

Up to their Queen these active spirits bear
Fresh from his lips unnumbered rose-buds fair,
Which, smiling she receives, and then to him,
Who sits majestic at the Father's right
Above the highest choirs of cherubim,
She sends the off'ring of her humble knight.
The Son, well pleased, bade his attendants twine
These mystic blossoms for his mother's shrine,
Which they accomplished, from his presence sped,
And placed the peerless garland on her head.
The vision vanished, leaving still behind
Its vivid impress on the frater's mind.
When the monastics next assembled there,
A fragrant odor sweetness lent the air,
Which they perceiving marvelled much to know
The fountain whence such rare perfume might flow,—
And seeking, turned their eyes from place to place
Until their vision rested on the face
Of Mary's statue; wonder seized them now—
A wreath of roses crowned the Virgin's brow!
For many an after year might there be seen
This spotless chaplet crowning heaven's Queen;
And ever after through the mid-day hours,
Sweet perfumes issued from these mystic flowers.

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