

A SONG OF WONDER

I WONDER why
The butterfly
Has colours on his wings ;
And why the sky
Is spread so high,
And why the cuckoo sings ;
And why the mole
Lives in a hole,
And why the viper stings.

I wonder why
The sparrows die,
And why the poppies blow ;
And why the grape
Is oval shape,
And why the children grow ;
And why the whale
Has such a tail,
And why the snail
Is slow.

I wonder where
They made the air
That human lives demand ;
And where was found
Potential ground
To form the solid land ;
And where the brain
Invented pain ;
And where the stars were planned.

I wonder how
Upon the bough
The twigs were aptly spaced ;
And how the rose
A perfume grows,
And fruit a pleasant taste ;
And how the Earth
Was given birth
And so adroitly placed.

Verse

I wonder Who
Devised the dew
That parchéd buds desire ;
And Who decreed
The mustard seed,
And Who provided fire
To render day
In th' Milky Way ;
And Who was Nature's sire.

I wonder when
The wisest men
Discovered they were fools,
And cast aside
Their learned pride
And ran to infant schools,
And there besought
To be untaught
The follied thought
Of men,
And wisdom find
From out the mind
Of babykind.
Ah ! When ?

FRANCIS ALBINO.

PRAYER

"When you pray, speak not much."

" NOT much"—if not at all,
Will He then come
To hearts that cannot call,
Lips that are dumb ?

Aye, for our silent cries
And hearts of fear
Shall pierce the list'ning skies
And draw Him near.

EDWIN ESSEX, O.P.