

V.

The Spirit of the mighty Lord
 Shall overshadow thee,
 Mother of His Incarnate Word,
 Yet Virgin still thou'lt be."
 Mary, submissive, bowed her head
 And "Be it done to me," she said,
 "In all according to thy word,
 Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

VI.

Oh glorious Fiat! Heaven bent down
 Her softly breathed assent to hear
 Then laid on her pure life the crown
 Of Motherhood divine; yet dear
 And spotless still she held her vow.
 "Hail, full of grace. And blessed thou
 Amongst all women, Mary, art,"
 In whom no sin had ever part.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

 BACK TO THE FOLD.

BY STANLY.

Let me drink once again at the Fountain of Truth
 Where oft in my childhood I knelt me in prayer,
 Ere the visions of folly and demons of strife
 Plunged my once spotless soul into darkest despair.
 Let me list to the words I heard in my youth
 When the purest of angels would join me at play;
 Let me hear once again the sermons of truth
 I heard long ago in my home far away.
 Let me enter again to the fold of that God
 Whose heart I have pierced by conduct unkind;
 Let me walk once again where in childhood I trod,
 And leave all my faults and follies behind;
 Let me sing a sweet hymn of my earliest years
 To our LADY OF CARMEL who watches above,
 And blot out my sins with the bitterest tears
 As I plead once again to the great God of love.

Buffalo, N. Y.