



A MAY CAROL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"Monstra te esse Matrem."

SHOW thyself a Mother,—
The world is stern and cold:
Our lives abound with many cares,
Our needs are manifold.

It is a mother's office
To cleanse her little child:
Wash, then our souls in Christ's pure blood,
O Virgin undefiled!

It is a mother's gladness
Her suff'ring child to cure—
O, with the balm from thy chaste palm,
Anoint our ev'ry sore!

And strengthen all who languish
'Neath misery and wrong:—
With Heaven's golden cordial,
Making them well and strong.

Then, clothe them with the raiment
Of innocence and love,
And feed them with the Food of God
That cometh from above!

O show thyself a Mother
In all these tender ways;
And from thy children's hearts shall rise
A Maytime hymn of praise!

Monstra te esse Matrem!

O Virgin, without guile!
Cleanse, heal, and strengthen—clothe and feed
Thy children poor and vile!