

## 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!

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## 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.