Bright in the annals of thy pictured page,
The patriot statesman lives from age to age,
Enkindles valor at thy worshipped name,
And sees thy image 'mid its brightest flame.
Thy charms inspire him to achievements high,
His country's tears embalm his memory.
But Honor, sovereign of the noble breast,
Thou wastest yet another holier guest,
Religion rose thee to her fond embrace,
And in her children love thy smiling face.
While round them beseath thy deathless ermine,
Their glowing heart to thy wondrous power embraves,
Bright crown of life! I well weigh thy holy vine,
From life's tempestuous scenes thy virtues eun.
Bespeak the beauties of thy native Heaven.
And tell the sage her cherished deeds have given.
Intrepid Spirit! Thus 'tis yours to seek,
Religion's power, the Christian's godlike seed.
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,
Nor wave the banner o'er the trophies plain.
No rapine leads you to your holy war,
Nor mad ambition, whirled in crimson car.
No genocious Christians, yours a nobler end.
Your church, your God, your Saviour's shrine,
With Loyalty by perils unshackled,
Unswerving faith, unshaken fortitude.
Still ponder glories beam on Honour's scroll
To mark thy virtues and thy fame exist
When Angel Truth dispensed with thy divine
The clouds that veiled Religion's holy shrine
Gain all the efforts of her numerous foes
Her might transcendent, still triumphant one,
Then Fairest Honor, offspring of the Sky
Cheered every heart, illumined every eye.
Around her hoary shrine let!Cerulesk with strength
In joyful captivity dwell the choirs cang
Their noble actions bids the world rejoice,
And claim the Honor, with exulting voice,
Supreme in glory and of apostles name
Behold thy Worth ennobled by their fame.
He, in pride of virtue tower,
In triumph crowned with all Religion's power.
How from each eye the tear of transport flow.
How every heart with exaltation glowe?
Once more to see proud Honour's flame return,
And near God's holy altar brightest burn —
There life forever in unending bloom,
Bist green light the hallowed sanctuary,
Let the voice of the mighty strong ray,
And Hope attend with mild celestial ray.
Beneath thy smile let every soul aspire.
To virtuous deeds awake the golden lyre,
With splendidSophie grace thy sovereign throne,
And bid the world thy sacred power own.
Let all confess the glory to thee given.
Then soar triumphant to thy native Heaven.

The End

By D. Clinton Lyle

For the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Priesthood of R. F. John M. Elroy
To Reverend Father John McElroy, S.J.,
celebrating his fiftieth year
of Priesthood
The Rhetoricians of Georgetown College of 1867
Present these compositions as a mark of
their esteem and reverence.

Thus, Father, we have sung in youthful strain
The triumph, victory, the joy and pain,
That fill the faithful soul with blessings rare
From Heaven's brightest treasure and make it dare
To raise its aspirations higher still and claim
To labor more for God's Eternal Name.
It is not ours, to crown with laurel, due
The glorious years we celebrate for you:
The - the good God - who this half century bleft
With all your heart could wish for, till it rest,
Well in His own good time bestow the crown
Of joys eternal: He prepares your throne.
All we can do, is with these humble flowers,
From all our studies culled in happy hours,
To greet you kindly on this golden day,
And pray our loving God to bless the way,
I am really glad to hear from you. I hope you are well and happy. I have been thinking a lot about you lately and how our lives have been going. It seems like a lot has changed since we last spoke.

Please let me know how you have been. I would love to hear about your recent experiences. I am curious to know what you have been up to.

Thank you for taking the time to write to me. I am grateful for your continued friendship.

Yours sincerely,
[Signature]