



To the Madonna.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, *Siac-na-mon.*

LEST Mother of the Child Divine,
That guardest Him with boundless love,
How sweet 'twill be in realms above
To see the splendor that is thine.

He placed thee by His flashing throne,
His mighty choirs before thee bow ;
Thy face outshines their lustre now,
For all His glory is thine own.

Madonna sweet, that clasped His form
A helpless Babe at Nazareth,
And bore Him safe from fear and death,
Thro' desert drear and blinding storm !

Ah ! not unmindful of these days
He crowns thy sorrows now with joy,
With rapture that hath no alloy
Thy mother kindness He repays.

Madonna, in our hour of need
When round us loom the powers of hell,
With Him, Thine Own, Who loves Thee well,
Oh ! Blest Madonna ! Intercede !