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{ Terms in Advance:
{ ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

THE SONG OF MAY.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN,
DEAN OF LIMERICK.

I am wreathing fields with sunshine, and
balmy hills with blue,
And teaching birds their summer songs, and
waking the cuckoo,
And calling up the flowers from the beds in
which they lay,
And making streams to laugh in light along
their pleasant way.

My mother, Spring, found weary days—the
days of frost and snow;
The sky above was clouded o'er, and all was
dark below!

She strove to smile, as well as she could, but
on her smile the gloom
Of parting Winter's shadow fell, and chased
her early bloom!

But, oh! she had a mission grand within a
brief career;
And well black Winter knew she had, for
when he saw her near
The waters he had kept enchained were, day
by day, set free,
And birds that he had silenced long com-
menced their ancient glee!

The time was coming, coming fast, when we
should all prepare
To gather on our altars all the homage of
the year;
The sky should open' theirs azure eyes, and fields
put on their green,
And rivers flow and garden glow in all their
Summer sheen!

So mother Spring, with talisman, swept all
the clouds away;
And buds of life open'd perfumed mouths, as
tho' they wished to pray!
And odors like the incense rose, and music
fill'd the skies,
And Faith, and Hope, and Love rose up
'mid nature's joyous cries.

The happy hour had come at last; the
opening of the rose,
The blossoming of the jessamine, that in the
valley blows,
The mantling of the lily white within its
cloister sweet,
And all the lovely daisies came a running
round our feet!

The sun shines down so fatherly, as though
he would address
The fields and trees and hills and dells, and
praise their loveliness,
And golden stars in cloudless light sing
round the Lady Moon,
And heav'n and earth and sea cry out:
"Young May is coming soon!"

The month of "refuge" comes at last, the
month of God's "Fair Love."
The Month when "weakness" gathers
"strength," and our fair "Star" above
Shines down in all its glorious light, Jehovah's
seal of peace!—
"Ark of the glorious covenant," dear
"Mary full of grace!"

I come! I come! I'm Mary's month—the
holy Month of May!
And I come down to greet you with an
image of the Day—
The Day of God and Mary's Day, that never
hath an eve!
The day of love and "power to all those who
believe."

I'm wreathing fields with sunshine then, and
balmy hills with blue,
And teaching birds their summer songs, and
waking the cuckoo,
And calling up the flowers from the beds
wherein they lay,
And making streams to laugh, because I'm
MARY'S MONTH OF MAY.

Compassionate affections, even when
they draw tears from our eyes for
human misery, convey satisfaction to
the heart.