

MEMORIES!

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

Those olden days—that Golden Maze
When life was very young;
Those happy hours—like faded flow'rs—
Like songs at twilight sung!

Those pleasant times—like care-free rhymes—
We now glance back to find
Those youthful years—like bygone tears
Dwell only in the mind!

THE VISITATION

By BRO. NICHOLAS WALSH, O. P.

Across the old Judean hills,
A smiling sky above,
In holy haste a Maiden comes,
Her heart the home of Love.

And as she greets Elizabeth
The music of her voice
With Pentecostal gladness makes
Her infant's heart rejoice.

Exult, O Home of Zachary!
Around thee all unseen,
A thousand hosts of angels bow
To venerate their Queen.

Be glad, O Saint Elizabeth!
Thy faith has full reward
To hear the Maiden sing—"My soul
Doth magnify the Lord!"

And may we too rejoice to hear
On Visitation day,
That sacred voice when death draws near
To steal our souls away.