

And those radiant Saints now shining  
 In His firmament divine,  
 Seem, like fair, unfading rose-buds,  
 Round the angel's Queen to twine.

## IV.

Yes! dear Saint, thou hast enriched us  
 With the holy Rosary.  
 Praise, and love, and thanks to Jesus,  
 To His Mother blest, and thee!  
 May we prize our precious chaplet  
 Still more dearly day by day,  
 May it lead us safely onward  
 To the blest home far away!

—ENFANT DE MARIE

---

"Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii ora pro nobis."

### Our Blessed Mother in the Temple.

UNSEEN angels near the portals  
 Hovered as there entered in,  
 Mary, child of veneration,  
 Ever free from taint of sin.  
 Ne'er the Temple's sacred precincts  
 Held a flower of greater worth,  
 She, the Lily pure of Israel,  
 Sharon's Rose of heavenly birth.  
 To her God she vowed forever  
 Life itself, that near His Heart  
 She might dwell in loving union  
 Midst pure joys that ne'er depart.

*Notre Dame, Roxbury.*

—MARGARET M. VERLIN.