

## LINES WRITTEN ON FRIENDSHIP

When in a dreaming mood I sweetly draw,  
With Fancy's mystic wand, the golden ring  
Of my departed friends, I tread again  
The sombre meadows of my lonely heart,  
To bathe anew Love's blossoms with the rain  
That rising, drowns the eye in silver tears;  
Then mirrored do I see within the mist,  
The tender forms of them that are no more,  
And place my trembling lips upon the brow  
Where late the lilies lay, or sadly kiss  
The blooming cheek, though naught but memory;  
Breathes fragrance of the roses dwelling there:  
But soon against keen Passion's darkling storm  
Fair Reason drops her gleaming veils of gold,  
While on Hope's pinions I new wing my flight  
From lowly Grief within her valley grey,  
To scale the purple hills of silent Thought;  
Where far beyond the ebbing years are seen  
The heights of Truth that tranquil take their rise  
From out the depths of calm Eternity.

And drinking deeply of that purer air,  
Which laves the soul in boundless liberty,  
My stagnant spirits mount again to flow  
With new-found exultation, for I feel  
Amid the paths of unperturbed Peace,  
The trivial gain of tears, and clearly see  
The lowliness of Sorrow, whose sad notes  
Bewail the lesser charms of mortal mould:  
For Love, in truth, is not a parasite  
Forever feeding on the things of time  
That end alone within the darksome grave:  
But she is such who rather strives to lead  
The gentle victims of her charmed ways  
To higher levels, seeking to unite  
With bonds of noble deeds the souls of men  
In closer union to their common God;  
That in the end when death has drained her cup  
Of earthly joy, and broke the carnal clay,  
From sacred founts, together they may drink  
The living streams of endless Charity,  
That grace the lily fields of Paradise.

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.