

HOPE!

By BRO. MAURICE O'MOORE, O. P.

"Cast thy bread upon the running waters, for after a long time thou shall find it again."—Eccl. xi, 1.

How oft we have filled with a youthful trust
The ships that have sailed away;
But the years—they have brought the moth and the rust
And locks that are turning gray.
Oh! how oft we have watched for that coming sail
On the pale horizon's rim—
Till the bravest soul at last would fail
And the watching eyes grow dim.
We have seen our ships by the tempest tossed,
Or dashed on the sparkling strand—
While the things that we longed for most were lost
Or scattered about in the sand.
Yet all is not lost that is beaten about
By the wind and th' waves' fierce din—
For never a ship from Life's port sailed out
That shall not come sailing in.

NUPTIALS

By BRO. CAMILLUS BOYD, O. P.

Nature smiles, the birds are singing
Soft and sweet their mating song;
Lo! each tree, its proud form swinging
Joins with glee the merry throng.
Proud the earth; the siege is over
And the North's chill blast is done,
While the fields with scented clover
Have a cloak for Nature spun.
From the hill the brooklet streaming
Goes to kiss the virgin Sod;
As from cots of purple, dreaming
Violets to each other nod.
Hail to Spring, fair bride of Maytime,
Dawn of summer's golden lay;
Hours of change, the Seasons' playtime,
Earth and Heaven's Nuptial Day.