

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

Gather bright and fragrant flowers,
 In the balmy month of May,
 Seek them in the garden bowers,
 For Our Lady's festal day.

Bring the Rose, so red and stately,
 Bending 'neath its perfume sweet,
 Sparkling o'er with early dew-drops,
 Lay it at her sacred feet.

For our Mother is the "Mystic
 Rose" that blooms in Heaven's sphere,
 And her love is genial sunshine
 To the pilgrim, exiled here.

And the Rose will tell our Lady
 Of her children's grateful love,
 For that Mother kind and tender,
 Guarding them, from realms above

Cull the fragrant calla Lily,
 In its beauty fair to see,
 Clad in robes of peerless whiteness,
 Emblem of her purity.

Purer than the falling snowflake,
 Than the Lily's spotless white,
 Purer than the glowing seraph
 Was thy soul, O Virgin bright.

Seek the little humble Violet,
 In its solitude concealed,
 Where it spends its life so peaceful,
 To no curious eye revealed.

For the meek, retiring Violet,
 Makes it e'er a faithful type
 Of the lowly Queen of Naz'reth,
 Mistress of the Hidden Life.