



A Periodical Devoted to the Honor of the Holy Eucharist.

If the Blessed Sacrament were better known, earth would be bright and Heaven nearer.
E. FABER.

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OUR LADY'S JOYS AND SORROWS,

*When Spring-tide touches all the earth
To budding leaves and flowers,
All nature seems to celebrate,
O Queen, thy joyous hours.*

*And when the golden harvest comes,
And fruits bend low the trees,
Then Nature sings, O Mother dear,
Thy glorious mysteries.*

*But when the fruits and flowers are gone,
And Autumn's chill winds blow,
The heart of Nature sings, O Queen,
Of thy surpassing woe.*