



The Rosary of my Days.

I count the saddened Rosary of my days
 On Memory's silver chain, the fair beads strung,
 Glide slowly on along their gleaming ways,
 Till where the decades end, a cross is hung.

See, e'en the chaplet chants a sermon true,
 And breathes in minor tones from sorrow wrung
 A warning, that though life seems fair to view,
 Somewhere adown its course a cross is hung.

Dear Lord, as we press onward toward the end,
 With blinded eyes not knowing gold from dross,
 Be Thou our guide through paths where sorrows
 blend,
 Until we learn to kiss the waiting cross!