

sort, find us therefore with nothing to worry about when *he* comes to deliver us from death who has already come once to endure death for our sakes. Amen.

Selected and translated by Edmund Hill, O.P.

1846 by Louise Mally

Margaret Fuller, Boston lady,
 Margaret Fuller, blue stocking, famed
 Visited, in shivering April,
 St Peter's altars when twilight fell
 And outside the sudden rain of the season
 Swinged the pavements' reflected lights.
 She watched the pinpoint holy candles,
 Still as God on the altar's height
 And thought of her years and her tired eyelids –
 A maiden lady, but Boston's pride –
 Her friends were somewhere. . . A mass, repeated,
 A surge of feet – and her bones were tired.

Outside was rain, and she stood and waited,
 Back to the great door, peering out
 At the beat of rain on the long procession
 Of pillared pavements. No cab was about
 But a voice spoke gently at her elbow
 Proffering, we remember, more,
 Than the unfurled strength of his large umbrella,
 And he took the lady to her door,
 Having told her his name and his ancient title,
 Having talked and talked as they walked in the rain;
 And bearing his name and his ancient title
 He found it prudent to explain
 (For Miss Fuller mentioned 'Risorgimento'
 And Italy surged in the wind of Rome)
 'My father', he said, 'is in the service of Austria;
 My brother', he said, 'is in the Papal Guard,
 But I, Madame, am for the revolution'.
 She gave him her hand; he had brought her home.