

And the "Angel of Great Council,"
 Came on earth thy Child to be,
 And His words of life and spirit
 Oft were whispered unto thee,

Lighting up the Passion-shadows
 Prophet—words had round thee cast,
 Pointing to the golden glory
 Thou, with Him, wouldst win at last.

Spouse thou art, O Virgin-Mother!
 Of the Spirit, and His shade
 Ever veiled thy lily-fairness
 Which no earthly breath could fade.

Daughter, Mother, Spouse, Oh! hear us
 Star of guidance, day by day
 Look we for thy gifts of counsel
 Beaming o'er our heavenward way.

Thy sweet image guided pilgrims
 O'er the mountains—through the wave—
 As, of old, the cloud and firelight,
 God His chosen people gave.

Or as when the silver starlight
 Led the royal guests to bring
 Gifts of gold, myrrh, fragrant incense,
 To thy Babe, the Saviour-King.

So, sweet mother, may we bring thee
 Gold of love and incense-prayer,
 In His Heart, Oh! do thou place them,
 All thy gifts are welcome there.

TO OUR LADY.

Mother! I am sad to-day,
 "Consolatrix afflictorum!"
 And the sense of sin is o'er me,
 O "Refugium peccatorum!"
 Through the shadows, do thou lead me,
 "Pulchra Stella Matutina!"
 In thy loving Heart receive me,
 "O amabilis Regina!"