

TO THE MONTH OF MARY.

Welcome to this world of woe,
 To each pilgrim here below,
 Nature's voice on hill and dale,
 Bids you, Month of Mary, hail!
 Come, young daughter of the Spring,
 Come, and on your azure wing
 Fair and fragrant flowrets bring;
 Come, that from your treasures sweet
 We may twine a chaplet meet
 To be offered at the shrine
 Of the Mother-Maid divine;
 Bring the rose, for in its hue,
 Mary's ardent love we view—
 "Mystic Rose," the precious name,
 Mary from the Church doth claim.
 In the lily's silver bells
 The purity of Mary dwells;
 In the myrtle's fadeless green
 Mary's constancy is seen,
 And its blossom white again,
 Seems her spirit without stain.
 Bring them, and, oh! ne'er forget,
 Humble, low, the violet!
 That, unseen, its soft perfume
 Sheds o'er flower of fairer bloom,
 And another grace bestows,
 Even on the regal rose!

Mary's humbleness was given
 As the last best gift of heaven;—
 Gift, that more than all the rest,
 Made her Jesus' Mother Blest;
 Let its emblem violet twine
 Meekly round its Mary's shrine.
 Bring sweet wildlings of the field
 In the dew grass concealed.
 From their Maker's hands they start,
 All unspoiled by human art;
 Bring wild sorrell, daughters bright
 Of the Summer's looks of light;
 Bring the primrose, that in brooks
 On its own sweet image looks;
 Bring the harebell's fairy wreath,
 Water-lilies, pale as death,
 Elegant, most graceful child
 Of the realms of nature wild,
 Cowslips, and the flower that clings
 Round the rocks in golden strings;
 From some lone and secret spot,
 Pansies and forget-me-not;
 And the flower that, bright as day,
 Takes your name of **MAY**, SWEET **MAY**.

Month of bright and radiant skies,
 Tribute flowers to greet you rise;
 Come for we are wearied here,
 'Till your music greets the ear,
 'Till your rosy fingers fair
 Scatter perfume on the air.
 We do love you, month most fair,
 For the hallowed name you bear;
 And we hail you with delight,
 Since around your footsteps light
 Mary's name sheds lustre bright;
 Every flow'ret seems to say,
 Mary's is the month of **May**!
 Every plant and greenwood tree

Breathe the same fair melody;
 Streams and rivulets repeat
 Still the name of Mary sweet,
 And from nightingales' glad throats
 In a gush of song it floats;
 Every thing of field and grove,
 Tells of Mary's month of love.
 Come, for at your glad some voice
 Every creature doth rejoice;
 Come, for we would garlands twine
 Round the Mother-Maiden's shrine;
 For that Virgin's sweetest sake,
 All your days we festive make;
 Those that smile, and those that weep,
 In your month glad festal keep—
 Laughing child, and mourner pale,
 All the Month of Mary hail! M. C. B.

A WONDERFUL CRUCIFIX.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Council Bluffs, Iowa, tell us that he had the pleasure of seeing a remarkable crucifix of which Major A. J. Dallas, U. S. A., is the possessor. The Major is a convert to the Church, and a real soldier-Christian.

The crucifix was presented to Major Dallas by the Right Rev. J. B. Salpointe, D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Arizona. That Prelate received it from a Mexican woman on his entry into the country, she having discovered it among the ruins of an old mission near Tucson. No doubt a part of its very venerable appearance may be owing to the exposure it had undergone before its discovery by the Mexican woman who gave it to Bishop Salpointe. The missions of Arizona were abandoned very hastily about the time of the proclamation of the Mexican Republic, all the regular orders having been expelled the country. The long time intervening before the re-entry of any clergy into the territory was sufficient to leave many of the missions in a deplorable and ruinous condition. That of Santa Nina, near Tucson, was not exempted from the common fate, and nothing now remains except a crumbling edifice of abode, formerly used as a residence by the Fathers.

The crucifix is made of wood, and in five parts; the head, torso, lower extremities in one, and the arms. The wood is not an indigenous wood of Arizona, and its present possessor valuing the relic too highly, will not allow it cut to ascertain its true nature.