

IN COETUM CELESTEM OMNIUM SANCTORUM

Felices animae : quas coelo debita virtus
Jam potuit vestris inseruisse polis.

Hoc dedit egregii non parvus sanguinis usus,
Spesque per obstantes expatiata vias.

O ver! O longae semper seges aurea lucis!
Nocte nec alterna dimidiata dies!

O quae palma manu ridet : quae fronte corona!
O nix virgineae non temeranda togae!

Pacis inocciduae vos illic ora videtis :
Vos Agni dulcis lumina : vos—Quid ago?

RICHARD CRASHAW,
Epigrammata Sacra.

ON THE CELESTIAL THROG OF ALL THE SAINTS

Sweet souls, beloved of fate,
High Heaven's dearest due,
Whose dove-wings, homing true
Availed your life to mate
With safe and starry bliss,
Free-hearted outlay of illustrious blood
Or hope rackt thin on many a lengthening road
Has brought you unto this.

O Spring! O fields of plenty everlasting
Ever golden in long long light!
O Day! that never knowest overcasting
Nor payest toll to night!

O tossing palms, alive with gales of glory!
O crownéd brows benign!
O maids that sun on heavenly uplands hoary
Your snowy stoles divine!

Oh there the very face of Peace Unsetting
The Lamb's own Eyes ye see :
Twin Wells of innocence forever wetting
The roots of love—Ah me!

JOHN O'CONNOR.