



### Our Lady, as Queen of the Seasons.

"QUAE EST ISTA?" Like the dawn of morning  
Shining o'er the Spring-time of our year.  
See thy children's eyes to thee uplifted  
Bless their onward pathway, Mother dear!

Fair as the moon-beams in the night of sorrow,  
Radiant as the sun in days of light;  
Softly do we twine the fragrant flow'rets  
Round Mount Carmel's shrine in summer bright.

Queen of Autumn! for thy mourning shadows  
Like the pensive twilights o'er us steal;  
And thy words, so plaintive in their sweetness,  
To our love and sympathy appeal.\*

Queen Immaculate! the wintry snow-drifts  
Robe the earth in spotless garb for thee.  
Thus the year's first promise and its crowning  
Seem as emblems of thy purity.

—E. DE M.

\* "O vos omnes qui transitis per via," etc.