



TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



AY autumn leaves will make a crown,
For thee, sweet Lady, mistress fair!
The trees will drop their jewels down—
Their golden treasures all so rare.

The oak will give us acorns brown,
We'll twine them into chaplets now;
With Aves string them for the crown,
Which love will place upon thy brow.

The harvest home will ring thy praise,
The hunter's moon reflect thy smile;
While happy hearts and voices raise
Magnificat! to thee the while.

The wide world round sweet vesper bells
Are chiming, while thy beads are told,
The same old tale of love each tells,
As Gabriel hailed thee with of old.

"From pearly dawn to dewy eve,"
The blessed beads are told and told,
In busy towns where sad hearts heave,
And out upon the open wold.

One word alone all hearts repeat
Ne'er tiring of the sweet refrain;
'Tis Ave! Ave! At thy feet
The whole world meets—'tis *May* again.