

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

O FAIREST blossom ! in the golden month
 Of harvest, softly springing.
 O spotless lily, with the gifts of grace
 Like dew-drops to thee clinging !
 We greet, with joy, thy blessed natal-day,
 As pearly dawn when night has passed away.
 What types of Holy Scripture cluster round
 Thy cradle ! what sweet singing
 Of psalms prophetic, from the royal heart
 That gladly saw thee bringing
 "Good tidings of great joy," and "peace on
 earth,"
 Thou harbinger of Jesus' sacred birth ?
 O "Morning Star !" dispel the darksome shades
 So often o'er us stealing.
 O Mary ! listen to our prayerful sighs
 To thy sweet Heart appealing.
 And may thy birthday in the Autumn sheen,
 Bring gladness to our souls, fair Infant-Queen.

Mary's Farewell to Jesus.

AND must we part Beloved ? Through long years
 I lived upon the beauty of Thy Face,
 And heard the melody of words divine
 More sweet than Angel-songs—though oft at eve
 These came and lulled me sweetly to my rest.
 And when the fair beams of each early dawn
 Illumined white cloudlets with a fringe of gold,
 They seemed reflections from thy lustrous eyes
 That shone more radiantly each coming day.
 The hopeful Springtime and the Summer's glow,
 The gold autumnal tints, the snowy garb
 Of Winter, came and went like ebb and tide
 That murmured plaintively their monotone,
 How swiftly came the time when we must part
 Behold the palm-tree 'neath whose leafy shade
 We rested ; and thou didst to me unfold
 The longings of thy Heart to bleed and die
 For love of each dear soul—and for my own,
 Goest thou at last Beloved ? O my Lord !
 I may not now detain thee in my arms
 But kneel for Thy own blessing. When alone
 I will stay me up with fortitude divine
 Go forth—it is thy Father's blessed will.
 Once more, as in a far off midnight hour,
 I say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord !"