze  
Like a silvery bridal wreath  
'Neath the moon's pallid rays, as it joyfully plays,  
On the rippling waters beneath.

It shines through the groves of green spruce and *var*,†  
Which encircle its beautiful side  
Like a twinkling star, in the heaven afar,  
That scatters its light far and wide.

Like a radiant pearl set in Emeralds green  
Through the sunset's last dying glare  
It shines forth at e'en a fit crown for the queen  
Of the fairies, Titania fair.

---

\*The "Old Man's Beard" is a patch of snow on the "Southside Hill," which from its position in a deep ravine is protected from the sun's rays, and remains long after all the other ice and snow have disappeared and the trees have put on their summer's verdure.

†*Fir*, localism.

### WINDSOR LAKE.

Sweet Windsor Lake at length breaks on our sight,  
Its margin lost among the distant woods,  
Each undulating ripple, fringed with white,  
Rolls to the pebbly shore its mimic floods.

The roadway winds along the wooded shore,  
And overhead the arching branches meet,  
Anon the lake is lost to view; once more  
The wavelets bathe the rocks beneath our feet.

Thus on through groves of overtowering fir,  
Whose sombre hue is here and there relieved  
By noble pine, and graceful juniper,  
Wide-spreading birch, and aspens trembling leaved.

The pleasure boat with snow-white sails outspread  
To catch the freshening breeze, glides swiftly past,  
Skims o'er the wave, its tiny pendant red  
See gently fluttering from the slender mast.

Thus on the tourist wends his pleasant way,  
Each scene more pleasing as he drives along,  
Until by joyful rapture borne away  
He breaks into a loud and cheerful song.

---

### THE LAST LEAF.

Still trembling 'neath the souging blast,  
That sighs along the vale;  
Alone, the loftiest and the last,  
Dead, withered, serc, and pale.

Where are thy green companion\* .w,  
That sported in the breeze  
Of Summer, on each waving bough,  
In gracefulness and ease?

Where are the leaves that clothed the tree  
Ere Autumn, and decay,  
And Death had claimed them? All but thee,  
Lie scattered o'er the way.

Gone, far and wide, so rudely swept  
On wingèd winds to soar;  
Far, far away, unknown, unwept  
To bloom, alas, no more!

But thou, with cherished hope, but frail:  
Of loved, but measured life,  
With Autumn's drear and blighting gale  
Maintain'st unequal strife.

Stern Winter, merciless and cold  
With boreal storms elate,  
Will wrench thee from thy fragile hold  
To share thy comrades' fate.

'Tis thus with life,—we bloom to-day,  
But pale Death comes anon,  
And old and young, and grave and gay,  
In cold embrace are gone.

---

#### THE WINTER MORNING.

As o'er the summit of yon snow-capped hill  
The sun ascends, and all the air doth fill,  
With his effulgent rays,—His glorious beams  
Are all reflected by the frozen streams.  
The downy snow-flakes flitting thro' the air  
In various and fantastic forms appear  
Of dazzling stars,—and falling 'neath the feet  
Create a sparkling carpet, fit to meet  
A monarch's tread,—Than cloth of gold more grand,  
Or royal purple spun by man's weak hand.  
The lofty trees, now stript of verdure, bare,  
Stretch out their leafless arms into the air,  
But not deprived of all their beauty's glow,  
For clothed in silv'ry foliage of snow,  
They graceful bend, beneath their heavy load.  
And span with drooping arch the slippery road.  
In music on the morning air around  
The tinklings of the woodman's bells resound.  
Thus God's best gifts are portioned out so fair  
That every season has its blessings rare.

---

#### ON THE DEATH OF A FELLOW STUDENT.\*

He is gone, the companion of boyhood's bright hours,  
The friend of my youth, alas! where is he now—  
He is gone,—ere his life buds became blooming flowers,  
The cold hand of Death has been laid on his brow.

He is gone, but the keen scythe of Death cannot sever  
The bonds that have knit us in friendship and love,  
He is gone to the realms of the Blessed forever  
To dwell in felicity endless above.

The bright sunny days when we wandered together  
And reveled in joys that youth ever imparts  
Beneath the green grove, or among the sweet heather,  
Ere grief or affliction had entered our hearts.

They are gone,—ere their half-ripened fruits had been tasted,  
The spirit that gave them enjoyment and mirth  
Plucked away from amid them, lies withered and wasted  
Within the cold coffin, beneath the dull earth.

He is gone—but why murmur! what metes it to linger  
A few troubled years in this pilgrimage here?  
And Hope points aloft with a beckoning finger  
And tells of a bright immortality there.

Then mourn not, ye friends, nor be sorrowful hearted,  
A few fleeting years will unite you again—  
Rejoice—'tis for life without end he has parted,  
And pray, "Requiescat in pace." Amen.

---

\*Joseph Blundon.

---

### THE SWEARING IN OF NO. V. VOLUNTEER COMPANY.

(The oath was administered at Fort William. The Company were unarmed, and in civilians' clothes, as their uniforms had not yet been procured.)

Not a rifle was seen, not a bayonet shone,  
As our Corps to Fort William hurried;  
And each Volunteer had civilian's clothes on,  
And in his Great Coat was buried

We waited till dark, till the fall of the night,  
For our men from their labors returning;  
We were sworn, by a lantern's flickering light,  
And a candle dimly burning.

Our Captain was there,—not in uniform dressed,  
Nor in tunic and belt we found him;  
But he marched like a Gentleman\* dressed in his best,  
With his Sunday coat buttoned around him.

Few and short were the words we spoke,  
And we looked not a look but of sorrow ;  
As we steadfastly gazed on the face of the Book  
We bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought as we knew that some fresh "greenhorns"  
From the "awkward squad" would be drilling,  
That they would ruthlessly tread o'er the corns  
Of their rear-rank men in back-wheeling.

But little we'll lack if they let us march on  
In the ranks where a Bishop† has formed us,  
And soon we'll surpass numbers Three, Two and One,  
Who in sugar-brown uniforms scorned us.

Quickly and gladly we'll put on our Green,  
And we hope it may soon be dyed gory !  
We'll willingly fight for our Country and Queen,—  
For we are the Boys to win glory !

---

\*His Excellency, the Governor, has been pleased to assent to the  
appointment of J. Kavanagh, Gentleman, etc., etc.—*Royal Gazette*.  
†Sergeant Bishop, R. N. C.

---

### TO A FELLOW STUDENT.

(WRITTEN ON A PIECE OF BIRCH-RIND.)

Dear friend, I've a notion to write you a verse,  
Now I pray you, don't rage like a Triton,  
Not for writing indeed, but for what is much worse—  
The strange looking paper I write on.

Please do not imagine that I could not find  
A sheet of respectable paper  
And therefore have chosen this piece of birch-rind  
Because I have perhaps found it cheaper.

Oh, no ! not at all, don't believe it, dear Dick—  
And pray don't get into a rumpus—  
For this birch brings to memory many a "lick"  
When old Dominic M. used to thump us.

I am sure you remember the birchings we got  
A id our sympathy one for the other,  
And how we concocted some mischievous plot  
The old fellow's patience to bother.

Then who would believe as we mounted the stools  
Foolscapped,—such a pair of jackasses—  
With a label in front to declare we were fools,—  
That we'd ever mount up to Parnassus.

But if I'm not mistaken, dear friend *entre nous*,  
Many reach to that learned elevation  
By means of the *foolscap*, and wondering view  
Beneath them the gaping Creation.

I did not intend when I took up my pen  
In these few cursive lines to address you—  
To *open old sores*, so I beg you again  
To have patience and heed to the issue.

As seasons roll round with each following year—  
For the world's swift rotation ne'er ceases—  
The dead scattered leaves fly away far and near,  
The sport of the changable breezes.

But the *bark* still remains clinging fast to the tree,  
Nor seasons nor tempests can move it,  
And such is the friendship between you and me,  
Such may Time's changing current e'er prove it.

Our false, fickle friends may drop off one by one  
And change with each change of the weather,  
But changeless our friendship will ever move on  
And unite us more firmly together.

---

#### A PANEGYRIC OF MODERN POETS.

Virgil and all the other poets of old  
Ne'er wrote a line of their own composition,  
But by the Muses were inspired, we're told—  
(The hussies! I could wish them to perdition)—  
They won't assist a pen, e'en though 'twere gold,  
If held by one of modern crudition!  
But in the hand of one of ancient lore  
An old goose quill claims their attention more.

Yes! Virgil, Horace, Homer and all these,  
If uninspired or aided by the Muses,  
With one of us (who can indite each piece  
In any style or metre that he chooses)—  
Can not compare.—Who borrows plumes from geese  
Is surely something worse than any goose is.—  
Who cannot write without the Muses' aid  
Should leave the pen and ink for hoe and spade.



But let the Muses snore with all their might,  
I've written verses (though I say it that shouldn't)  
That would leave Virgil's Aeneid out of sight  
Or Homer's Iliad too, for all the good in't.  
And Milton, Pope, and Shakespeare—every wight  
In fact, who tried to be a poet but could not,  
I speak not praising of myself alone,  
But of all modern poets be it known.

Inspired!—it is a modest word, forsooth,—  
A word of little sound but great of meaning—  
They were inspired,—that is, to speak the truth,  
Wit, style, and feeling, pathos, passion, learning,  
The Muses gave to each poetic youth,  
In fact, did everything except the penning.  
Not so the poets of these modern days  
Who write original pa(ren)thetic lays.

---

#### TO A CITY FRIEND.

Ah, little knowest thou, my friend,  
The purport of thy words,  
Thou knowest not the compliment  
Thy gibing taunt affords.  
How couldst thou know, poor friend who hast  
Since childhood been constrained  
In darksome city, where thou'st passed  
Thy youth like slave enchained.

Oh, couldst thou pluck the blooming flowers  
And kiss their fallen dew  
When Spring enrobes the fields and bowers  
In bright and glorious hue.  
Then wouldst thou know what joys are found  
Amid a rural life,  
In each bright scene each warbling sound  
With which the woods are rife.

Oh, couldst thou spend one moment free  
From City's dust and care  
Among the fields or 'neath the tree  
When summer fills the air.  
That one bright instant would repay  
For all thy irksome years  
Which in the City pass away  
'Mid troubles, toils, and fears.

Couldst thou when Autumn fills the fields  
With glorious golden load  
Enjoy the perfume which it yields  
Along the shady road.  
Then wouldst thou spurn for e'er away  
The City's false delights,  
Its paltry pleasures, sports, and play,  
And gaudy fading sights.

When Winter comes with savage ire  
And rugged howling blast,  
Sit round the farmer's cosy fire,  
Let joke and song be passed.  
Taste but those joys, then let them jeer  
The happy rustic swain,  
But know that harmless on his ear  
Will fall the gibing strain.

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#### AVE MARIS STELLA.\*

(INVOCATION FOR THE NEW CHURCH AT "BLACK HEAD.")

Hail Star of the Sea! Hail beautiful Light!  
Hail Beacon of Charity, beaming afar,  
Whose rays o'er the dark troubled waters of Night  
Shed a halo of brightness—Hail glorious Star!

Hail Star of the Ocean! the radiant guide  
Of the tempest-tossed soul, o'er the furious seas,  
O'er the rough rocks of Vice, o'er Iniquity's tide,  
To the Home of Religion, of Love and of Peace.

Oh! joy of the lost soul's foundering bark,  
Returning to anchor with Hope from the storm,  
Shining on ever brightly, thro' light and thro' dark,  
Thro' tempest, thro' calm,—is thy glorious form.

May'st thou ever shine, may thy glories e'er pour  
The bright rays of Faith, and of Hope, and of Love  
O'er the mariner wrecked on Sin's desolate shore,  
And lead him to dwell with Thee ever above.

Oh! guardian Star, mayest thou ever shed  
Health, comfort and peace thro' thy glorious ray;  
And oh! may thy bright little Church at "BLACK HEAD"  
Be the Star that illumines their heavenward way.

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\*The little Church at Black Head, near Cape Spear, was dedicated to Our Lady "Star of the Sea," on the 15th August, 1861, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Mullock, O. S. F.

PROCLAMATION OF PUBLIC FAST AND PRAYER AND  
HUMILIATION.

*"They Asked for Bread and They Gave Them"—A Proclamation!*

The thermometer's down below zero,  
The streets are all covered with ice—  
'Tis very good sleighing—but dear oh!  
For bare feet 'tis not very nice.

Stern hunger and meagre starvation  
Walk naked and gaunt thro' the street,  
And beg for a pitiful ration,  
But no alms nor sympathy meet.

Don't you see that, that large proclamation  
Is to feed all the hungry and poor  
By fasting and humiliation!  
And thus they're dismissed from the door!

The Government loves you most dearly—  
They've no clothing to give you, nor bread,  
But they'll pray for you very sincerely!  
And their *prayers* will (almost) *raise the dead!*

Well, they prayed and fasted till even,  
(So I'm told—but indeed I don't know!)—  
If they didn't bring manna from Heaven,  
At least they brought—*plenty of snow!*\*

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\*The winter of 1861 was very severe and a great deal of poverty and hardship was felt by the poor. The Government ordered a general fast and prayer. A snowstorm set in which lasted two days!

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HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

Hail joyful season unto earth,  
Of heavenly peace, and gladsome mirth;  
The morn of the Redeemer's birth—  
Hail glorious morn again!

When rustling choirs of angels cry  
In sacred chorus through the sky,  
"Be glory unto God on high,  
And peace on earth to men."

Let myriad glowing tapers blaze,  
And thousand pealing organs raise  
Loud hymns of glory to the praise  
Of our Creater-Lord.

And "Blessed" shall the nations all  
The holy Virgin Mother call  
Who raised mankind from Eve's sad fall  
By the Incarnate Word.

Let love and prayer each heart adorn  
To usher in the glorious morn  
When Christ the Eternal Lamb was born  
For man's redemption sake.

When the Almighty Lord of heaven  
His only Son in Godhead even,  
To man in bounteous love has given  
The powers of Hell to shake.

O'er Jews and Gentiles, King to reign,  
To ope' the gates of heaven again,  
Long closed by Eve's first sin, to men  
Thus doomed to death and strife.

To show the Gospel's holy Light  
And found His Church as beacon bright  
Which guides the sinful soul aright  
To heaven's eternal life.

Be glory to the God above  
Who in His bounteous, boundless love  
Gave His Eternal Son, Jehove,  
To suffer and to die.

Hail holy Virgin, "full of grace,"  
Most blest of all the human race,  
Who to the Eternal Word gave place,  
Who bore the Lord most high.

Who, when the Angel of the Lord  
Addressed thee, humbly thus concurred.  
"Be it done according to Thy Word,"  
And He was then "Made Man."

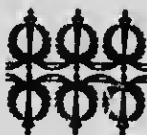
Oh, pray for us to Him who naught—  
Not e'en thy slightest wish or thought—  
Refused—that He may not have bought  
Our happiness in vain.

That He, true God, may not have stood  
On earth and shed His precious Blood  
And died upon the shameful Rood  
And loosed our sins for naught.

That He may not have borne the pain  
Of tortured wounds and limbs in vain,  
Or, to be crucified again  
By every sinful thought.

Oh, may our hearts approach more near  
With love and praise and holy fear  
To Him who loves us all so dear—  
His name be ever blessed.

Let hymns of glory never cease,  
Each Christmas morn our love increase,—  
Be with us happiness and peace,  
Eternal joy and rest.



## Translations

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### DIES IRAE.

Dies irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla :  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum  
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet, apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus?  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa, tuæ viæ,  
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti Crucem passus.  
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis,  
Ante diem rationis.

## DIES IRAE.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

Day of anger, all destroying,  
Earth shall melt in ashes lying;  
David,—Sibyl, testifying.

Oh, what terror, heart-benumbing!  
When the Judge at length forthcoming  
All things strictly shall be summing.

Trumpet awful sound outswelling  
Thro' the grave-yards' gloomy dwelling,  
All before the throne compelling.

Death and Nature, awe-struck, quaking,  
See the dead from graves up-breaking  
To the Judge their answers making.

Brought the Book with written pages,  
Holding all the deeds of ages,  
Whence the world shall reap its wages.

When the Judge shall then be seated,  
All laid bare, till then secreted,  
Naught without due penance meted.

What shall I, poor wretch, be saying?  
To what patron turn me, praying?  
When the just scarce safe are staying?

King of majesty and splendor,  
Of th' elect unfeared defender,  
Save ME, fount of mercy tender.

Clement Jesus, tho' discerning,  
I have caused thy sad sojourning,  
Lose me not that day of mourning.

Weary seeking me Thou farest,  
By Thy Cross our sin reparaest,  
Be not vain the toil Thou barest.

Thou just Judge of piercing vision,  
Grant the gift of sweet remission,  
Ere the day of dread decision.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpa rubet vultus meus,  
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed Tu honus fac benignè,  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequæstra.  
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acerbis addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis.  
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa  
Qua resurget ex favilla,  
Judicandus homo reus.—  
Huic ergo parce Deus.  
Pie Jesu, Domine!  
Dona eis requiem: Amen.





Like a guilty wretch I'm dreading,  
Blush of shame my cheek o'erspreading,  
Spare, Oh, God! Thy suppliant pleading.

Mary, thou forgav'st, repenting,  
E'en the thief Thou heard'st, relenting,  
To me also hope presenting.

My prayers worthless are ascending,  
But Thou, save me, gracious bending,  
Lest I burn in fire unending.

With Thy lambs securely hide me,  
From the goatlings far divide me,  
On Thy right a place provide me.

When the <sup>demand</sup> shall stand confessèd,  
By the bitter flames distressèd,  
Call me then among the blessèd.

Bowing humbly I implore Thee,  
Broken-hearted; deign restore me,  
When the end shall be before me.

Dreadful day of woe and weeping,  
Lo! from out the ashes creeping,  
Guilty Man,—to judgment driven,—  
Spare him then, Oh, God of heaven!  
Clement Jesus, Lord e'er blest,  
Give to them eternal rest. Amen.



STABAT MATER.

Stabat mater dolorosa  
Juxta Crucem Lacrymosa  
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem  
Contristatam et dolentem  
Pertransivit gladius.

Oh quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti.

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat.  
Pia mater dum videbat  
Nati pœnas Inelyti.

Quis est homo qui non fletet  
Matrem Christi si videret  
In tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari  
Christi matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum Filio.

Pro peccatis suæ gentis  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis  
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum,  
Moriendo desolatum  
Dum emisit Spiritum.

Eja mater fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris  
Fac ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum  
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater istud agas  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati  
Tam dignati pro .ne pati,  
Pœnas mecum divide.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.\*

Stood the doleful mother weeping,  
By the Cross her sad watch keeping  
While her dying Jesus hung.

When a sword of sorrow cleaving  
Her sad heart in anguish heaving  
By His bitter pain is wrung.

Oh how sad and how afflicted I  
In that face what woe depicted I  
Mother of th' Incarnate One.

How she wept with bitter grieving,  
Tender Mother I there perceiving  
The anguish of her God—her Son.

Who could look with eyelid tearless  
On the Mother worn and cheerless,  
Steeped in such dire agony?

Who so cold, with heart unshaken,  
Christ's dear Mother all forsaken,  
Mourning with her Son, can see?

She sees her Jesus sore tormented  
By the scourge his flesh indented,  
Bleeding for the sins of men.

Sees her Son, her Loved and Only,  
Dying desolate and lonely,  
Breathing forth His spirit then.

Mother, fount of love serenest,  
Make me feel thy anguish keenest,  
That I too may weep with thee.

Touch my heart, that softly burning,  
To my God, my Jesus, turning,  
I may love him tenderly.

Pierce my heart, Oh Mother holy,  
So it bear deep, scored and lowly,  
Wounds of Jesus crucified.

Thy sweet Jesus, humbly deigning  
Those deep wounds for me sustaining,  
Pray with me his pains divide.

Fac me tecum piè flere,  
Crucifixo condolere,  
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta Crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociare,  
In planctu desidero.

Virgo Virginum præclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara,  
Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem  
Passionis fac consortem,  
Et plagas recolare.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
Fac me Cruce inebriari,  
Et crurore Filii.

Flammis ne urar succensis,  
Per te Virgo sim defensus,  
In die Judicii.

Christe cum sit hinc exire,  
Da per Matrem me venire,  
Ad Palmam victoriæ.

Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut anima donetur  
Paradisus gloriæ.—Amen.



May I join thee, sadly crying  
For the Crucified and Dying,  
Ev'ry day that I shall live.

Near the Cross with thee abiding,  
And thy load of woe dividing,  
I would share thy bitter grief.

Virgin of all Virgins fair,  
Turn not harshly from my prayer,  
Grant that I with thee may weep.

Let me share Christ's death and passion,  
In my heart his wounds so fashion,  
That their memory e'er I keep.

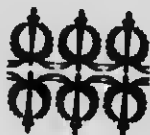
May I with his scars be wounded,  
The Cross embrace with love unbounded,  
Jesus' blood my thirst allay.

When the flames shall have ascended,  
May I not burn, by thee defended,  
Virgin on the Judgment day.

Lord, when from this earth we sever,  
Thro' thee may we come for ever,  
To the victory's Palm in heaven.

When the body shall have crumbled,  
May the soul by penance humbled,  
To heaven's glory then be given.—AMEN.

\*This translation, while keeping more literally close to the original than any yet published, preserves also the *metre* of the original and can be sung to the same music.



HORATII FLACCI.

ODE XXV—AD BACCHUM.

Quo me, Bacche rapis tui  
Plenum? quæ nemora aut quos agor in specus  
VeloX mente nova? quibus  
Antris egregii Cæsaris audiar  
Aeternum meditans decus  
Stellis inserere et consilio Jovis?  
Dicam insigne, recens adhuc  
Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis  
Exsomnia stupet Euias  
Hebrum prospiciens, ut nive candidam  
Thracen ac pede barbaro  
Lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio  
Ripas et vacuum nemus  
Mirari libet. O Naiadum potens,  
Baccharumque valentium  
Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos;  
Nil parvum, aut humili modo,  
Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,  
O, Lenæ, sequi deum  
Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

HOPACE.

ODE XLV—To BACCHUS.

[Translation.]

Oh, Bacchus,' whither dost thou waft me  
To what lone cave or shady wood?  
For I, right to the full have quaffed thee,  
And find myself in merry mood.

Within what lonely dell reclining  
Shall I the great Augustus praise,  
And 'mid the stars of Heaven shining  
With Jove, th' illustrious Cæsar raise.

His deeds I sing in novel numbers,  
Strains by other lips unsung,  
As Evias,' roused from Orgies' slumbers  
Amaz-ed stands, the hills among.

Behold swift Hebrus" waters foaming  
And frigid Thrace's snow-white plain,  
Stern Rhodopes, where ceaseless roaming  
The rude barbarians yet remain.

So I, among the mountains wander,  
Or 'mid the desert rocks I rove,  
And lonely there my verses ponder  
In solitude of darksome grove.

Oh thou of Naiads' strong defender  
And Bacchantes,' powerful band,  
Who can twist the ash-trees slender  
And rend their roots from out the land.

No lowly thought shall mar my measure  
Nor base conceit my verses stain.  
Bold is the task, yet sweet the pleasure  
To sing in this heroic strain.

God of the wine-press,<sup>6</sup> jovial, leading,  
Thy temples wreathed with verdant vine,  
Safe I follow, nothing dreading,  
And thus th' immortal Chaplet twine.

- (1) Bacchus, God of wine, used here by metonymy for wine itself.
- (2) Evias, one of the priestesses of Bacchus. The Orgies were frantic revels, accompanying the ceremonies of the Bacchanalian sacrifices. Those performing these functions were first excited into a delirious fury which ended in a state of sleep or catalepsy.
- (3) Hebrus, a river in Thrace which rises in Mount Rhodopes, and flows into the Aegean Sea. This was the place where the Orgies of Bacchus were principally celebrated.
- (4) Naiads, water-nymphs. As wine was supposed by the ancients to be stronger than water, so they declared Bacchus to be the king and ruler of the Naiads.
- (5) Bacchantes, priestesses of Bacchus. The allusion in this verse is to the episode of Pentheus, King of Thebes. Having tried to suppress the disorders of the Bacchanalia he was set upon by the Bacchantes, and had to fly to the forest for safety. As they pressed upon him he climbed up a fir, or ash tree for protection. The furious Bacchantes having first tried to dislodge him with stones, at length, twisted the ash tree and tore it from its roots.
- (6) God of the wine-press "Lenæe." This is another name for Bacchus derived from the Greek word *Lenos*, a wine-press.





ANAGRAM

*(Dedicated to Leo XIII., Called the "Light from Heaven.")*

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LEO LEONUM DECIMUS-TERTIUS.

---

O Lumen de coelis, tutum eris.

HORATII FLACCI.

ODE XVI—LIB. III.

AD MAECENATUM.

*(Auro expugnari omnia; se enim re contentum ac beatum vivere.)*

Inclusam Danaën turris ahenea,  
Robustæque fores et vigiliū canes  
Tristes excubiæ, munierant satis  
Nocturnis ab adulteris,

Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ  
Custodem pavidum, Jupiter et Venus  
Risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens  
Converso in pretium Deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites,  
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius  
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris  
Argivi domus ob lucrum,

Demersa exitio. Diffidit urbium  
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos  
Reges muneribus. Munera navium  
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam  
Majorumque fames. Jure perhorruī  
Late conspicuum tollere verticem  
Mæcenas equitum decus.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit  
A diis plura feret. Nil cupientium  
Nudus castra peto; et transfuga divitum  
Partes linquere gestio;

Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,  
Quam si quidquid arat impegger appulus,  
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,  
Magnas inter opes inops.

Puræ rivus aquæ, silvaque jugerum  
Paucorum, et segetis certa fides meæ  
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ  
Fallit sorte beatior.

HORACE.

ODE XVI—BOOK III.

TO MAECENAS.<sup>1</sup>

[Translation.]

*(All are corrupted by gold; despise wealth; live content.)*

The brazen tower, the strongly bolted gate,  
And watch-dogs' wailing thro' the midnight air,  
Th' imprisoned Danæe, in lonely state,  
Guarded full well from nightly lovers' snare.

Till Jupiter and Love at last deride  
The timorous guardian of the cloistered maid,  
Acrisius<sup>2</sup>,—for changed to golden tide  
The gods a safe and easy entrance tread.

For gold delights, thro' sternest guards to go  
With bribing power, To pierce the hardest rock.—  
'Twas gold that crushed with ruthless overthrow,  
More awful than the thunder's mighty shock.

The Grecian prophet's home<sup>3</sup>. With gifts unspared  
The Macedonian<sup>4</sup> rends the cities' walls  
And rival kings subdues. By gold ensnared  
Even the hardy sailor-chieftain falls.

But growing care, and griping love for more  
Pursue increasing wealth. I truly dread,  
My noble friend, to enlarge my humble store  
Or 'mong the *rich* with pride to raise my head.

The more each one denies himself, the more  
The gods shall give reward: thus poor myself  
I seek my dwelling place among the poor,  
And flee the homes of luxury and pelf.

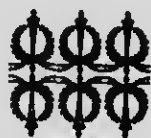
Possessor only of a small domain,  
Poor amidst wealth:—yet peaceful do I sleep.  
More happy far than did my barns contain  
Whate'er the industrious Apulians<sup>5</sup> reap.

A shady grove, with pure and rippling stream<sup>6</sup>  
A harvest waving in the summer gale,  
More blest my lot than he who rules supreme  
In regal pomp o'er Afric's fertile vale.

Quamquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes  
Nec Læstrigoniâ Bacchus in Amphorâ  
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia gallicis  
Crescunt vellera pascuis;

Importuna tamen pauperies abest  
Nec, si plura velim ut dare deneges  
Contracta melius parva cupidine.  
Vectigalia porrigam.

Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei  
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus  
Desunt multa. Bene est cui Deus obtulit  
Parca quod satis est manu.



No Formian jar' my mellowed wine secretes,  
Nor bees provide Calabria's' honied store,  
Nor fleecy flock on Gallic" hillside bleats,  
Yet meagre want is absent from my door.

And wished I more, my friend, wouldst thou not give?—  
While I by keeping but a frugal board  
Shall smaller tributes pay; and happier live  
Than owned I Phrygia's fields, and Lydia's hoard."

Those seeking much are never satisfied,  
But crave for more :—Thrice happy he, indeed,  
For whom the Gods with sparing hand provide  
Of worldly goods, sufficient for his need.

- (1) Mæcenas, a courtier of the time of Augustus. He was a friend of Horace and a patron of poets and literature. Horace dedicates many of his odes to him. This ode contains many beautiful maxims of the stoic philosophy, which are worthy of the morality of a Christian teacher.
- (2) "Watch-dogs." The event here alluded to is the imprisonment of Danæ, daughter of Acrisius, King of the Argives. He had been told by an Oracle that the son born of his daughter should kill him. Hence he placed her in a strong tower or castle, and was not satisfied with bolts and bars and gaolers, but also employed the huge and fierce watch-dogs of Epirus and Laconia, which kept up a dismal howling during the night.
- (3) "Acrisius." But in spite of all these precautions the maid was ravished by Prætus, Acrisius's brother, and became the mother of Perseus, who afterward verified the prediction of the Oracle by presenting to Acrisius the head of Medusa, at sight of which he was turned into stone. Prætus bribed the guards of Danæ with gold. The poets fictitiously imagined that Jupiter, changing himself into a shower of golden rain, thus gained admittance into the tower, bringing Venus (or Love) with him. On this fantastic legend the poet moralizes and gives us this Ode, one of the most beautiful of his productions.
- (4) "Home." The allusion here is to the Vaticinator or Augur, Amphiaræus. When Adrastus, King of the Argives, wished to go to war against the Thebans and to secure their territory for his son-in-law, Polynices, he desired to bring with him Amphiaræus. The latter, however, knowing from his divinations that the war was about to turn out unfavorable to the Thebans, fled and concealed himself, his whereabouts being known only to his wife, Eriphyle. But Argia, the daughter of Adrastus and wife of Polynices, tempted Eriphyle by the promise of a golden necklace adorned with gems, which was made by Vulcan, to betray the hiding place of her husband, Amphiaræus. He was, therefore, drawn into the war by Adrastus, but when he learned that he had been betrayed by his wife, he ordered his son Alcemone to kill her, which he did, but no sooner had he murdered his own mother than he became possessed by the Furies and destroyed himself. Amphiaræus, going to the war in his chariot, was swallowed up by an earthquake, and his other son, Amphilocheus, perished in battle. Thus his whole house was crushed and all on account of gold.

- (5) "The Macedonian." Philip, King of Macedon, was accustomed to bribe with gold the guardians of cities.
- (6) "Appulians." Appulia, a province in Southern Italy, celebrated for its rich soil and climate.
- (7) "Stream." The Brook Blandusia, which flowed through Horace's villa on the Sabine Mountains, and which he celebrates in so many of his odes.
- (8) "Formian jar." Formia was a town in Campania celebrated for its wines. The territory was formerly inhabited by the Lastrygonians or Cyclopeans. a
- (9) Calabria, a southern province of Italy, renowned for its wealth of flowers and for the gathering of honey.
- (10) Gallic, the Sheep from Gaul (*gallia Trans padana*, i. e., the northern part of Italy, the valley of the Po), were held in high repute by the Romans.
- (11) "Hoard," Mygdonia, province of Macedonia, another name for Phrygia. It was a wealthy province. Alyattes was father of Cræsus, King of Lydia. This province was so wealthy from its mines of gold that its King Cræsus became a synonym for wealth.





EXTRACT FROM THE "MEDEA" OF SENECA.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

(Containing the famous prophecy of the discovery of the New World.)

Audax nimium qui freta prius  
Rate tam fragili, perfida rupit.  
Terrasque suas post terga videns  
Animam levibus credidit auris.  
Dubioque secans æquora cursu,  
Potuit tenui fidere ligno,  
Inter vitæ mortisque vias,  
Nimum gracili limite ducto.

Nondum quisque Sidera norat  
Stellisque quibus pingitur æther,  
Non erat usus. Nondum Peliadas  
Hyadas, poterant vitare rates.  
Non Oleniæ Sydera Capræ,  
Non quæ sequitur flectitque senex  
Arctica tardus plaustra Boötes.



TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.'

Brave-hearted he, who first in fragile bark,  
Launched o'er the deep, to plow the unknown dark:—  
His native shore fast vanishing he sees,  
His soul confiding to the gentle breeze.  
Dividing with a doubtful course the flood  
He trusts himself unto a slender wood  
Lead onwards ever in a devious path,  
And all too dangerous, 'twixt life and death.  
None yet was skilled in planetary lore  
To count the twinkling stars that spangled o'er  
Th' ethereal vault, nor yet could ships decline  
The Pleiads' and the Hyads' warning sign.  
Nor yet the Olenian Goat and Kidlets twain,  
Nor those which, showing forth the Arctic wain,  
The slow Boötes drives and turns.—No name  
Could Boreas yet, nor gentle Zephyr claim,  
Yet Tiphys' dares to spread his canvas wide;  
Prescribes new laws to govern winds and tide,  
Spreads out his mainsail with full swelling bunt,  
Slacks the main sheet, to catch the south winds brunt.  
Athwart the beam, now on the mizzen mast  
He lowers the yards, and reefs all snug and fast:—  
Now anxious every rippling air to ketch  
Shakes out the reefs and hoists to highest stretch.

Nondum Boreas; nondum Zephyrus  
Nomen habebant.  
Ausus Tiphys' pandere Vasto  
Carbasa ponto, legesque novas  
Scribere ventis: nunc lina sinu  
Tendere toto, nunc prælato  
Pede, transversos Captare Notos.  
Nunc antennas medio tutas  
Ponere malo; nunc in summo  
Religare loco (cum jam totos  
Avidus nimium navita flatus  
Optat) et alto rubicunda tremunt  
Suppara velo.  
Candida nostri sæculi patres  
Videre, procul fraude, remota  
Sua quisque piger littora tangens,  
Patrioque senex factus in arvo  
Parvo dives; nisi quas tulerat  
Natale solum; non norat opes  
Bene dissepti fœdera mundi  
Traxit in unum, Thessala pinus.\*

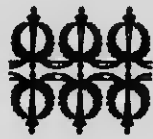
Jussitque pati verbera pontum  
Partemque metus fieri nostri  
Mare sepositum dedit illa graves  
Improba pœnas per tam longos  
Ducta timores; cum duo montes'  
Claustra profundi, hinc atque illinc,  
Subito impulsu, velut ethereo  
Gemerent sonitu, spargeret astra  
Nubesque ipsas mare depressum.  
Palluit audax Tiphys, et omnes,  
Labente manu, misit habenas;  
Orpheus' tacuit torpente lyra,  
Ipsaque vocem perdidit Argo.<sup>1</sup>  
Quid cum Siculi Virgo Pelori<sup>11</sup>  
Rabidas utero succincta canes,  
Omnes pariter solvit hiatus?  
Quis non totos horruit artus  
Toties imo latrante malo?  
Quid cum Ausonium diræ pestes<sup>11</sup>  
Voce canora mare mulcerent?  
Cum pieria resonans cithera  
Thracius Orpheus, solitam cantu  
Ritineret rates pene coegit  
Sirenem sequi.—Quod fuit hujus  
Pretium cursus?—Aurea pellis  
Majusque mari Medea, malum.

The lofty topsail with its bark-brown sides  
Flaps on the gaff. The fresh'ning breeze divides.  
Our fathers saw those happy days of yore,  
Unstained by fraud, when each his native shore  
Securely hugged:—In his paternal fold  
Rich on a little, grew contently old.  
Nor aught of wealth, or other comforts knew,  
Save those which from his native soil he drew.  
Well did Thessalia's bark, in closest bands  
Together draw the erst divided lands;  
And force the deep the oars' swift stroke to bear;  
And thro the displaced waves a pathway clear.  
The good ship boldly surging speeds ahead,  
All hands aboard are filled with doubt and dread,  
When two huge rocks' on either hand arise,  
Like mighty walls extending to the skies.  
Their sides the waves in raging fury dash  
And backwards roll with deep infernal crash.  
Again rebounding on their mad'ning way  
Sprinkle the very stars with clouds of spray.  
The hardy Tiphys quailed and from his hand  
All nerveless fell the tiller's guiding band.

Orpheus' stood dumb, his tuneless lyre unstrung.  
E'en Argo' left her prophecies unsung.—  
But what their dread, as by Pelorus' cape"  
They pass, where round th' imprisoned virgin gape  
The rabid dogs! Their limbs grow stiff with fear  
As from their throats the deep-mouthed yelps they hear.  
The creaking of the mast within the hold,  
Stiffens their limbs and makes their blood run cold.  
Again what terror! when at length they meet  
Those direful pests," who by their voices sweet  
Th' Ausonian Ocean charm, whose magic song  
Can stay the ship that swiftly glides along.—  
But Orpheus twangs his heaven-born lyre amain  
And all but draws the Syrens in his train,—  
And what the prize of this so dangerous course?  
The Golden Fleece. And thou, Medea, worse  
Than all the Ocean's perils:—Guerdon meet  
To grace the Leader's ship among the fleet.

But now the storms have passed, the billows bow  
Submissive to the laws of Science:—Now  
No more Palladian Argo, built by Kings  
With quaking oars the royal treasures brings.

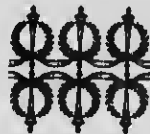
Merces prima digna carina.—  
Nunc jam cessit pontus, et omnes  
Patitur leges. Non Palladia  
Compacta manu regum referens  
Incyta remos queritur Argo  
Quælibet, altum cymba pererrat  
Terminus omnis motus et urbes  
Muros terra posuerà novos.— e  
Nil qua fuerat sede reliquit  
Pervius orbis. Indus gelidum  
Potat Araxen. Albyn Persa  
Rhenumque bibunt," *Venient Annis*  
*Saecula seris, quibus Oceanus.*  
*Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens*  
*Pateat Tellus;; Tiphysque NOVOS*  
*Detegat ORBES:—Ncc sit Terris*  
*Ultima, Thule!*



Now scatheless every bark the ocean scours,—  
 All things are changed, and city walls and towers  
 In distant lands arise.—The path-tracked Earth  
 Leaves naught where Nature placed it at its birth.  
 The Indian parched by Phoebus' torrid beam  
 Can drink of cool Araxes' freshening stream.  
 The Persian e'en can quaff the Elbe's blue wave  
 Or in the Rhine his weary members lave."  
*In latter years shall come a new-born age  
 To mark a wondrous change on History's page.  
 When Ocean shall the chains of things unbind  
 And show a mighty world that lies behind.  
 And Tiphys shall a NEWFOUNDLAND explore.—  
 Nor longer Thule shall be the furthest shore!*

- (1) Seneca was born at Cordova, A. D. 13, and though not of the Golden Age of Latin Literature, is certainly the leader of the Silver Age. This tragedy of "Medea" is one of his noblest works, and is particularly interesting as containing the remarkable prophecy of the discovery of the New World. Medea, daughter of Aetes, King of Colchos, helped Jason to find the Golden Fleece. She fled with him, killed her brother Absyrtus, scattering his dismembered limbs behind her in order to retard the pursuit of her father. She devoured her own children, destroyed Creusa, burnt the King's palace at Cornith, etc. The subject of the tragedy is the search by Jason and the Argonauts for Medea and the Golden Fleece.
- (2) The Pleiades, and the Hyades, two groups of stars in the Constellation of Taurus, are considered as signs of rain, when setting about twilight. Virgil (Aeneid I., 740) calls them "Pluvias Hyades," the rainy Hyades. The poet here alludes to the early days before people had yet made any study of the stars.
- (3) This group of stars forms the Constellation of Auriga. It is called the "Olenian" goat, from the City of Olenus, where Jupiter was nursed by the Amalthean goat. It is also a rainy sign, "Olenia Signum pluviale capella," Ovid.
- (4) Bo-otes. Called also the "Plowman or the Charioteer, who drives the plow, or Great Bear."
- (5) "Tiphys," the pilot of the Argonauts.
- (6) "Thessalia's Bark," called *pinus* because she was built of the pine of the forest of Dodona by Jupiter and Minerva. It was afterwards translated to Heaven and became the Constellation of Canopus or Argo Navis. It was supposed that the wood of which she was made was cut by Jupiter from the enchanted trees of Tmarus, where Auguries were pronounced. Hence the ship herself was endowed with prophetic gift.
- (7) "Two huge rocks." The Cyaneæ, or Symplegades, in the Euxine Sea. They were supposed to be floating, and to rush together when ships attempted to pass between and crush them. The blind King Phineas, in return for his liberation from the harpies by the Argonauts, taught them the secret of passing safely through this dreadful chasm, which was to send a pigeon first into the gorge, and when the cliffs after closing on the bird should begin to retire, then to row swiftly through.

- (8) "Orpheus." They succeeded in getting through, but were greatly terrified. Orpheus, who was one of the company, and was accustomed to subdue all nature by the sweet strains of his lyre, became powerless through fear, and even the brave Tiphys let go the rudder-chains, and fell unconscious on the deck.
- (9) "E'en Argo." The ship is here personified as the prophetess of the Dodonian forest. Or it may be that a statue of the Goddess was kept on board.
- (10) "Pelorum's Cape." In Sicily, the modern C. Foro, the site of Scilla and Charybdis. The rock showed the form of a woman, and was personified as Scilla, daughter of Phorcus, whom Glaucus loved, having jilted Circe. This latter being a great magician, changed Scilla into a monstrous rock, still retaining the form of a woman, but with six heads and her loins surrounded by howling dogs and wolves. (See *Paradise Lost*, B. II, line 648 et seqq.)
- (11) Ausonia's dire some pests." The Syrens or Sea Monsters or Mermaids. By their wondrous performance on the flute and the lyre, and their sweet singing, they lured their victims to destruction. Orpheus, however, overcame them and almost forced them to follow in the wake of the Argonauts.
- (12) "Araxes." A river in Armenia. The poet here describes with marvellous exactness the wondrous changes which have occurred in these modern times when men can travel over the whole face of the world. The language is almost prophetic, especially in the concluding lines, where the discovery of a New World beyond Thule, which was then considered as the *last* land in the West, is so vividly foreshadowed. It is not known for certain what land was intended by the ancients as *Thule*. Indeed, they seem to have been in doubt about it themselves. It is, however, supposed to have been the Orkney and Shetland Islands or the Feroë-Islands or Rockall Reef, or even Iceland or Greenland, which were known to Europe at a very early period.



## College Verses

WRITTEN BETWEEN 1863 AND 1870 AT THE COLLEGE OF  
PROPAGANDA, ROME.

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### LINES.

WRITTEN AS AN INTRODUCTION TO A SCRAP-BOOK.

Dear Italy! the Poet's genial nurse,  
Land of sweet music, and of flowing verse.  
Thy balmy zephyrs, softly floating, bring  
O'er vale and vine-clad hill, on downy wing  
A fragrant breath. The throbbing bosom thrill  
And every breast with inspiration fill.

---

As thy old ruins, which still crumbling stand,  
Yielding reluctantly to Time's stern hand,  
With striking grandeur rise; all hoar and bleak  
In solemn silence; yet tho' mute they speak  
Unto the inmost soul. Each column strown  
With creeping ivy, every crumbling stone  
Into the mind a thousand mem'ries pours  
Until, enraptured, far away it soars  
Beyond the present to the days of yore,  
When thy sons wooed the bright Pierian Chöre.  
When verse and melody went hand in hand  
And mortals all, like one Elysian band,  
Tuned the soft lyre, and swelled the muses' art  
And peace Arcadian, reigned in every heart.

---

When Flaccus, hid from Phœbus' torrid beam,  
In shady bower beside Brundusian stream,  
Where bubbling cascade, bounding on its way  
Cooled the green margin with its sparkling spray,  
Was wont in ease the live-long hours to spend,  
And verse and music gracefully to blend;  
Th' iambus and the dactyl to combine  
In measured strophe, and quaff the palmy wine.

But now those days are past, and now no more,  
Mythology usurps Hesperia's shore.—  
Now upward graceful, towers the cross-crown'd dome  
In solemn grandeur o'er erst pagan Rome,  
Where once the Vates held their Auguries  
And human victims bled, the Gods t' appease.  
Truth, Christianity, Religion, reign,  
In sweet communion o'er the hearts of men.

---

Not hence the genius of bright Poetry,  
Far famed Hesperia, has fled from thee,  
Nay, but more noble rendered by the change,  
Now soars aloft, with far expanded range,  
Attains e'en Heaven itself, and brightened thence  
Seems in its track o'er mortals to dispense  
A ray of Heaven:—to the troubled heart  
A tranquil and celestial peace t' impart.

---

Lend then sweet Italy, one favoring look,  
Let thy bright genius hover o'er the book.  
With smile propitious, and with kindly rays  
Light up each verse, till every line displays  
Thy thousand beauties, let each page rejoice  
With living poesy's soul-stirring voice!

---

OTHER LINES FOR THE SAME OBJECT.

"Go little book," thus spoke in days of yore,  
Sulmona's bard,\* on Euxine's darksome shore,  
"Go sadly forth and tell the tale forlorn  
Of woes thy exiled Author here has borne."  
Not so *this* "little book," no tale of grief  
With doleful plaint shall blot a tear-stained leaf.  
No! here shall wit and poetry combine  
And joy shall radiate in every line.  
Here sparkling humor brighten up the page  
And there the moral of th' aspiring sage  
In polysyllabic dignity bedight.  
Stride pompous through the verse in conscious might,  
Anon shall stern philosophy profound,  
Her maxims rigid and her truths propound,  
Softened by poetry, the magic art  
With which true science moulds the pliant heart.

\*Ovid.



Here sweet Religion shall inspire the trope  
And every line breathe Faith, and Love, and Hope.  
Again, in cadence musical shall swell  
Those dulcet tones, a Dante knew so well,  
Mellifluous to blend.—And next the tongue  
In which a Shakespeare or a Milton sung,  
In lofty grandeur through the line rebound,  
Or close the verse with sweetly flowing sound.

Here Nature enlaid by skilful hand shall pay  
Her fragrant tribute to the bright *bouquet*.  
Her moral maxim and her pleasant theme  
Drawn from the lowly flower or purling stream.  
Her toiling myriads of insect race  
"Shall point the moral and the tall shall grace."  
Thus like a blooming garden shall the whole  
Enchant and elevate th' enraptured soul.  
Where every page, like dew-bespangled sward—  
By naught unpleasant or unsightly marred,  
Where all is beauty and each silvry spray  
Reflects in prised hues the zenith ray  
Of genial Poetry;—When light and shade  
Alternate dim and brighten up the glade,  
Where rare exotics graceful trail the ground  
And spread a fragrant perfume far around,  
Or rigid stand, with plummy lead on high  
And proudly waving sweep the azure sky.

Or like a casket of cornuscant gold  
Our little book its beauties shall unfold,  
Where gems in envious splendour all amassed  
Seem each by each in brilliancy surpassed,  
Where the amethyst, its purple tint displays  
Beside the onyx', sweet carnation rays,  
The bright hued opal, th' emeralds virgin green  
Reflected in the diamond's spotless sheen.

Or like that Maid, the first in pagan lore  
Of woman-kind\* whom in the days of yore  
Strong Vulcan, at the nod of Mighty Jove  
Brought forth perfected from his blazing stove.  
Whom all the Gods enriched with presents rare.—  
Pallas gave wisdom to this first-made fair,  
And Venus beauty, and Latona's son†  
With poetry endowed the gifted one.  
And last of all the roguish Mercury  
Soul-stirring eloquence bestowed:—thus we

\*Pandora. †Apollo.

In this our little scrap-book shall collect  
Such gifts as these—each portion shall reflect  
The sage Minerva, and the beauty bright  
Of Venus, daughter of celestial light;  
Apollo, master of picrian art,  
Auspicious shall preside o'er every part,  
And Eloquence unite with poetry  
To blend the whole in graceful harmony.

Thus, gentle reader, introduced, advance,  
Cast o'er this nursery a searching glance;  
Choose out the *morçeau* which shall please thy taste  
If aught can please thee more than all the rest,  
Where all are equal, and where all are *best*.

---

THE PAPAL BENEDICTION AT ST. PETER'S,  
EASTER SUNDAY, 1865.

Lo! the vast throng in living torrents flows  
On and still onward in its bright array  
Here martial pomp; there kingly splendour glows  
And Church and State their glory here display;  
Here every clime on that auspicious day  
Sends in its tribute to the mighty crowd  
Who like a swelling ocean heave and sway,  
Or deep in silence and devotion bowed;  
Or hail their Pontiff King in shouts prolonged and loud.

Lo! he appears, the glorious priestly King,  
Behold the mass fall prostrate on their knees,  
Far thro the air his thrilling accents ring,  
Imploring God his blessings to increase  
And fill each heart with love and joy and peace.  
Oh Heavenly sight! Yea more than earthly grand  
All nations bound by common sympathies  
The Church's sons,—a faithful loving band  
United round the altar-throne of PETER stand!

---

LINES ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Rome, 1866.

"Fecit mihi magna qui potens est."—Luk. I., 49.

I sing the praise of Heaven's spotless queen:—  
See slowly rise the bright creative scene.—  
Far in th' unfathomable depths of space

A Heavenly light outspreads its splendent rays  
O'er myriad globes, that in their orbits turn  
And Heaven-illumined, ever onwards burn.  
O'er countless choirs of spirit hierarchy  
Who throng around the throned Divinity.

---

Midst all the exuberance of Heavenly light  
One darksome spot falls dismal on the sight,  
'Tis Earth, and Sin the monstrous cloud  
That wraps it in a grace-impervious shroud.

---

But lo! At length a bright and silvry gleam,  
Pure as the crystal of the rippling stream,  
Soft, soothing, mellow;—but of piercing ray  
From out the heavenly focus takes it's way  
Downwards it shoots, all brightness; and the Earth  
New-born to grace exults in it's new birth,  
Thou, Mary! thou this heaven-born light  
Dost Earth to Heaven: dost Man to God unite  
Connecting link in that unbroken chain  
Betwixt the Creature and Creator lain,  
The Mystic Stair in Patriarch's dream defined  
One end in Heaven, the other on earth reclined.

---

Lo! in the Vista of Eternity  
Ere Time was; or th' omnipotent Decree  
With infinite and wondrous virtue fraught  
The wide creation into being brought.  
The Eternal Wisdom fully satiate  
Within itself, where it could contemplate  
For aye in its own essence every good  
That is or was or can be understood.  
Not heeded He, who in himself contains,  
T' increase His glory, with seraphic strains  
The myriad cohort, of the Angel Host,—  
Nor man nor all Creation e'er can boast,  
One atom of perfection to have given  
To Him who reigns supreme o'er Earth and Heaven.  
His boundless goodness, e'er parturient,  
Though self sufficient yet were ne'er content  
With self-enjoyment; but hy nature prone  
To share diffusive all it calls its own.  
Hence first the cherub choirs, pure spirits all  
That fill with brilliancy the Heavenly Hall.—

Not heeded

Hence with incipient Time came the Decree  
 Creating Man, intelligent and free.  
 With smile complacent the Creator viewed  
 His wondrous work and "saw that it was good."  
 But see that smile to anger swiftly changed:—  
 For Sin, like pestilential monster, ranged  
 O'er Earth's fair bosom, hideous and ghast,  
 Destroying every beauty as it passed:—  
 See, raised aloft in all destructive ire,  
 God's mighty arm: to strike with purpose dire,  
 And with one dread annihilating blow  
 To hurl all back to nothingness:—But Lo!  
 Poised in its course and powerless it remains  
 As if some force invisible restrains;—  
 The angry brow relaxes, and the while  
 Returns again the erst pacific smile—  
 For through long ages of revolving time  
 (All present to th' Intelligence Divine  
 That knows no future) The Eternal sees  
 A glorious Being, such as can appease  
 A God-head's wrath:—A soul that can efface  
 Sin's mortal stain. A Being "full of grace"  
 A Virgin of angelic purity  
 But yet indued with our humanity.

When God conceived th' inexplicable thought  
 To die for Man's Redemption; then He sought  
 Some stainless spot, to make His dwelling place;  
 Some oasis upon the desert's face  
 Such as had never felt the searing breath  
 Of poisoned sin-producing vice, and death—  
 Her womb He found sole spot of wicked earth  
 Worthy to hold the Saviour e'er his birth.

To thee, Sweet Virgin of the Father blessed,  
 We owe all good of which we are possessed—  
 Let every tongue throughout the world proclaim  
 The wondrous glories of thy holy name,  
 As thou, thyself, sweet mother dost command  
 "Blessed my name shall be in every land,"  
 All hail thee then, immaculate and mild,  
 Creator's Mother, yet a Creature's Child.

Comfort of mourners, thou art she who knows  
 To pour a soothing balm on sinners' woes,  
 Help of the Christian, thy sweet prayer can save  
 Through thy own Son, the sin-enshackled slave,  
 Tower of great strength, our armour and our shield  
 Our refuge mid temptation's battle-field.

To thee our needs, sweet Mother, we declare  
To thee we turn our supplicating prayer;  
Turn then to us, Sweet Advocate, oh turn  
Those eyes that e'er with loving pity burn,  
That, past our earthly exile we may come  
Through thy petition, to our heavenly home,  
With thee th' eternal presence to enjoy,  
In long satiety, that ne'er shall cloy,  
Sole object, whose fruition e'er can fill  
The boundless yearnings of the human will.

---

### THE STAR OF THE MAGI.

(Fragment of a poem, recited at the Polyglot Academy of Propaganda  
College, Rome, on January 13, 1867.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh Glorious Star, whose bright celestial glow  
Draws all things to thee, Dost thou not foreshow  
The wondrous power of Him the Meek, the Mild,  
Th' enshrouded Deity, Beth'lem's Saviour Child,  
As when in Heaven's vault appeared thy ray  
The regal arm the sceptre ceased to sway.  
The jewelled brow no longer seen to wear  
The sparkling diadem.—The gorgeous gear  
Of court panoply, the robes of State  
All cast aside, which erst the potentate  
Was wont to use in conscious majesty.—  
So he prefigured, beauteous Star by thee  
When raised aloft, such beaming radiance sent  
Of all resistless power, that conquered bent  
The world entire, submissive to its might.—  
Then Man aroused from that long dreary night  
Of sin and bondage, contrite threw aside  
Th' encumbering pomp of worldliness and pride,  
And the vile serpent, hideous and ghast,  
Which roamed the world triumphant in the past,  
Lay crushed and vanquished. See again the earth  
Reborn to grace exults in its new birth,  
The "Light of Nations" filling every soul,  
Illumining every land from Pole to Pole.

TO REVD. H. McDOWELL, ON HIS ORDINATION  
AT ST. JOHN LATERAN'S.  
FEAST OF PENTECOST, 1867.

Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sancto.—Acts II—4.

Behold within the Royal City's walls  
In silent prayer the holy *twelve* await,  
With Mary, for the coming Paraclete,  
And lo! the day of Pentecost arrived,  
And Heaven, all brilliant with ethereal light,  
In awful chasm gapes, ~~and~~ the Eternal One,—  
The Spirit of all truth and sanctity,  
Like unto tongues of lurid fire descends  
Upon the chosen band and fills their souls  
With heavenly plentitude of seven-fold grace.  
The Word of Truth fulfilled, and thus again  
From year to year, all indefectible  
Throughout each coming age till time shall cease  
On that bright glorious day the heavens shall ope,  
And ever and anon shall be renewed  
The bounteous grace of that first Pentecost.  
Tremendous wonder of Almighty love!  
The angels of the Heavenly Court stood mute  
In breathless awe when they at first beheld  
Their chieftain, Gabriel, speed upon his way  
T' announce the Incarnation, when at first  
They understood that wondrous miracle—  
"The inanimation" of their Lord and King,  
And deemed that e'en Omnipotence itself  
Had reached its limit. But behold again  
Th' exhaustless source of the Creative power  
Launched forth in Act with wonder still more great—  
"No more a god made man but man made God."\*  
Oh wondrous dignity, Oh power sublime,  
Not e'en the loftiest of the heavenly court  
Such privilege can claim. To call to act  
Th' Almighty virtue of God's hidden power  
The Incarnation to perpetuate†—

\*Speaking of the priesthood St. Augustine says, "Deus factus est homo ut homo fieret Deus."

†The priesthood is called by theologians a perpetuation of the Incarnation.—St. Augustine Sermon XIII De Tempore.

Through passing time the Holy Mysteries,  
 The septenary source of every grace  
 T' administer to man.—But over all  
 By awful, transubstantiating word  
 To call the living God from His high throne  
 Upon our lowly Altars. To enveil  
 Beneath the humble species of the Host  
 The Lord and Sovereign of all Majesty!  
 Such, my dear friend, the heavenly dignity  
 To which thy God has called thee. Such the lot  
 Which thou'st this day embraced. Oh happy day  
 For thee this Pentecost, and happy too for her  
 The loving mother of thy infant years,\*  
 Who kneeling with thee at the Altar steps  
 Of Christendom's Cathedral† with a moistened eye  
 Joins with thee, such a scene alone  
 Can satiate a mother's yearning love  
 And render compensation for the toils  
 And long, long weariness of motherly cares.  
 Oh yes, the throbs of that maternal heart  
 Will penetrate to heaven's highest throne—  
 That prayer, combining gratitude and love,  
 Will echo with the Angel's songs of praise  
 That the Eternal Paraclete of Truth,  
 Descending on thy inmost soul to-day,  
 May fill thee with a never-failing grace  
 And guide thee ever on thy future course,  
 May give thee words to soothe the Orphan's woe;  
 Impart the unction of the "Golden Mouthed"  
 To thy discourse, and teach thee to unfold  
 The latent beauties of the Evangel Word,  
 To yearning hearts, and with a worthy hand  
 Dispense the sacred mysteries of Faith—  
 Foul falsehood's darkening veil to rend aside  
 From the benighted soul, and to infuse  
 The genial light of Truth. The Light of Him  
 "Who lighteneth all who come into the world"  
 And may this Pentecostal day return  
 For many years with happiness to thee.

\*His mother was present at his ordination.

†St. John Lateran's, The Pope's Cathedral "omnium Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis Mater et Caput."

## THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH.

PREFIGURED BY THE FLIGHT OF OUR LORD INTO EGYPT.

A POEM RECITED AT THE POLYGLOT ACADEMY OF PROPAGANDA, ON  
JANUARY 13, 1868.

Behold Judea's haughty Potentate;  
Enthroned in all the dignity of State;  
A hundred satellites before him bend  
In courtly slavishness; and anxious lend  
Their purchased friendship; seeking to forestall  
Each inborn wish,—hark in the distant hall,  
The sentry's measured tread strikes on the ear,  
The clang of arms, the axe, the glistening spear  
Resound anon, and in the court without  
The boisterous jesting, and the noisy rout  
Of ribald soldiery. And yet behold,  
Nor velvet couch, nor gorgeous cloth of gold,  
Nor arméd legions eager to obey,  
Nor regal retinue in grand array,  
Nor columned vault, nor brilliant tapestry,  
Nor all the pride of courtly panoply  
Can calm his troubled mind:—That restless eye,  
Why seeks it, in each object to descry  
Some hidden rival! Why that nervous start,  
Th' unwonted throbbing of that guilty heart!  
Fear'st thou some mighty foe with conquering hand,  
To wrench the sceptre from thy trembling hand?  
Perchance the hoary seers, the pontiffs sage  
Whom thou hast called to scan the sacred page,—  
T' unfold the mysteries of prophetic Word,—  
Have told of direful wars and myriad horde,  
Like mountain torrent, rushing furious down  
The seething gorge; to crush thy regal crown?  
But no! they've told no tale, so drear, so wild,  
They've told but of a harmless new-born Child!  
An Infant sleeping in a Mother's arms;  
Can such a scene arouse those dread alarms?  
Ah yes! for in thy ear still vivid ring,  
The Wisemen's words, who hail their new-born King!  
And scribes and seers full skilled in Biblic lore,  
Have searched the Sacred Writings o'er and o'er,  
And all combined predict the fatal hour  
That marks the downfall of thy ill-got power.  
The mystic weeks their course at length have run.\*

\*Daniel, ix, 24.



And Judah waits the long-expected *One!*  
 E'en now the choirs of heavenly Seraphim,  
 From Beth'lems cell send forth the joyous hymn,  
 "Glory to God on high, and peace to men  
 "On Earth, and all good will for e'er, Amen!"  
 See slowly wind along the desert plain,  
 A gorgeous cavalcade; a kingly train,  
 Enriched with myrrh, and frankincense and gold,  
 And all the treasures eastern lands enfold,  
 A new found star directs their western way,  
 Lights up the desert with its silv'ry ray,  
 Nor halting ever in its onward flight,  
 O'er Sion's gilded towers its favored light  
 Hath deigned to shed; but o'er the rustic grot  
 Of Bethlem's shepherd marks the sacred spot,  
 Where Judah's Infant King reclines to rest,  
 Enthroned upon a Virgin Mother's breast;  
 They enter—not thro' marbled portal wide,  
 Nor graceful frieze, nor pillared arch bestride  
 The vestibule; but darksome cave and low,  
 Rough-hewn by nature 'neath the mountain's brow.  
 And yet within, what wondrous mystery!  
 The cradle scene of Christianity;—  
 The manger-throne of that great Lord of love  
 Who reigns supreme o'er cherubim above!  
 A truss of rude cold straw His regal bed,  
 A rack-frame canopies His sacred head!  
 His robe of state a scanty garment forms,  
 Which scarce can shield Him from the wintry storms,  
 Yet this is He who rules both sea and land,  
 Who holds the winds and tempests in His hand!\*  
 A few poor shepherd's form the courtly train,  
 Of Him whom Heaven and earth cannot contain;  
 Two humble beasts, the lowliest of the earth,  
 Sole witnesses of that celestial birth,  
 Beside the couch unconscious vigils keep,  
 And warm those shivering infant limbs to sleep!  
 Yet, this is that Great God who, from on high,  
 "Watcheth o'er Israel's realm, nor sleepeth aye!" †  
 The Magi at His feet their gifts outpour  
 And prostrate, in that humble shed, adore.  
 For faith illumes their souls with inward light,  
 Reveals the hidden Godhead to their sight,—  
 Hence the inhuman rage, the frenzied ire,  
 Of guilty Herod. Hence the edict dire  
 That deluged Israel with infants' blood,  
 And swelled each torrent with a purple flood,—  
 All nature seems to rue the wicked deed,

\*Proverbs xxx, 4.

†Psalm cxx, 4.

The very cliffs in riven horror bleed ;  
 The wailing mother's sad, heartrending cries,  
 Pierce with an anguish keen the lowering skies.  
 And shriller than the moaning wintry breeze  
 That whistles thro' the rifted forest trees,  
 More dreadful than the frothy gurgling roar  
 Of surging billow 'gainst the rockbound shore,  
 Crying for vengeance on the bloodstained hand :  
 That spread the ruthless carnage thro' the land,  
 The tyrant sits upon his throne the while,  
 Glutted with gore, and smiles a savage smile.  
 But see ! while Israel mourns her infant dead,  
 That *One* alone, for whom they all have bled,  
 Securely trav'ling o'er the desert sand  
 To seek a shelter in a foreign land !  
 And now the infants' struggling death-cries cease,  
 Exchanged for heavenly hymns of joy and peace.  
 The martyred babes, transformed to Cherubs of light,  
 Now hover round the Saviour in his flight.  
 Soothe His rough way, assuage His weary toil,  
 And bid Him welcome unto Egypt's soil.  
 Thus shall the Church, thro' each succeeding age,  
 Elude the earthly tyrant's feeble rage ;  
 And firmly anchored on th' unshaken rock  
 Despise the anger of the tempests' shock,  
 Tho' howling storms which cause the world to quake  
 'Gainst Peter's throne in harmless fury break !  
 Such is the tale her annals e'er disclose,  
 Combat and victory o'er contending foes !—  
 Behold Her scarcely born to infant life,  
 Sustain three hundred years of blood and strife.  
 The fiend of Persecution stalks abroad  
 Breathing defiance to the Christian's God !  
 The pagan altars reek with human gore,  
 The forums ring with lions' rav'nous roar.  
 Beneath the Coliseum's mighty dome  
 See crushed in anxious crowd all pagan Rome !  
 And hideous yells, and shouts incessant burst,  
 For Christian blood to slake their fiendish thirst.  
 But lo ! within the darksome catacomb  
 Buried as 'twere within the living tomb,  
 The saintly Pontiff with his humble flock,  
*The Church!* surviving still the awful shock,  
 Preserved and handed down th' unailing Word,  
 The *mysteries* dispensed and God adored !  
 Thus thrice one hundred years, until at last  
 The angry cloud in wasted fury passed.  
 The cruel tyrants withered from the earth ;  
 The Church arose triumphant to new birth.  
 Sweet peace smiled down upon the fold once more,

The word of Truth was spread from shore to shore,  
 On and still onward till the nations all  
 Obedient bow'd responsive to the call.  
 From the far Western Isles\* that stud the deep,  
 To where the Ganges' orient torrents sweep,  
 Aroused from Paganism's dreary night,  
 Cast off their bonds and beamed with Christian light—  
 Anon foul Heresy raised its venom'd head  
 But crushed at once it only served to shed  
 A brighter glory on its conquering foe,  
 And hurl at falsehood one more fatal blow.  
 But hark a fearful tempest belching forth  
 From out the rugged mountains of the North. †  
 Faintly at first with low and rumbling growl,  
 Like the pent murmuring of some hideous ghoul,  
 Or the dark cloud, with dimly outlined form,  
 That warns the mariner of the coming storm,  
 Gathering in fury as it rolls along  
 A seething mass of wild *Barbarian* throng!  
 Bursting at length with fierce impetuous roar  
 On Italy's fertile plains, and sweeping o'er  
 Her smiling valleys, searing every trace  
 Of life and verdure from her beauteous face,  
 And rolling on till spent at length it falls,  
 In futile rage 'gainst Rome's pelagic walls;  
 Stern hour of trial thro' that dreary age  
 The sombre night which clouds fair History's page.  
 But yet, the Church triumphant still lived on  
 Outrode the storm and with new glory shone;  
 For scarce the turgid stream rolls furious past,  
 Destroying all like pestilential blast.  
 The hermit issuing from his mountain cell,  
 Intrepid views the vast receding swell.  
 And like the wrecker on the ocean verge  
 Awaits to grasp from the engulfing surge  
 The shattered fragments of the world's lost lore,  
 The ruined barque of science to restore!  
 And by the flickering of the midnight oil,  
 In humble silence plies th' incessant toil,  
 Collects the monuments of years gone by,  
 The relics of the world's past history.  
 Sole link of that great chain which binds us fast  
 By long tradition to the ages past.

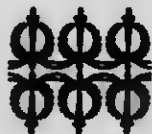
Thus every age has proved the promised Word,  
 Erst pledged to man by Truth's unerring Lord, ‡  
 "Against my Church the impious powers of Hell  
 Shall not prevail!" E'en now their dying yell

\*Britain. †Invasion of Italy by the Goths, etc. Matth. xvi, 18.

Loud echoes in my ears,\* methinks I see  
Their scattered hordes in wild confusion flee!  
Yes! once again th' unseen but awful blow  
Hath hurled destruction on the guilty foe.  
Great Pius, monarch of Christ's earthly realm,  
Beheld the storm which threatened to overwhelm  
His Pontiff throne, uprising from afar,  
Nor trusts the murd'rous tools of bloody war,  
But in that God of strength alone confides  
Who o'er the myriad seraph hosts presides!  
And far on high th' angelic choirs upraise  
A joyful song of victory and praise.  
Join too, ye earthly choirs, exulting sing,  
Yet one more triumph of our Pontiff King;  
One ray of glory; one more brilliant gem.  
Now sparkles on his mitred diadem!  
Hail, saintly Pius; hail him, far and wide,  
Our Church's glory, and our age's pride!  
Once more, that Church,—behold, ye distant lands,  
**TRIUMPHANT, GLORIOUS, UHSHAKEN STANDS!**

---

\*In allusion to the defeat of the Garibaldian invaders (Oct., 1867) by the Papal Zouaves at Mentana.



## Sonnets

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### SONNET I.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

SISTER MARY AGNES KITCHIN.

Died Dec. 1st, 1878, Aged 36 Years.

R. I. P.

A bright-eyed child; fresh as a mountain flower;—  
Sweet innocence nestled in her girlish breast—  
A pure young virgin, modest, calm, heaven-blest,  
Virtue's white lily made her heart it's bower—  
Budding to womanhood, every passing hour  
Drew her more heavenward. Each first thought and best,  
Soul, body, heart, love ALL that she posses'd,  
Given to God—Religion's noble dower!—

The silent cloister! Oh how short the years!  
Too much of happiness, too little grief  
For Calv'ry's Spouse—God heard the unbreathed sigh!  
And sent the bitter cross\*, great joy!—sweet tears—  
'Tis passed: A life so beautiful, so brief,—  
A new voice joins the angels' songs on high.

---

\*She died of a most painful cancer.

SONNET II.  
IN MEMORIAM.

SISTER MARY PHILOMENA CORRIDAN.

Died Feb. 14th, 1879, Aged 21 Years.

R. I. P.

We made her cold grave 'neath th<sup>e</sup> spotless snow ;  
The feath'ry fronds, like angels' winglets fall,  
And gently fluttering, weave a silv'ry pall  
Meet for a young heart, in it's virgin glow  
Weep not dear distant friends\* when you shall know,  
How soon she had to hear the trumpet call  
How soon to render up to God that ALL,  
Vowed at the Altar three short months ago!

Tho' far from her Green Isle now cold she lies ;  
And, for the shamrock, snowflakes kiss her bier,  
Calm will she rest; and friends around will pray,  
With love as warm, as e'en 'neath Erin's skies ;  
And hearts will guard her grave with sign and tear.—  
Peace, then, and hope, you'll meet her on—THAT DAY.

---

\*She came from Ireland to Newfoundland, leaving home and friends behind.

SONNET III.  
THE SILVER THAW.\*

Written April, 1879.

At times the Frost-King April's showers invades,  
Gath'ring the falling drops in crystal groups,  
And every branch a silv'ry prism droops,  
Splitting the Sun's light in a thousand shades;  
And o'er the meadows, and adown the glades  
Each stalk and twig ice-coated graceful stoops,  
Like mail-clad hordes of Liliputian troops  
Clashing and sparkling with their mimic blades.

Bright wondrous vision! dazzling to the eye!  
Alas! like fairy fabric, all too soon  
Thy glist'ning splendor vanishes from view:  
For, ere hot Phœbus, coursing thro the sky,  
Hath spanned one-half his race to vernal noon,  
The icy pageant melts to trickling dew.

---

\*This is the name given by Newfoundlanders to that brilliant ice-garment with which the trees, houses, bushes, etc., are clothed when the Spring showers are frozen in the act of falling.

SONETTO IV.

Written Originally in Italian.

A LEONE PAPA XIII.

Ristoratore indefesso della Filosofia e Teologia Cristiana.

A Te, ch' in trono assiso sei di Piero,  
Nobil rampollo dello PECCI\* stemma.  
Degno d'ornar il triplo diadema.—  
Di che l'avita stella, a raggio altiero  
Brill' ognor, nel suo azzur sentiero,  
E scintillando qual lucente gemma  
Indora 'l cedro augusto†—atto emblema  
Di cui al tetro Error si fa guerriero!

“Lume ne' ciel”—dal Santo Irlandese ‡  
Ne' tempi or trascorsi pronunziato;  
Sovra tua penna parsi svolazzare  
L'agnol' della scuole\*\* all' ali stese;—  
La voce sentesi del AQUINATO  
Di nuovo il mondo intiero cattivare!

\*Nome di famiglia di Leone XIII.

†Allusivo alle arme del Pecci, cio è—Az. Una stella in cima or, che getta i raggi su d'un cedro pr. traversato da una banda ar. con due—*FLEURS DE LIS*, in fondo; del ultimo.

‡San Malachia.—Secondo la profezia volgarmente attribuita a questo santo, Leone XIII, viene denominato “LUMEN IN COELO.”

\*\*San Tommaso d'Aquino, detto “L'ANGELICO DOTTORE” ovvero “L'ANGELO delle SCUOLE.”



SONNET V.

(Translation of the Foregoing, to Pope Leo XIII.)

INDEFATIGABLE RESTORER OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY  
AND THEOLOGY.

Hail thou! on Peter's Chair enthron-ed Pope,  
Thou noble scion of the PECCI\* stem!  
Worthy to grace the triple Diadem.—  
Thou, whose ancestral star, with ray of hope,  
Gleams bright within it's azure horoscope;  
Sparkling with splendor as pellucid gem,  
Tints the tall cedar with a golden hem†,  
Emblem of one who with dark Sin must cope.

Thou art the very "Light from Heaven" of yore  
By Erin's Sainted Malachy foretold,‡  
For o'er thy haloed brow with wings unfurled  
The "Angel of the Schools,\*\* is seen to soar  
Tipping thy pen with ray of molten gold,—  
Once more AQUINAS' voice inthralls the world!

\*The family name of Pope Leo XIII.

†Allusive to the Arms of the Pecci family; viz., Azure, a Star in Chief, or, which throws its rays upon a Cedar pr. crossed by a band in fesse Ar. with two fleurs-de-lis in base of the last.

‡According to the prophecy commonly attributed to this Saint, Leo XIII is denominated "Light from Heaven."

\*\*St. Thomas Aquinas called "The Angelic Doctor" or the "Angel of the Schools."

PETRARCH'S SONNET XXXIV.

IN MORTE DI LAURA.

Levòmmi il mio pensiero in parte ov'era  
Quella ch'io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra.  
Ivi fra lor che'l terzo cerchio serra,  
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.  
Per man mi prese e disse;—"In questa spera  
Sarai ancor meco; se'l desir non erra.  
I'son colei che ti diè tanta guerra.  
E compìè mia giornata inanzi sera:  
Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano.  
Te solo aspetto, e quel che tanto amasti,  
E laggioso è rimasto, il mio bel velo"—  
Deh! perche taque, ed allargò la mano?—  
Ch'al suon de'detti si pietosi e casti.  
Poco mancò ch'io non rimasi in cielo!

SONNET VII.

Original Translation of the Foregoing.

My thought upraised me to that region, where  
Dwells she, on earth I seek and can not find.  
'Mong those whom Heaven's third circle holds confined,  
Less haughty and more bright I saw her there.  
She took my hand and said,—“Within this sphere  
Thou'lt be with me ; unless my hope be blind,  
I'm she who gave thee so much pain of mind,  
And closed my day before it's eve drew near.

My joy no human mind can understand,  
I wait but thee, and what thy fond love graced  
My sweet, but mortal, veil, helow there laid”—  
Why ceased she thus?—and why released my hand?  
At sound of words so tender and so chaste,  
It little lacked but I in Heaven had staid!

SONNET VI.

SPRING.

(Written in 1881.)

"SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS."—Horace, Ode IV., Book I.

See from his deep cloud-curtained couch arise,  
The drowsy Sun, and with a feeble ray,  
Peep o'er the hill-tops on the morning gray ;—  
Now sailing upwards thro the eastern skies,  
Before his strengthening glow the cloud-mist flies  
Showing the bright scene of the opening day ;—  
All Nature seems with buoyant rapture gay,  
And SPRING at length, cold Winter's power defies.

The torrents shouting down the mountain sides,  
Exultant in their liberated floods ;  
So long by Winter's icy fetters bound,  
Rush joyful towards the vale, in giant strides :  
The birds make answer, from a thousand woods  
Spring's echoing laughter shakes the hills around !

SONNET VIII.

WAITING.

(Pencilled in a Scrapbook.)

Sept. 24, 1883.

A moment passed is lost for aye and gone:—it  
Ne'er can be recalled thro'out all time:  
So even if I make a little rhyme;—  
Awaiting while you're putting your bonnet,  
The world will be enriched by one more sonnet.  
And tho it be not altogether prime;  
Nor even worth (perhaps you'll say) a dime;  
Some reader yet may find a virtue on it.  
Thus while awaiting for your coming down,  
Lest I may lose a precious minute here,  
I take my pencil to jot down this strain.  
It may, perchance dispell a gathering frown,  
Or cast a ray of sunshine on a tear:—  
Then sure the moment were not spent in vain.

SONNET IX.

To a Rose plucked at St. Agnes' on the Via Nomentana outside  
the walls of Rome.

February, 1883.

Sweet flower! what fancies fill my throbbing frame,

As on thy crimson-petaled form I gaze!

Bright mem'ry wings me back to those far days

When AGNES, child-saint, hither frequent came:

Those budding twigs her gentle nursing claim

She plucks thy fellow from those selfsame sprays,—

Thy deep-dyed leaf her martyr fate portrays,

As thou beholding, thou didst blush for shame!

Yea! tho' old Nomentana's flags have borne,

Thro sixteen cycles, rolling to the tomb,

A whole world's Hist'ry,—clatter of arm-ed men,

And clang of hoof and war-car,—yet unshorn

Of thy green life; still dost thou bud and bloom,

And thro all years wilt bud and bloom again!

SONNET X.

BRIGUS.\*

July, 1884.

As mid the desert sand, with weary eye  
The famished trav'ler scans the burning plain,  
And onwards faintly drags his drooping train,  
Seeking some rippling fountain to descry.—  
Or longing turns his glance to eastern sky,  
In hopes of cloudlet, boding instant rain;  
To cool his parching lips, but all in vain.  
No moisture deigns his craving wants supply.  
  
Oh joy!—behold on yon horizon far,  
Gleaming like em'rald set in sapphire blue,  
Or like the golden sheen of evening star,  
A blooming oasis strikes on his view!  
Filling his soul with unexpected glee,  
Such, Beauteous Brigus, my first thoughts of thee.

---

\*A romantic village, set in a gorge between two ranges of broken porphyritic hills, in Conception Bay, Newfoundland.

SONNET XII.

SAN TOMASO D'AQUINO.  
CHIAMATO "L'ANGELICO DOTTORE."

(Written Originally in Italian, 1885.)

Un Agnol', chiaro dal fulgor Divino,  
Svolando, penetra la nube folta  
Che da tant'anni avea la terra involta;  
Si ferma in mezzo al ratto suo cammino  
Sovra l'amenno colle del CASSINO\*  
Laggiù nel chiostro, con sembianza accolta.  
E vista alla Croce tutta attolta,  
Scorge Tomaso, in preghier' inchino.

Presto dal l' ala dispenna una piuma  
Che qual saetta scaglia nel profondo,  
E cade al piè del Santo.\* Sua chiarezza  
L'addesta, e la cella tutta illumina.—  
L'afferra in man' per penna, e dà al mondo,  
Della sua SUMMA†, la divin sagezza.

\*Il Monastero di Monte Cassino, ove San Tomaso passò i primi anni del suo Noviziato.

†La "SUMMA THEOLOGICA," opera più celebre del "Angelico Dottore."



SONNET XIII.

ST. THOMAS.

(Called the Angelic Doctor.)

Original Translation of Foregoing.

An Angel gleaming, from God's very sight,  
Like meteor flashing thro the voids of space  
Rends the dark cloud that veils the earth's fair face.  
Pausing erewhile upon his onward flight,  
Above Cassino's\* olive-mantled height,  
He saw a monk kneeling in cloistered place,  
Turned towards the Crucifix, pure fount of grace,  
With yearning gaze beseech some ray of light.

Lo! quickly fluttering thro the downward sky,  
A pinion plucked from out his wing there came,  
And dropped with radiant beam upon the floor;  
The saint aroused from his deep reverie,  
Seized the bright plume, and from it's point of flame  
Gave to the world the "SUMMA'S"† heaven-born lore.

\*The Monastery of Monte Cassino, near Naples, where St. Thomas passed his early days.

†The "Summa Theologica," the greatest work of the "Angelic Doctor."

SONNET XI.

TO AN ICEBERG.\*

February, 1885.

Hail thou great freak of Nature's mighty hand!  
Thou crystal wonder of the frozen pole,  
Who o'er the bosom of the deep dost roll  
In frigid majesty—so cold, so grand!  
Nurtured among the fjords of far north land;  
Fantastic formed, like giant's funeral mole,  
Slow gliding onwards towards thy southern goal,—  
Can man's frail work thy wondrous power withstand?

Nay! e'en "AURANIA," like a thing of life,  
Panting within her ribs of wroughten steel.  
Graceful with all her strength,—and yet how weak  
If coped with thee! great thing, in mortal strife.  
How, like a toy, before thy shock she'd reel!—  
Think ye, her living freight, and bow ye meek.

\*Seen in the Atlantic Ocean in Lat. 44° N., Long. 45° W. from on board the Cunard Liner "AURANIA," bound from Liverpool to New York. Written and printed in the newspaper published on board during the voyage.

SONNET XIV.

TO LONGFELLOW.

(Written for the "Acadian Autograph Album," December, 1886.)

Immortal Bard of sweet Evangeline,  
Thou who hast given to never ending fame  
The brave old Bazil and young Gabriel's name,  
Oh! would that thou our own broad vales had'st seen  
Bright as e'en Acadie in summer's sheen;  
For surely they thy favoring muse might claim,  
To shrine them in thy verse's lasting frame;  
And CODROY\* had an other GRAND PRE been!

Yes, thou, with cunning art of poet's lore,  
Could'st people these vast wastes with joys and tears,  
And make them live, by thy creative hand,—  
But thou art gone, thy versing days are o'er,  
And we must wait thro'out the coming years,  
Another LONGFELLOW to sing our land.

---

\*A beautiful valley on the west side of Newfoundland.

PETRARCH'S SONNET, CLXXIII.

Al Fiume Rodano.

Rapido fiume ! che D'Alpestre vena,  
Rodendo intorno, onde'l nome prendi,  
Notte e di meco desioso scendi,  
Ov' amor me, te sol Natura mena ;—  
Vattene innanzi, il tuo corso non frena,  
Ne stanchezza, ne sonno ; e pria che rendi  
Suo dritto al Mar, fiso u'si mostri, attendi  
L'erba più verde, e l'aria più serena :

Ivi è quel nostro e dolce Sole,  
Ch'adorna e'nfiora la tua riva manca  
Forse (Oh che spero !) il mio tardar le dole,  
Biaciale'l piede, o la man bella e bianca !  
Dille il baciare sia 'n vece di parole,—  
Lo Spirto è pronto, ma la carne è stanca !

SONNET XVI.  
TO THE RIVER RHONE.

(Original Translation of the Foregoing, 1886.)

O rapid stream, which down from Alpine gorge,  
Eating thy tortuous way,—and hence thy name,\*  
Descendest headlong; night and day the same,  
Me love, thee, only Nature's law doth urge:—  
Flow on! Nor toil nor sleep can check thy surge:—  
Yet stay! ere Ocean shall his tribute claim,  
Where thou shalt see, now soothed to gentler frame,  
Grass greener: air more clear upon thy verge:—

THERE is that sweet and loving Sun of mine,  
Who thy left bank adorns;—with flowers doth grace,  
Perhaps (Oh would it were!) my stay she weeps,  
Kiss me her foot: her hand so white, so fine.  
Tell her that kiss of words must take the place,—  
My soul flies on, the sluggish clay but creeps!

---

\*The River Rhone is called in Italian Il Rodano, a word derived from the Latin "rodere," to eat or gnaw, as coming down with great force from the Alps it eats, as it were, it's way onward through the land.

SONNET XV.

(At the Grave of Monsignor Sears, in Lochaber Cemetery, N. S.)

Oct. 10, 1865.

A little mound, heaped up, of dun green mould,  
Hard by the lake-side chapel, 'mong the dead :  
Where autumn maples, sadly drooping, shed  
In amber showers their tears of crimson gold :—  
Is this thy grave?—And do I here behold  
Where calmly rests that venerable head,  
Thro' which in life a thousand projects sped?  
That spirit, tranquil now, but erst so bold!

Ah, yes! no more thou'lt face the Ocean's might,  
To soothe the dying sinner's soul;—no more  
To bring relief thou'lt scale the mountain's height.\*  
Thou restest now by lov'd Lochaber's shore :  
Thy work is done. Thou'st bravely fought the fight.  
Then sleep thou on, good, noble Monsignor.

\*Monsignor Sears laboured alone on the wild west coast of Newfoundland for seventeen years before the days of railways and mail steamers, traveling for miles over mountains on snow-shoes or over water in small open boats.

SONNET XVII.

To a School Teacher.

(Written at Port aux Ports, Bay St. George. 1889.)

God's self is knowledge, and the Soul of Man  
Is but a spark of that Eternal Fire:—  
Each glow of new Cognition we acquire,  
Kindling the mind,—since erst our life began,  
Its sphere enlarging, widening its span:—  
Each noble thought; each virtuous desire,  
E'er wafts it upwards, bringing it yet nigher

Its destined place in the Creator's plan.  
Since this is so, then what a noble part,  
A Heavenly task, has He assigned to thee,  
To help Him in His infinite Design:—  
To plant the fecund seedling in the heart,  
That shall shoot forth into the Knowledge tree.  
Such is thy work; such glorious duty thine!

SONNET XVIII.

To Cape Smoky (Cap Enfumé).\*

(Written on board the Str. H. Law, July 18, 1889.)

Hail Grim old Hill! Around thy grizzled brow,  
Thy smoky cap still wreathes its fleecy fold,  
As, when, four cycles since, the Breton bold,  
Turning to "Westward Ho!" his daring prow,  
Gazed, wond'ring, on thy cloud-wrapped head,—so thou,  
Unchanged dost stand,—nor seemest to grow old!  
Or in thy age perennial Youth dost hold;—  
Stern in thy solemn grandeur then as now.

Let no unworthy pride *our* bosoms swell  
In triumph of our age, as safe we glide  
In Ocean-palace;—Think of those who came  
Those brave old souls, in clumsy caravel,  
Th' uncertain Astrolabe their only guide  
O'er unmapped seas!—All honor to their name!

\*So called because it is always wrapped in a fleecy cloud.



SONNET XIX.

On the Centenary of the American Church.

(Written at Baltimore, Nov. 10, 1889.)

Oh Spirit of the faithful Baltimore!  
Beholdest thou from thy high throne to-day,  
The mighty City which encrowns the Bay,  
Where thou didst plant the Cross upon the shore;  
The pregnant prayer of Faith didst fervent pour  
Into a virgin world's receptive clay,  
And send its roots life-freighted, far away,  
E'en to the Wondrous West's fair golden door?

Now have a hundred years rolled o'er the land  
Their quickening cycles: What dost thou behold?  
A Nation pinnacled with sacred Domes:  
Sky-piercing Spires, that speak of Faith,—and stand  
The phalanx of a Church, like giant bold,  
Full of young strength, that conquers hearts and Homes!

SONNET.\*

Adieu aux Français retournant de la Nouvelle France en la France  
Gauloise.

A. M. de Poutrincourt.

Scipion, ennuyé de la trompeuse vie  
D'un Siécle corrompu, passa de ses vieux ans  
Le chagrin au déduit des jardins et des champs,  
Dédaignant les douceurs d'une ingrate Patrie. .  
Ton âme, Poutrincourt, d'injustice ennemie,  
En nos mœurs corrompus ne prend nul passetemps;  
Et, comme Scipion, tu cherches dès longtemps

Un séjour d'innocence, éloigné de l'envie.  
Mais en ce point ici tu passe Scipion :  
C'est que, fuyant si loin des hommes la malice  
Non seulement, tu sers à la religion ;  
Mais tu t'acquires encore un renom glorieux :—  
Et l'autre, s'écartant loin de ses envieux,  
Se contenta d'avoir aux pieds foulé le vice.

\*Written by M. Marc Lescarbot, at Port Royal, on the 24th of August, 1606.

SONNET XXI.

M. Marc Lescarbot to M. De Poutrincourt.

(Original Translation of the Foregoing.)

Jan. 22, 1893.

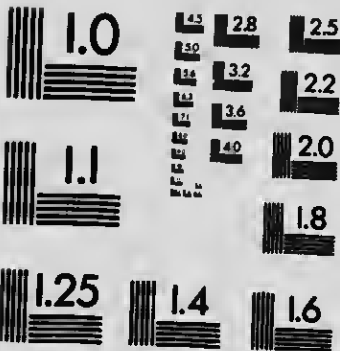
A-weary of the world's deceptive ways  
Great Scipio passed his life's declining hours  
'Mid peaceful fields, and gardens of sweet flowers  
Despising an ungrateful Country's praise.—  
So, Poutrincourt, thy soul's more lofty gaze,  
No pleasure finds in such dull joys as ours,  
Like him, thou seekest some sequestered bowers  
Removed from strife, to spend thy evening days.

But e'en great Scipio is by these outdone,—  
Content to hide from envious mortals' sight,  
And crush beneath his feet all vice and shame,  
While thou, not only dost sin's pathway shun,  
But shin'st a beacon of Religion bright.  
And gain'st before the world a glorious name!



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SONNET XX.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

(Written on visiting Blarney for the first time, Aug. 18, 1890.)

Oft in my childhood's days, in glowing thought  
I've pictured,—Blarney,—thy old ruined keep,  
Thy quoins and battlements; thy dungeon deep:—  
Thy bastioned turrets, with strange cunning wrought,—  
And that famed *stone*, with pleasant mem'ries fraught,  
That hangs suspended o'er the yawning steep.—  
My youthful fancy in her day-dream's sleep  
As yet uncloyed, such lightsome visions taught.

And now in very truth, I see thy walls  
Rise sad and silent in their sere old age,  
With ivied tresses wreathed around thy brow I  
I scale thy toilsome stairs;—thy roofless halls  
Wond'ring explore;—retrace past Hist'ry's page,  
And fill with life those cells, long silent now.

SONNET XXII.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

(Written at Niagara Falls, Feb. 11, 1893.)

I stood upon the ice-cone's glittering mound  
Which winter's hand had fashioned from thy spray;  
Built up defiant of thy headlong way:—  
High from above, with stupifying bound  
Came the great flood;—I *felt*, not heard, the sound  
Deep thrilling thro' my soul, I dared not stay.  
The quivering mass meseemed to heave and sway  
Threat'ning t' engulf me in th' abyss profound.

I went beneath the cliff, and 'mazing stood:  
Nature's great Minster!—here the deafening din  
Is stilled,—huge shafts of icy stalactite  
Uphold the lofty arch of frost-bound flood:—  
Or from without surveyed, or from within,  
*Man*, awe-struck, owns *God's* all-creative might.

SONNET XXIII.

GRAND LAKE. THREE SONNETS.

Dec. 7, 1895.

1st. THE PAST.

A gleam of silver, through the russet screen  
Of mantling firs;—See suddenly expand,  
Before the view, majestically and,  
Our mighty inland sea!—The opal sheen  
Of far off reaches, pales to sapphire green  
'Neath dying sun-rays—and the pink-gold strand,  
Melts into azure in the distant land—  
Hail thou, of all our lakes the Noble Queen!

Unawed by whiteman's slaughter-dealing stroke  
In lordly pride the graceful Caribòo  
Roams peacefully along thy placid marge.  
From out the neighboring drock the wigwam's smoke  
Curls upwards—while athwart thy bosom blue  
The proud Beothuc spurs his fragile barge.



SONNET XXIV.

GRAND LAKE.

2nd. THE PRESENT.

What change!—adown the hill, athwart the dale  
Creeps the long iron track like gleaming snake,  
Spanning with headlong rush, brook, river, lake.  
The throbbing engine, with its crashing trail,  
Sweeps o'er the landscape,—While its motion wail,  
And shriek heart-piercing cause the hills to quake  
And strike with dread, the dwellers of the brake,  
Which scattered flee, in terror through the vale.\*

Where once the antlered deer unnumbered stood—  
Southward migrating,—stemmed the turgid tide,  
Great granite piers divide the rushing flood  
And forge-wrought girders, with gigantic stride  
Graceful yet strong, the far stretched waters span.†  
Triumph of genius mighty work of man!

\*The deer are very much terrified at the train. When, migrating southward, they come to the track, they hesitate, look around in alarm, approach timidly, scent it, then paw it carefully. Finally taking flight, they gallop for miles along the track, not daring to cross it.

†The place where the railway bridge crosses the Junction Brook was the favorite crossing place of the Cariboo.

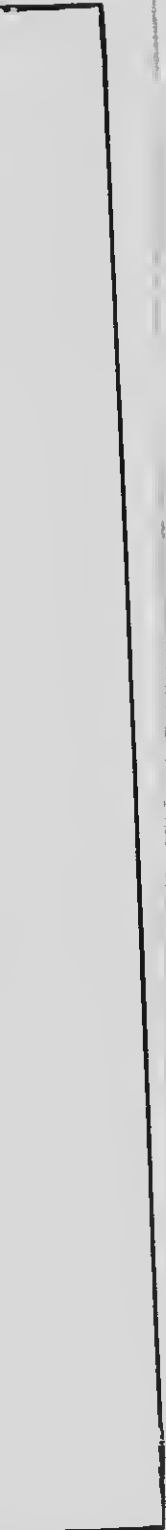
SONNET XXV.

GRAND LAKE.

3d. THE FUTURE.

The scene is changed again! Tall chimnies rise  
Before us, belching reeks of mirky smoke  
Across the leaden sky :—with clanging croak  
The mighty derrick ever ceaseless plies :—  
And huge wheels turning gaunt machineries  
Raise from the nether depths, the jet-black coke,  
Our country's wealthy cower, so long bespoke :  
Which bright shall shape our future destinies.

Anon the lengthening train with heavy load,  
Speeds towards the pier ; where turret barges wait,  
To hold the product of the mine's rich vein,  
And o'er the ocean-highway far abroad  
To foreign marts, convey the precious freight :—  
Till wealth and peace shall smile on us again.





THE ICEBERG

SONNET XXVI.

On the fantastic iceberg (showing an Iona Cross) which appeared off the Narrows of St. John's in July, 1898.

Is this the spirit of Iona's Isle,  
Of holy Hy-Kolm-Kill, that greets our sight,  
All robed in spotless cere-cloth, dazzling white!  
Or crystal mirage of the ancient pile  
With cloister nave and stately columned aisle,  
Once raised by sainted monks :—now by the might  
Of great Atlantic, borne, on pinions bright  
Across its bosom many a thousand mile!

Behold the Keltic Cross stand nobly forth  
Above the wave! with clear prismatic hue  
Wrought not by man, but *Nature's* cunning hand.  
Amid the glaciers of the frozen North :—  
Fashioned so fair, so tant, so straight, so true  
A fitting fane for dear old Newfoundland.

SONNET XXVII.

EASTER MORN.

MAGDALEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

(March 29th, 1902.)

"Erat valde mané unâ Sabbatorum."

'Twas early morn, the first day of the week  
The pale-grey dawn on eastward Olivet  
Began to change to streaks of roseate—  
To Calvary's mound glides forth subdued and meek  
A trembling—shrouded figure; strong yet weak—  
Strong in deep Love, unflinching Faith,—And yet  
Like wrestling torrents in that bosom met,  
Conflicting fears, and terror's troublous wreak.

She looks into the tomb,—heart-rending sight!  
'Tis cold and empty—"Oh what have they done  
With my Beloved"?—Where placed His thorn-  
crowned head?"—  
Behold! a radiance of heavenly light,—  
A voice that speaks in sweet angelic tone,  
"He is risen; seek not *Life* amidst the dead."

SONNET XXVIII.

To the Venerable Archdeacon O'Neill on the occasion of his  
Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee.

(Accompanied by a silver sickle with sheaf of corn, inlaid with  
pebbles of emerald from Connamara, a work of Irish  
art of rare design.)

(October 28th, 1902.)

Five lustres in the Vineyard of the Lord,  
A faithful workman thou hast ever been,  
And fruitful vintages hast ga'hered in,  
And plenteous harvests garnered well, and stored;  
The guerdon of the soul-enshriving "Word."  
Yct may thy *sickle's* erstwhile silver sheen,  
Be turned to gold; in future years to glean,  
Five lustres more, to swell thy bounteous hoard!

This emblem of a priestly life well spent,  
Fresh from the old, and well beloved Land,  
A specimen of rarest Keltic Art;  
With gems from Connamara's mountain's rent  
Wrought by deft fingers of a Keltic hand,  
May for its sake, be dearer to thy heart.

## Songs, etc.

---

### DEAR OLD SOUTH-SIDE HILL, 1899.

The fondest thoughts of childhood's days  
Twine round thee, dear old hill,  
And as I gaze, thy bare, bleak braes  
With love my bosom thrill.  
Of all the hills that stud earth's breast  
And foreign countries fill,  
I love thee more than all the rest  
Oh, dear old South-Side Hill.

#### CHORUS:

Oh, dear old South-Side Hill,  
Old, rugged, scraggy hill,  
I look with pride on thy sun-brown side,  
Oh, dear old South-Side Hill.

I love each nook, each darkling drook,  
Each copse of russet brown:  
Each gully, pond, and laughing brook  
That tumbles rattling down.  
I love thee, bathed in summer sun,  
With opal light aglow,  
Or robed in wintry garment, spun  
From woof of silken snow.

#### CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c.

I've seen the hills that proudly stand  
And stretch from shore to shore,  
In many a bright and favored land  
Far-famed in song and lore;  
But oh, there's none so dear as thou,  
Old, shaggy, South-Side Hill,  
Thy iron front and beetling brow  
My soul with rapture fill.

#### CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c.



I've seen Killarney's lofty Reeks  
And noble Gailtee Mor,  
Ben Lomond's and Ben Nevis's peaks,  
And Snowdon's Glyder Fawr;  
The lordly Alps and Appenine,  
And Hermon's sacred height,  
But with all their charms, there's none like thine  
Can cheer my weary sight.

CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c.

Thou standest o'er our harbor's mouth,  
Like sentry stern and hoar,  
And shield'st us from the stormy South  
And wild Atlantic's roar;  
When breakers blanch the ocean's crest  
And surges dash thy side,  
Within thy shel't'ring arms at rest  
Our ships securely ride.

CHORUS: Oh, dear old, &c.

---

### THE FLAG OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

March 23d, 1902.

The pink, the rose of England shows,  
The green St. Patrick's emblem, bright  
While in between, the spotless sheen  
Of Andrew's Cross, displays the white.  
Then hail; the pink, the white, the green,  
Our patriot flag! long may it stand.—  
Our sirelands twine, their emblems trine,  
To form the flag of Newfoundland!

CHORUS: Fling out the flag, o'er creek and cragg,  
Pink white and green, so fair, so grand,  
Long may it sway, o'er bight and bay,  
Around the shores of Newfoundland!

Whate'er betide, our "Ocean Bride"  
That nestles 'midst Atlantic's foam  
Still far and wide, we'll raise with pride  
Our native flag, o'er hearth and home.—  
Should e'er the hand of Fate demand  
Some future change in our career:—  
We ne'er will yield:—on flood or field  
The flag we honor and revere!

Chorus: Fling out, &c.

NEW CENTURY.

*Poem of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to the New Century.*

AN. CHRISTI MDCCC. PRIDIE KALENDAS IANVARIAS A JESU CHRISTO  
INEVNTIS SAECVLI AVSPICIA.

Cultrix bonarum nobilis artium  
Decedit aetas ; publica commoda,  
Viresque naturae retectas,  
Quisquis avet, memoret canendo.  
Saecli occidentis me vehementius  
Admissa tangunt ; haec doleo et fremo  
Pro! quot, retrosum conspicatus,  
Dedecorum monumenta cerno.

Querarne caedes, scptraque diruta,  
An pervagantis monstra licentiae?  
An dirum in arcem Vaticanam  
Mille dolis initum duellum?

Quo cessit Urbis, principis urbium,  
Nullo impeditum servitio decus?  
Quam saecla, quam gentes avitae  
Pontificum coluere sedem.

Vae segregatis Numine legibus!  
Quae lex honesti, quae superest fides?  
Nutant, semel subomta ab aris,  
Atque ruunt labefacta iura.

Auditis? effert impia conscius  
Insanientis grex sapientiae ;  
Brutaeque naturae supremum  
Nititur asseruisse numen.

Nostrae supernam gentis originem  
Fastidit excors ; dissociabilem,  
Umbras inanes mente captans,  
Stirpem hominum pecudumque miscet.

Heu quam proboso gurgite volvitur  
Vis impotentis caeca superbiae,  
Servate, mortales, in omne  
Iussa Dei metuenda tempus.

Qui *vita* solus, certaue *veritas*,  
Qui *recta* et una est ad Superos *via*,  
Is reddere ad votum fluentes  
Terrigenis valet unus annos.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

St. John's, March 29, 1901.

Sing he who lists, the Age that now departs;  
Which fosters Science; cherisheth the Arts;  
Which Nature's secret forces doth reveal,  
And all things bendeth to the common weal.

But, as the dying years I backward scan,  
And view the crimes and shameful deeds of man,  
My heart deep touched these crying evils mourns,  
And with indignant ire my bosom burns.

Shall I complain of slaughters—scepters hurled?  
Of vice unbridled stalking thro' the world;  
Of direful war waged with a thousand wiles  
Against e'en Vatican's high, sacred piles?

Oh Queen of Cities! who didst never bow,  
Thy neck to yoke of servitude,—where now,  
That glory, which in by-gone ages shone  
Amid the Nations, round the Pontiff-throne!

Oh woe! when kings to faith and conscience blind  
Impose their godless laws upon mankind,  
No longer Faith nor Justice can be found  
And Altars, desecrated, strew the ground.

Hark ye; the impious boastings of the crowd,  
Who with their silly lore "puffed up" and proud,  
Deny the Power Supreme of Nature's God,  
And place instead Brute Nature's inert clod!

Senseless, they scorn the honor of mankind,  
Vain shadows grasping in their shallow mind,  
And with the beasts that grovel on the ground  
The noble origin of man confound.

Alas! how in its vortex, yawning wide,  
In blind and powerless rage, whirls human pride  
Oh all ye people, scattered thro' the lands  
Keep well, thro'-out all time God's dread commands.

He only, is "The Life, the Truth, the Way"  
Direct to Heaven:—He only can repay  
To Mortals striving in "this vale of tears"  
The vows and yearnings of the fleeting years.

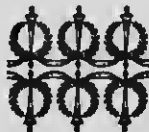
Nuper sacratos ad cineres Petri  
Turbas piorum sancta petentium  
Is ipse duxit; non inane  
Auspicium pietas renascens.

Iesu, futuri temporis arbiter,  
Surgentis aevi cursibus annue;  
Virtute divina rebelles  
Coge sequi meliora gentes.

Tu pacis almae semina provehe;  
Irae, tumultus, ballaqua tristitia  
Tandem residant: improborum  
In tenebrosa age regna fraudes.

Mens una reges, te duce, temperet,  
Tuis ut instent legibus obsequi:  
Sitque unum Ovile et Pastor unus,  
Una Fides moderetur orbem.

Cursum peregi, lustraque bis novem,  
Te dante, vixi. Tu cumulum adiiice;  
Fac, quaeso, ne incassum precantis  
Vota tui recidant Leonis.



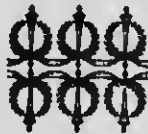
'Tis He who now to Peter's relic-shrine  
The throngs of holy pilgrims doth incline  
In prayer to visit—pledge of opening morn,  
Of Faith reviving:—Piety reborn.

Oh Jesus I ruler of the flowing tide  
Of Future years. The course serenely guide  
Of this New Century; compel each erring land,  
To better paths, by Thy divine command.

Oh cause to spring the seeds of joyful peace;  
Let wars,—dire angers,—tumults,—quickly cease.  
The frauds of wicked men expos-ed lay  
And unto realms of darkness drive away.

Beneath Thy guidance, let all kings be led,  
In Unity of thought:—Thy laws obeyed,  
Let all the world within *One Faith* enrolled  
Be by *One Shepherd* ruled, within *One Fold*.

I've run my course,—full eighteen lustres,—I  
By Thee upheld,—Do Thou the Crown supply.  
Oh grant this final grace, that on Thy ear  
May not be poured in vain, Thy Leo's Prayer.



LINES  
ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST REV. TOBIAS KIRBY,  
ARCHBISHOP OF EPHESUS,  
RECTOR OF THE IRISH COLLEGE, ROME.

Latin by Rt. Rev. Dr. Mattei, Bishop of Nepi and Satri.

Eia age sume lyram : sparsis flens Musa capillis  
Lugubres docto pollice carpe sonos.  
Kirbyus, heu dolor, occubuit ! Iam Kirbyus ille  
Qui cara Hibernae gloria gentis erat !  
Ille cui meritis belle redemita coruscis  
Ornabat niveas vitta Ephesina comas :  
Kirbyus occubuit, juvenum quos patria Romam  
Mittit ; cui dudum credita cura fuit.  
Ipse quasi natos, patris complexus amore  
Sacrum perdocta mente docebat iter,  
Doctrinae ac fontes animos haurire ciebat  
Ut possent fortes bella movere Dei.  
Quotque dedit patriae divino robore fretos  
Qui modo propugnant Religionis opus !  
Eia age sume lyram : sparsis flens Musa capillis  
Lugubres docto pollice carpe sonos.  
Heu quoties ille exceptit te fronte benigna  
Et jucunda tuae dona fuere lyrae !  
Ad tua quam laetum praebebat carmina vultum  
Saepius ac fudit laudis ab ore notas.  
At nunc exanguis pallet frons illa serena !  
Heu nunc humani conticet oris honos !  
Ergo, age, sume lyram : sparsis flens Musa capillis  
Lugubres docto pollice carpe sonos.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

---

Strike thou, Melpomene, thy doleful lyrc,  
And with disordered tress and sad attire,  
Sing our great Kirby's death in mournful tones ;  
Kirby, whom Ireland as her glory owns !  
Whose snowy locks, the Ephesian mitre bound,  
And thus a long life's merits worthy crowned.  
Kirby, whose care had made a loving home  
For youths, whom Ireland long had sent to Rome ;  
Guarded as children with a father's love,  
And led their souls to thoughts of Home above.  
Ope'd Learnings Founts, that they might there assuage  
Their thirsting minds, and strong God's battle wage.  
How many strengthened thus he sent abroad,  
To teach religion—do the work of God.  
Strike then, O Muse, thy lyre with mournful strain,  
Soothe with thy funeral dirge our hearts' deep pain.  
How oft, with joyful tune did'st thou beguile  
His serious hours ; and win his pleasant smile.  
How oft his glance beamed bright at thy sweet lays.  
And from his lips thou called'st words of praise.  
But, oh, that brow so bright, that noble mien,  
Lie cold in death, pale, bloodless, but serene.  
Then, strike thy Lyre : Strike once O Muse again,  
And sing his dirge in thy most solemn strain.





**OPERETTA**  
**"THE GOLDEN JUBILEE"**

OF THE

**PRESENTATION NUNS AT ST. JOHN'S**  
**NEWFOUNDLAND**

---

**PERFORMED BY THE CHILDREN**  
**OF THE SCHOOLS**

---

**ON SEPTEMBER 20TH**  
**1883**



## Dramatis Personae

ERIN.

TERRANOVA.

AVALONIA.

ELNUKI.

TALILA.

SIANANDITHI.

REV'D MOTHER..... in Galway

SISTER BERNARD, First Rev'd Mother in Newfoundland.

SISTER ZAVIER.

SISTER ZAVERIA.

SISTER MAGDALEN, Afterwards Rev'd Mother Jubilarian,

SEAGULL.

BACCALA.

ICEBERG.

WHITECOAT.

CARIBOO.

OSMUNDA.

NORA, Servant to the Nuns.

*Nuns, Sprites, Fairies, School Children, etc.*

} Daughters of Terranova.

} Spr. tes.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A wild sea-coast in Newfoundland. Time, 1784.*  
*In rear of stage TERRANOVA sits on a rock in melancholy attitude.*  
*Enter, skipping and singing, SEAGULL, ICEBERG, WHITECOAT, BACCALA, CARIBOO, OSMUNDA, and number of smaller sprites.*  
*ALL (in chorus)—*

We are a joyful fairy band,  
Bright and happy and gay ;  
We scour the sea, and we roam the land,  
And we hold the elements in our hand,  
And we watch o'er night and day.

*All stop in their dance and SEAGULL comes to the front and sings.*

SEAGULL—

I am the wand'ring Seagull sprite  
Of the white and downy wing ;  
Around the coast by day and night  
Ever I soar in endless flight,  
And my loud sea-dirge I sing.

*All dancing round sing the last two lines.*

ALL—Ever she soars, etc.

BACCALA comes to the front and sings.

BACCALA—

The noble Baccalà behold,  
The Monarch of all the fish,  
I dwell on the Banks so brave and bold,  
But alas! by cruel Man I'm sold,  
To make a Friday dish!

[ALL, as before]—

But alas! by cruel man he's sold, etc.

[All dance round as before; WHITECOAT comes to front.]

WHITECOAT—

I am the little Whitecoat sprite,  
I live on the cold ice-floe,  
But my furry coat is so warm and white  
When I wrap me up on a winter's night  
I care not what winds may blow.

[All repeat as before; CARIBOO comes to front.]

CARIBOO—

I am the Cariboo, light and swift,  
I fly o'er the boundless plain,  
O'er the summer's grass, o'er the winter's drift,  
Proudly my graceful head I lift  
And the huntsman's power disdain.

[All repeat as before.]

OSMUNDA—

I am the Royal Fern, fresh and green,  
Blooming so bright and gay;  
On hillside and valley I may be seen  
Decking the earth with my verdant sheen  
All through the summer's day.

[All repeat as before.]

SEAGULL—

Now away each one to her distant home—  
To the furthest bounds of the earth ;  
Some o'er the craggy hills to roam,  
And some to sport on the ocean's foams—  
Let us sing with joy and mirth.

*[All repeat the last couplet and exeunt, dancing and singing the refrain. As soon as they have disappeared, orchestra commences a solemn symphony; TERRANOVA looks up from her reverery.]*

TERRANOVA—

Have I but dreamt, or have I heard  
The wailing scream of the lone sea-bird  
That ever around my surge-swept rocks  
The ceaseless ocean's murmuring mocks ?  
*[Rises and comes to front of stage.]*  
Eight hundred years, well nigh, have past  
Since, scudding 'fore the northern blast,  
The hardy Norseman, westward bound  
From Greenland's shore :—my isle first found.  
Of Europe's sons the earliest he  
To view this new-found countrie.  
Unless the legend credence claim  
Which tells of holy Brendan's name,  
And how five hundred years before  
With twelve good monks he sail-ed o'er  
The unknown seas in search of rest,  
And found this Island of the West—  
The Norseman saw my hillsides white,  
And marvelled at the dazzling sight ;  
And next he viewed my rocky strand  
And gave the name of Helluland.  
But I from him no favour find ;  
He went nor left a trace behind.—  
Anon, five hundred years less three,  
Brave Cabot plows the western sea,  
Through many a weary night and day  
His vessel cleaves her western way,  
On and still onward, till at last  
The watchman high upon the mast  
Beholds athwart the distant sky  
A headland looming bold and high :—  
"Ho! land ahead!"—the joyous shout ;  
Loud o'er the ocean's wave rings out ;  
And still his ship speeds bravely on—

It was the feast of Great St. John.—  
 He guides her safely to the shore  
 And steps upon the land once more ;  
 And England's banner there unfurled  
 And claims for her the New-found World!—  
 Now eastward o'er the rolling main  
 Brave Cabot turns his prow again,  
 And kneeling unto Britain's King  
 Presents his noble offering—  
 A NEW-FOUND-LAND, the brightest gem  
 In England's royal diadem !  
 A source of power and wealth untold,  
 More than Cathay's or India's gold,  
 The waves that wash her rock-strewn shore  
 Teem with a boundless finny store  
 More wealthy than the silv'ry veins  
 The far Peruvian mine contains.\*  
 Alas ! but little valued he  
 This ancient loyal colony.—  
 Again the western ocean prize  
 One hundred years forgotten lies,  
 And Spanish, French and Portuguese  
 Sail o'er and rob her teeming seas ;  
 And many a headland, cape and bay,  
 Retains unto the present day,  
 Though garbled now, the ancient name  
 That tells us whence th' explorer came.  
 Now forth from Alban's sainted aisle<sup>†</sup>  
 Of Glastonhury's Abbey pile  
 Proceeds a brave and noble band  
 To found a Church in Newfound Land.  
 In vain upon our shores they strive  
 The pristine glories to revive  
 Of ancient Verulam.—In vain  
 The Christian sons of Charlemagne'  
 Raise high the Cross on *Crevezcoeur*  
 Above Placentia's placid shore.—  
 And so another century  
 In ruthless warfare passes by,  
 And France's power and England's might  
 Oft' meet in dire and bloody fight.  
 And Terranova's limpid flood  
 Runs purple with their mingled blood!—  
 Dark epoch on our annals' page!  
 Oh ! shall this warfare ceaseless rage?—  
 Shall NEWFOUND LAND for ever lie  
 A blur upon the western sky,  
 Unknown, unpeopled and forgot?—

\*Famous expression of Lord Bacon.

[Enter ERIN, holding shamrock.]

ERIN—

Dear Terranova, say it not.—  
Though France's lily never grew,  
And England's rose lay withered too,  
See! I have brought the sweet trefoil  
To take deep root within thy soil,  
And from its humble leaf shall spring  
A mightier than the forest king!—  
Behold its leaflets spreading wide,  
In cross-like arms on either side—  
In triple form its leaves divide.  
In single stem its branches meet  
Of triune Godhead, emblem sweet!  
From shore to shore its light shall spread  
Its soothing power sweet peace shall shed.  
Throughout all time thy ice-bound isle,  
With Faith and Love and Hope shall smile.—  
See hastening o'er the ruffled main,  
Come on apace the priestly train,  
Bearing aloft the badge of Faith,  
Powerful to save from hurt and scathe.—  
The Cross now planted firm and deep  
Upon thy hills, its hold shall keep.  
No more its virtue here shall fail;  
And on each hill and sloping vale  
Shall Church and spire in beauty rise,  
And graceful point them to the skies!

[Exeunt at different sides.]

SCENE II.—*Another place in Newfoundland. A church spire seen in the distance. Time, 1833. Enter TERRANOVA.*

TERRANOVA—

With gladness now my heart o'erflows,  
Nor grief nor sorrow longer knows.—  
Now fifty years have nigh past o'er  
Since Erin visited my shore;  
And gliding o'er Atlantic's wave,  
Bright promise to my Island gave,  
And faithful to her word hath been,  
For now on many a hillside green,  
A graceful chapel may be seen.

[*Points to church in distance.*]

And happy may I rest me now—

[Enter AVALONIA, ELNUKI, TALILA and SHANANDITHI.]

AVALONIA—Not yet, dear Mother—

TERRANOVA— . . . . . What say'st thou?

AVALONIA—

Behold thy children, Mother sweet,  
Who here come kneeling at thy feet.

[*All kneel.*]

We, too, observe yon graceful spire,  
Which fills our hearts with Faith's strong fire,—  
But something more we yet desire.

TERRANOVA—

Arise and speak,—and if in aught,  
I can assist your ardent thought;  
In aught to help our native land,  
Be sure my aid you can command.

AVALONIA—

Dear Mother, though by that sweet name  
I love to call thee, and to claim  
My birthright from thy rugged shore,  
Yet have my parents voyaged o'er  
From land beyond the eastern seas;—  
And oft' amid the summer's breeze,  
Or sheltered from the wintry gale,  
Have I been told the stirring tale.  
I've heard that in the bygone day,  
E'er tyrant laws held odious sway,  
That Faith and Learning, hand in hand,  
Walked nobly through my Father's land;  
And every hillside owned a shrine  
Of Learning—human or divine.  
Her Halls of Science homage claim  
Throughout the world;—unto her came  
To take their share of Learning's feast  
E'en children from the knowing East,  
And from her shores went forth afar  
Like radiance from the Evening Star,  
Men high of mind, of talent great,



To fill the walks of Church and State  
 In Europe's courts; but soon, alas!  
 Those bright and glorious visions pass;  
 And years of darkness and of woe  
 For many a century passing slow,  
 Bedim her page,—but even then  
 Were seen to rise great learned men.  
 'Gainst cruel laws and unjust might  
 They long maintain unequal fight;  
 The lamp of Science tend and trim,  
 And keep from ever growing dim.  
 And so throughout those long, dark days,  
 Though crushed full oft', its flickering rays  
 Burst forth again with fresh'ning fire,  
 Arising ever higher and higher.  
 And now, the day of trial o'er,  
 They seem to breathe in peace once more;  
 For Truth, and Liberty, and Right,  
 Have conquered Wrong and pressing might,  
 The noble TRIBUNE's voice rings out  
 Throughout the land in deaf'ning shout!  
 Proclaiming—man must man let live,—  
 And wrings from shame, what Love should give!  
 EMANCIPATION!—noble dower  
 Regained by Truth's triumphant power!—  
 Now mental freedom gained at length,  
 Full soon displays its new-found strength,—  
 Around the land in rapid flight  
 The torch of Learning spreads its light,  
 And pious women and learned men  
 Soon fill her schools and Halls again.  
 The Chief among this noble band,  
 See saintly NANO NAGLE, stand,—  
 Gath'ring unto her cloistered fold,—  
 As Bridget in the days of old,—  
 Young hearts in youth and beauty bright,  
 And strong in Learning's conquering might,  
 To train the pliant hearts of youth  
 In paths of modesty and truth.  
 Thus have I heard full many a day,  
 And now, dear Mother, thee I pray  
 That thou would'st o'er the ocean send,  
 And bring to us the children's friend,—  
 The daughters of Nano's holy band,  
 To teach the youth of Newfoundland!—

TERRANOVA—

And who is she who fronts me now,  
 Of sable lock and tawny brow?

ELNUKI—

Dear Mother, I am the *Micmac* child,  
I dwell by the lake in the forest wild;  
We have come from lone Acadie's desert strand"  
To hunt in the woods of the Newfoundland;  
And though we belong to the savage tribe,  
Whom the laws of the cultured world proscribe,  
Yet we have heard of the saving Rood  
From the lips of the Padliass," holy and good;  
And we join in our Sister's earnest request,  
To bring us those ladies so holy and blest.

TERRANOVA—

And thou of form so stout and curt,  
In wintry garments all begirt,  
Thou seemest a child of the distant North,  
Pray tell us thy tale;—step boldly forth.

TALILA—

Mother, I am the Eskimo,  
We dwell 'midst the ice and the northern snow;  
And though less favoured our tribe has been,  
Yet we, too, at times the good priest have seen,  
Coming 'midst dangers by land and sea,  
To offer his holy ministry.  
And we, too, dear Mother, thee humbly crave,  
To bring us the Sisters from over the wave.

TERRANOVA—

And lastly, whom do I behold,  
Of form so proud, and aspect bold,  
And yet who stands so sad apart,  
As though some sorrow weighed down her heart?  
Step forth, dear child, and let us know,  
What mean those signs of grief and woe?

SHANANDITHI—

O, tender Mother, pray have pity  
On the lonely Shanandithi;  
In my brown and bronzed face  
You beheld the last sad trace  
Of the lost Beothic race."  
We have roamed the mountain-side;  
Bravely stemmed the torrent wide;

Scoured the plains and barrens too,  
 Like the bounding Caribóo,  
 Ere the Norseman hither came,  
 These far western shores to claim.  
 Long, long centuries before  
 Cabot saw this rock-bound shore.  
 None our rights dare then dispute  
 O'er fish and fowl, and lordly brute.—  
 But ah! how bitter was our lot,  
 The whiteman came, but brought us not  
 Light of Peace; or Word of Truth,  
 Pledge of Mercy, Love, or Ruth;—  
 Ah, no! but with a vengeful hate  
 Pursued us to our dismal fate!  
 And as *we* erst were wont pursue  
 The flying wolf or Caribóo,  
 So now before the fatal fire  
 Of deadly gun we swift retire.  
 And one by one our chieftains fall  
 As victims to the murderous ball;  
 And hence the few who now remain  
 Where once our tribe held proud domain,  
 Like frightened wolves are flying o'er  
 To die on lonely Labrador.\*  
 And I, the last of all the tribe,  
 Secured by treachery and bribe;—  
 Torn from my friends and native place,  
 Am shown as trophy of the chase!  
 Fain would I join the earnest prayer  
 Of my dear sisters standing there;  
 But the sad lesson we've been taught  
 Forbids that we should hope for aught  
 Of friendship from the white man's hand  
 But death and ruin to our band.

TERRANOVA—

Ah, no! dear Shanandithi, no,  
 Again I say it is not so;—  
 Those men whose cruel deeds you name  
 Are but a stigma and a shame;  
 They bring dishonor and disgrace  
 Unto their kindred and their race!  
 Think not the good and holy nuns  
 Are like those cruel-hearted ones;  
 With truth and joy and hope they'll come,  
 To bring good tidings to each home;  
 They come the harbingers of love,  
 Sent by the God of Peace above;

They come as messengers of ONE  
Who died—not for a class alone—  
Whose saving Blood was freely shed,  
Not more for white man than for red.—  
Therefore, dear children, I obey,  
To Erin I will send straightway,  
And bring to you the cloistered band,  
To teach the youth of Newfoundland.

ALL (*kneeling*)—

Sweet Mother, let our deeds confess  
The thanks our tongues can not express.

[*Exeunt omnes except TERRANOVA.*]

TERRANOVA—

Now come, my sprities, come one and all,  
Come hearken to your mother's call.

[*Claps her hands.—Enter sprites, singing and skipping, as before: We are a joyful, etc.*]

TERRANOVA—

Come hither, come hither, thou Seagull sprite,  
And plume thy downy wing so bright,  
I have a message for thee to bring,  
That will test the power of thy tireless wing.

[*SEAGULL advances. TERRANOVA hangs letter on her neck by ribbon.*]

Take this letter across the sea,  
To Erin's evergreen countrie;  
Bid her to search her cloistered shrines,  
Where Faith's sweet light serenely shines,  
For a few bright souls both good and brave,  
Who fear not to cross the ocean's wave.

SEAGULL—

Joyful, dear mother, I obey,  
On lightning wing I soar away.

(*Exit.*)

TERRANOVA—

Come hither, thou fay of fantastic form,  
Who bravest the shock of the northern storm.

(ICEBERG *advances.*)

Go sail thee forth on the ocean's breast,  
And compose the threat'ning billows to rest;  
Let summer zephyrs gently guide  
The freighted ship o'er the rippling tide.

ICEBERG—

Joyful, dear mother, I obey,  
O'er ocean's bosom I float away.

(*Exit.*)

TERRANOVA—

Come hither, thou noble Baccalà.

(BACCALA *advances.*)

Thou, too, must help to lend *eclat*  
To our grand triumph: scour the deep,  
And through its swelling surges sweep,  
From Mexic's gulf to Afric's coast;  
Let not a moment now be lost.  
Summon thy finny subjects all;  
See they obey thy sovereign call.—  
Say that we need their instant aid  
To join our glorious cavalcade.

BACCALA—

Joyful, dear mother, I obey.  
Through ocean's depths I speed away.

(*Exit.*)

TERRANOVA—

And now, thou gentle Whitecoat fay.

(WHITECOAT *advances.*)

Go speed to thine icy realm away;  
It is but meet that the Harp and Hood<sup>15</sup>  
Should welcome the nuns so holy and good.  
In the Harp their national badge portrayed,  
In the Hood, Religion's soothing shade.

WHITECOAT—

Joyful, dear mother, I obey,  
To my great ice-country I waddle away.

*(Exit waddling)*

TERRANOVA—

Now prithee, advance, thou swift Caribóo,  
I've also a message, good fairy, for you;—  
Go fly o'er the plains, to the west, to the east,  
And bring the glad tidings to bird and to beast.

CARIBOO—

Joyful, sweet mother, I obey,  
O'er woods and barrens I bound away.

*(Exit bounding.)*

TERRANOVA—

Now, graceful Osmunda, pray advance,  
Thou, too, must join in the fairy dance;  
Go forth to the valleys and rippling streams,  
Where the tall trees break the hot sun's beams;  
Gather the ferns and the flowerets gay,  
And bid them put on their best array;  
See they appear in a beauteous band  
To welcome the nuns to Newfoundland.

OSMUNDA—

Joyful, dear mother, I obey,  
To the cool woodlands I glide away.

*(Exit gracefully.)*

TERRANOVA—

Now all is prepared, as well may be,  
To welcome the nuns from over the sea.

*(Exit.)*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I—*A green hillside in Ireland. A convent in the distance. ERIN, seated on a bank. Enter SEAGULL.*)

SEAGULL—

Fair lady, to thy Em'rald home  
With a message from over the sea I come,  
From thy sister island in the west,  
Where the sun sinks down at eve to rest.

*(Presents letter. ERIN reads.)*

ERIN *(reading)*—

Dear Sister Erin, Terranova  
Sends thee a friendly greeting over;—  
The little plant thou gavest to me  
Has grown into a mighty tree;  
The light of Faith has spread its ray  
O'er every harbour, cove, and bay  
Throughout our land, and shines as bright,  
And with as strong unquenching light,  
As that which in the days gone by  
Made *Erin's* name stand proud and high.—  
Again I send unto thy shore  
Another favour to implore:  
Please search around thy sainted Isle,  
Where Faith and Virtue ever smile;—  
Each cloistered hall, each convent choir,  
Where burns Religion's chastening fire;  
See canst thou find some virgins brave,  
To venture o'er the distant wave,  
To dedicate their work and time  
In our unknown and rigid clime.

*(Ceases reading.)*

With joyful heart I will fulfil  
My loving sister's earnest will;  
Nor need I search each choir and shrine  
Of this dear sainted Isle of mine;  
For where the path of duty leads,  
No child of mine coercion needs.  
Now let us away to the nearest shrine  
Where teaching and praying the nuns combine,  
And soon shall we find true noble hearts  
Full willing to go to these distant parts.

*(Exeunt.)*

SCENE II.—*Interior of a convent choir. Solemn music heard inside, and nuns singing or chanting. Nuns enter in procession, singing "AVE MARIS STELLA." They kneel in their places. Organ continues for short time, then ceases. Nuns stand. Enter ERIN and SEAGULL.*

ERIN—

Hail daughters fair,  
A message I bear  
From a sister isle of the sea,  
That will surely prove  
If the spirit of Love  
And Faith still dwells with ye.  
That spirit that woke  
When Patrick spoke,  
And when Bridget in bygone days  
Gathered Virgins fair  
Round holy Kildare  
To sing the Almighty's praise.  
You know that afar  
Where the evening star  
Sinks down in the waters to rest,  
Stands a land like our own  
Em'rald isle, all alone,  
'Midst the billows of ocean caressed.  
You know that of old  
My children bold  
Were forced o'er the ocean to roam,  
A fugitive band,  
Whom a tyrant hand  
Had driven from hearth and home.  
And how, on the lone strand  
Of the New-found Land,  
They stopped in their westward course;  
For they seemed to hear  
My voice more near,  
In the moan of the ocean hoarse:  
And as oft as they heard  
The wild sea-bird  
Return on its weary flight,  
It seemed to bring  
On its snowy wing  
Some memory cherished and bright.—  
And they wept for me still  
Like the sad Columkill,  
As they heard the mournful roar  
Of the ocean's wave



In the deep sea-cave  
Which had come from Erin's shore.  
But no nuns were there  
With motherly care,  
To watch o'er infant years,  
To guide the youth  
In the paths of truth  
And to share their joys and tears.  
What more need I say?  
I come here to-day  
For my sister isle to crave  
For a few good nuns—  
True-hearted ones—  
To cross the western wave.

REV. MOTHER—

Dear children all,  
You hear this call;  
It seems like the voice of God;  
How many are here  
Who will volunteer  
To sail so far abroad?

ALL—Dear mother, I'll go.

REV. MOTHER—

Thank God 'tis so;  
But I can not send you all—  
I will choose a few  
Brave spirits, and true,  
To answer this noble call.  
Let us kneel in prayer,  
That God may declare  
Who are the chosen band  
Who are destined to share  
The glorious care  
Of the children of Newfoundland.

*(All kneel in prayer, then sing, accompanied by organ.)*

Jesu pie, nunc digneris,  
Tu qui bonus es et eris,  
Indicare quas digneris,  
Tanto dignas onere.  
Vastum mare transfretare.  
Nomen Tuum transportare;  
Fidem Tuam Seminare  
Terræ Novæ littore.

Ave Maris pulchra Stella  
Monstra quænam sit puella  
Quam nec ventus nec procella  
Valet tremefacere  
Quæ a Deo sint electæ  
Ut trans mare tutè vectæ,  
Filiarum corda rectè  
Noverint dirigere.

(*All arise.*)

REV. MOTHER—

Now, dear children, I have heard  
In my soul the hidden word,  
God has shown unto my heart  
The chosen for this noble part.  
Thou who dost homage faithful vow,  
To Clairvoix's sainted Abbot.—thou  
Dear Sister Bernard," art to be  
The leader of this company.

(*SISTER BERNARD stands out.*)

You also, who the glorious name  
Of India's great Apostle claim.

(*Sisters ZAVIER and ZAVERIA stand out.*)

Thou, Magdalen, so bright and wise,  
Shalt join them in the great emprise."

(*Sister MAGDALEN stands out.*)

Will you, then, be the noble band  
To sail unto the Newfound Land?

ALL FOUR—

O Mother! by God's holy grace  
We gladly do this work embrace,  
To thine, and our dear sisters' prayers,  
We recommend our future cares.

(*Exeunt in procession, singing AVE MARIS, etc.*)

SCENE III.—*A room in the convent. NORA with broom and cloth busy dusting, etc.*)

NORA—Oh! glory be to God! an' what's this I hear at all at all! Sure the dear ladies are goin' across the salt say, thousands an' thousands o' miles away to the THOLAV AN AIS'IK, the land o' the fish. Sure, they'll be no time there till they're all et up be the wolves an' the bears an'—an'—the ice-bugs, that Phill. Doolan was tellin' me about. Oh! wirra sthru! wirra sthru!

(Enter Sister MAGDALEN.)

SISTER MAGDALEN—Why, what's the matter, Nora? What are you making such a noise about?

NORA—Oh! Missus Magdalen, is it throe that ye're goin' to that outlandish furrin place they calls Newfoundland?

SISTER M.—Why, of course it is. What did we make our solemn vows for, if it was not to obey the call of duty!

NORA—But, shure ma'am, ye don't mane to tell me the vows lanes so heavy on ye as that, do ye?

SISTER M.—Oh! indeed they do, when we hear the voice of God calling we must obey and go if necessary to the furthest bounds of the earth!

NORA.—Oh! *Mulla go dhoe leath Ahierna!* Sure, ye'll all be sculped an' et alive be the wild beasts an' the Indians out there, ma'am.

SISTER M.—Oh, no, Nora, it's not at all as bad as you think.

NORA.—Oh! don't ye tell me, ma'am; sure, I knows all about it.

SISTER M.—How do you know all about it? Who told you?

NORA—Why, Phill tould me, ma'am.

SISTER M.—Phill! Who's Phill?

NORA—Oh! he's that gossoon the Bishop brought over wid him. Sure, he's out in Newfoundland fur the past tin years, an' he knows every bone in it. An' he tould me that the sea an' the land is covered wid ice an' snow. An' there's great big bugs on the ice as big as cows! An' they'll ate every wan that comes near them.

SISTER M.—Bugs on the ice! Why, he's only trying to frighten you. It's all nonsense.

NORA—Oh, no, ma'am, it's as throe as yer there. Ice-bugs, he calls 'em.

SISTER M.—Oh! I suppose you mean icebergs!

NORA—Yes, ma'am, that's what I'm sayin'—ice-bugs. An' they're as big as cows, an' they have no legs, but they can folly ye as quick as a bird. An' some o' them haves a hood over t'ieir heads for all the world like a nun's veil. An' some o' them bees playin' the *harp* like a banshee. But ye can't trust 'em, for they're as savage as a wild bull.

SISTER M.—Well, Nora, it's useless to make objections now. All is ready for the voyage, the Bishop has secured a ship at Waterford, and we leave in a few days by the coach for Dublin.

NORA—Well, ma'am, may the will o' God be done. But if ye're ra'ally goin', then I'm goin', too, for what 'ud me life be here idout ye after me twinty years' servin' in the convent!

SISTER M.—That's right Nora; I'm glad to see you have such courage. And then, you know, Phill is coming too!

NORA (*indignant*)—Arrah! what do I care about that *omad-haun*?

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*The ocean. Vessel in distance. Nuns heard singing in distance.*

Oh! quam magnus deus maris,  
Tempestates dominaris  
Et in altis indicaris  
Potestate valida.

(*Enter BACCALA, ICEBERG and WHITECOAT.*)

BACCALA—

Now see them sail o'er the mighty main,  
And o'er the swelling waves;  
I've gathered all my finny train,  
From the furthest bounds of my vast domain,  
And my deepest ocean caves.

ICEBERG—

I have floated o'er the ocean's breast,  
And have chid the billows strong,  
I have set the tempests all to rest,  
And have summoned the gentle breeze of the west  
To waft the boat along.

WHITECOAT—

And I have gathered my furry brood  
From the ice-fields where they roam,  
Walrus and Bedlamer, Harp and Hood,  
To welcome the nuns, so brave and so good,  
To their Newfound Island home!

(*Exeunt. Nuns heard singing in distance, gradually approaching. Enter nuns, led by ERIN.*)

ERIN—

Now launched upon the mighty deep,  
May God in safe protection keep,  
And may His angel Gabriel guard,  
And night and day keep faithful ward.

SISTER BERNARD—

Keep heart, my children, this sad day,  
When from our sireland torn away  
We bid farewell to Erin dear  
Shall be the worst we have to bear.  
Take one last glimpse of that loved shore,  
Nor think of Home, or loved ones more.  
Turn westward, where the setting sun  
To work and duty bids us on!  
Behind all sadness let us fling;  
Come, sisters, let us hear you sing.

(*Nuns sing "THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN." Exeunt. Enter NORA. Moon begins to rise.*)

NORA—Oh! *no vroan, no vroan!* Sure, I'll never live to the end o' this voyage, if there's ever goin' to be an end to it. Here we are a fortnight out to say to-day, an' no sign o' land. I don't believe there's any more land in it. An' oh! the saysickness! For wan whole week I was prayin' the Lord might open the ship an' let me go to bottom and bury me in the tomb of a shark.

(*Enter SISTER MAGDALEN.*)

NORA—Oh! Missus Magdalen, *a lanna, a lanna!* what's goin' to be the end of us?

SISTER M.—Why, what's the matter with you, Nora? What are you making such a noise for? I'm quite ashamed of you.

NORA—Indeed, ye have r'ason to, ma'am; sure, I'm elane moidhered, betune the whistlin' o' the wind an' the roarin' o' the waves, an' the creakin' o' the ropes, an' the shoutin' o' the sailors.

SISTER M.—But it is quite calm and smooth now. See the beautiful tints of the sunset sky in the west and the moon just rising in the east.

NORA—The moon *inyah*? Do ye call that the moon, ma'am? Oh! *graus d'on anim!* is that the kind of a moon they haves in this outlandish counthry? 'Tis no bigger nor a thruppenny bit! Sure, ma'am, the moon in Ireland is as big as the head of a herrin' barrel!

SISTER M.—Go down to the cabin, Nora, and call the sisters. Tell them to come up and see the beautiful sunset and the rising of the full moon.

(Exit NORA. Enter sisters.)

SISTER M.—Oh, sisters, don't lose this charming view. The sun has just dipped beneath the waves, leaving a glowing sky of crimson and gold and sapphire; and see his last parting ray spreading a golden path across the waves to the distant Isle of the West!

MOTHER BERNARD—How beautiful! I never before realized the true beauty of Moore's immortal song, "How dear to me the hour when daylight dies." Dear Sister Zavier, will you please sing it for us? I do not think we could select any more beautiful and appropriate vesper hymn.

(Organ outside plays prelude. SISTER ZAVIER sings: How dear to me, etc. Sisters join in harmony in repetition of last two lines of each verse. When song is finished a noise of sailors shouting is heard outside. NORA rushes in terrified.)

NORA (clapping her hands in terror)—Oh, may the Lord have mercy on our sowls! 'Tis all over wid us at last! Oh, *Nyeav Wirra, a waher laun na graustha*: Holy Mother, protect us—

SISTERS (trying to quiet her)—Nora, Nora, what's the matter? Don't be making a child of yourself.

NORA—Oh, holy Sisters, let me hould onto ye, fur when we go down I wants to be near ye, for 'tis up ye'll be goin', I'm sur.

MOTHER BERNARD—Now, don't be silly, Nora; there's nothing the matter, I assure you.

NORA—Oh, there is, indeed, ma'am. Sure I licerd a man tellin' the Captain we're on the Banks o' Newfoundland, an' sure 'tis wracked an' lost w' are entirely. An' Phill told me the Banks is all covered with fog, and the Captain 'ud surely go astray, an' never be able to find the path: *Oh, hone! Oh, hone!*

MOTHER B.—What nonsense, Nora! Why, there are hundreds of fathoms of water over the Banks, and there is not the slightest fear. On the contrary, the men are delighted, for now they know that by to-morrow evening we shall reach the land. Listen to their joyful shouts and music of their national song, "THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND." (*Orchestra plays "THE BANKS," etc.*) Now, Sisters, let us go to our Cabin and return thanks to God, who has brought us safe through all dangers.

(*EXEUNT NUNS. Moon continues to rise. Vessel crosses stage. Nuns heard singing inside:*)

Tandiu super undas vagæ,  
Tandem Terrænovæ Plagæ,  
Nobis adsunt, gratias age!  
Elusa morte pallida.

SCENE IV.—*The seacoast of Newfoundland.*  
(*Enter sprites, singing: "We are a joyful," etc. Enter nuns, singing as above, led by ERIN.*)

CARIBOO—

Oh, welcome! welcome! noble band  
Unto our rock-bound shore;  
I have sped like the wind from strand to strand  
And spread the glad tidings throughout the land.  
Now blest forever more.

OSMUNDA—

I, too, have gone to each verdant glade,  
And over each hillside gay;  
Out in the sunshine, and down in the shade,  
Wherever a flower its dwelling hath made,  
And have bid them make welcome to-day.

(*Exeunt sprites, singing as usual: "We are a joyful," etc.*)

(*Enter TERRANOVA, followed by AVALONIA, ELNUKI, and TALILA.*)

ERIN—(to TERRANOVA)

Dear Sister, once again I come  
Unto thy distant island-home;  
I bring thee here a happy choir,  
The object of thy heart's desire;  
And may they ever truly prove  
The harbingers of peace and love.

TERRANOVA—

Thrice welcome here thou noble band,  
All welcome to the Newfoundland;  
I promise that you here shall find,  
Deep in my children's hearts enshrined.  
A faith as bright and love as keen  
As in your own sweet isle of green.

MOTHER BERNARD—

Dear child, our hearts with love rejoice  
As now we hear thy welcome voice,  
And in thy words we clearly trace  
The tones of our own Keltic race.  
The faith, the love, the noble zeal,  
Which thou displayest make us feel  
As though we had not newly past  
The ocean's boundless bosom vast.  
And here upon this western shore  
We find us truly home once more.  
And all our lives henceforth we give  
To this loved land where now we live;  
And Faith and Learning shall extend  
Around its shores from end to end,  
Until the new-found countrie,  
The IRELAND OF THE WEST shall be!

CURTAIN.



### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of school. Children at their lessons.*  
Enter SISTER ZAVERIA and NORA.

SISTER Z.—Now, Nora, are you glad you came over with us, now that you see the great work we have done among the children?

NORA—Oh, may God be praised, ma'am; sure 'tis wonderful entirely, an' may the heavens be yeer hed. But I'm afeerd 'tis too much eddicashun ye're given the craythers. Sure if ye goes on this way their mammies won't know them by an' by.

SISTER Z.—On the contrary, Nora, the Reverend Mother says we do not give half enough of time to the children, and that we must ask the Bishop to let us increase the number of sisters. The four of us have to attend to all the household duties, besides teaching in the schools, except what you do, poor old Nora. Only for you we should have starved long ago. (*Bell rings.*) Oh! dear me, that is my bell; I must run at once. Now, Nora, will you please look to the children till I come back? You have nothing to do, you know, only to keep them quiet.

(*Exit SISTER ZAVERIA.*)

NORA—Troth an' it's come to a putty pass when poor Nora, besides attendin' to the hens, an' the ducks, an' the geese, an' the pigs, an' the cows, haves to look afther the childher, too. 'Tis thrue for me, they're gettin' too much schoolin', and too many nonsical airs into their heads. Sure they're sp'akin' so grand you can't onderstand 'em scarcely. 'Tis nothin' but "Yes, deah," an' "No, deah," (*mimicking*) an' "Were ye to laust mauss on Sunday?" an' 'tis "Put yer tongue between yer teeth, an' say 'Momma' an' 'Poppa'! Faith, then, if I had the t'aclin' o' thim, it isn't sich nonsinse I'd l'arn 'em, but somethin' that 'ud be useful.

(*The children begin to get noisy. NORA, turning towards them*)

"Come now, me babbies, whist! I tell ye; let me hear ye say yeer 'Ah he cee'!"——

(*The children all rush out from their places shouting and surrounding NORA, taking her by the skirts and pulling her round the room.*)

CHILDREN—Ah, Nora, Nora, let us have a ride on the hroom-stick, give us a half holiday, let us go and feed the hens, etc., etc.  
(*In the middle of the confusion enter REVEREND MOTHER.*)

REV. MOTHER—What's all this noise? Children, children, what are you doing? I'm shocked at your rudeness. And what are you doing here, Nora? Why are you not about your business? Now, children, go and play outside. And you, Nora, go and attend to your duties.

*(All exeunt running and shouting and clapping hands, etc.)*

SCENE II.—*The Convent Square, showing the Cathedral, Schools, etc. Throne in centre, back. Time, 1883.*

*(Enter TERRANOVA.)*

TERRANOVA—

Now fifty years, 'midst hopes and fears,  
And joys and sorrows have fled,  
Since the noble band came to our land,  
The light of Truth to shed.  
No cloistered walls, nor convent halls,  
Were there for the brave good nun;  
But a humble bed, in a lowly shed,  
At the sign of "THE RISING SUN."  
Auspicious name! for thenceforth came  
Religion's dawning light;  
Truth's brilliant sun, which still shines on  
With splendor ever more bright,  
And day after day its soothing ray  
Went abroad o'er our sea-girt isle,  
Till each humble hearth was exultant with mirth,  
And beamed with a gladsome smile.  
From shore to shore, 'mid the rich and the poor,  
And out on the ocean's foam:—  
And we felt God's love had come from above,  
And blessed our island-home.—  
And now we behold, rise graceful and bold,  
In the erst uncultured waste  
A noble pile; with cloister and aisle,  
All shaped in beauty and taste.  
And the Convent-schools, where by holy rules,  
The hearts of the Children they guide,  
And the mighty Dome, God's own blessed home,  
Our island's boast and pride!

*(NUNS enter, singing.)*

Ave Dies Jubilæi,  
Amoris sancti, atque spei,  
Triumphus nobilis fidei  
Dies magni gaudii.

(MOTHER MAGDALEN sits on throne. Enter AVALONIA, bearing crown of laurels, followed by ELNUKI, TALILA, SEAGULL, ICEBERG, BACCALA, CARIHOO, and OSMUNDA. ERIN enters and stands on elevation behind throne.)

AVALONIA—

Dear Mother, on this glorious day  
We crown thee with the verdant Bay.

(Places crown on her head.)

ELNUKI—(presenting sceptre.)

I bring to thee the pledge of power,  
Emblem of thy eternal dower.

TALILA—(presenting water-lily.)

Spotless lily I present,  
From the lake's smooth bosom rent;  
Emblem of thy stainless life,  
Pledge of guerdon from the strife.

SEAGULL—(presenting feather.)

And I, sweet mother, to thee bring  
A feather from my downy wing;  
Token of learning let it be,  
And of thy tireless energy.

ICEBERG—(presenting icicle.)

I bring pellucid icicle  
From my highest pinnacle;  
Pointing to the heaven above,  
Let it speak of hope and love.

BACCALA—(presenting coral.)

I, from ocean's lowest deep,  
Where the sea-nymphs calmly sleep,  
Brilliant coral bring to thee,  
Emblem of humility.

WHITECOAT—(*presenting phial of oil.*)

While from out my northern realm,  
Where the ice-floes overwhelm;  
Other offering have I none,  
Save this poor and simple one.  
Oil in Altar lamp to shine,  
Emblem of the Faith divine!

CARIBOO—(*presenting lichens.*)

Lichens from the fir-tree's side,  
Gathered as I swiftly glide,  
Such my humble offering be,  
Emblem of Fidelity.

OSMUNDA—(*presenting garland of ferns.*)

Graceful frondlets as I weave  
A garland at thy feet I leave;  
In their hright and living green,  
Pledge of endless life is seen.

MOTHER MAGDALEN—(*standing.*)

My children, words can not convey  
The joy that fills my heart to-day,  
As gathered 'round my throne I see  
All in joyful jubilee.  
The fruit of fifty circling years  
Of toil and labor, love and tears;  
But there's one I sadly miss  
On such glorious day as this:  
No Beethuc child attends your throng,  
Or mingles in your joyful song.

TERRANOVA—

Oh sad, dear Mother, to relate,  
The proud Beothuc's mournful fate;  
Of that brave tribe, doth not remain  
E'en one to join our jovous strain.  
(*Tableau. The spirit of Shanandithi appears.*)

SHANANDITHI—

Alas! the tale is but too true,  
Which my dear mother tells to you;  
But though from earth we have been driven

By cruel man; to us is given  
 That place on earth denied—in Heaven.  
 Deprived, indeed, of God's blessed sight  
 (For we have ne'er received Faith's light);—  
 And though we walk not with the blest,  
 Yet we enjoy eternal rest.  
 And our pure spirits join to-day  
 In this, our joyful jubil'lay.

(*Spirit vanishes.*)

TE DEUM BY ALL.

CURTAIN.

NOTES.

- (1) "The hardy Norseman":—(p. 97.) There is a tradition which is now confirmed as an undoubted historical fact, that in the year 1000 Lief, the Norseman, discovered Newfoundland.
- (2) "The holy Brendan":—(p. 97.) One of the legends of this holy Abbot of Clonfeart relates that sometime in the sixth century he sailed westward with twelve monks and found "an ylande farre into the sea, besydes the mountaynes of stones."
- (3) "Helluland":—(p. 97.) The name given by the Norseman to one portion of the land discovered by them. It means land of large stones or flags. It may have some connection with St. Brendan's "Mountaynes of Stones."
- (4) "Five hundred years less three":—(p. 97.) I. e., in the year 1497, the date of the discovery of Newfoundland by the Cabots.
- (5) "One hundred years":—(p. 98.) Viz., A. D. 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of St. John's in the name of Queen Elizabeth.
- (6) "Now forth from Alban's Sainted Aisle":—(p. 98.)—Sir Geo. Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, formed a colony in Newfoundland, at Ferryland, in 1622. He called his province Avalon, which was the ancient name of Glastonbury, where stood the celebrated Abbey of St. Albans and the old Roman town of Verulam. This plantation was a failure.
- (7) "The Christian Sons of Charlemagne":—(p. 98.) Up to about the year 1701 the French and English contended for the ownership of Newfoundland, and many battles were fought over it by land and sea. In 1697, at the Treaty of Ryswick, peace was proclaimed, and for ten or twelve years the French held undisputed mastery of the island until the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, when it was consigned to England, who has held it ever since. The principal French settlement was Placentia, where a mission of Franciscan fathers was established by Mgr. St. Vallier of Quebec in 1689. No vestige of this establishment now remains.
- (8) "The priestly train":—(p. 99.) This is an allusion to the arrival of the first Bishop Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Donel, who with two missionaries, arrived from Ireland in 1784.
- (9) "The Tribune's Voice":—(p. 101.) Daniel O'Connell.
- (10) "The Sainly Nano Nagle":—(p. 101.) The Presentation Order was founded by this pious lady from Cork named Joanna (called Nano) Nagle in 1775.
- (11) "We have come from lone Accadie's desert strand":—(p. 102.) The Mic-Mac tribe are not aborigines of Newfoundland. They came

across from Nova Scotia. Anciently in their language, called Accadie.

- (12) "The Padliass":—(p. 102.) This is the Mic-Mac term for a priest, a soft way of pronouncing the French word *patriarche*.
- (13) "Of the lost Beothuc race":—(p. 102.) The ancient red Indians of Newfoundland, of whom Shanandithi was the last survivor. She was captured, with her mother and sister, in 1823. They were brought to St. John's, but both died very soon. Shanandithi died in 1829, a few years before the arrival of the nuns, but the anachronism of introducing her into the drama is a poetical license that will easily be pardoned.
- (14) "To die on lonely Labrador":—(p. 103.) It is believed that the remnant of the tribe fled to Labrador before the ruthless onslaughts of the white men.
- (15) "The Harp and the Hood":—(p. 105.) Species of seals. Bedlamer is a name given to a two-year-old seal. *Whitecoat* to a newly whelped cub.
- (16) "Dear Sister Bernard":—(p. 110.) The four nuns who first came to Newfoundland were Sister Bernard Kirwan, who was made first Superioress. She died at Fermense on 27th February, 1857, aged 60 years. Sister Zavier Molony, who afterwards founded the Convent at Harbor Main. She died in St. John's, 8th October, 1865, aged 85 years. Sister Zavier Lynch (known for distinction sake as Zaveria) died 25th November, 1882, at Harbor Grace. And Sister Magdalen O'Shaughnessy, who alone survives\* of this intrepid band of pioneers.
- (17) "At the sign of the RISING SUN":—(p. 118.) When the nuns first arrived, as there was no convent or school to receive them, they lived for a time at the "*Old Palace*," and taught school in the back room of a tavern bearing the significant signboard with the above title!
- (18) "In the erst uncultured waste":—(p. 118.) The spot on which the Cathedral now stands was only a few years ago a wilderness, and is still called by the old people "The Barrens."

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\*Mother Magdalen died in 1886 in her 95th year.

