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MAY AND JUNE.

MAY is the gentle Twilight
Tinted in rose and gold ;
In her vesture's misty fold
Pale snow-drop and tender violet.

June is the Noontide golden :
Crowning his radiant head
Are roses fragrant and red.
In the fervid sunrays unfolden.

May is the day star, risen
Out of an infinite sea,
Heralding glories to be,
Illumining night's cold prison.

June is the sun resplendent,
Royal in gifts and grace ;
Earth in the light of his face
Blooms with a wealth transcendent.

May is the month of Mary,
Mother of holy hope ;
Whose hand Eden's white gates ope
Whose cares for us never vary.

June is His month whom heaven
Worships with heart of fire,
Of nations the one desire,
Crown of the ages seven.

E. C. M. T.