



## \* TO OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.



my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !  
 Let thine eyes with their radiant might  
 Smiling down in their mystical splendor,  
 Give me courage to stand here and fight !  
 For life's battle fierce rages around me,  
 For I fear to be wounded, to fall ;  
 Yet I feel so safe, knowing, Sweet Mother,  
 Thou wilt hear me—and help, if I call.

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !  
 Keep me close to thee—whisper to me  
 How that heart that is bravest for Jesus  
 Is the dearest to Him and to thee ;  
 Surely, thou art with me now, and always ;  
 Well I know, when the struggle is past,  
 In thine own tender arms thou wilt lift me  
 To be crowned by my Jesus—at last.

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !  
 With thy comforting presence so near,  
 Where the Star of life's hope beams so brightly,  
 There 'tis easy to fight and not fear ;  
 Then, thou Blessed Star-Herald of morning,  
 Lead me on up to where I shall shine  
 On thy breast, in the brightness of Jesus—  
 One more ray in His glory divine !

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !  
 When as conqueror, upward I'll soar  
 In thy smile, to be crowned by my Jesus  
 In His glorious joys evermore,  
 I will sing to my Star that hath cheered me  
 With her hope's light to struggle through this,  
 To my triumph in God's endless glory,  
 Shining through her ineffable bliss !

O my Lady—my Beautiful Mother !  
 Show me ever, then, what I must do  
 To be filled with the Spirit of Jesus,  
 To His Standard, keep loyal and true ;  
 Guide me on swiftly, then, Sweetest Mother,  
 Till through chorus of angelic lays,  
 I may hymn to my Star—to my Lady—  
 One more life-song of love in her praise !

\* These verses were composed and type-written by a Carmelite nun in St. Louis, Mo. The good Sister, who is totally blind, has contributed to these pages on former occasions.—Ed.]