

which one awakes at daybreak She is now aboard with her heavenly companions already they are on the open sea, sailing the paths of Paradise! But to the eyes of those about her, she has smiled, and fallen asleep.

J. K. L'ESTRANGE.

LIGNA FRUCTIFERA

IT riseth in the heart of paradise,
The tree of death, delighted to behold,
Among the silver springs—
To every clustered bough ripe beauty clings—
And warm upon each leaf there lies
The bloom of gold.

It riseth dark upon the line of hill,
The rood of life, set in a crimson flood;
'Tis heavy with dead fruit
That droops unsightly from its crown to root—
A load of shame, so lost, so still,
It chills the blood.

EDWIN ESSEX, O.P.