

ST. FRANCIS

Humility is his might; he winneth
Sway by meekest, kindest words, tongue
of might;
Where he, the gentle, kindly one has
failed,
The proud or stern may never yet
succeed.

Power, glory, and strength belong to
some;
Some make mundane pleasures their all
in life:
But humility is Franciscan Life;
By that ST. FRANCIS stood, by that
will he reign.

There have been men who, with a
mightier mind,
Have won Dominions; but they have
never won
The dearer Empire of a Moderate Life;
AS SERAPHIC FRANCIS of
CRUCIFIED CHRIST.





SACRED HEART

Have you not oft', in your nightly
 thoughts, stray'd
 To the pure heart of ever-blooming
 shade;
 Whose words so soft, with kindly love,
 plays
 Where, many times, a soul of earth needs
 grace.



Thoughts, o'er their pathway written,
 as they ran,
 One dark memorial of the crimes of
 man;
 Thoughts of that God-Man Who was
 born to die
 For sin, with loving HEART, yet
 watchful eye.



And when Christ's still soothing voice
 of Heaven
 Says, "Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven,"
 Do your thoughts just wander back, one
 thought more:
 Ungrateful world, "HE IS LOVE, AND
 EVER MORE."