



### Our Lady of the Snow.

**O**H vision beautiful beyond compare!  
 Mother most blessed of The Incarnate Word!  
 Eye hath not seen, nor any ear hath heard  
 Nor heart conceived of aught one half so fair:  
 Jesus and Mary! How shall mortal dare  
 To speak such names as these? Our hearts are stirred  
 To joy, at hearing; as a caged bird  
 Joys in new freedom, light, and summer air.  
 Mother most beautiful and whiter far  
 Than newly-fallen snow, than tongue may frame  
 Art Thou: The music of each Blessed Name,  
 Jesus and Mary, sounds above the jar  
 And jangle of life's discords: Each shall claim  
 Love, homage, reverence, from all that are.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

### Two Strangers.

**T**HIS morning two strangers I saw on the green,  
 With faces like angels, so mild and serene.  
 When they played with the flowers what did I behold,  
 Oh, one's touch was silver, the other's 'twas gold.  
 See, you who may doubt it, the buttercup fair,  
 And search in the heart of the lily. Take care,  
 Or, perhaps, it will flow and be lost to your view;  
 I wish they had stayed awhile longer, don't you?

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.