
REV. MOTHER TERESA DEASE

Alluring us onward, still onward
To paths that thy saintly feet trod
The light of thy holy example
E'er leading us nearer to God.
Then still lead us onward, dear Mother,
For dark seems the way without thee,
But Mary, thy Guiding Star ever
Thy children's consoler shall be.

And mid the hot tears that are falling
As sadly we breathe our "Farewell"
We raise our dim eyes to the glory
Which human tongue never can tell;
And angels, seem whispering softly
"When earth's weary exile is o'er,
In Heavenly joys never ending
You'll meet your loved Mother once more."

Guelph, July 8th, 1889.

"LORETTO."