

ON READING ST. AUGUSTINE

What splendor this
That greets the eyes,
And fills the night
With wakeful skies,
Where rosily
The clouds now hold
Their course along
Pure paths of gold,
While far above
High turrets gleam
With battlements
That burnished beam,
And lead the way
Through azure heights
Soft-stained with red
And purple lights!

O hark, there comes
A peal of notes,
Sweet silver sounds
From trumpet throats,

That send a call
Across the deeps,
And smite in song
The trembling steeps!

What vision this
That gives new birth,
And wafts the heart
Above the earth,
Where pierce no more
The sighs and tears,
The mocking smiles,
The foolish fears;
Ah, sweet the call
That bids me rise
To seek the paths
Beyond the skies;
Then up, my soul,
With earth be done;
Eternal God,
To Thee I come!

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.