

VII.

How soon they take the dear, dead Form—
 Best Fruit of Mary's womb—
 And lay it gently down to rest
 Within the garden-tomb!

PRAYER.

O lovely Mother! yet so strong
 In faith, in hope, in love,
 O patient Mourner! teach our hearts
 In grief to look above,
 And watch for that bright golden light
 (Perchance not far away,)
 That heralds in the Easter dawn
 Of Heaven's eternal day.

*"Quis non potest contemplari
 Christi Matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum Filio"*

Stabat Mater.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Beautiful stainless Child!
 Rising all fair as the early morn,
 Wondrous the gifts which her soul adorn,
 Sing, O ye Angels! your Queen is born.

Beautiful stainless Child!

Pure as untrodden snow!
 Dark was the earth as in wintry cold,
 Stained was each soul from the fall of old,
 Thee in a garment did God enfold

Pure as untrodden snow!

Star of life's troubled sea!
 Tinging its waves with thy silvery white,
 Gladdening the weary traveler's sight,
 Leading us on with thy gentle light,

Star of life's troubled sea!

Beautiful natal day!
 Brightest of all which the earth had seen,
 Robed in its garb of autumnal sheen,
 Seems it to welcome thee, Infant Queen,

Beautiful natal day!