

So the offerings of all—rich, poor, young and old,  
 Of the faithful of Christ composing His fold,  
 Are presented as tokens of homage and love,  
 Thanksgiving and worship to Jesus above,  
 In adorning His Temple, enriching His Shrine,  
 To render it worthy His presence Divine!  
 Nor does He refuse His benignant regards  
 To those who thus merit celestial rewards!  
 Well pleased He accepted the perfume and unction  
 That proved the poor Magdalene's love and compunction!  
 But spurned the low miser, the traitor who cried  
 "O why all this waste? O the poor!" while he lied!  
 For not *love of the poor* moved the hypocrite elf,  
 But his vile, sordid avarice—*love of the pelf*!

Hark! now the children of Mary are singing,  
 Their sweet touching hymn to the Virgin! and bringing  
 With artless simplicity, innocence meek,  
 Big tears from the eye down the manliest cheek!  
 'Tis the Litany now—the sweet "Mater Sanctissima!"  
 "Ora pro nobis! O Virgo Purissima!"  
 Now swells from the clergy in voices stentorian  
 Yet rich and harmonious, the old "Chant Gregorian!"  
 Impressive and solemn! The organ replies  
 Melodious and soothing! as if in the skies  
 A choir of angels were hovering there,  
 And joining their voices with mortals in prayer!

A priest at the foot of the altar low bends,  
 Now slowly the steps of the pulpit ascends,  
 'Tis the preacher—tall, portly, and graceful, with look  
 Meek, reverend, tender; he opens the book,  
 The blest book of the Gospels!—now solemn and clear  
 The text he announces vibrates in each ear!

Ah! long shall I think of that priest and his theme,  
 The Glories of Mary! The heavenly beam  
 That played on his features all radiant and glowing  
 As on he advanced! The rich eloquence flowing  
 In language of Heaven, his subject inspiring!  
 So melting his tone, as extatic, admiring  
 The beauty surpassing of Heaven's bright Queen,  
 He painted her loveliness!

"Never has been  
 Either since or before, any one of God's creatures  
 So richly endowed with all graces! No features  
 Of being created, on earth or in Heaven  
 So lovely as those which to Mary were given!

\* Matthew XXVI. 7, 12; Mark XIV. 3, 9; Luke VII. 37, 48.