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Monstra Te Esse Matrem

Snow-white lily, frail and slender,
Mary, beauteous, pure and tender.

Make, oh make my life like thine.
Thee o'er whom the Angel bending
Filled with bliss all earth transcending.

Miracle of love divine!
Teach me to be meek and lowly,
Fill my dreams with visions holy.

Make my heart an altar-throne,
Where the Host enshrined in glory,
Where my Christ, — O wondrous story!
Finds a haven all His own.

Let my eyes with pure thoughts beaming
Be like beacons softly gleaming—
Lamps before the Shrine of Love.

May my words in accents ringing,
As the bells in turrets swinging,

Raise all minds to realms above.
But God's love, His grace imploring,
All my life His will adoring.

His the Cross to which I cling.
Let my heart like incense burning
Know no longing, but the yearning
For the presence of its King!

PERCY VERNON.